

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1841.

[Whole No. 312.]

TERMS

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 arrears 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 League, Orbisonia; David Blair Esq., Shade Gap; Benjamin Lease, Shirleyburg; Eliel Smith, Esq., Chiltonstown; Jas. Enriken, Jr., Coffee Run; Hugh Madden Esq., Springfield; Dr. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnace; John Siler, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq., West township; D. H. Moore, Esq., Frankstown; Eph. G. Breath, Esq., Hollinsburg; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Burns, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wm. Reed, Esq., Morris township; Solomon Hanner, Neff's Mill; James Bysort, North Street, Creek; Wm. M. Esq., Grayville; John Gram, Manor Hill; Jas. F. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Kessler, Mill Creek.

ASSIGNMENT NOTICE.

WHEREAS William Pollock, of Winchester Furnace, Cromwell township, Huntingdon county, has assigned all his property, real, personal and mixed, to the subscribers in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said William Pollock, are hereby notified and required to come forward and make payment on or before the 10th day of January next. Those neglecting this notice will find their accounts left in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having unsettled accounts with the said William Pollock, are desired to call with the subscribers immediately, for the purpose of making settlement. The books of said Pollock will be left at Winchester Furnace for settlement; and the subscribers will be found at that place on Thursday and Friday of each week until the time above mentioned.
DAVID BURKET, Assignee
WM. B. LEAS, } Wm. Pollock.
ABM. LONG, }
Dec. 8, 1841.

MECHANIC'S LIEN.

HUNTINGDON COUNTY SS.
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of Huntingdon County Greeting:
Whereas Samuel Duff and Joseph Hunter acting and trading under the firm of Duff and Hunter, have filed a claim in our county Court, of Common Pleas, for the county of Huntingdon against Samuel E. Barr (owner or reported owner) for the sum of twenty three dollars and forty nine cents, with interest from the 1st May 1841 for work done to a certain frame stable, sixteen feet high, twenty eight feet front, situated at McAlveys' Fort, aforesaid—the same building being attached to and adjoining a certain two story frame house occupied as a tavern at said McAlveys' Fort, on the South East end of the lot aforesaid; and whereas it is alleged that the aforesaid several sums of money still remain due and unpaid to the said Duff and Hunter. Now we command you that you make known to the said Sam. E. Barr and to all such persons as may hold or occupy the aforesaid several buildings, that they be and appear before the Judges of the said court at a court of common Pleas to be held at Huntingdon on the 2d Monday of January next to show if any thing they know or have to say why the said sum of twenty three dollars and forty nine cents should not be held of the said building to the use of the said Duff & Hunter according to the form and effect of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided, if to them it shall seem expedient, and have you then and there this writ. Witness the Hon. Geo. Woodward Esq. President of said court at Huntingdon the seventh day of December. A. D. 1841. JAMES STEEL, Prot'y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Henry L. McConnell Esq., formerly of Huntingdon County, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber. All persons therefore indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment on or before the 10th of January next and all having claims to present them duly attested to.
DAVID SNARE, Adm'r.
Huntingdon, Dec. 1, 1841.

TEMPERANCE SONGS.

ATR.—Gaily the Troubadour.
Brightly has Temperance
Dawn'd on our land;
Spreading her radiance
On every hand,
Kind were her beauteous rays,
Chasing our tears,
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers.
Richly she brought us, too,
Tidings of peace;
Giving the heart of wo,
Joyful release,
Message of gladness she
Brought to our ears,
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers!
Food with her visit comes,
Cheering the soul;
Bringing our needy homes
Bread to the full,
She wipes with mercy's hand,
Wants briny tears;
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers.
Raiment of goodly store,
Where'er she goes,
She on the tatter'd poor,
Freely bestows,
Banish, ye needy ones,
All your dark cares;
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers!
They whom the dramshop's will
Turn'd out of door,
She, with her magic skill,
Shelters once more,
Home, with its joys again,
For them appears;
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers!
Off in her track there flies
A message of grace;
Bringing from upper skies
Pardon and peace,
This all her other joys
Richly endears,
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers.

What means all this great commotion, motion, motion,
The country through?
Why 'tis the drunkards waking up
To life anew and temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.
In all the cities south and east, east, east,
Cold water hosts you'll view,
An army fifty thousand strong,
Shouting anew for temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.
A little band are here at work, work, work,
United and true,
Against King Alcohol they fight
For life anew and temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.
This noble band were once the dupes, dupes, dupes,
Of this delusive foe;
March'd boldly forward in his cause,
Got awful blue and lik'd it too,
But now to cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
But now to cold water they come.
Now, drunkard, just a friendly word, word, word,
We wish to say to you:
Come join with us, and one and all
Will stand by you & temperance too,
And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come,
And leave our rum,
And to clear cold water we'll come.
Come ladies, we implore your help, help, help,
Our reform to carry through,
If you will aid us heart and hand
We'll strike for you & temperance too,
We'll strike for you & temperance too,
And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come,
And leave our rum,
And to clear cold water we'll come.
To all rum-sellers in our land, land, land,
A long farewell to you;
Your poison please to take yourselves,
We're not so blue to buy it of you,
For to pure cold water we've come, come, come,
And left your rum,
For to clear cold water we've come.

The Merchant and his Daughter.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
It was a cold, stormy evening in December—the snow fell in flakes, fast and thick—the wind whistled mournfully through the streets, striking a chill to the heart of the pedestrian, as with difficulty, he wended his way through the snow already fallen. Not a star was to be seen, and all seemed dark and gloomy, save where the feeble light from the street lamps fell on the immediately surrounding objects. The great thoroughfares of the metropolis, which some hours before had been thronged with people, were now almost wholly deserted. I had been called on to visit a patient, and was now returning home, when, wrapping my cloak more closely around me, I quickened my pace—anxious to escape, in part, at least, the fury of the storm. I proceeded along the great thoroughfare, and was on the point of turning the corner of another street, when my attention was arrested by the sobbing of a child. I stopped, and turning round, beheld a small boy, apparently about eight years of age, and with scarce rags enough to cover his almost frozen body.—He was shivering with cold, and, to my enquiry of where he lived, could scarcely answer.

"And what are you doing here, at this late hour?"
"I was trying to beg of the gentlemen a few cents, to buy some food for my poor sick mother. Oh! sir, do please give me a few cents, do!"

I was struck with the sorrowful tone of the child, which convinced me he was no impostor, and sheltering him from the storm as well as I could, with part of my cloak, I asked—
"Is your mother very sick?"
"Oh, yes, sir—she is very sick, and has nothing at all to eat, nor no money to buy any thing with."

"No money! Why how do you get the medicine the doctor orders?"
"Mother has no doctor, sir. My sister Mary says he would not come, because he was afraid mother would never be able to pay him."

"No doctor, neither! Come, my lad," said I, still sheltering him from the storm with my cloak; "come, show me where your mother lives, and I will see that she has something to eat, and a doctor too."

We started, and I followed him up one street, and down another, until we came to a small, narrow alley, lighted but with a single lamp. Picking our way, with great difficulty, through the mud and snow that had accumulated, we at last stopped before a dilapidated building, which had seemingly withstood the test of years, but which now tottered beneath the heavy gusts that ever and anon, swept whistling through the dark and narrow street. My little guide opened the door, and we entered, groping our way through the dark, until we came to an old broken pair of stairs, that creaked and shook beneath our steps as we ascended. Having reached the landing, from which the door opened into the room where the boy informed me his mother lay, I stopped, whilst I sent him forward to acquaint his mother and sister of my presence. Lifting the latch softly, he entered, leaving the door open behind him. I stepped back a pace or two, and stood for a moment to contemplate the interior of the apartment; and oh! what a sight was presented to my view! It was a sight that would have melted a heart of stone.

On a bed in one corner of the room, with but a single blanket as a covering, lay a sick woman; whilst near her on the only chair, and indeed with the exception of an old shuffling bench—the only seat that was visible in the apartment—sat a girl about ten or eleven years of age, who had been reading from a book which she held in her hand. The remnant of an old carpet was on the floor; a few cooking utensils hung against the wall; and a stool, an old broken mirror, and a kind of wooden chest or trunk, completed the furniture of the apartment. I had, in the course of my personal career, visited many scenes of distress—many abodes of misery and want; but then they were almost always coupled with filthiness and obvious neglect. Here it was different—cleanliness and order prevailing throughout the room, indeed to a much greater extent than could have been expected in so old a fabric, where the snow and rain drifted in at every gust of wind, chilling the room at such an extent, that the few dying embers in the chimney could be scarcely felt.

The boy stepped out, and requested me to enter.
"This is the kind gentleman, mother," said he, as we approached the bed.
The woman whispered something which was drowned by a gust of wind that shook the house to its foundation, and drove the snow and sleet through the cracks and crevices that were visible on every side. It was evident, from the expression of her

countenance, that it was thanks she was whispering, for a gleam of blended melancholy and joy stole across her face, and a faint smile played about her mouth, which was as pretty a one as I had ever seen. Indeed, from her appearance, she had been, when in health, extremely beautiful. Her eyes were black, and even in sickness retained a brilliancy that is seldom seen; her hair was a dark auburn; and her lips thin, and with a natural curl, which, corresponding with a nose of Grecian shape, formed a model of beauty, even amid the poverty that surrounded her. Her children, too, inherited their mother's beauty, and, unlike the generality of poverty's children, were mannerly, even to politeness.

I made known to her the fact that I was a physician, and requested her to let me feel her pulse. It was low and feeble as might have been expected, from her not having had for a week past scarce food enough to sustain life. I was about to order refreshments, but I suddenly recollected myself. I bade them be of good cheer until morning, when the storm being somewhat abated, I would return, prepared to aid them. I descended the tottering stairs, by the aid of the boy, and was soon again braving the fury of the storm, which still raged with unabated violence. Wrapping my cloak more closely around me, and quickening my pace, I soon reached my home; and on retiring to rest I listened to the pattering of the snow and hail against the window, and the now whistling, now hollow sound of the wind, as it swept along. I shuddered to think of the poor woman and her children, with their scanty clothing and untenable home.

Next morning, I acquainted my wife with the circumstances of the case, and she immediately set about preparing some articles of apparel, and other necessities, whilst I set out to visit my patients, and procure some medicine for the sick woman, whose name I learned was Mrs. Williams.

By the time I returned, she had them prepared, and ordering the carriage, we proceeded to find our way to the street in which the poor woman lived. Driving to the place where I had met the boy on the preceding evening, we followed, as well as I could remember, the route that he had led me, turning up one street and down another, until we at last arrived at the house or fabric which I could only remember from its dilapidated looks.

We were welcomed at the door by the smiling face of the little fellow, who was beautiful even in his rags; and on entering the room, we passed the girl, who exclaimed—
"Oh, sir, how glad I am you've come! We were afraid you had forgotten us, too, like our mother—but a look from her mother prevented her from expressing herself, and she concluded—'had forsaken us too.'"

Struck with the beauty and naivete of the girl, my wife had not observed the look that arrested her expression. I had, and I determined to fathom the painful secret for such it appeared to be to the woman, whose eyes filled with tears as the girl was about to disclose it. I concluded, however, to let it rest until some other time, and accordingly leaving my wife there, and giving some directions as to the administering the medicine, I took my leave. In about half an hour I sent the carriage, and my wife returned. She told me that she had given the medicine to Mrs. Williams, and had clothed the children. She had, also, purchased some things at a grocery, on her way home, which she had ordered to be sent to them as soon as possible.

"And I hope," she added, "that they are now more comfortable."
On the following morning I again visited them, and found them, as my wife had hoped, much more comfortable, and Mrs. Williams somewhat better. On leaving them, I beckoned the little girl to follow me, and when we had got down stairs I asked her who she alluded to in the preceding day.

At first she seemed to hesitate, but upon my promising not to let her mother know that she told me, she answered—
"It was our grandfather, sir."
"Your grandfather?"
"Yes, sir it was our grandfather. And mother says he is very rich, and has a great many ships; but mother does not like us to mention it."

"And why not, my girl? Why does he not help your mother?" I asked.
"O, sir, mother says that it is because she married poor father, who is dead now!"
The truth at once flashed upon my mind. Mrs. Williams had been deserted by her father for marrying the man she loved. I asked the girl her grandfather's name, and she mentioned one that made me start; it was the name of one of our most wealthy merchants. I was somewhat acquainted with him, and knew him to be open-hearted and generous. I had even known him to visit in person the abodes of the poor and needy, and I determined it should not be long ere he should

be made acquainted with the wants of one whose near relationship claimed his care, let her fault be what it might. I knew from what the little girl had told me, that he had been inexorable, and that if he knew for whom I solicited, he would refuse; for long and deep is a father's dislike for a child who has disobeyed him. I therefore resolved not to mention the name of the object of my solicitations, but simply to represent her case, and get him to accompany me to her residence.

On the second day following that on which the little girl had told me of her grandfather's circumstances and name, I drove up to the door of his elegant mansion, situated in one of the most fashionable streets of the city. I inquired if he was at home, and was answered in the affirmative. I was shown into his library where he sat reading, at his leisure, the papers of the day.

"Mr. D—," said I, as I entered, "I have presumed upon our acquaintance, knowing you to be a man of benevolence and feeling, to solicit your aid in behalf of a poor sick widow, who, with her two children, reside in the lower part of the city. They are entirely destitute, and in this cold weather have neither wood nor clothes to keep them warm. The old house, too, in which they live is scarcely tenable, and they have to depend, from day to day, upon the charity of strangers; the boy being too small to work, and the girl having to attend to her sick mother."

I might have added, "Her relations are wealthy, but refuse to aid her;" or I might have disclosed her name at once, but I did not, for fear he might refuse his aid. In the first, I thought he might mistake, although it could hardly be expected, as the little girl had told me he had not heard from them for some years past; consequently he knew not whether she was yet alive, or what had become of her. In the second, I knew he would peremptorily refuse.

As I have said, I did not inform him of the particulars of the case, but simply asked him to accompany me to her dwelling, that he might see for himself her situation. He immediately consented, and, jumping into my carriage, we were soon rolling along towards the house in which I intended to take him.

As we proceeded on our way, my mind reverted to the scenes I had witnessed.—The one of splendour and magnificence, from which an only daughter had been banished, for wedding one she loved, but whom her father had deemed unfit for her, on account of his pecuniary circumstances; the other an abode of poverty and distress, where penury and want were endured by one who had forsaken her father, friends and home, for the love of him to whom she had entrusted her happiness. Such is a father's enmity to an offending child;—such the strength of woman's love to man. The one forsakes his only child, regardless of her fate; the other clings to her only love, enduring a father's curse, rather than retract her plighted vows.

We had now arrived at the house, and as we descended from the carriage my heart almost failed me, for I trembled for the consequences of this visit. However, I ascended the stairs; he following. I opened the door without knocking, and entered with him precipitately, trusting rather to the feeling of a moment to accomplish my object, to a more slow, though perhaps, not more sure course. As we entered, Mrs. Williams, who had now got considerably better, rose from a chair on which she had been sitting, to receive us. She at once recognized her father, and the next instant was rushing into his arms.

At first he attempted to thrust her from him, but from weakness and excess of joy, she fainted on his bosom, and then it was that maternal feelings triumphed; and tears, thick and fast, flowed in torrents upon the almost lifeless form of his only child.

I had until now stood aloof, when, catching up a pitcher of water from the table, I commenced bathing her temples; whilst her father, in agonizing tones, called upon her name, as though his voice alone could recall her dormant senses.—Slowly she recovered, and opening her dark and expressive eyes, she faintly whispered,
"Father!"

Tears again gushed from the old man's eyes, and he exclaimed—
"My daughter, I am unworthy of that name, but oh! forgive me—forgive me!"
"It is I, father, who should ask forgiveness," said Mrs. Williams. "Come Charles," said she to the little boy, who had just entered, "come Mary, you too ask grandfather's forgiveness for your mother."

The old man caught his grandchildren in his arms, and wept over them like a child. Need it be said that in a few weeks in one of the splendid parlours of his magnificent mansion, might be seen Mrs. Williams and her two rosy children, no more attired in the humble garb of poverty, nor so stricken in countenance, but

blest with a father's and grandfather's love, living truly contented and happy.

LET US LAUGH.—A clergyman was the other day reproving a young person for her too gay and laughing character. "There are times for all things," said the pious man—"a time to laugh and a time to weep, as the good book tells us."

"Sir," replied the arch young girl, "did you not tell us in your sermon on Sunday, that Heaven itself is all smiles; that there was neither tears nor grief nor sighing there; and that saints and angels would feast eternally on the smiles of God?"

"Yes, my dear."
"Well, then," said the little piece of sainted carnation, "may I not do on earth what's done in heaven—can't I have my giggle too?"

The parson thought this "a time to laugh," and laugh he did.—*Balt. Argus*

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—The State of Louisiana guards the rights of women with a kind and parental care. The husband cannot alienate the property, even by the consent of the wife; and even the money given by the parents, either before or after marriage, is as much the separate property of the wife as the land and negroes. She can even make the husband her debtor, and sue him in a court of law. Dashing young fellows used to go and marry young creoles of the territory, and spend their property within a short period, leaving them to penury. It is said that it was to guard against this conduct on the part of the unprincipled adventurers, that the enactment of this law was found necessary by the prudent and kind French creoles of that hospitable region.—*Pennsylvania*.

ONE WAY AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.—The people all over the world are driving over the road of life at a most unaccountable rate. Not only can a fellow be hauled along by steam at lightning speed but he can get married at the rate of a knot a minute. Witness how the "Esqr" does up these bundles of felicity among the Hoosers;—

"What is your name, sir?"
"John."
"Well Miss what is your name?"
"Polly."
"John, do you love Polly?"
"Yes, sir—no mistake."
"Polly do you love John?"
"I do, sir."
"Well, that's right; now then I pronounce you man and wife All the days of your life."

The happy pair, each one giving the justice a "tip," walked away arm in arm as happy as love could make them; to enjoy 'domestic happiness' in a hovel; on the prairie.

"Hallo, friend? Are you a Washingtonian? No I am a Thompsonian." Yes I see you have been steaming it.

FIRST GUN.—A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire it, he however, liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire.—He kept on charging; but without firing until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grandfather, learning his temerity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental discharged it. The recoil was tremendous; throwing the old lady on her back, she promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "Lay still granny there are five charges more to get off yet."

SCRIPTURE AUTHORITY.—A Quaker was married by a Vicar, to a lady of the church of England. The Vicar demanded a fee of five shillings. The Quaker was astonished, but said if the Vicar would prove that five shillings was the proper fee, he would pay it. The Vicar directly turned to the passage, "A virtuous woman is a crown (5s.) to her husband."—"Thou art right," replied the Quaker,—"Solomon was a wise man." So saying, he paid the five shillings, and presented the Vicar with a pair of new gloves besides.

THE TIME OF DAY.—"What o'clock Pat?" inquired a traveller.
"Next to nothing," answered the Milesian with great confidence.
"What do you mean?" asked the traveller.
"Not quite one," replied Pat, "and it follows in course, that what isn't one is next to nothing."

DEAD OR ALIVE.—"Pomp, what do deblal am a jury ob inkest?" "Wuf, de fac is nigger—a jury ob inkest am a lot ob fellars what sits down on a dead man to find out whedder he am dead for sartins, or only playing possum."