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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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THEODORE H. CREMER.

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POHTRY.

From an Old Paper.
I've Been Thinking. I've been thinking, I've been thinking, What a curious world we're in,
Men are sleeping, eating, drinking,
Just as they have always been—
Beaux are strutting, dandies quissing,
Misses toiling night and day,
Boys are sporting, girls are frizzing,
Grandmas fidgetting away.

Tom is crying, Mary singing, Tom is crying, wary singing,
Jack is laughing merrily,
Dust is flying, tea-bells ringing,
These have music sure for me;
Peasants toiling, rich men riding,
Staring with a lordly phiz,
Rogues through every crowd are gliding,
Zounds, how queer a world it is!

Marrying, some in marriage given,
Others like the world of old,
All but me are feasting, living—
Would that wives were to be sold!
Others have their dears in plenty,
And their bosoms heave with love,
I've had chances, nineteen, twenty—
But I dare not one improve.

Brokers shaving, sheriff's dunning,
Politicians pull your sleeve,
Printers scolding, wits are punning,
Jail-birds begging for reprieve;
Preachers warning, idiots ranting,
Bacchus, too, hath devotees,
Yonder wretch, your wife's gallanting,
What a duced fool is he?

Lawyers spouting, clients list'ning,
Doctors' prattling of their skill,
Patients groaning, school-boys whistling,
Striving all old time to kill,
Pedagogues of science telling,
Milliners of pretty things—
Lovers stroll with bosoms swelling,
List'ning while the night bird sings.

Clouds are lowering, tempests howling,
Friends suspecting, foes are glad,
Children screaming, mistress scowling,
Merry bosoms now are sad,
Presto! they are gone forever,
All is gay as it hath been,
Sun-beams shine, the girls—oh, never!
What a curious world we're in!

From the London Foget-From the London Foget-me-nor.
Old Friends Together.
Oh! time is sweet when roses meet,
With spring's sweet breath around the
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them;
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
But pought can be so sweet to see. But nought can be so sweet to As old friends meet together

Those days of old, when youth was bold, Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
Ard youth ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or knowing, did not heed it!
Though gray each brow that meets us now,
For age brings wintry weather,
Yet nought can be so sweet to see,
As those old friends together!

The few long known when years have sho
With hearts that friendship blesses,
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather; Oh! thus may we yet joy to see
And meet old friends together!

A clergyman of rigid faith, ence under-took to convert a negro, who was all but incorrigible. As an argumentum ad hom-inem, he told Cuffy that the wicked did not live out half their days: "Dat dare is queer," said Cuffy—"him no live out half him day, hah. Well, den, 1 'spose him die 'bout 'leven 'clock fore-noon."

B. CHEER.

D. Bellengen trees, and the second of the secon