

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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### TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. 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.

### TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

THE subscriber occupying the large three story brick dwelling house at the south east corner of Allegheny and Smith streets, in the borough of Huntingdon, the third story of which during the last summer has been fitted for sleeping rooms; having a large stable on the premises, and having employed a careful person to attend to it and take care of horses, &c., informs the public that she is prepared to accommodate such of her friends and such strangers and travellers as may desire accommodation. She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, and hopes the friends of Temperance will give her a call.

ESTHER CLARKE.  
Huntingdon March 1, 1843.

### WASHINGTON HOTEL.

MARKET SQUARE, HARRISBURG, Pa.  
The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the above named well known Tavern Stand, (formerly kept by Wm. E. Camp,) where he will endeavor to serve those that may call upon him in the most satisfactory manner. The House is centrally and pleasantly located, and is furnished throughout with the best of bedding and other furniture, and his accommodations are such as to make it a convenient and desirable stopping place.

No exertions will be spared to make it agreeable in all its departments to those who may favor him with a call.

FREDERICK J. FENN.  
December 21, 1842.

### CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

The subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Huntingdon and its vicinity, that he has opened an establishment in the borough of Huntingdon, for the manufacture of Chairs, Settees, &c., of the following kinds, viz: French Chairs, Half French, Grecian, Fancy curled Maple, Plain Walnut, Office, Spring and Windsor, Boston Rocking, Spring seat Mahogany, Night Cabinets, and Studying Chairs.

### SETTEES.

Mohogany, Fancy, Cushion, cane and common Settees.

on an improved and fashionable plan, **Settee Bedsteads,**

both elegant and useful, designed to close up, making a handsome Settee with cushion seat for the day time.

The subscriber having been for several years past engaged in the above business in the cities of New York and Providence R. I. he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to all those who will honor him with their patronage.

All the above mentioned articles, and everything in his line of business, he will furnish in the latest style and fashion, on the most reasonable terms, and warranted to do good service.

N. B.—Chairs, Settees, &c., repaired and ornamented on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

A constant supply of the above mentioned articles may be seen at the Warehouse, one door east of the Store of Mrs. Jane McCormick and immediately opposite the store of Patterson & Horner.

GEORGE W. SWAIN.  
Lewistown, Nov. 30, 1842.

### Snyder's Vegetable Concrete.

I do certify that my wife was afflicted for some time with a very severe cough, with a pain in the breast, and after many other remedies had failed, I was induced to procure a bottle of J. Snyder's Vegetable Concrete, and she was perfectly restored by the use of part of a bottle full.

HUGH KELLEY,  
For sale by Jacob Snyder, Hollidaysburg,  
Jan. 18, 1843.

### E. HAWKINS.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public generally, that he still continues the above business in  
**M'CONNELLSTOWN,**  
and is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Guns or Pistols, or to make any necessary repairs upon any article of the kind. If careful attention will merit success, he hopes to secure the patronage of the sharp shooters of this county.

### TO MARKSMEN.

**THOMAS DOUGLASS, GUNSMITH,**

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public generally, that he still continues the above business in  
**M'CONNELLSTOWN,**  
and is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Guns or Pistols, or to make any necessary repairs upon any article of the kind. If careful attention will merit success, he hopes to secure the patronage of the sharp shooters of this county.

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

**Leghorn and Straw Bonnets,**

**PALM LEAF and LEGHORN HATS.**

Merchants and others from Huntingdon and adjacent places, are respectfully requested to call and examine the stock of the above kinds of goods, which is full and extensive, and which will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to purchasers, at No. 168 Market street south-east corner of 5th street, Philadelphia.

GEORGE W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.  
P. O. Feb. 6, 1843.—6m.

### DR. WILLIAM SWOPE,

WOULD inform his friends and the public, that he has removed to the new house, on the corner immediately above his former residence in Main street. Where he can at all times be found, by those who desire his professional services.

Huntingdon, Dec. 21, 1842.

### POETRY.

#### THE MOTHERLESS.

Light is thy spirit, thou blooming child  
With the bounding step, and the laugh so wild—  
A stranger might pause thy sport to see,  
And smile on the picture of health and glee;  
But I view thy gladness in deep distress,  
For I mourn the fate of the Motherless.

Thou hast kissed that mother's clay cold cheek,  
Thou knowest that her accents, kind and meek,  
Can cheer not thy listening ear again;  
Thou hast joined the gloomy funeral train,  
And thy tears have flowed o'er the silent dead,  
But those tears were banished as soon as shed;  
O! the infant heart is slow to guess  
The woes in store for the Motherless.

Thy father loves thee, but earthly cares  
Spread in his way thy engrossing snares:  
He tells for thee in the world's vast mart,  
But he only gives thee a share of his heart.  
There are none to point out thy leading charms,  
Or to place thee fondly in his arms;  
And his passing visit, and brief career,  
Can little profit the Motherless.

But thy childish glee is a blessed boon—  
The knowledge of ill will come all too soon;  
Thou must not paint, in thy dreams of bliss,  
The clasping arm, or the thrilling kiss;  
A home, sweet one, thou dost now possess,  
But dream is the home of the Motherless.

When the flattering world thy steps invite,  
To its flowery paths and its halls of light,  
Thou wilt not the precious safe-guard hear  
Of a gentle mother's whispered prayer.  
These flowers shall perish, that light decline,  
And the pang of blighted hope be thine,  
But who shall pity thy soul's distress?  
There are few to feel for the Motherless.

I may not the fearful storm ally  
That darkly threatens thy future way,  
I can but pray that a heavenly arm  
May shelter thee from wrong and harm!  
O! turn, dear child, to one above,  
His mercy is more than human love,  
And his power can even soothe and bless  
The thorny path of the Motherless.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### From the Metropolis.

#### THE VALIANT SUITOR.

"For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar."

sacrifice me to this man, who I can never love  
who is not worthy of my love! Oh! ere it be too  
late, let my entreaties move you from this unhappy  
purpose."

This was the anxious prayer of a daughter to her  
father, on the morning which was destined to see  
her finally contracted to a man whom she disliked  
and despised. But she spoke to obstinate ears.  
General Veltheim had been accustomed for many years  
to receive unlimited obedience from those placed  
under him in the Austrian military service, and,  
though not a harsh parent, could not bare to have  
his wishes thwarted even by an only daughter. "Do  
not provoke me, Aurelia," said he; "ought I not  
to be the best judge of what is for your real interest  
and happiness? And can I have any other objects  
at heart in this match? Besides, I will not take  
your opinion of Baron Mantheim as the correct one.  
He was a soldier, and circumstances permitted him  
to see little actual service; I am sure he is brave,  
and merits none of the foolish reflections which you  
are prejudiced enough to throw out against him.—  
He is wealthy, too, and can place you in a situation  
befitting your birth and family.—Finally, Aurelia,  
my word has been passed to him, and so there need  
be no more said on the subject."

The young lady was silent a moment, and the  
General rose to leave the room.—"Oh, dear father,"  
said Aurelia, anxiously, as she started to his side,  
and laid her hand on his shoulder; "if I can expose  
this man's real character to you—if I can prove to  
you his utter want of spirit, his absolute profligacy;  
will you not spare me this detestable union?" "Ay,  
girl, if indeed you can prove this, matters would  
certainly be somewhat changed. A coward were  
no fit husband for a daughter of mine. But you  
speak of things absurdly impossible; so no more of this.  
Prepare yourself: Mantheim will soon be here.—  
And fear not, my love, continued the General more  
affectionately; "but you will be happy. I have no  
wish but to see you so, and I act as I do, because  
I believe that that object can only be brought about  
by crossing your own foolish desires at this moment."  
Kissing her brow with parental fondness,  
the General then left his daughter's apartment.

For a short time afterwards, Aurelia sat absorbed  
in thought, her fair countenance indicating many  
anxious emotions. At length she arose from her  
seat, with the air of one who has formed some decisive  
resolution, and rang for her waiting maid.—  
"The latter came at the summons. As she entered  
the room, Aurelia started somewhat hastily and dis-  
composedly, and turning the key of a little closet  
door in her apartment. She then assumed a calm  
manner, seemingly regretting the hurried action into  
which she had been led. "Get me the necklace  
which I wore yesterday, Bertha," said she to the  
girl: "It is in your dressing closet, madam," an-  
swered Bertha, and she advanced with great alac-  
rity to the door of the closet, which her mistress had  
aroused her curiosity by looking so hastily. But  
Aurelia interposed herself between the girl and the  
closet, with sufficient quickness to prevent the other  
from entering. "You need not trouble yourself to  
seek it, Bertha," cried she; "I will get it myself.  
Go you down stairs and learn when Baron Man-

them arrives. Inform him that I wish to speak with  
him immediately, and bring him thither. Go and re-  
member this." Bertha could not avoid the com-  
mand thus given her, but she could as little refrain  
from betraying her glances that the conduct of  
her young mistress had awakened in her both curi-  
osity and suspicion. To say the truth, the girl and  
lady were not upon those terms on which young  
heroines and their personal attendants are usually  
found at least in stories of romances. Bertha had  
been induced, by pretty liberal doctures, to take  
the side of the father, and of the lover favored by  
him, in the matrimonial matters under agitation in  
the old General's family, and as a natural conse-  
quence, had lost the confidence of the opposite party,  
her own mistress.

When left by Bertha, Aurelia did not remain  
long alone, for the waiting-maid soon returned  
bringing with her the suitor countenanced by the  
General. As regarded mere looks, the Baron  
Mantheim could not have been much complained of,  
or objected to, by Aurelia. He was young, and at  
least tolerable well favored. In attire and appear-  
ance, moreover, he was very bold and martial, his  
moustache being of even more than national promi-  
nence. After he had seated himself, and requested  
to know what peculiar command the lady had at  
that moment to honor him with, Aurelia addressed  
him somewhat abruptly. "You are aware, sir,  
that your addresses have been always distasteful to  
me, and that I have endured them only in obedien-  
ce to my father's commands. They are now more  
displeasing than ever." The suitor seemed but  
little discomposed by the salutation, which, indeed,  
communicated nothing new to him. "Let me  
hope, madam," said he, in reply, "that time and  
my anxious attentions, will remove this unfavor-  
able feeling." "Time can do much, sir," returned  
the lady, "but time can make no alteration in my  
sentiments towards you. I assure you of this, and hope  
that the assurance will make you forbear, even yet,  
from pressing your suit on one who can neither be  
happy with you nor make you happy." "Pardon  
me, lady," replied the gentleman, assuming the ap-  
pearance of great devotion, "it does rest with you  
alone, to make me happy; and you will excuse me  
if I cannot consent to forego the prospects  
which your father's kindness and his promise hold  
out to me!"

Aurelia looked down, and after a pause, answered  
with a slight, apparent degree of confusion.—"Then,  
sir, I must beg to inform you that—since you show  
ers who consider themselves committed to me, in  
this matter."

"Others!" cried the lover, startled into percep-  
tible loss of color; "what others can be entitled to  
interfere in this matter? Come, madam, you jest."

"I do not jest," answered Aurelia, with a tone of  
gravity, which made an obvious impression on the  
Baron, in spite of his attempt to assume a look of  
ease: "I do not jest, sir. There are other parties—  
there is one party at all events—who may feel called  
upon to question the right of your perseverance in  
this suit against my fixed inclination." "Madam  
what other party can this be?" exclaimed the baron,  
you must allude to a lover and who can he be?"  
"What will your father say to this madam? But  
pshaw, there is no such person. You but jest, ma-  
dam." "I do not," said Aurelia, quietly, but firmly;  
there is such a person, and at this moment he is not  
far distant from us." "Not far distant," cried the  
alarmed baron; "what do you mean lady? I say  
the person to whom I allude is not far distant," re-  
peated the young lady, and that before you leave  
this room an explanation must take place between  
you."

The General's daughter then rose, and advanced  
to the closet formerly mentioned. She turned the  
key in the door, and opening it slightly, exclaimed,  
"Albert! Inhoff!" "Stop! stop! madam, for Heav-  
en's sake!" cried the baron, of whose qualities the  
lady had expressed no incorrect opinion to her father;  
"stop, madam! I am not deaf to reason. If you  
are really attached to another, I should be sorry to  
persist. What would you have me to do?" Resig-  
n my hand freely and voluntarily, answered the  
lady; here are my writing materials. Write me  
such a resignation briefly and quickly. "What  
resign your hand of my own accord," cried the baron;  
"oh, madam, what will your father say to me?"  
"Albert! Albert!" exclaimed Aurelia, re-opening the  
closet door, and again speaking into the interior—  
"Stop, madam, for mercy's sake!" again cried the  
baron; "close the door, pray, I have but my sword  
—he may have pistols, and might shoot me dead  
before I could move from this spot. I will write the  
resignation." "Do so without delay, then," answer-  
ed the lady. The baron answered hurriedly "yes,  
yes, without delay!"

Accordingly the alarmed suitor took his seat at  
the table, and began to write in terms which the  
lady, at his own request, dictated to him. The resig-  
nation which she demanded was so full and unequivocal,  
that the baron's repugnance twice got the better  
of his fears, and induced to lay down his pen. But  
the magical whisper of "Albert! Albert!" brought  
him instantly to his senses, and he was glad to com-  
plete the paper, and place it in the lady's hands.—  
It may be guessed that it was with no dignified look  
or step that, at the close of the operation, he quitted  
the apartment of the General's daughter.

Left alone, Aurelia did not enter the important  
closet, but sat down on a sofa, waiting quietly for  
the result of what had passed. She was not mis-  
taken in her calculation that Mantheim would fly  
without delay to the General, and relate, in his own  
way all that had happened. Within a quarter of an

hour, after the baron had quitted her, Aurelia was  
visited by her father, and, at a short distance behind  
came the baron. Both were fully armed. The  
General was in a state of fearful excitement and rage.  
"Girl," cried he, "shameless, wretched girl, it would  
be charity to thee to take thy life on the spot; but  
first let me punish your betrayer. Where is he?"  
"Father," answered Aurelia, quietly, "for whom do  
you ask?" "For your minion, miserable girl!" an-  
swered the General; "show me instantly where he  
is!" "There is no one here, father, to my knowl-  
edge," said Aurelia search and you will find it so."

"What, think you this trick will serve you? Was  
not your base accomplice shut up here to extort a  
resignation of your hand from the baron?" answered  
the angry father; "and was not a pistol held to his  
head till your object was attained?"

"The young lady knows too well that such was  
the case, and that her accomplice is shut up at this  
moment in that closet," exclaimed the baron.—  
"Indeed," said Aurelia, with a look of ineffable scorn;  
has such been your pitiful tale? Father, look here.  
If there has been any one but myself in this closet  
to-day, banish me from your house and love for-  
ever."

Aurelia then led the way into the closet. Neither  
there, nor about the apartments, did the general see  
any one. "He has escaped!" cried the baron. "No!  
he has not escaped," said Aurelia, disdainfully.—  
"Father, ask Baron Mantheim the name of this ac-  
complice—this holder of pistol to men's heads!"  
"His name is Albert—Albert Inhoff," answered the  
baron without questioning. "Albert Inhoff!" ex-  
claimed the General; "impossible! he died some  
months since on the field of battle, he was once my  
aid-camp." "Yes father it was impossible that he  
should be here," said Aurelia, "but his name was  
enough. The very name of a brave man was  
enough to extort from Baron Mantheim's fears a  
resignation of my hand!" But Bertha daughter—  
"Pardon me, dear father," continued Aurelia "if I  
used artifice to gain my purpose, and show you how  
unworthy of the hand of a brave man's child was he  
on whom you were about to bestow it. No one  
was ever in my chamber. This resignation was  
extorted not by pistols, but by the mere whisper of  
a name. Why baron—said the amazed General,  
turning round. But the baron had slipped quietly  
away, nor did he ever re-appear to claim the annul-  
ment of the resignation."

General Veltheim was taught by the preceding  
circumstance, that it would be much safer to allow  
Aurelia to choose her own partner for life. She  
repent of his having imagined that she would  
choose in the matter.

From the U. S. Gazette.

#### HUNTER'S GRAVE.

We advise much exercise, active or passive, as  
circumstances may require, or may favor, to our  
citizens. A good long walk, or ride, every day,  
will lengthen life, and multiply the pleasures of living.  
And besides the mere physical agitation of a walk  
or a ride, there is a change of thought that is whole-  
some—a diversion of mind from one object to another,  
or from one set of objects to many. These ad-  
vantages are too much overlooked by the young, un-  
til a habit is acquired, when the *vis inertiae* over-  
comes the conviction of a necessity for exercise, and  
body and mind fall from a neglect to give them vari-  
ety and change.

We love—though we have neglected the means of  
health too long to hope for its acquisition—love to  
ride through the lanes and over the open fields in  
the vicinity of the city, and catch the breathings of  
Spring, while we enjoy that rapid mental action  
which denotes the improvement of time which ex-  
ercise and new scenery assure.

One morning last week, we were allowing our  
old horse Rolla to take his own time in moving  
along a species of indulgence which he claims as a  
privilege of age and old acquaintance, making up  
for any seeming slowness in going forth, by a shuf-  
fling anxiety, in returning to reach his crib. There  
had been a fall of rain during the night, and the  
clouds had not cleared away. Striking across a  
field, we soon reached the object of our search. A  
little mound of earth, only half sodded over, denoted  
the place where poor old HUNTER had been  
laid a few weeks before. We alighted, and threw  
Rolla's reins over a low pine shrub, that grew at  
the head of the grave, and gave loose to our own  
feelings.

It is not seemly to mourn for a dog; but when,  
for eleven years, the animal has followed your foot-  
steps—when his clear voice has greeted your return,  
or when coiled up at your feet, day after day, he has  
lifted his flexible eye-brows, and turned his dark  
eyes to see when you would leave the writing table,  
and go forth for his pleasure, as he had trained for  
you, you feel as if the death of even a dog, might  
warrant a melancholy sensation, and be pleaded in  
excuse for a recollection at least of his canine vir-  
tues.

Hunter had been a sort of precursor of our com-  
ing; and those who would meet us, as we came to  
or went from our office, would watch for Hunter,  
that they might find us. A feeling had sprung up  
between us, and we had learned even to check each  
other's faults. He undoubtedly had most to do, or,  
at least, the most to suffer, in that respect, but still  
he tried, and sometimes succeeded.

The poor dog had become a member of the family  
in that he was small; and the flock that had risen up  
like olive branches, around our table, were affection-  
ately guarded, and tenderly fondled by Hunter.—

But he never confessed the right of mastership in  
them. He took his place on the hearth rug before  
them, with as much independence as if they had  
been his offspring, instead of ours; and when busi-  
ness or pleasure called us from the city, he took up  
on himself the guardianship of the domestic circle,  
and declined his daily visit to the office, as much as  
if he had a pecuniary investment in the dwelling,  
or was morally and legally responsible for the wel-  
fare of its inmates.

Hunter had been in perils. He was bitten, with  
one other canine friend, by a mad dog. His friend  
died with hydrophobia—kind attention saved Hun-  
ter. He remembered it to the last; and when the  
sickness came from which he was not relieved, the  
beseeching look and the particular emphasis of his  
moan, showed that he remembered with gratitude  
favours past, and desired a re-application of the re-  
medies. But he asked in vain. He pined away, and  
finally after faculty departed, until voice failed, the  
hearing ceased, the eye was lifted up slowly, but  
dim, and the tail slightly moved, to intimate his re-  
cognition of him who had been so long his compan-  
ion, and his last effort was to lick the delicate hand  
of a child, who had come to take his leave of one  
that seemed twined with his earliest love, and whose  
name was the first word he had articulated.

Old Sampson took the dog in his barrow, and  
went forth with a measured step, to find a place  
where he might give him the decency of burial,  
without intruding upon the repose of human beings  
who, made in a better image, justly claim a sanctity  
for their dust.

The little procession as it went forth, had with it  
something of a touching air. The body of Hunter  
was decently covered, not ostentatiously, lest a ridic-  
ule should attach to the scene; and Sampson had  
put on his best clothes, avowedly less for funeral  
purposes, than that he might appear decently before  
the mistress. Little Willey, the only follower of  
the train, had drawn his cap over his eyes, to hide a  
few hasty tears, and was regulating his step by the  
solemn and measured movement of Sampson. Few  
felt an interest to inquire what was hidden beneath  
the white pall, and the unwonted melancholy of the  
child was suffered to pass without inquiry.

When the procession had reached the place of  
sepulture, the body was lowered, not thrown into  
the grave, and Sampson remarked that the collar  
was still about Hunter's neck. "I'll take it off,"  
said he; "it will do for another dog."

Little Willey leaned over, and looked down into  
the grave; and then lifting his streaming eyes to his  
father, he said, "No, let it be Sampson's  
have one, I don't want to see Hunter's collar  
his neck."

Sampson sodded up the grave, and turned to-  
wards home. "Will you ride in the barrow," said  
he to Willey.

The child turned, and looked at the carriage with  
a shudder and walked on.

When Willey reached home, he went and sat  
down alone beside "Hunter's house," and wept a  
flood of tears; and it was only when the memo-  
rials of his faithful friend, more than twice his age,  
had been removed that he could dry up his tears.—  
And even now the mention of the dog makes the  
"clouds return after the rain," and cast a gloom over  
the sunny spirit of the child.

While bending over the resting place of the  
faithful animal, it was natural that we should think  
of his merits, and what we had lost in him, so self-  
ish is human grief; and half of what constituted  
our painful feelings while thus musing, resulted from  
the certainty that we should no more benefit by his  
services.

Who would weep in this world, if what was taken  
away diminished nothing of his enjoyment? We  
mourned the carriage to return, but yet lingered:  
reflection had come, and with it came fancy.—  
Imagination was busy to people space with objects  
that we once had loved, and now mourned; and,  
for a moment, it seemed as if the smiling face of  
Hunter was before us, and his head half turned, as  
if to invite us to move. A slight breeze from the  
West watted toward the fog, that was hanging over  
the river at a little distance, and as masses swept by  
us, one seemed to take the place and the form which  
our fancy had just given as Hunter's. We started.  
The airy form floated fantastically around, and then  
vanished in the thicket beyond. It could scarcely  
have been all fancy, for the horse, Rolla, moved  
suddenly, as was his wont when formerly Hunter  
had manifested his joy at the prospect of exercise,  
by jumping upwards towards his bridle, with a sharp  
but friendly bark.

The misty form of the dog re-appeared at the top  
of the hill, and as it passed rapidly onwards, was  
tinged with rainbow lines from the sun glittering  
between the broken clouds above.

We know that if men would weep, there are all  
around them graves of the good, whose loss the  
living may deplore, whose life was fruitful of good  
for man. But my not one turn aside, also, from  
the beaten path of grief or joy, and in solitude  
remember, that beneath the sod before him moulders  
one who never deceived, and who, though not gifted  
with words to make known his affections, had yet  
the skill to express them with most miraculous  
organs.

Dr. Johnson frequently made use of the following:  
"More flies are taken with a drop of honey than a  
ton of vinegar." An useful argument in favor of  
politeness and affability, as conciliating the affec-  
tions of mankind more than that austerity of manners  
which indicates conscious superiority.