

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

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Whole No. 394

THEODORE H. GREMER.

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 arrearages 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 Lewistown, for the manufacture of Chairs, Settees, &c., of the following kinds, viz: French Chairs, Half French, Grecian, Fancy curled Maple, Black Walnut, Office, Fancy and Windsor, Boston Rocking, Spring seat Mahogany, Night Cabinets, and Studying Chairs.

SETTEES.

Mohogany, Fancy, Cushion, cane and comm-n 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, 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 every thing 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 Ware-room, on 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.

To 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 KEILEY, For sale by Jacob Snyder, Hollidaysburg, Jan. 18, 1843.

B. HAWKINS.

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Huntingdon and its vicinity, that he has commenced the business of light and heavy wagon making, and every kind of vehicle repairing. Having learnt his trade in England, he is prepared to furnish either the English or American style of wagons, and hopes by diligence and attention to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Shop near to Mr. J. Houck's blacksmith shop, Huntingdon, April 19, 1843.—1y.

PAMPHLET LAWS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Pamphlet Laws of the late session of the Legislature have come to hand and are ready for distribution to those entitled to receive them. JAMES STEEL, Prof'y. July 12, 1843.—3t.

HOUCKS VEGETABLE LINIMENT.

MENT, for sprains and rheumatism, just received and for sale at the drug store of T. K. Simonton. Also a fresh supply of Houck's Panacea. T. K. SIMONTON, Agent. Huntingdon Oct 5, 1842.

BLANK BONDS to Constables for Stay

of Execution, under the new law, just printed, and for sale, at this office.

W. H. MORRIS, R. M. KIRKBRIDE
WILLIAM H. MORRIS & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS

Commission Merchants.
HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND
H. A. VINE taken the large and commodious Wharf and Warehouse situated directly on the Canal Basin, are now prepared to receive consignments of goods for transhipment or sale. A general assortment of Groceries, &c., consisting of Loaf and Brown Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Sperm Oil and Candles, White, Yellow and Brown Soaps, Fish, Salt, Plaster, &c., together with all kinds of Spices and Raisins, and also ready made Clothing will be kept constantly on hand and disposed of on city terms or exchanged for country produce, Coal, &c. April 19 1843.—3m.

THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITY AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office No. 139 Chestnut Street.
Make insurances of lives, grant annuities and Endowments, and receive and execute Trusts.
Rates for insuring \$100, on a single life.
Age. For 1 year. For 7 years. For life.
annually. annually.
20 \$0 91 \$0 95 \$1 77
30 1 31 1 35 2 36
40 1 69 1 83 3 30
50 1 95 2 09 4 60
60 4 35 4 91 7 00
EXAMPLE:—A person aged 30 years, by paying the company \$1 31 would secure to his family or heirs \$100, should he die in one year—or for \$13 10 he secures to them \$2000 Or for \$13 60 annually for 7 years, he secures to them \$1000 should he die during the 7 years—or for \$23 60 paid annually during life he provides for them 1000 dollars whenever he dies—for \$65 50 they would receive 5000 dollars, should he die in one year. Further particulars respecting Life Insurance, Trusts, or management of Estates and property committed to them, may be had at the office.
J. W. RICHARDS, President.
JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary.
Phil'a. April 19, 1843.—6m.

DAY, GERRISH & CO. GENERAL PRODUCE, Commission and Forwarding Merchants.

Granite Stores, lower side of Race street, on the Delaware, Philadelphia.
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the merchants generally, that they have taken the large Wharf and Granite Front Stores, known as Ridgeway's Stores, immediately below Race street, in addition to their old wharf, where they will continue the produce commission business, as also to receive and forward goods to all points on the Juniata, and North and West branches of the Susquehanna Rivers, via the Tide Water, and Pennsylvania, and Schuylkill and Union canals.

This establishment has many advantages over any other in the city in point of room and convenience for the accommodation of boats and produce. Being one of the largest wharves of the Delaware, and the stores extending from Water street to Delaware Front. Five or six boats may at the same time be loading and discharging. The usual facilities will be given on all consignments entrusted to their charge, which will be thank fully received and meet with prompt attention. Salt, Fish and Plaster, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market price. References, Philadelphia.

J. Ridgway, Esq. J Brock, son & Co
Jacob Lex & Son Waterman & Osbourn
Mulford & Alter Scull & Thompson
Wilson, Seiger & Bro E. J. Eting & Bro
Bray, Barcott & Co Morris, Patterson & Co
Lower & Barrow.
Lewistown.

J & J Milliken A & G Blimyer
Patterson & Horner J McCoy, Esq.
Water street.
Stewart & Horrell E W Wike, Esq.
February 8, 1843.—6m.

TO MAKESTEEN.

THOMAS DOUGLASS, GUN-SMITH,
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 sharpshooters of this county.
October 11, 1842.

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.
GEO. W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.
Pila, Feb. 6, 1843.—6mo.

DR. WILLIAM SWOOPÉ,

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 Prayer on Bunker Hill.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

During the battle of Bunker's Hill, a venerable clergyman knelt on the field, with hands upraised and gray head uncovered, and while the bullets whistled around him, prayed for the success of his compatriots, and the deliverance of his country.

It was an hour of fear and dread—
High rose the battle cry.
And round, in heavy volume, spread
The war-cloud to the sky.
'Twas not, as when the rival strength
Contending nations meet,
Or love of conquest madly huris
A monarch from his seat.

Yet one was there, untrifled to tread
The path of mortal strife,
Who but the Saviour's flock had fed
Beside the fount of life.
He knelt him where the black smoke wreathed,
His head was bow'd and bare,
While for an infant land, he breathed
The agony of prayer.

The column red with early morn,
May tower o'er Bunker's height,
And proudly tell a race unborn,
Their patriot father's might;
But thou, oh patriot, old and gray,
The prophet of the free,
Who knelt among the dead that day,
What fame shall raise to thee?

It is not meet that brass or stone,
Which feel the touch of time,
Should keep the record of a faith
That woke thy deed sublime;
We tread it on a tablet fair,
Which glows when stars wax pale,
A promise that the good man's prayer
Shall with his God prevail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NIGHT SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

It was in the middle of winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold; it neither decidedly froze, nor did it thaw; but between the two, it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, but who were warmly clad. It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in a small room, beside a small fire which was burning comfortably. The baby lay in a wooden cradle on the corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it boiled an iron pot full of potatoes, but it gave very little cheerfulness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table, lighting the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of housewifery. 'May I stir the fire?' asked David, the eldest boy. 'No no,' replied the mother, 'it burns away too fast when it is stirred.'

'I wish we had a good fire!' sighed Judith, the second girl. 'Bless me,' said the mother, 'it is a good fire!—Why, there's Dame Grumby and her grandchild gone to bed because they have no fire at all!'

'I should like some more salt to my potatoes,' said little Betsy; 'may I have some more, mother?' 'There is none, child,' she replied, 'I put the last in the pot.'

'O dear!' cried out little Joey, 'my feet are so bad! they get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly.'

'Poor thing!' sighed the mother; 'I wish you had better shoes.'

'There's a pair,' said Joey, briskly, 'at Timmy Nixon's for fourteen pence.'

'Fourteen pence!' repeated the mother, 'it would take a long time to get fourteen pence.'

'Mat Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots,' replied Joey, experimentally.

'We will not beg,' said the mother, 'if we can help it—let me see the shoes; and Joey put one of his frost bitten feet on his mother's knee.'

'Bless thee! poor lad,' said the mother, 'thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer.'

'Mother,' interrupted little Susan, 'may I have some more?'

'There is no more,' said she, 'but I have a whole loaf yet.'

'Oh dear, oh dear, how nice!' cried the children, clapping their hands; and give Joey the bottom crust, said one, 'because of his poor feet.'

'And give me a big bit,' cried Susan, holding out a little fat hand.

The mother divided the loaf, setting aside a piece for her husband, and presently her husband came. 'It rains, and it is very cold,' said he shivering.

'Pleas God,' rejoined the mother, 'it will be warmer after the rain.'

David Baird was a tall, thin man, with an uneasy look—not that he had any fresh cause of uneasiness—his wages had not been lowered; his hours of labor had not been increased; nor had he quarrelled with his master; but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness and never ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face have a joyless look!

The children made room for their father by the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him a portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box feed-

ing the squirrel with the bread which her mother had given her—she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times; Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

'Nobody has enquired after the squirrel,' said the father, looking at them.

'No,' replied Mary, 'and I hope nobody will.'

'They will not now,' said young David, 'for it is three months since we found it.'

'We might sell it for half a crown,' said the father; Mary looked frightened, and held the squirrel to her bosom.

'Josey's feet are very bad,' remarked the mother. 'And that doctor's bill has never been paid,' said the father—'seventeen shillings and sixpence.'

'Tis more money than we can get in a week,' sighed the mother.

'I go round by the back lane, to avoid passing the door,' said the father, 'and he asked me for it three times.'

'We will get it paid in the summer,' rejoined the mother, hopefully; 'but coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before the week is out.'

'Lord help us!' exclaimed the father internally.

'Mary, fetch the other candle,' cried the mother, as the farthing candle burnt low in the stick and went out.

'There is not one,' replied Mary, 'we burnt the other last night.'

'Have you a farthing, David?' asked the wife.

'Not one,' replied he, rather hastily.

'Nor have we one in the house,' said the wife, 'I paid all we had for the bread.'

'Stir up the fire, then,' said David.

'Nay,' rejoined the wife, 'coals are raised.'

'Lord help us!' again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing. 'Those children's coughs are not better!' remarked the father somewhat impatiently. And the baby woke—so did Betsy, who had fallen to sleep on the floor unobserved, crying 'I am cold, father! I am cold!'

'Go to bed with her, Mary,' said the mother, 'for you were up betimes, this morning, washing—pull up your clothes on the bed, and keep her warm.'

Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary and in gloom. Eight children whom he loved were about him, and he thought of them only as born to poverty and care, like himself, he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued crying.

Cheer up, David, honest man! there is that coming even now—coming within three streets length of thee—which will raise thee above want forever! Cheer up! this is the last hour any of you shall want fire; the last hour you shall want for candle light. Thou shalt keep the squirrel, Mary! Betsy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by backways to work to avoid an importunate creditor. Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer—thy feet shall get well in woollen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings a pair! You shall no more want to sell potatoes, nor shall Susan go short again of her supper! But of this, all this, as yet, you know nothing about the relief—and such splendid relief, too, that is even approaching your door. Wait, little baby, and thou wilt—nurse thy poor tingling feet, Joey, by the fire! and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Baird, yet for a moment longer it can do no harm, for the good news is even turning the corner of your street!

Knock, knock, knock! David starts from his reverie.

'Some one is at the door!' said the wife, and up jumped little David. 'If it is neighbor Wood come to borrow some meal, you can get her a cup full, added the mother, as the knock was repeated more lustily.

Up rose David Baird, and thinking of the doctor's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

'Are you David Baird?' asked the letter carrier, who had knocked.

'I am,' said David.

'This, then, is for you, and there is twenty-two pence to pay on it,' said the man, holding forth a large letter.

'It is a summons!' cried the wife in dismay, 'for what is David Baird summoned?' and she rushed to the door, with the baby in her arms.

'It is not for me,' said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence.

'What is this,' exclaimed David, taking out a bill for a hundred pounds.

'Oh!' sighed the wife, 'if after all it should not be for us! But read the letter, David, and David read it:—

'Sir—You, David Baird, the weaver of —, and son of the late David Baird, of Marden on Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, Monkshauton Castle, county of York, and sole heir of Sir Peter Baird, of Monkshauton, aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis, solicitor of York, as soon after this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and to cover the travelling expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

'I have the honor to be, sir, Your humble servant, J. SMITH for Mr. DENNIS.'

'Sure enough,' said David, 'David Baird of Marden-on-Wear was my father.'

'O, O, O,' chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, 'a hundred pounds and a castle.'

'Heaven be praised!' ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the baby in her arms.

'And,' continued David, 'the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor, but we never looked for any thing from that quarter.'

'Then the letter is for you?' asked the man.

'It is. Please Heaven to make us thankful for it,' said David, seriously; 'but,' hesitated he, 'you want your money.'

'No,' said the letter carrier, going out. 'I'll call for that to-morrow.'

'Bolt the door after the man; this money requires safe keeping.'

'Mend the fire!' said the mother; and her son David put on a shovel of coals, and stirred up the ashes.

'Kiss me, my children!' exclaimed the father with emotion; 'kiss me, and bless God, for we shall never want bread again.'

'Is the house on fire?' screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, 'for there is such a blaze.'

'We are burning a mould candle!' said Judith, 'and such a big fire!'

'Come here, Mary,' said the father; and Mary slipped down stairs wrapped in an old cloak.

'Father's rich man! and we are all rich—and shall live in a grand castle!' laughed out young David.

'We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings, and shoes!' cried little Joey, all alert, yet still remembering his frost-bitten feet.

'We shall have beef, and plum-pudding!' said Susan.

'We shall have rice-pudding every day!' cried Neddy.

David Baird was again distracted; but how different were his feelings; he could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, may rolled on the floor for joy; but he did none of these—he sat calm and looked almost grave. At length he said—'wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good fortune together.'

'You shall have your Sunday clothes on to-morrow,' said the happy mother, as she sent them up stairs. To bed they went, and after a while laughed themselves to sleep. The father and mother smiled and wept by turns, but did not sleep that night.

BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

BY J. ORVILLE TAYLOR.

Religious instruction only can elevate man to the possession of happiness and civil liberty. Knowledge is power—power to do good, and power to do evil; hence a knowledge to do wickedness is not wisdom. To educate the head only "is to arm vice;" for the march of intellect, separated from Bible instruction, has always been the rogue's march. And that progress of the mind which leaves the Bible in the rear, may be an advance—but it will be like that of our first parents in Paradise towards the tree of knowledge—the advance of death.

Said Milton, "Imagination's mightiest son,"

"Think not That liberty from knowledge and religion e'er will dwell Apart; companions they of heavenly seed conate."

And even Lord Byron, who for the want of religion,

"Shot madly from his sphere,"

And "From the zenith dropped like a meteor star."

Even he was compelled to say—

"The tree of knowledge is not that of life;"

"I have known That knowledge is not happiness."

In proof of this what a terrific illustration was his life! The children of this free people, then should receive at our hands that highest boon from God to man—

"That pearl which rich men cannot buy, And which learning is too proud to gather up,"

A Biblical training—an enlightened religious culture.

The Bible is the great lever for achieving man's elevation. It would be as destructive to the intellect to take the Bible from it as it would be to the body to take the oxygen from the air.

all over this world! Because the Bible, with its fullness and its love, and its hopes and promises, has not been their study.

Why do so many "fall" of happiness here? In that Lexicon of youth which religion reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fall.

But in after life, when the heart has been hardened by the fierce fires of the world, it is convinced without faith, and believes without feeling.

We say then, let the Bible—the charter of liberty—the "Magna Charta" of a world's freedom—be the text book of every school house—that sentinel of liberty.

Take away, if you will, the teacher of the school—but take not away that "Teacher sent from God." A free constitution, liberty and all, do not prevent crime, poverty and suffering. No: the practice of the precepts of the Bible only can do this. Our money-making system may be perfect; but let us not forget that man has another end far more noble, more divine, than to move stones about the earth. The end of man is love, thought, conscience, adoration, and there is a broad common ground for all sects and for the school room; for pure religion, on angel's wings, soon rises over the walls of sectarianism.

OLD MAIDS.

Among the foolish prejudices which discredit the judgment of mankind, the prejudice against old maids is one of the most foolish. The very fact that a lady is an old maid, is, or ought to be, creditable. It is an evidence that she possesses prudence, foresight, and a refined taste; admirable qualities in a woman! It is better to be overly prudent, particularly cautious, than not prudent and cautious enough. The old maid generally has the virtue of prudence in its perfection;—she has had offers of marriage, no doubt; what lady of thirty and upwards that has not? She has rejected several suitors, most likely, and doubtless she had her reasons for so doing. It had been better for many a wedded woman had she practised the same caution. Much better is it to be a happy old maid than a miserable wife. So the old maid thought, and thought correctly when she rejected Messrs. so-and-so.—Perhaps she had lived to see one of her former lovers hanged, another in the penitentiary, and a third in the almshouse. Perhaps one for whom she was censured for refusing has since proved a drunkard and a vagrant, or having succeeded in getting a wife, has made her eminently wretched. All this mischief the old maid may have foreseen, and by her prudence escaped it.

Old maids are often, very often, women of superior minds; and such are most likely to be old maids, for more than one reason. In the first place, they have the discretion to be slow in selecting their partners for life, and as three fourths of mankind have not the qualifications to make good husbands, it may be supposed that a discreet and judicious woman will reject three out of four of those who solicit her hand. This, of course, makes her chances of marriage fewer, but it makes her chances of happiness much greater. The second cause why sensible women are apt to become old maids is, that most men dread a very sensible woman. It is not uncommon to hear a man who is not a fool himself, make disparaging remarks concerning "female Solomons," "Platos in petticoats," &c. Who has ever known very highly gifted ladies to be popular amongst their male acquaintances? Men are apt to think that talents do not belong to the feminine mind; and even when they have discernment enough to admire a gifted woman as a friend or occasional companion, they rarely think of making her a companion and friend for life. All these things tend to show that sensible and gifted women are most likely to be old maids, and the converse of the proposition holds good, with a few exceptions; old maids are generally sensible and gifted women.

Where is the woman that knows how to conduct business?—is she not an old maid! Who are the successful authoresses!—the most meritorious are almost invariably old maids. Where is the lady who has become eminent in any art or science?—in nine cases out of ten, she is an old maid. Even our most celebrated singers and dancers are unmarried, and presumed to be old maids;—though they seldom allow themselves to look old. Where is the woman, distinguished or celebrated for any thing, from Queen Elizabeth to Miss Martineau? Ah, search her out, and see an old maid or something truly wonderful and rare: viz, an exception from a rule very general. Glory to the old maids! say we. Let them flourish; let them have statues erected to their honor; let them be eligible to seats in Congress and places in the Cabinet! Let them be generals in the army, if they choose, and commanders in the navy. Were we to acknowledge their rights in all these things we might find our account in it. Especially as M. C.'s, they might do better than many, in pantaloons, who have gone before them. Give them a trial.

"Job PRINTING!" exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peeped over her specks at the advertising page of a country newspaper: "Poor Job, they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first learned to read and if he wasn't the most patient man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long no how."

Reason was given to control our passion, but many reverse the order, and suffer passion to control reason.