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

Commission Merchants.
HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND

HAVING taken the large and commodious Wharf and Warehouse situated directly on the Canal Basin, are now prepared to receive consignments of goods for transportation or sale.

A general assortment of Groceries, &c., consisting of Lard and Brown Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Sp. m. Oil and Candles, White, Yellow and Brown Soaps, Fish, Salt, Plaster, &c., together with all kinds of Spices and Paints—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. 159 Chesnut 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.

20	\$0 91	\$0 95	\$1 77
30	1 31	1 36	2 36
40	1 69	1 83	3 20
50	1 96	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 would secure to them \$1000—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 confided to them, may be had at the office.

B. W. RICHARDS, President.

JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary.

Phil'a. April 19, 1843.—6m.

DAY, GERRISH & CO.
GENERAL PRODUCE,

Commission and Forwarding

Mercantile.

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 parts

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 on 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 met with prompt atten-

tion. 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. Ethig & Bro

Bray, Barcroft & Co. Morris, Patterson & Co.

Lower & Barrow.

Lewistown.

J & J Milliken A & G Blymyer

Patterson & Horner J McCoy, Esq.

Water street.

Stewart & Horrell E. W. Wike, Esq.

February 8, 1843.—6m.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Leighorn and Straw Bonnets,

PALM-LEAF AND LEIGHORN HATS.

Merchants and others from Huntingdon

and adjacent places, are respectfully request-

ed 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. 8, 1843.—6m.

BLANK DEEDS, of an improved

form, for sale at this office.

Also **BLANK PETITIONS FOR**

NATURALIZATION.

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a clergyman, on the death of a child.

I have a son—a dear loved son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he
has gone to dwell.

To us for five and twenty months, his infant smiles
were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form his is—what looks he wear-
eth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow.

The thoughts which fill his sinless soul, the bliss
which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will
not reveal.

But I know, (for God hath told me this) that he is
now at rest.

Where other blessed infants be—on their Saviour's
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of
flesh,
But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy
forever fresh.

I know the angels fold him—close beneath their
glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of hea-
ven's divinest things.

I know that he shall meet our babe—(his mother
dear and I)

Where God shall always wipe away all tears from
every eye.

What'er befalls those that remain, his bliss can
never cease,
Let his may here be grief and fear, but his is cer-
tain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles, their souls from
bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours
forever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what
we still must be,
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and
this world's misery—

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel
this grief and pain—

We'd rather lose those that remain, than have him
here again!

From Graham's Magazine.

Thou art not here.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

Thou art not here! I seek, alas!

In vain, thy well known form to see,
And list to hear those words of love,

Which once were wont to welcome me,
But silence, gloomy silence reigns,

Where late, thy blessed presence shed
Light, life and rapture. Can it be,

That I must mourn thee, loved one—dead?

'Tis all too true. I mark'd the blight

Of fell disease upon thy cheek;

And watch'd, with anguish'd soul, the signs
Which, plainer far than words, could speak

The doom of one so fair, so young,
So twined, by every sacred tie,
Around my heart—and then I felt,
How bitterly! that thou must die.

Thou art not here—but here are they,
Sweet scions of the parent stem,
The loved and living ties, which bound
Us to each other and to them.

I trace thy features in each face—
In every grace thy charms appear—
Thus, whilst I press them to my heart,
I feel, beloved one, thou art near.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PLUSCARDEN ABBEY.

The Abbey of Pluscarden is one of the most

magnificent ruins in Scotland. The remains of

this once noble building, are six miles westward of

Elgin, in one of the loveliest valleys in the land.—

It was built in the early part of the thirteenth cen-
tury. Its situation is remarkable. It lies at the foot

of one of the largest ranges of mountains in that

part of Scotland. It is completely sheltered from

the north winds; the mountains at whose base it is

situated being many hundred feet in height. About

a mile and a half in an opposite direction, is another

range of high hills but so gradual in their slope, and

so fertile in soil, as to be capable of profitable cultiva-

tion. Around the Abbey itself are numbers of

large trees, many if not all of them bearing an an-
tiquity of several centuries. One pear tree, in the

spot where the garden of the Abbey stood, is ascer-
tained to have been planted by one of the earliest

monks who lived in the abbey, and consequently,

has reached the almost incredible age of six hundred

years. In a southern and western direction, there

are small forests, some of them man's plantation,

and others of nature's growth, which greatly add

among these was Melvyn, a neighboring nobleman,

high in the esteem of his sovereign Alexander the

Second of Scotland. But Edmund though inferior

in station to Melvyn and each of his other rivals,

was unhesitatingly preferred to them all. No less

fervent was the affection with which he regarded

Anna. His entire existence was bound up in hers,

and the world itself, when weighed in the balance

with her, were indeed found wanting.

The nuptial morn of the youthful lovers was one

of the most delightful which ever burst on the world.

It was in the month of May. The ground was

beautifully carpeted with new born grass. The

garden, the orchard, the hedge, the plantation, the

forest—all smiled in their new attire. The sun

peeped forth his beams with more wondrous pro-

fusion, tingling all creation with an exquisite ranc-

idance, which innumerable choristers of every species

of the feathered tribe, imparted by the melody of

their warblings, additional charms to that bright

morn. Nature herself, in fine, seemed on this oc-

casional, to be jubilant at the approaching nuptials

of a pair who were pre-eminently worthy of each

others warmest and most sincere affections.

The vassals of Emerson, Anna's father, exulted

without measure at the circumstance of the chief-
tain's only daughter being about to be united to the

youth of her choice; and as all were that evening

to participate in the ample festivities of the baronial

hall, they attired themselves in the best costume of

their clan, and prepared to celebrate the joyous event

with all becoming respect for their chief, and the

young bride and bridegroom.

The afternoon arrived, and at the hour of five, the

beautiful bride approached the hymeneal altar, ac-

companied by her brides-maids and the wives and

daughters of the more respectable of her father's

vassals. Edmund was present at the appointed hour

luxuriating in waking dreams of the matchless bliss

which was about to be secured to him. The vener-

able Abbot of Pluscarden a man who was verging on

seventy years of age, and whose countenance elo-

quently discoursed of his unaffected piety, stationed

himself beside the interesting couple, and before

proceeding to go through the matrimonial ceremony,

he uttered with a mingled air of mildness and so-

lemnity, the usual behest—"join hands." The

lovers extended their respective hands to each other.

Anna's hair was white as the unsunned snow, while

her beautiful countenance was suffused with a deep

blush, indicative of modesty—a blush which if pos-

sible imparted new fascinations to her unrivalled

face. The reverend abbot now commenced the

haughty chief, "are a dungeon and chains, or

being made the lady of Melvyn castle, more to be

preferred?"

Anna was silent, she uttered not a word.

"Nay, young maid, hast thou not the use of that

memberso characteristic of the sex?" said Melvyn

sarcastically.

Anna, who had but partially recovered from her

sworn, when wrested from the arms of Edmund,

who had taken it for granted that both he and her

father had been victims to Melvyn's fury, implored

the chief, in accents which were repeatedly inter-

rupted by the irrepresible grief which swelled her

gentle bosom, and which vented itself in an ocean

of tears, to terminate her life that instant as an act

of tender mercy.

"A few hours of a solitary dungeon will, perhaps,

bring thee to thy senses, and cure thee of thy regards

for Edmund, if not, I shall then wed thee per force,"

said Melvyn, and so saying he dragged the agoniz-

ed Anna to a gloomy cell, in which he was wont to

incarcerate the persons of such of his vassals as had

incurred his displeasure.

The enraged chief then despatched a special

messenger for a priest to unite him and Anna in

marriage; but the priest being some distance from

home, several hours elapsed before his services could

be obtained.

Emerson and Edmund, who, though worsted in

the conflict between them and Melvyn's party, had

been permitted to enjoy their liberty unmolested

after the latter had decamped with Anna; began to

muse on the calamity which had befallen them; and

to think whether or not it was within the range of

possibility to do any thing for the recovery of the

person of the bride.

Edmund was intimately acquainted with Melvyn's

castle and its vicinity, and knew that, after

sunset, there was one part of its walls defended on-

ly by one person, which he thought might, perhaps,

be practicable to scale; and if they could succeed

in this, and slay the sentinel, they might, undis-

covered, enter the castle itself, and yet rescue Anna

from the grasp of the laughty chief.

The project wore a sufficiently desperate aspect;

but Edmund, ay, and Emerson too, though com-

paratively advanced in years, were both in that

reckless state of mind which fitted them to under-

take any enterprise within the confines of practica-

bility.

Calling to their assistance, and acquainting them

with their project, the most spirited of those of Em-

er's party found no difficulty—not even resistance—in

carrying off Anna in triumph. The massive iron

gate was speedily demolished and in three hours

afterwards they reached home. On the following

day they proceeded to the hymeneal altar, where

the nuptial knot was tied. The bride and bride-

groom returned to the house of the latter, and spent

the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

SAYINGS OF A PRINTER.

The man who stops a newspaper when he is go-

ing to get married, pays a poor compliment to his

intended, and probably expects to have no children

to learn to read.

The man who patronizes a foreign paper in pre-

ference to one of his own county, should be made

to pay double for advertisements, necessary to be

published in the county, and not be allowed the priv-

ilege of inserting either obituary or marriage no-

tices, without paying for them as advertisements;—

besides he should be excluded from all posts of trust,

profit, or honor.

The man who takes a paper from year to year

without paying any thing on his subscription, ought

to come to a crust