

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies;
Where sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast,

So fades a summer cloud away—
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er!
So gently shuts the eyes of day!
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some angel's fostering wing;
Oh Grave! where is thy victory now?
Invidious Death! where is thy sting?

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which nothing can destroy—
Nothing can disturb that peace profound
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

Farewell, convicting joys and fear,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears,
Farewell inconstant world! farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies!
While Heaven and Earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies."

WHAT IS MAN?

BY T. CAMPBELL.

Oh! what is man? Creation's wonder;
An Angel half, and half a brute;
A frown can tear his heart asunder,
A tear can make his passions mute.

Vice, Virtue, both were his devotion;
Now bound in chains—now rob'd in power
The King of earth, the King of ocean;
Yet ruled by passions every hour.

From him bloom pleasure's every flower;
But oh! too soon their beauty flies;
A thousand cares and pains o'erpower,
And then he ripens, droops and dies.

To-day his fertile, thoughts develop
Morrow's mortal eye had ne'er survey'd,
To-morrow earth doth seal or wrap up,
And humble him whom dust had made.
Cockermouth, Oct. 17, 1838.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Moments pass slowly on,
Years fly apace;
When shall the wearied One
Rest from the Race?
Whether we smile or weep—
Time keeps his flight—
Hours, days, may seem to creep,
Life speeds like Light!

Whether we laugh or groan,
Seasons change fast;
Oh! when hath ever flown
Swift as the Past!

What though we chafe and chide,
Time holds his pace;
No step: no noisless stride
Doth he retrace!

Hastening, still hastening on,
None may deem how;
But when 'tis dead and gone:
Then seems Time slow?
Time while we chide thy pace,
Reckless and proud,
Of doth thy shadowy face
Laugh from our shroud!

SELECT TALE.

From Chambers' Edinburg Journal, SERJEANT MAXWELL.

A TALE OF THE LATE WAR.

Not a single cloud floated over the clear blue sky, and the full effulgence of a September sun was reflected in the brightest gold from the dancing waters of the broad sea, whose glittering wavelets came rippling in with gentle sounds. The pier at Ramsgate exhibited gay groups assembled to witness one of those exhilarating scenes which so often took place during the late war, the embarkation of troops for foreign service. A small fleet of transports, gaily decorated, their sails bent, and colors flying, formed an interesting portion of the spectacle. From the decks of these vessels came the peculiar and picturesque sounds, which, when mellowed by distance, have a thrilling effect upon the ear—the animating cries of the sailors, who on board the smaller class of merchant ships still weigh the anchor, and hoist the sails to the wild chant of "Yoe, heave, ho!"—These sea strains came mingled with the spirit-stirring notes of a regimental band upon the shore, where, ever and anon, the sharp blast of a trumpet, and the loud peal of the drum, broke in upon softer melodies, affording types and images of the vicissitudes of military life. Boats were passing to and from the beach, filled with gallant hearts, high in hope and in courage, the greater number delighted with the opening of their adventurous career, and none as yet weary and toil-broken, or casting vain regrets towards those homes which many were destined never to behold again.

The younger portion of the male spectators, whose more peaceful lot was placed in scenes of inglorious ease, cast envious looks upon the brilliant pageant; for every female eye beamed with delighted encouragement, and sent radiant glances towards the chivalric band, who, with cheers and shouts of exultation, quitted their native country to combat with a foreign foe. Not one of the young and fair creatures gazing with elated hearts upon the splendid array, could in this moment of excitement rejoice that their male relatives were secured from the horrors of a war; to their inexperienced minds the triumphs of that proud hour seemed to be worth all of the suffering of which they had as yet formed any notion. Alas, how little did they know of the fearful price too frequently paid for that military glory which now seemed so dazzling and so precious! Happy were those to whom the whole gay spectacle afforded merely the passing amusement of a morning walk, who could go home and calm their excited feelings, and lose in other occupations all save a pleasing remembrance of the sights and sounds of the embarkation. There was a group overlooked amid the blaze of scarlet uniforms and the waving of military plumes, which might have taught a sad lesson to those thoughtless gazers, who saw nothing beyond the bright side of the picture—the wives and families of the soldiers, who permitted to accompany the regiment destined for foreign service, were, by the orders of the government, directed to embark on board of one of the transports fitted up as a hospital for the sick. These poor women were strangers at Ramsgate; they had long ago quitted their native homes to follow the often miserable fortunes of their husbands, and now inured to hardships had prepared to meet the dangers and hazards of a foreign campaign with a sort of reckless fortitude. But they had not anticipated the separation which had been deemed expedient; and their situation was rendered unusually forlorn, by their being compelled to make the voyage unaccompanied by those who were wont to cheer them in periods of the utmost peril. One family, in particular, felt deeply the misery of submission to this arbitrary mandate, the wife and daughters of the serjeant-major of the regiment. Maxwell, amid the toils and dangers of a military career, had often regretted, for the sake of the patient partner in all his sufferings, that he had induced her to leave the cottage, where, far from the tumults of the world, she had spent her early days in tranquillity and comfort. Frequently in his mind's eye would arise the substantial dwelling of his unsuccessful rival, the rustic porch mantled with a vine leading into a well cropped garden, the smiling fields stretching to the back, the poultry gathering round the door, and the cow, whose fragrant breath came mingling with the perfume of the blossoming beams. Then the comfortable interior would contrast painfully with the squalid abodes in which he was but too often happy to find a shelter for his wife and children; the bright fire, the carved oaken chairs, the handsome clock, and the abundance of delf and pewter; where there was every thing for use, and much for show.

Maxwell sighed as memory conjured up these things, and he wished that he had left his beloved Mary to be the contented mistress of so fair a home. Well did he recollect his own invasion of this paradise, the pride he had experienced in exhibiting his becoming uniform, military air, and superior intelligence, before the eyes of a girl who could not afterwards look with complacency upon the plain and homely suitor who had seen nothing beyond his native fields. Mary shared in the reminiscences, but not in the regrets; though long ago the fascinations of a red coat had lost all charm in eyes accustomed to the sad realities of a soldier's life, she never once lamented advantages which she could only have tasted in relinquishing the chosen of her virgin heart for another. Often, indeed, did she wish for such a rural retreat as she had left, yet never unless it was to be shared with the man for whom she was still ready to sacrifice every earthly good. Mrs. Maxwell had borne the rough and thorny places of the path she had, perchance, incautiously, ventured to tread, with enduring meekness, never once wearying in her efforts to impart comfort to the most desolate abode to which their wandering life would lead them. She maintained a decent pride under the most adverse circumstances; and though frequently pale and wasted by fatigue, and the absence of nourishing food, she and her children were always cleanly and respectfully attired. The deserted wife had upon former occasions been left in camps and garrisons, while her husband had accompanied his regiment to the field, but excepting to go into action, she had never been separated from him before, and she felt the measure which was now adopted as one of peculiar cruelty and hardship. Maxwell entertained the same opinion, and too late he wished that he had made arrangements for the settlement of his family at home. More than once it had occurred to him that he ought to have insisted upon their remaining in England during this campaign, but his wife, discarded by her own relatives, and clinging solely to him, could not be persuaded of the advantages of the plan. How gladly would the husband and father have entered upon the present service alone, could he have felt certain that those he most loved in this world, were in a state of security! but to be parted from them while they were exposed to danger and distress, to sail in a different vessel, and thus be prevented from calming their fears, or procuring for them any alleviation under the pressure of bodily sufferings, pierced him to the very soul. For the first time in his life, Maxwell felt himself to be unmann'd. Margaret Maxwell the eldest daughter, a girl of twelve, was old enough to enter into all the feelings of her parents. Though born amid the din of arms, and brought up in a camp, she had little or none of the Amazon about her; courage she possessed, for she had faced danger; and learned to endure discomfort without murmuring; but her tender and affectionate spirit recoiled from the boisterous gaiety which characterized many of her companions. From her childhood she had felt strong though secret yearnings, for a quiet and permanent home; and her mother, in teaching her to avoid the evil examples of those with whom they were compelled in some degree to associate, presented such sweet pictures of domestic seclusion to her mind, that she learned to loathe the public and vagrant sort of life which she was condemned to lead.—Her courage failed in the present emergency; and when Maxwell, called away by his duty to superintend the embarkation of the privates of his corps, left her with an entreaty that she would support her mother through the trial; she could not obey him, but sat down upon the green in such utter broken heartedness, as to subdue the glee of her younger companions, who until then had echoed the cheers of the soldiers, and danced to the inspiring music of the life and drum.

The sun had set, and the gay crowd had dispersed before Maxwell's forlorn family had reached the vessels destined to receive them. The commencement of their voyage was un auspicious; through the ignorance or carelessness of the pilot, the transport ran foul of another vessel and sustained a greater degree of damage than was at first apprehended. Before they quitted the channel, it fell astern of the fleet, and in the Bay of Biscay totally lost sight of the convoy. Considerable alarm was felt by the unfortunate passengers, apparently abandoned to their fate in the midst of a wide and stormy ocean; for the sea, according to that most expressive phrase, employed to describe its forthcoming tumult, was "getting up." Wave lashed itself on wave, against the devoted bark; the master lost confidence; and the crew, feebly assisted by a few sick soldiers, found themselves inadequate to the management of the vessel, which was driven out of her course, and in a short time stranded on the coast of France.

Mrs. Maxwell, from the moment she had parted from her husband, resigned herself to despair; prescient fears weighed upon her soul. On the evening of her departure, she looked upon the clouds which obscured the golden light of the magnificent orb that had a short time before so brilliantly illumined the scene, and upon the dark waters through which the disabled bark made its sullen way, and she felt that the sun of hope and happiness would never rise for her again. She gathered her children around her, and amid the frightful confusion of the tempest, calmly awaited the event. The vessel was doomed to perish, and few of the luckless beings it contained, survived the general wreck. The Maxwell family were, however, amid the small number. When the transport went to pieces, they clung to one of the masts, which had fallen across the place where they were all huddled together, and, though severely injured, and for some time lost to consciousness, escaped with life.

Mrs. Maxwell, upon opening her eyes, found herself and her children in a very decent apartment of a French house, and attended by a kind looking woman who made herself well understood by the good offices which she lavished upon her unfortunate guests. Madelon St. Alois was a widow, and childless; she was established in a good business at Bayonne, and had only come to the small town on the coast where the transport had been wrecked, to look after a property lately inherited. She became attached to Mrs. Maxwell and her fair daughters, and began to consider whether she could not render them useful as assistants in her shop; and having sufficient interest in Paris to obtain the custody of her proteges, who were considered in the light of detenus rather than prisoners of war, she carried them with her to her own home. Painfully anxious to make her husband acquainted with her existence, Mrs. Maxwell wrote repeatedly, and through every channel she could think of; but it was very difficult at that period to get a letter transmitted to England, and the ignorance of the language, which prevented her from communicating all her thoughts and wishes to her new friends, likewise threw many obstacles in her way. She, however, persevered, and in the fond expectation that the pleasing intelligence would reach the beloved object for whom it was intended, hope revived in her breast. Madame St. Alois had no reason to repent the benevolent arrangements which she had made, for the family were very diligent and efficient. The young girls speedily learned to speak the language of the country, and, full of hope and animation, they were cheerful and happy. Mrs. Maxwell, though grateful and even resigned, experienced many anxious feelings about her husband; all her present comforts were embittered by a separation which rendered correspondence difficult, nay, perhaps, impossible. No answers arrived to her numerous letters, none from the agents of the regiment in London; at length there came intelligence of a great battle fought in Spain, in which, of course, in the Parisian Bulletin, the victory was given to the French. The corps to which Maxwell belonged was stated in this account to have been entirely cut to pieces. A dreadful apprehension weighed upon the wife's heart; yet still she did not give entire credit to intelligence coming from so doubtful a source. By this time she had attained a tolerable degree of proficiency in the French language, while Margaret spoke it perfectly; they could, therefore, communicate freely with all their acquaintances, and one kindly undertook to procure the London Gazette.

With some difficulty, and after the lapse of a considerable period, this official document was obtained, and it gave a miserable confirmation of a part of the French statement; the regiment had suffered severely, and the name of Serjeant Major Maxwell was amongst the list of the killed. The blow did not fall the less heavily for the delay; the patience with which the faithful wife had borne all the evils of her lot changed to the deepest dejection;—she was oppressed by the gaiety of her friends, and even the cheerfulness of her own children augmented her distress. Their smiles seemed to her to be a sort of profanation, when their father's bones lay mouldering perhaps upon the battle field. The two younger girls grieved at their mother's unhappiness, and often checked themselves in the midst of their glee, as her sad looks reminded them of their father's fate; but it was impossible for them to enter into her feelings, or to comprehend the depth and extent of her anguish; and the shade of melancholy soon passed away from their brows, and they became joyous as before. Margaret sympathized more tenderly in her mother's sorrow; she was well acquainted with all the excellences of the parent she had lost; knew until the fatal parting, no misfortune or privation had rendered the hearts so fondly linked to-

gether, impatient of their lot. The holy harmony of the domestic circle had never been disturbed, the devoted pair being certain of receiving the support and assistance from each other which each in turn could give. New scenes and new objects could not divert the mind of Margaret from dwelling upon the past. She could not help admitting that, with respect to worldly circumstances, her family had gained by their shipwreck on the French coast; but they were in a land of strangers, and she saw that her mother drooped under that home-sickness which so often embitters the life of the exile. Mrs. Maxwell, since this last bereavement, pined, indeed, for her native land. Often, during her pilgrimage through life, she had cast longing looks at those well-remembered scenes, wherein childhood and youth had been spent, but never did they recur so frequently as now when she saw the destiny of her children, though not an unhappy one, cast in a foreign country, and could no longer hope to drag herself to the church yard of her native village, and die upon the turf that covered the humble graves of so many of her ancestors. Meantime the children grew up in strength and beauty, and Margaret had become a young woman. Thoughts of peace between England and France had long ceased to be indulged; war seemed to be an inevitable necessity, only to end when no country remained to be conquered. Madame St. Alois had taken Mrs. Maxwell into partnership; business flourished; and but for one corroding care, the family would have been happy.

Though life has lost all its charms in the mother's eye, still she wishes to live for the sake of her children; and while hope seemed dead in her heart she was conscious occasionally of a feeling akin to it, a faint expectation mixed with an earnest desire that she should live to see England again, and that her parents would pardon her, and take her daughters to their bosom. About this time her mind was disturbed by a dream, and she could scarcely determine upon the effect which it produced upon her, whether the idea it presented reconciled her to her situation, or revived all the keenness of anguish which she had suffered when the certainty of her bereavement reached her. She dreamed that Maxwell was alive, but that in the full conviction that she and her daughters had perished in the stranded vessel, and married again, and was now the happy husband of a young and beautiful woman. This dream was never absent from her thoughts. Such an event might have happened and Maxwell yet blameless—Could she with this chance now reveal to her; regret that he was dead, that she had been spared a calamity more dreadful than any she had yet experienced? Perplexed by so new a view of the circumstances of her situation, poor Mrs. Maxwell now suffered from an apprehension that she was doing wrong, and that whether she, ceased to lament the loss of her husband or deplored a misfortune providentially occurring to preserve her from a more terrible fate, her feelings could not be blazed.

Though the people of Bayonne were kept in a considerable degree of ignorance concerning the events of the war in Spain, rumors of reverses both in the Peninsula and elsewhere, where whispered abroad. The party inimical to the ruler of France, hitherto condemned to silence and patient endurance of a government which they disliked, now began to utter their sentiments, and to deprecate measures which they considered injurious to the welfare of the country. Slow to entertain hope, Mrs. Maxwell, could scarcely believe in the possibility of a free choice being offered to her with respect to a return to England. Could she fancy that some of her day dreams would be realized, and she should yet live to present her children to her own and to Maxwell's relatives? How often had they talked together of a visit to the green hills of his native land, and how fondly had she anticipated the welcome she would receive in the homes of his kinsfolk! The younger girls, pleased with the idea of a change, were delighted with the prospect of peace without knowing what it was to bring them, and Margaret felt a strange joy at her heart at the thought of dividing her time between her English home, for she loved the good Madame St. Alois as a second mother.

The reports, however, when they had attained a certain height, were silenced, and some time elapsed without bringing decisive intelligence of the state of the war, or the real aspect of public affairs. The great part of the community seemed to be aware that a crisis was at hand, though perhaps few understood the actual state of events. The Maxwells had been accustomed to hear of war at a distance, but soon it was brought beneath the walls of the city which had sheltered them so long. They knew that the British were engaged in a desperate contest with the army of Soult. What were their

sensations during their state of suspense and what convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that their countrymen had triumphed!—the gates of Bayonne were thrown open to the victors. It was pleasant to Madame St. Alois to have so good an excuse to share in the joy of the conquerors, rather than in the mortification of the defeated party; so she gladly assisted in decorating her house with garlands and white cockades, and in spreading tapestry over the balconies. Janet and Helen Maxwell had prepared baskets full of bouquets, and were wild with delight at the idea of greeting the British soldiers in their own language.

Mrs. Maxwell, overpowered by recollections of other days, could not look upon the well-known uniforms, and Margaret fancied that she ought to stay by her mother's side, though longing with a painful eagerness to least her eyes upon countenances which she had never expected to behold again. For some time she retained her post; but the first full burst of the trumpets shook her resolution; it was the same sound which had filled her ears on the pier at Ramsgate; she had listened to many French trumpets since, but they had not conveyed notes like these; and scarcely known what she did, she rushed to the balcony, and gazed intently on the soldiers as they passed. A shriek at length burst from her parted lips; she flung down stairs into the street, and hurrying along, flung herself into the arms of a tall, erect, but toil-worn and weather-beaten man, exclaiming, "It is my father, it is my father!" An officer who observed the scene, directed Maxwell for he it was to fall out of the ranks, and the bewildered man war carried rather than led into the house of Madame St. Alois. Janet and Helen, though retaining no personal recollection of their father, comprehended the whole matter at once, welcomed him with a thousand carresses. Margaret now sought her mother; she endeavored to steal softly to the apartment in which she had left her, and to break the intelligence by degrees; but even her very footsteps betrayed extraordinary tidings. Mrs. Maxwell looked up at once, and read in her daughters face something, she knew not what of joy. In another moment she exclaimed, "he is alive, you have seen him?" and then a violent burst of tears enabled her to listen to the confirmation of her hopes. Who shall describe the joy of that meeting? Maxwell was indeed alone, and had never ceased to think of the wife and children whom he believed to be buried in the ocean. His name had been among the list of the killed, but he had survived after several days exposure on the field of battle.

Compelled to go home for the recovery of his health, he had visited Scotland, and had also been received by the parents of his wife who, too late, lamented their conduct to their daughter. To find his family thus prosperous, and in every way so well worthy of pride and affection, more than repaid him for all that he had suffered. Mrs. Maxwell too, how was she rewarded for the dreary past. Meekly and patiently as she had borne her afflictions, she sometimes accused herself of not having been sufficiently submissive to the will of heaven, and felt that she scarcely deserved this excess of happiness. Madame St. Alois, who loved nothing so well as money, became at once a confirmed supporter of the Bourbons, and though for a time compelled to part with the family of her adoption, it was only to return again. Maxwell, at the conclusion of the war, found no difficulty in obtaining discharge. Though he had gained nothing besides honor during his long and meritorious services, his wife had been placed in a situation which enabled her to realize a sum sufficient for their future comfort, and at the death of the good Madame St. Alois, the younger Maxwells were amply provided for by the bequests of all her savings.

Inaugural Address.

OF
DAVID R. PORTER.

Deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to my fellow-citizens for the distinguished mark of confidence reposed in me, I enter upon the arduous and responsible duties of Governor of Pennsylvania, with a full determination, according to the abilities given me, to do my duty faithfully.

A compliance with custom would seem to require of me, when assuming the duties of the Executive, in pursuance of the choice of the people, to lay before them some of the leading principles upon which the administration of the government will be conducted. I do this the more willingly, because in a Republic, the intercourse between the people and their public functionaries should be candid, frank and unreserved.

Education with the highest veneration and greatest affection for the men and principles of the American Revolution, is