

that firmness which it had cost her years to acquire?

Hannah was quite alone when Friend Horton called. She arose with native self-possession, and spoke to him as to a brother.

The preacher struggled for utterance. "Hannah," he at length said, "I have taken this long journey only upon thy account. I have come to implore thee to forget me. There has had much to forgive, Hannah; but thee cannot have suffered as I have done. When I took the hand of my bride at the altar, thy form seemed to come between me and her—and oh, Hannah, I felt then, and have not ceased to feel, that thou art the wife of my spirit."

"Andrew Horton—I must not listen to this. Thee wrongs the fair girl who lives only in thy smiles. Why didst thou return to bring new sorrow to my heart, and to plunge thee deeper in sin?" "Hannah, I returned not for this, but to implore thee to forget me. Thee cannot have forgotten that inter-communication of spirit with spirit, of which we used to talk. I feel its full power now; for thy image is ever with me, and daily am I taught to feel the constancy of thy attachment."

"Why shouldst thou return to tell me this? I think of thee, Andrew, as the husband of another. I pray for thy happiness, thy usefulness, and that thee may be preserved from temptation. Friend Horton, this is unworthy of thee. I forgive thee—but let us part."

"Nay, Hannah, thee must hear all. I come not to speak of aught that might wrong my bride; no, it is for her sake as well as my own, that I implore thee to forget me. When her cheek is pressed to mine, I see only thee, Hannah. When she sleeps upon my bosom, with her fair arms about my neck, it is thy form, and thy arms that seem to entwine me. I shrink from her caresses as from a deadly sin, for I bestow them unto thee. Mary is as a sister unto me; but thou, Hannah, art the bride of my spirit."

Hannah turned deadly pale, and covered her face with her hands, while low moanings escaped her heaving bosom.

"Andrew, I foresaw all this, when I warned thee of the peril of loving one like me. I knew the nature of thy sex—delighting in the timid, the trembling and dependent—and that should one like this cross thy path, the love of Hannah would be a shackle. It is as I foresaw—but I will not reproach thee, Andrew; it was thy nature."

"And most bitterly have I suffered. My broken vows have rung a perpetual knell in my ears, and barred up the avenues to enjoyment. The loving, the trusting Mary, hath been the victim of my error. And thee, too, Hannah. The blight hath fallen from me upon two spirits, of whom the world is not worthy. Woe, woe is mine!" And he pressed his hand to his brow, for the large veins were swollen and rigid with the intensity of his suffering.

Hannah laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Andrew Horton thou art called not to ease and enjoyment, but to labor and trial. Gird thyself for the contest, and be strong even in the strength of the Most High. I will strive once more to forget thee. But, oh God! have I not striven? Have I not wrestled day and night with tears, and many prayers? Andrew, I will pray yet again, that this bitter cup may pass away from us. But, oh! when I pray to forget, even in the agony of my spirit, do I not still remember thee? I will strive yet again. Andrew, return to thy bride; be all to her thou hast promised at the altar to be, that thy conscience upbraid thee not for wrong done to the gentle and timid, whose spirit is ill able to bear suffering of any kind, far less to have it dealt out without measure, as it hath been to me. Farewell!" She pressed his hand gently, and left the room.

For many years had H. Newton discharged the duties of her sex with a pale cheek and placid brow, sympathizing in the sorrows of all, but herself seeking sympathy from none; for with a mind lofty and exalted as her's human sources of consolation were utterly unavailing. She stood alone in the majesty of grief, seeking consolation only from the Great Comforter. But now the smile lingered about her mouth, and the light returned to her eye—yet her step grew feeble, and her brow assumed a more transparent beauty. The image of Andrew Horton again mingled with her dreams, and visited her mental vision. She felt, she knew, that her love was still dear to him, that he turned to her with the fondness of earlier days. She knew this, but it filled her with doubt and anxiety. Had Andrew Horton, the minister of the Most High, dared to forget his vows to his wife, to her whom he had sworn to love and to cherish? Or was the fair bride at rest, gone in her youth and beauty to the bosom of her God?

Again, Andrew Horton, with pale cheek and a lottier beauty stood by the side of Hannah. He told how the sweet, child-like Mary, had fallen asleep, like a young flower blighted upon the stalk. He dwelt upon her love, her beauty, "till the tears of Hannah mingled with his own." "And now, thee wilt be my own wife, Hannah, even as thou hast been the bride of my spirit. I shall acquire new strength with a spirit like thine. Thee will caution, advise, and elevate me. Thy love shall purify and exalt me. Mary was as a beautiful child, slumbering upon my bosom; when doubt and suffering came upon me, she would fling her white arms around me, and mingle her tears and sighs. But thou, Hannah, wouldst have dispe-

led my doubts; thou wouldst have led me to the true sources of consolation and thy prayers would have been as the dew of Hermon to my spirit. Thy caresses would have blessed, while they exalted me. Wilt thou not be my own wife, bride of my spirit?" He drew her to his bosom—her cheek rested upon his. She pressed her lips to his, and her arms encircled his neck. A deep sigh escaped her, and her head fell upon his shoulder.

Andrew Horton raised her from his bosom and gazed upon her face. Hannah Newton was to be only the spirit's bride. She was dead!

ADDRESS.

Delivered by Mr. D. H. Burnham, in Birmingham, Huntingdon county, Pa. July 4th, 1839.

BIRMINGHAM, July 5th, 1839.

Mr. D. H. Burnham.—Sir: The undersigned committee of arrangement for the celebration of the anniversary of our National Independence, held at this place on yesterday, would very respectfully solicit a copy of your excellent remarks delivered on the occasion, if consistent with your feelings.

Very Respectfully,
Your Fellow Citizens,
W. CUNNINGHAM.
A. P. OWENS.
M. D. REIDY.

Address.

LADIES, FATHERS, SOLDIERS AND FELLOW CITIZENS.

At all times, and in all ages, that a just tribute was due for the achievement of great events, has been patriotically acknowledged—that it has been and is laudable and highly commendable for patriots to assemble on the birth day thereof, to commemorate the same.

I congratulate you Fellow Citizens, that through the kindness of an ever indulgent providence, the happy privilege is granted to us, of meeting to celebrate the anniversary of an event the most sublime and brilliant in achievement, and most glorious in effect,—that ancient or modern historic page has recorded, and which has astounded a wondering world. Sixty-three years only have elapsed, since the patriotic heroes, a feeble but energetic band of brothers—colonists of North America, when possessed of no resources but what nature gave. Surrounded by murderous and unrelenting savages of the wilderness, whose tender mercies were cruelty.—And oppressed by the avaricious, the imbecile, and tyrannical hand of a British King and ministry. Those colonists our venerable, our worthy ancestors, the patrons of religious freedom, declared to all the nations of the earth, that they were possessed of certain unalienable rights bestowed upon them by the God of nature. Among which were, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and to secure to themselves, to their posterity those rights, "with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence," they mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and sacred honours, in defence and support of the same.

For that heroic declaration all the power that avarice could call to her aid, all the cruelty and wickedness that malice could invent, assailed those heroic sons of liberty. But after an arduous and determined resistance of eight years, at the expense of all the treasure and much of the best blood of the country, the remnant of this Spartan band, compelled the gigantic power of Britain to acknowledge, that they did possess—and must enjoy, every right of civil and religious liberty; that they were Independent.

The patriotic spirits of our liberties, them, while clothed with all the majesty and power of military law,—beheld their beloved, their bleeding country, bowed low down under the mighty arm of oppression—destitute of all civil law,—no order—sinking in the unfathomable abyss of anarchy and confusion,—vice prevalent—every virtuous principle almost clean gone—although they had vindicated the rights of human nature, and established the independence of this great empire by their fortitude in adversity, bravery in battle, moderation in conquest, perseverance in supporting the cruel extremities of hunger and nakedness, without any just compensation. Now with unbounded censure and a magnanimity unequalled, they laid down their arms, surrendered the power they possessed—without a sigh or a murmur, into the hands from whence they had received it, to "we the people" the sovereignty of this happy land. They retired to civil life, and their valorous deeds, will cease to be celebrated when patriotism shall cease to exist—energetically and efficiently they contributed to frame and adopt the immaculate constitution of these United States, formed and put in execution, laws for our guidance, under which our glorious institutions have prospered, and do continue to flourish. They encouraged agriculture, manufactures, science and commerce, and extended the hand of national friendship, to all the civilized quarters of the globe, which was cordially received, and gratefully acknowledged. To day we enjoy that liberty, that boon, purchased by the valor, the wisdom, the labour, the perseverance, and blood, of those heroes, and by them bequeathed unto us. They have almost all departed, and descended to the tomb—gone to that "bourn whence no traveler returns," yet their voice calls from their low residence, and demands; that we should obey, support, and execute the civil, and religious institutions of our land. Posterity, yes, generations unborn, call

upon us in language the most imperative, to hand down to them pure and uncontaminated, our free our noble privileges. We have received a country, a home, a constitutional guide, yes all the blessings that civil and religious liberty can confer—as a gift. We are free, we are happy. But a known dereliction of moral principle, the depravity of the heart of man, the gross ignorance that pervades the mind, all tend to show that to perpetuate the blessings resulting from those bequests we must be virtuous we must scrupulously adhere to and respectfully obey the land—every citizen is loud in proclaiming in unmeasured strains, the praises of civil liberty and religious freedom, while the principle acted upon by too many at once, shows that they entertain the licentious idea, that an explicit obedience to the existing laws is a matter of indifference—again, others lost to all the fine feelings of sensibility, whose minds have become estranged to every democratic principle boldly speak the language and act the rebellious and seditious part, disregarding and resisting all law, human and divine; all this is derogatory to the principles of free government, our government is democratic republican in principle, it stands in hostile array against despotism, monarchy and aristocracy, while it scrupulously protects all the civil and religious privileges of every citizen, it holds all persons amenable to common law, it is mild and lenient, while it discountsenances corrupt and vicious principles and punishes crime, it administers equal justice to all, it is the patron the unwavering friend of virtue, all civil rights and privileges are guaranteed, sacred and inviolable it grants the privilege to every citizen to speak, write, print or cause to be printed, whatever conscience may dictate, or wickedness invent, but at the same time recognises all men free and equal, and positively declares that all are amenable, that they shall render due satisfaction, and a just recompense for the abuse of the privileges granted to them. This fellow citizens is the foundation of our democratic republican government, and upon this foundation the noble structure of our civil and religious institutions is reared.—Perfect liberty is not a plant of our soil, it will not flourish in our republic. However far speculation may extend, or fraud be practiced,—yet no man or class of men are recognized by any principle of our government as standing superior to, or as exalted above, their fellow citizens in the enjoyment of all civil privileges, no one is permitted forcibly to take the property of another and use it for his own benefit, without making full and just compensation for the same, all are required to comply with each and every condition of contracts entered into, to consider such sacred and inviolable and as Christians an invitation is given to all to extend the hand of charity to those in distress; to the needy. These are the general requisitions of our national compact, the supreme law of our beloved country.—And to entertain the opinion, that those rules of conduct may be departed from, may be treated as a matter of indifference, is the language of sedition, and wickedly and intentionally to raise the arm of rebellion, not regarding the inherent rights of the sovereign people, as has recently so flagrantly been done in its nature, its tendency, and its effect treason. The sound of the hideous name causes the wounded bosom of every patriot to bleed, and sends an agonizing thrill, of sorrow to the heart, and it must be discontinued and driven from our happy clime, as our glorious liberties will soon, too soon cease to exist. The glory, the arts, the science, yes, the existence of republican Rome was obliterated, and every claim to freedom lost by yielding her power to Caesar, and those that succeeded him, they invited and received the vengeance of an innumerable host of barbarians, who overrun and depopulated their country, and eventually blotted out every vestige of their happy republic. France sacrificed her republican privileges by tamely submitting to the intriguing the ambitious views of Napoleon—by resigning her inherent right to her treasure, and her army into his hand; all of which perished in the cold and frozen clime of Russia. Are there no intriguing, ambitious men in all our borders? I would cheerfully hope there is none, but the hope that the whole race of cruel designing men has become extinct, is so delusive that it cannot be indulged, it is a hope not to be cherished, not the same fearful road to the tomb of our boasted liberties, to the downfall and loss of our noble inheritance, to the subversion of our government and glorious institutions, yea, to the land of bondage for us and our posterity, is wide open before us, and there is no possibility of escaping its all devouring jaws, but by rendering due obedience to the civil institutions of our country, and scrupulously to exact, require, demand, and not to stay our hand until we do receive a conscientious, a faithful discharge of duty from our servants, the officers of our government,—on the supposition that every citizen will be faithful to his own true interests, and patriotic to his country, are the principles of our government predicated, if by unity they do strengthen its foundations, and by purity of principle and virtuous action, they preserve a just administration of government, and thereby perpetuate the auspicious, the flourishing institutions of this free and happy land commensurate to their importance. Then may we with a hope of animation "look down the long vista of time" and behold millions yet unborn, generation after generation, rise up in all succeeding ages to the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty.



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny

Huntingdon, July 24, 1839.

Democratic Antimasonic CANDIDATES.
FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WM. H. HARRISON
FOR VICE PRESIDENT
DANIEL WEBSTER.

Electoral Ticket.
JOHN A. SHULZE, Sen'to
JOSEPH RITNER, Selectors
1st District LEVIE PASSMORE,
2d do CADWALLADER EVANS,
3d do CHARLES WATERS,
4th do JON. GALLINGHAM,
AMOS ELLMAKER,
JOHN K. ZELIN,
DAVID POTTS,
5th do ROBERT STINSON,
6th do WILLIAM S. HINDEU,
7th do J. JENKINS ROSS,
8th do PETER FILBERT,
9th do JOSEPH H. SPAYD,
10th do JOHN HARPER,
11th do WILLIAM MELVAINE,
12th do HENRY DENNY,
13th do JOHN M'KEEHAN,
14th do JOHN REED,
15th do NATHAN BEACH,
16th do NER MIDDLESWORTH,
17th do GEORGE WALKER,
18th do BERNARD CONNELLY,
19th do GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE,
20th do JUSTICE G. FORDYCE,
21st do JOSEPH HENDERSON,
22d do HENRY DENNY,
23d do JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
24th do JAMES MONTGOMERY,
25th do JOHN DICK.

FLAG OF THE PEOPLE!

A single term for the Presidency, and the office administered for the whole PEOPLE, and not for a PARTY.

A sound, uniform and convenient National CURRENCY, adapted to the wants of the whole COUNTRY, instead of the SHIP PLASTERS brought about by our present RULERS.

ECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and REFORM in the administration of public affairs; Tired of Experiments and Experimenters, Republican gratitude will reward unobtrusive merit, by elevating the subaltern of WASHINGTON and the disciple of JEFFERSON, and thus resuming the safe and beaten track of our Fathers.—L. Gazette.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic, Anti-Masonic friends of HARRISON and WEBSTER within the several townships and boroughs of this county, are requested to meet at their usual places of holding elections on or before Saturday, the 10th day of August, proximo, and elect two delegates from each, to represent them in the County Convention, which will meet in the borough of Huntingdon on Wednesday the 14th of August, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to nominate a county ticket.

And a general meeting of all those who are opposed to the present tyrannical and corrupt Administrations of the State and Federal Government, and in favour of electing the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania, is requested at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, at 7 o'clock in the evening of Wednesday the 14th of August, to elect three delegates to represent Huntingdon county in the State Convention which will meet in Harrisburg on the 4th of September next, and for other purposes.

By the county committee,
DAVID BEACH,
Chairman.

July 24th, 1839.

We have been obliged to stop our paper for one week, as we have a middling large harvest to cut and take in, and must, to make our reputation as a farmer equal to farmer Porter's, turn out and help get it in ourselves. Our readers will consider our excuse as a good one we hope.

"Brother Jonathan."

We have just been introduced to "Brother Jonathan" who has made his appearance among us from the great city of Gotham, laden with all manner of notions. "Jonathan" is a strapping youth, and is well worthy of an introduction into every family circle. But to the point, Brother Jonathan is a large, aye; very large, Family News Paper issued in New York, and comes to us in a splendid appearance, and stored with, a great and rich variety of interesting matter. We meet it as a friend. It comes from the scenes of our Boyhood, and call up the forgotten faces we were wont to meet there. We bid Jonathan welcome, if our letters of introductions are of any use to him they are welcome, for we look upon him as a friend and "Brother."

We have given a place to the communication of Mr. Ross. Justice seemed to demand that he be heard. Our columns shall be open to a reply from any who may consider themselves aggrieved, reserving to ourselves the right to stop at any time. We can say to friend Ross, that we know Messrs. Long & Co. to be right good fellows, and would regret to think they intended any injury to any one.

Our Governor was invited to attend a Temperance Celebration on the 4th. He treated the invitation with contempt, and we suppose himself to some "old rye." He has had a return of his old complaint, so say some of his former friends; and they recommend that he sends for his old clerk to take charge of his "Port Folio,"—he would keep the secrets of the sick room.

Since we have proved that "Rogers the Thief," was let out of Jail by the Attorney General, the Advocate is dumb. But is anxious to the letter of some jail bird, who escaped from our county jail last summer. If it is of importance that the writer or his friends see said letter, why let him insert in his own paper. It is the organ of "Thieves, Drunkards, &c." And what is more, he seems to be willing to place much reliance upon the words of thief. Perhaps, however that party are only mad because he did not stay, and get an office under Porter. Would he not have made an elegant Justice of the Peace?

ANOTHER BREAK.

From the neglect, inattention, or some other cause, another break occurred on the canal. By dint of riding up and down the tow path, and rushing about town for three or four days, the active State Agents succeeded in getting it mended. No possible reason can be assigned why it should not have been done in twenty-four hours.

Is it not a little extraordinary that, up to the present moment, there has not occurred a single break upon that portion of the canal which was made last summer. Notwithstanding the many charges of the insufficiency of the work, and notwithstanding Porter himself, in a public message declared on his honor, that there was eminent danger of delay from breaks, &c. on it. Yet has it stood through an astonishingly wet season without the smallest break to cause detention. Is it not a pity that the work thus insultingly gives the lie to both. Can it possibly arise from the fact that the man from Ohio has the guardianship of it? If the same neglect is continued, and the same tardiness manifested in repairing the canal for two years longer, our canal will be bankrupt in fortune and in fame.

"The Democratic (Loco Foco) party of this county are in fine spirits.—They are determined to redeem the county from misrule and corruption."—Advocate and Sentinel.

The above piece of news is taken from the Advocate of last week. It contains in fact some truth. Some of the party are generally in the finest spirits, that can be bought, so far it is true. But when the above is put forth, to deceive their friends abroad, we are disposed to say that they, mislead and dupe to their sorrow.

The idea intended to be conveyed, is there are no dissensions, or heart burnings—no, disposition upon the part of the people to say that they have violated every promised pledge before the election—and more than that, they have done the very things which they censured with such holy zeal last fall. Some were honest in their complaints against the conduct of Ritner's administration. Is it supposed that they will now wink at, and support a party that carry out the same to a greater extent? No! There are honest among them. As many at least as would have saved the cities on the plain. But they were taught during Ritner's time that there was nothing "more horrible awful" than the number of officers. But now the number is still more increased—and their salaries too. Can any consistent honest Democrat who wishes to protect the rights of the people, support the very deeds, which he censured but one year ago?

Three years ago, and each Loco Foco press in the county was ringing the charges upon the appointment of strangers, over the older, and as they said better citizens. Oh! it was too much for human nature to bear; and some were willing to think them honest. But so soon as Porter is in power, they see a Mr. Ritner, who is hardly warm in the county, told to step in, over the heads of many of our best citizens. Mr. John Piper of Ed-

ford, was sent here with a commission in his pocket. Old Jemmy Ford, of this county, was transported over the Allegheny mountain, to teach the Democrats of Cambria county their duty. Sir Thomas Levers, a pensioner of the British Queen, is made Lord it over the less proud, but more honest portion of the people. And now the "party are in fine spirits." They are determined to redeem the county from misrule and corruption."

We have no doubt but they are determined to redeem the county from corruption and misrule. The find that they have been the dupes of knaves, who enacted every scene of villany anew which they had learned from their predecessors—but they have added to them all their own villany and ingenuity could devise. The honest then are determined to redeem their county; and when October comes, Mr. Porter and his minions will hear the stern decree of the people who "know him."

Three years ago when any office was filled by a man on whom slander had propagated any lies, in an instant they were sped upon the wings of the wind, and Ritner was blamed appointing men whose characters were not good, over honest and good men. How is it now? Why, Porter can make a Justice of the Peace out of a detected thief, and the counter lifting robber is made a dispenser of law and justice. Yet this "Advocate" would try to think the party united. Does it think its partisans all fools or knaves? Can a man support what he has once so honestly opposed?

Let the writer of the above solve, for the Loco Foco, watch the countenances of some of his party when the supervisor booms along the towing path, like a mighty meteor chasing a comet, and he can learn in that smile of scorn and derision, that they will redeem the county from corruption and misrule.

Editorial Summary.

A young man by the name of White, was lately tried and found guilty of wilful murder. He is said to be about twenty-two years of age, of fine appearance. During the whole trial, it is said he displayed, all the stercorism of the Savages.

Milk and Water.—"Brother Jonathan" is scolding right smart, because the milkmen get more milk from the pump, than from the udders of his cows. Never mind the milk-and-water, Jonathan—stick to the "switchel."

There are four hundred and seventy-nine legal practitioners of medicine in New York; and one hundred and seventy-three undertakers.—We undertake to say that with so great a disparity in their numbers, undertaking is a good business in that city.

We have neglected to notice that the Telegraph and Intelligencer, of Harrisburg have been united. If the united attention and talent of both those journals are united, we may say that their paper will be one of the ablest in the State.

A fellow by the name of Vail, was fined \$50 and sent to jail ten days, on bread and water, for whipping his wife. An Ohio paper says: for a less offence the same Court sentenced a man six years to the Penitentiary.

Porter has not yet signed the Improvement Bill. That five dollar bill business has either frightened him, or he is just "playing possum"—to make his honest friends think he dislikes to do it, when in fact he may be the willing instrument of the U. S. Bank.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Mr. BENEDICT.—Sir: On a perusal of a recent copy of your interesting paper, my attention was arrested by an advertisement headed thus: "Very Important to Farmers," and signed A. B. Long & Co., in which farmers are warned against purchasing machines of any kind, with the strap passing under the horses feet (unless made and sold by them), as the patent laws will be strictly enforced &c.

Now I wish to inform those gentlemen, and with them the public, that if the mere act of passing the strap under the horses feet is a trespass upon their rights (as they allege), then I have long been an offender. Yes, gentlemen, if such be your rights, it is certainly imprudent and unwise in you, to permit an old offender like myself to escape with impunity.—Nay, you ought rather to be up and doing. I would therefore recommend you in order to get what your conduct justly merits (or in other words, what you are justly entitled too), to proceed immediately to make an example of me, and thus deter others from committing the like depredations. If you should not find me as pleasant a