

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS

**HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.**  
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## POETRY.

From the New York American.  
NEW HAMPSHIRE MOV'ING.

CONWAY, N. H. June 22d, 1840.  
I have just returned from our great Whig Convention held at Concord on the 17th. Such a mighty gathering of the people never was before seen in the Granite State. You will no doubt see a full account of it in the papers. From our "Old Straggler," we numbered 1200, and I will venture to say that seven-eighths of them were farmers. It was "a goodly sight to see" old, grave, grey headed men—men who say their prayers and read their Bibles—walking in the procession, bearing aloft on rake heads and hoe handles, banners with the names of "Harrison & Tyler," "Old Tip," "Reform," &c. &c.; and this body of men exceeding 8000, having gone to their homes with the determination of regenerating New Hampshire. And why cannot it be done? At our last great struggle in '38, we lost the State by 2500 votes, and many things operated against us then, which will not at the coming election. At all events, we will do our utmost. A single fact will give you an idea of the intelligence of this Convention. 8 or 9000 people crowded together in a dense mass, stood 5 or 6 hours under a hot sun, listening to the several addresses, and seemed loth to depart when all was over. It is said that my friend and townsman, Joel Eastman, made the crack speech of the day, his allusions to our gallant Old Hero, were most eloquent and touching. After speaking of the falsehoods and slanders of the minions of power, he brought to the front of the stage, Maj. John L. Eastman, of Concord—who was an officer under Harrison at Tippecanoe—"as a living witness of the valor and patriotism of him to whom the heart of every Whig in the Union is now turned." The cheers at this moment were tremendous.

I shall wind up my letter, by giving you a few stanzas of Yankee Doodle, which I composed while driving my "team afield" this spring:

Come, here's a health to Harrison,  
The old Log Cabin farmer;  
When he commands the ship of State,  
The Tories cannot harm her.  
CHORUS—Yankee Doodle, fill a mug  
A pewter mug of cider;  
When he commands our gallant ship  
No evil can betide her.

Old Tip's the man, we guess as how,  
The people all unite in;  
He's SAVED them true in Council Hall  
He's SAVED them well in fighting.  
CHORUS, &c.

When Washington sent Wayne out west  
The war to put an end on't,  
He took young William by the hand,  
And made him first Lieutenant.  
CHORUS, &c.

And we old soldiers recollect  
When war clouds gathered o'er us;  
He marched us on to victory,  
And always went before us.  
CHORUS, &c.

When Johnny Bull came to the Thames  
'Twas Harrison that met him;  
And for his glorious fight that day,  
The people won't forget him.  
CHORUS, &c.

His patriotism no man doubts,  
His principles are "sarten,"  
They were proclaimed at cannons' mouth  
In eighteen hundred thirteen.  
CHORUS, &c.

Our office-holders laugh and sneer  
And say he's poor—od rot 'em,  
But we old farmers at the polls,  
Will vote for him next autumn.  
CHORUS, &c.

We know he's honest, upright, true,  
And if he's poor no wonder,  
Unlike our present men in power,  
He does not live by plunder.  
CHORUS, &c.

The public money in his hands,  
He always justly paid out,  
And never took a cent for self,  
Like Billy Price or Swartwout.  
CHORUS, &c.

'Tis said he wears a homespun coat,  
And smokes a shortish pipe sir,  
And when he takes you by the hand  
He gives you an honest gripe, sir.  
CHORUS, &c.

Let Amos Kendall tell his lies,  
Let British Tories reason,  
The people all expect to see  
Him President, next session.  
CHORUS—Yankee Doodle, fill a mug &c

## My Cousin Helen.

BY G. PETERSON, ESQ.

"She was like  
A dream of poetry that may not be  
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!"  
Willis.

She was a bright and beautiful being, too pure and holy for a sinful world like this. If an angel could have wandered from the skies, and found a dwelling in an earthly form, the beauty of the starry visitor could not have equalled her surpassing loveliness. She had a soul, too, full of poetry, drinking it in from every lovely thing in nature. The lawn—the streamlet—the rich meadow-land—the gorgeous hill side, and the dark solitary forest were all to her beauty and incense. Often have I wandered with her in the still hush of the summer twilight, listening to the low anthem of the forest trees, or the wild murmur of the mountain streams, and gazing on the illimitable void above, until our souls seemed to drink in of the majesty of that far off realm, and we longed to be away, soaring amid those worlds of light, and treading the stary pavements of her own beautiful space. As she wandered thus with me, leaning upon my arm, and lifting her dark eyes to mine, she would say that it seemed as if she had once lived in a brighter and more glorious state of being, the chords of which still lingered in her bosom, and vibrated as if touched by some mysterious hand, in harmony with the woods, and streams, and stars.

There is music in some voices almost divine; but I never heard a voice like Helen's. It had a softness in its tones like the low breath of summer among rushes, stirring the heart with vague and mysterious feelings. I have listened to it in the silence of twilight, coming and melting on the air, until it almost seemed to float from that better world she loved to think upon. The memory of those low, reedy tones still lingers around me, and often at the quiet hour of midnight it comes across my soul, making every sense thrill under their subtle influence, as they did long, long years ago. And then the deep, dark swimming eye, looking out from beneath the silken lashes, and seeming like the stars to speak language too deep for words!

Helen was scarcely sixteen when we first met. She had always lived in a world of her own; but her heart panted for some one to share in her communings. From the first hour of our meeting, we felt a mysterious sympathy linking us together, as if, according to the olden philosopher, we had once known each other in that brighter state of being, and met again after ages of separation. We were both young, and full of youth's indefinite yearnings. It was just that period of life when we love with that purity of sentiment with which, alas! we never love again. Beautiful—too beautiful was that sunny period! Now we loved to wander together up the hill side, or through the shadowy

glen, or along the flowing banks of the stream! How we loved to hear the low winds whispering among the willows, or to listen to the waters rippling pleasantly over their strong bed; and when twilight came, and the pale moon led on the choral hosts of heaven, how we loved to gaze upon the weird-like landscape, melting dreamily away, and fancy that the airy sounds floating by—coming and going we knew not whither—were the whispers of guardian angels. And thus would we gaze for hours, until our souls would be strung to this high harmony, and each a crowd of holy feelings at our hearts, we would silently stroll home. Thus we loved.

I shall never forget that summer. It was like a dream of infancy, all innocence and delight. I lived only in Helen's presence, until she became almost a part of my being. We loved with the fervency of youth, and life seemed to us only a summer morning. But the summer at last went by, and when the corn fields yellowed in the sun, and the grapes hung in purple clusters from the vines, I received the long expected summons to begin, in reality, a life which had been to me only a romance. Need I say Helen wept when we parted? And my own heart—was it not full? I pressed her to my bosom, kissed the tears from her dewy lashes, gave one look into those dreamy eyes, and scarcely murmuring "farewell," rushed out, leaped into my saddle, and went down the road with the rapidity of lightning. But as I passed the old corner, I turned a moment to look back. A white handkerchief waved from the piazza, and then the trees intervened, and I was alone.

Years had passed away, and I was grown to manhood. I had mingled with men—traversed the vast prairies of the west—seen mankind in savage as well as civilized life, and lived years of a quiet existence in the wild changes of my wandering being. I had learned to know the human heart—to unmask its deceitful veil, and to lay bare its workings of selfishness, hatred, passion, and too rarely—affection. I had become one of the world, and my bright and beautiful dreams were over. Yet, oh! how I still longed for that quiet old mansion, with its little stream, its row of willows, and the innocent young girl with whom I spent that happy summer. It used to be a dream of my solitary hours—and God knows it was the last I ever had—that I would soon return and claim her as my own, and live once more in the light of her smiles. Often, at such times, would my imagination take wing, until I fancied myself back again in her lonely home, listening to her low voice carolling some favorite air; and when a letter reached me in her handwriting, old memories would crowd thick upon me, and a feeling come down upon my heart that almost brought the tears into my eyes, I scarce knew why. Alas! that in a world like this we are so often separated from the ones we love.

At last the purposes of my absence had been accomplished, and with a glad and bounding heart I set out on my return. Every thing around, too, seemed to partake of my joy. The savannahs were covered with flowers, the orange blossoms whitened the groves, and the voices of the birds carolled forth their music in exulting strains. But as I drew farther north the signs of approaching spring became less evident. Here and there, upon the hills, yet lingered the snow, and only in the rich meadow lands of the valleys the flowers began to bloom. The larch had scarcely put on its verdure, the lilac was yet stern and bloomless, and the voices of the merry songsters of the forest were heard only at solitary intervals.

There is a vague, mysterious melancholy, which steals upon us at times, bringing with it an undefinable dread of approaching evil—a melancholy which we strive in vain to shake off, and which can only be soothed by gentle music, some old memory, or the sympathy of those we love. Such a presentiment had gradually come across my soul, until I began to tremble lest I should hear some terrible misfortune as I approached Helen's home. In vain I strove to shake off my feelings; they clung to me with the tenacity of life. It might be that it was only the surrounding scenery; but I felt that I had grown too much in manhood to be stirred with such idle phantasies. I hurried on however with the rapidity of an excited mind, and reached the little village by my uncle's, one beautiful morning in spring.

More than two years had elapsed since I last saw the old mansion, and as I turned in from the highway to the well known gate, a gush of olden feelings swept across me. Every thing around me had some memory connected with it reminding me of Helen. There was the bench which I had built for her beneath the oak, and here the clump of maples under which we had strayed in the summer twilight. Beside me was the shrubbery, whence I had plucked flowers for her hair, and yonder the little brook bubbled along, floating through

the willows in the sunlight, as it danced merrily on its way. For a moment I felt a thrill of gladness tingling in every nerve—my heart beat high with joyful anticipations, and giving my steed the rein, I went rapidly up the old road to the mansion.

As I approached the house, I was struck by the unnatural stillness brooding over every thing around. Though it was a sunny morning in early spring, when every thing is full of joy and light, the silence of a summer noonday reigned about the house, and among the ancient trees. The garden and porch were deserted, most of the window shutters were bowed, and not a solitary being could be seen anywhere in the dwelling or surrounding offices. Thick, fearful feelings struggled within me. I sprang from my horse with a palpitating heart, and hurried to the door of the hall, determined to know the worst.

I entered the hall unopposed; but it was silent and deserted. The sound of my quick footsteps echoed through it with a distinctness which startled me. Where were the warm hearts and happy faces that were wont to welcome me? Where was my good old uncle, and where my own sweet Helen? Alas! something terrible had happened to produce this unnatural silence. But the sound of my disordered step had already been heard—a side-door opened, and the old housekeeper stood before me. When she beheld who the intruder was, she turned ashy pale.

"For heaven's sake," said I, eagerly grasping her hand, "what is the matter? Speak—speak—is it Helen?" I could say no more.

"Thank God you have come, my dear young master," said the old lady with a thick voice.

"But what has happened?" I exclaimed wildly. "I feel it is something terrible—tell me the worst—!" and with unnatural calmness I added, "Helen is then dead?"

"Oh! no—no. God be praised she is yet living; but she is ill—very, very ill; though," she added eagerly, as I gasped for breath, and staggered against the wall, "there is yet, perhaps, hope. Henry, Henry," she added, grasping my cold hand, "oh! that you had been spared this—but the Almighty's will is inscrutable." With a strong effort I conquered my feelings, and said in a voice that made my companion start, it was so deep and hollow—

"But she yet lives—for mercy's sake then lead me to her."

"And so I will, but she has just fallen into a gentle sleep," said the old lady, bursting into tears; "but, oh! do not, my dear Henry, look so. Compose yourself—come in here—a little cordial may make you feel better. I will go and call your uncle. Oh! that I should have lived to see a day like this."

I cannot tell the sensations of that moment. The agony of a life-time was compressed into an instant, until my brain reeled, and my frame tottered beneath it. Nor will I describe the meeting with my kind old uncle—he who had been to me a second parent. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and then, and not till then, did my emotions find vent in tears. It is a terrible thing which can make a strong man weep.

Helen had been caught one night in a shower, and thoroughly drenched before she reached home. A slight cold was the consequence, to which none paid any attention, except the ever careful housekeeper. But a short, dry cough soon awakened the attention of her parent, and a physician was called in. He declared it was a mere trifle, and quieted their apprehensions, at least for a while. But the blow was struck.

There is a fearfulfulness in the approach of consumption which strikes awe even into the stoutest heart. With a slow and stealthy step it creeps upon its victim, and the first notice we often have of its coming, is the arrow driven into the heart—while the bloom which we hail as the sweet omen of a long and happy life, is only the signet mark of this insidious foe. Hourly he goes his rounds among the beautiful and young, leaving every where behind him the fearful traces of his visit. While some linger on for years, others wither at once like flowers in an early frost. Helen was not one of those doomed to prolonged torture. Scarcely six weeks had passed since the first approach of this fearful conqueror. At first the steps of the destroyer were slow, and she could still linger around her old haunts in the open air—then his strides became quicker, she grew daily weaker, and her failing strength confined her to the limits of the house; and at last feeling that even this was more than she could bear, she was forced to remain in her own little room, only venturing into the hall on a warm, sunny day for a moment, and even then leaning on her parent's arm. Yet, if anything bowed her spirit, it was thus shut out from the free air of heaven; and when spring came, and the little walk into

the hall became an exertion too great for her failing strength, she would ask them to bear her to the open window, that she might see the green fields, hear the murmur of the streams, and gaze upon that beautiful sky which had been to her so glorious. Oh! how she panted to be once more in the old haunts she loved—to hear the birds sing—to feel the winds upon her cheek, and to look upon all the mysterious workings of nature's wonderful machinery.

As she grew weaker and weaker, it seemed as if every thought became more holy, until she breathed a language almost divine. She had long given up all hope of life, and her only wish was that she might see me before she died. Day after day she counted the hours which would have to elapse before the summons they had sent to me should bring me to her side; though little thought she that I was already far upon my way towards her before the message had departed. Thus she sank away. Was it not better that one so pure should go up to her own glorious home? But, alas! for the broken-hearted old man and the desolate ones she left behind. But I pass it by. The nurse at last appeared to tell me Helen was prepared to see me. In an instant we were in her chamber.

Her room was always simply ornamented; but now it seemed more so than ever. The white curtains—the pale counterpane—the early wild flowers on the litte stand, were all arranged according to Helen's exquisite taste. But I saw nothing except the sufferer herself.

If Helen had seemed beautiful to me in our earlier acquaintance, oh! how surpassingly so did she now appear. The white brow, the lustrous eye, the small hectic spot upon her cheek, and above all, the calm ethereal expression lighting up her countenance with an almost angelic loveliness, gave her the appearance of a seraphic rather than of an earthly being. I stood spell-bound for a moment. She was the first to speak.

"Henry," she said, in a voice so low and sweet that it seemed to be the whisper of the summer wind; "Henry—how glad I am you have come—and so soon too—I am changed, I fear—" and she ceased speaking, while a fit of coughing racked her delicate frame.

I would have given worlds to have been able to reply; but my words choked in my throat, and despite every effort, the hot tears gathered in my eyes. Oh! she was indeed changed.

"I am not so well as I was once, Henry," she said, with a slight quivering in her voice, as she lifted her deep eyes up to mine and gazed tenderly upon my face. "but do not weep—it is all for the best, and though we shall no more stroll through the old woods together, there is a land far away where we shall yet meet after a very little while. Henry, as you love me do not weep."

But why should I dwell upon the scene? I found words at last to speak, though agony of it may not picture. Yet when I listened to Helen's gentle voice, a peace seemed to steal down upon my darkened soul, and I almost forgot my grief in admiration of her own weak, uncomplaining sufferings. So young, so fair, so innocent, yet withering slowly away, and even silently reproaching us all by her resignation.

For a few days after my return, Helen seemed to regain her strength, and her fond father even indulged a faint hope of her recovery. She smiled almost like she did of old, when I brought her the wild flowers I gathered every morning for her; and her voice seemed to gather a strength which the good old nurse said it had not possessed for weeks. But how delusive were our hopes! Before a week had elapsed, she began again rapidly to decline and each successive hour only bore her the more rapidly to her end. Every heart trembled with apprehension. The servants went and came noiselessly—the sound of the wind was seemingly quicker than usual, and the old trees around the mansion sighed low and sadly in the breeze.

It was one of those sunny days in early spring, when the trees are just beginning to put on their vestre, when every bud is bursting into the flower, and when from hill, stream, and woodland floats up the music of nature's hidden harmonies, that Helen begged us to place her near the casement, that she might look out once more upon the beautiful things of this earth, from which, alas! she was soon to pass away. The window opened into the garden, and the perfume of the young flowers floated through, filling the room with a delicious fragrance. As Helen sat, propped up with pillows, her eyes wandered over a wide expanse of hill and forest, stretching proudly away until they melted into the far off horizon. Our little group stood silently around her while she gazed long and ardently upon the scene. We saw that she failed rapidly, and we watched her with the intensity of love. At last her eye turned from the

landscape, and I fancied I heard a low soft sigh.

"This is a beautiful world, after all," she said in that seraphic voice, which seemed momentarily to grow more heavenly; "it is a bright and beautiful world; and I once thought how hard it would be to leave its sweets, and all that I loved to look upon. But oh! father, cousin, it is nothing to the leaving those we love—" and she looked up into our faces with an eye that already seemed like "that of an angel." Our hearts were full—the tears gathered on our lashes; but after a moment, as if she had not seen it, she continued:

"There are the hills, Harry, where we used to walk together. We shall walk there no more. How beautiful they look in this sunlight! Will you think of me when you gaze on them after I am gone?"

I could not answer. My heart was swelling to bursting. But I pressed her hand, and turned away to wipe a tear. At this instant her little bird, whose cage hung close under the window, sent up its cheering note. The familiar sound caught her ear, and she continued—

"And my poor canary—will you take care of it, too, for my sake, Harry? It will sing to you, after I am no more, and remind you sometimes of your own poor Helen—will you, Harry?"

"Helen, for mercy's sake, do not talk so—I will cherish all—every thing, Oh, God!" I ejaculated in utter agony. But the mild eye of the dying sufferer smote me for my repinings, and I was dumb. She smiled sweetly, and extended her hand.

"Thank you—I knew you would. And now bring me nearer to the window." We moved the couch tenderly. For a few minutes there was another silence, broken only by an occasional half-stifled sob from one of our group.

"Why do you weep?" she said, suddenly looking up, while a glow of seraphic glory seemed to irradiate her countenance. "I have always prayed to die thus!" and she took her father's hand and one of mine each into one of her own—"am I not going to that better world of which we loved to talk in happy days long past? where the flowers ever bloom, the waters murmur music, and the stars hymn on in unceasing harmony! Yes!—it is only going home. Who would not rather be there than in a world of care like this?"

She continued with a look of triumph lighting up her countenance; "there, too, we shall all meet at last—never to part. It is not—so hard—parting—after all—is it?"

"God bless you, Helen!" was the heart broken answer of her father.

"Read me that chapter—will you—Harry?—you know—the one we speak—of yesterday," she murmured in a rapidly failing voice.

I opened the Bible, and in faltering tones read aloud that sublime chapter which holds out so gloriously the promise of the resurrection of the dead. As I proceeded, holding Helen's hand in my own, I felt it growing colder and colder, and stealing my eyes to her face, when I drew towards the close, I saw it glowing, to my heated fancy, with a halo of light. I finished and closed the book. The rapt expression of that face, I shall never forget. She looked up as if something met her eye, half rose upon her couch, and inclined her head slightly as if listening.

"Hark!" said she, in a whisper we could clearly distinguish, so deep was the silence of that room; "hark!" and she lifted a finger—"the music is sounding—father—cousin—heaven—ho—ho—me," and with a smile of ineffable sweetness she sank back upon the couch. Her lips moved a moment, but we could distinguish no sounds. They closed, and her spirit had flown back to her own heavenly sphere.

I know not how it is, but the little quiet churchyard where Helena lies, seems to me a spot almost as holy as that heaven I used to dream of when a child. I am altered now. The cares and sorrows of this world have dimmed the brightness of my early vision, and I never see now in sleep the glorious things I once saw. But I always feel a holy quiet at the grave of my cousin, which reminds me of the lofty aspirations we had together at that better state of being. I love at such times to fancy that she hovers, like a guardian angel, over me; and often when my heart is stirred with strange mysterious feelings, and a hush like the Sabbath comes down upon my soul, I think that it is the spirit of Helen communing with my own.

Philadelphia, May, 1840.

A fagot man, carrying a load, by accident brushed against a doctor. The doctor was very angry, and was going to beat him with his fist. "Pray don't use your precious hand, good sir; kick me in welcome." The bystanders asked what he meant. Says the woodsman, "The kicks me with his foot, I shall recover; but if I once come under his hands, it is all over with me."