

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. VI, No. 21.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1841.

[WHOLE No. 281.]

## TERMS

OF THE

### HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS.

FOR

### The Huntingdon Journal.

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## POETRY.

From the North American.

### THE PRESIDENT'S BURIAL.

AIR—“Burial of Sir John Moore.”

Slowly and mournfully pass they on,  
To the home where the dead are sleeping,  
While the funeral notes of the muffled drum  
O'er the sable bier are sweeping.  
He starts not now at the well known sound,  
The thrilling silence breaking,  
He springs not forth to his comrades round,  
From his quiet slumber waking.

Sadly and silently pass they now,  
While the soldier's tears are stealing,  
His martial form and his stern proud bow  
His heart's deep grief revealing:  
He cares not now though the strange's eye  
Should mark his bitter sorrow—  
He thinks of the scenes in the days gone by  
He mourns for the cheerless morrow.

Not a sound is heard as they gather near,  
Save the hallowed prayer ascending;  
The patriot's sigh and the statesman's tear,  
In voiceless grief are blending:  
They mourn for a leader—a ruler gone,  
A nation's hope and glory,  
A chosen guide from his people torn,  
The honored in fame's proud story.

From the grave they turn with measured  
The tomb's dark portal closing, [read  
But it matters not to the sainted dead,  
On his Savior's breast reposing:  
With a nobler throng in the world of light,  
His ransom'd soul is dwelling,  
For the victory won thro' the conqueror's  
His song of triumph swelling. [might,

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.  
ON THE DEATH OF  
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

What meaneth the gloom that prevadeth our land—  
What meaneth yon mighty funeral band?  
Deep sorrow are marked on the aged and young,  
The Star spangled Banner with sable is hung  
A nation's in sorrow, their ruler they mourn  
O'er valley and hill the sad tidings are borne  
The deep muffled bell tolleth heavily on,  
“Our ruler, the chosen of freemen is gone.”

All strife is forgotten, each spirit is bow'd,  
The blow is from Heaven, the warning is loud;  
Too much have we trusted in creatures of clay,  
Forgetful of one who is higher than they.

Ah! who to the wife of his youth shall make known—  
Her partner is gone, she must journey alone;  
But not; not alone—she hath trusted on high  
The God of the widow will ever be nigh.

And O may our nation return to her God;  
In mercy he chastens, we bow to his rod;  
Henceforward we'll trust in the strength of his arm,  
May God bless our country, and shield her from harm.

## Old Enough—Not too Old.

BY CHARLES DANCO.

Is any one prepared to assert that he is, or ever was, of an age answering precisely to the description contained in the above text? In reference to reading, to experience, and to knowledge—the result of both—some are neither old enough, nor too old; some are not old enough, yet too old; and some are old enough and too old at the same time. Knowledge! What is knowledge?—That which all wish for, but none possess. He who has least, thinks he has most, while he who has most, has only learned that he knows nothing. It is a ladder up which men toil and toil, but ere they reach the top, their heads fall—and the grave receives them. It is a plank, one end of which sets on the vessel of life, while the other hangs suspended over the sea of eternity; men walk out upon it until they lose their balance, and then—but hold—I am putting too serious a head to a comic tale. I have digressed when I ought to have progressed. For shame! I am old enough to know better, and yet not old enough to profit by it. The history of one man is *mutatis mutandis*, the history of a million. Listen, then, gentle reader, to the biography of a million of thy fellow creatures, and, if thou art not old, turn it to account.

Peter Posthumous began the world under circumstances unfavorable to him in point of time. Had he been born one week sooner, that is, had he been seven days older, he would have been a rich man—at all events, a rich boy. He was the son of respectable parents, but his father had offended his father by a clandestine marriage; and the old gentleman, one of those “fathers with flinty hearts,” whom “no tears can melt,” had disinherited his son, and, in order to insure his never enjoying any portion of his wealth, had bequeathed it to the eldest child of such marriage, who should chance to be alive at the father's decease. Peter came into the world on the day week on which his father went out of it, and therefore was not quite old enough to obtain five thousand a year.

“And will the poor child then get nothing?” inquired his anxious mother.

“Nothing,” was the answer.

Peter neither heeded nor heard it. He was not old enough—his time was not come.

He remained in the country under his mother's care until his twelfth year, during which time he was frequently invited to children's parties, given by the gentry of the neighborhood, and always had his own consent to go; but he never went, because his mother thought him “rather too young.” At the age of twelve she removed with him to London, and placed him at a preparatory school. This proceeding was attended with some difficulty, owing to his mother's excessive tenderness, for she considered him scarcely old enough to encounter the hardships of a boy's school, and decidedly too old for a girl's. However, the matter was compromised by his being sent to a seminary for young gentlemen, superintended by two old ladies; and here he was destined to remain, in order that he might be unfitted for a transfer to a foundation school, to which his mother had been promised that he should, in due time, be presented. Due time, however, was with Peter what “due notice” is to a play bill—it never came. When the vacancy occurred which gave the governor of the school an opportunity of fulfilling his promise, it was discovered that Peter was two months too old to be admitted. His mother felt the disappointment more than he did. What was to be done? He was too old to remain longer where he was, and she could not afford to send him elsewhere at an increased expense. Home, therefore, he went once more, and at home he remained, coddling and coddled. Out-of-door amusement he was for some time a stranger to. He was now too old for children's parties, and not old enough for others. He was too young to be allowed to go to a theatre by himself, and too old, for reasons best known to his mother, to be seen about her. A friend procured the promise of a colonial appointment for him; but when he presented himself for examination, he was politely bowed out on the score of youth. The year which he waited in expectation of this just carried him over the age at which he might else have been admitted into the counting-house of a merchant, who was a particular friend of his mother, but, unfortunately, also a particular man, with certain rites, which nothing could induce him to break.

Peter, at length, (and he was Peter at full length for he had grown to be six feet high, and he was too old to grow any longer,) finding that his mother's looking out for him did not answer, he began to think of looking out for himself; and, as the state of subjection in which he was still kept deprived him of other opportunities, he looked out of the widow. His looking out

of his own window would have been harmless enough, but he contracted a habit of looking in at an opposite one, and thus laid the foundation of future troubles. At the second floor window of the house immediately facing the dwelling of Mrs. and Master Posthumous, there daily sat, and looked, and worked, Miss Ogle the tall and only daughter of a wealthy and retired tradesman. By degrees, Miss Ogle worked less and looked more—after a while, there was a look between every stitch—and at length, it was evident, even to Peter, that she had an eye to him and none to her needle. There were some doubts as to the degree of consistency of Peter's head, but that his heart was soft is beyond question. He could not resist the fascination of Miss Ogle's eye—he was not old enough. Peter wrote three notes to Miss Ogle—Miss Ogle sent three answers to Peter—Peter submitted the whole correspondence to his mother—his mother wrote one long letter to Mr. Ogle—Mr. Ogle sent one short answer to his mother: “He was not old enough”—the next morning Mr. Ogle's house and Peter's heart were both “to let.”

Mrs. Posthumous had a general eye to business, and though all her endeavors to provide for her son were fruitless, she contrived, during one of them, to provide for herself; she married again. Her new husband allowed her her undisturbed possession of his mother's moderate income, but declined receiving him into his establishment. Peter was now upon his own hands, and a heavier weight no hands could have to carry. Sick and tired of being met, whenever he attempted to obtain some occupation, with the answer that he was not old enough he determined to wait until at least that objection should be removed. Accordingly he yawned, slept, dreamt, ate, drank, pottered, and muddled away his life, until an accidental peep into the first leaf of the family Bible opened his eyes to the fact of his being eight and forty—he started with astonishment—from which astonishment he never thoroughly recovered until he was fifty. “At all events,” said he to himself, “I am now old enough to marry”—and he proposed to a buxom widow next to whom he sat at church every Sunday for three years. Her answer had nothing but novelty to recommend it, “He was too old.”

The time for acute sensibility, if ever he possessed it, was gone by—but Peter was chagrined.—“Too old—too old,” muttered he to himself; “this one never to be the right age for anything? It was but just now that I was too young for everything.” But Peter was a dreamer, and his just now was more than thirty years ago. The widow's answer, however, made a more permanent impression upon him than any previous incident of his life had made.—He gave up dreaming, and passed ten years in positive reflection. During these ten years, he made two other attempts to get married—his propositions were both rational, more so, perhaps, than might have been expected from the unmeaning tenor of his life, but they were both rejected, and for the “old” reason. On the second of these occasions, he felt more excitement than he had ever felt since the days of Miss Ogle. “If I am too old to marry,” said he, in a fit as near to desperation as his nature admitted of, “I am too old to live”—and he raised a pistol to his head—but no, he added, “no—I am at least old enough to know better”—and his resolution went off instead of his pistol. A few days restored him to his habitual calmness—to his last new state of reflection. He was now, as I have shown, sixty years of age. In a short time illness was for once a welcome visitor. He was delighted at length he had something to do—at length he felt an interest about himself, which he had never felt before. “Ha! ha! Doctor, said he, to his medical adviser, ‘ha! ha! I've got the gout.’” “Nonsense, my dear sir,” said the doctor, “you have the gout, indeed! you're not old enough.” “Don't talk to me about not being old enough,” said Peter; “do you mean to assert that I'm too old?” “Certainly not,” replied the doctor, “you can't be too old to have the gout.” “Then I don't care,” said Peter, “thank heaven, there is still something that I am not too old for.” Thus passed Peter's life until he was seventy.

One evening about three years since, he was musing, during a temporary absence of pain, upon the circumstances—for nothing stood out with salient prominence to break the level of the distant view. “What a strange thing is life,” said he; “one is always not old enough, or too old for everything. Surely it cannot be with all people as it has been with me, for I have lately read of many who have led lives of activity, and have been serviceable to their fellow creatures; while I, though I have harmed no one, have done good to no one—would that I had been earlier taught to think for myself!” After a short pause, during which the oppression produced by the only intense thoughts he had ever had, was re-

lieved by the only tears he had ever shed, he thus continued: “Even now it may not be too late; when I get well I will act differently; I am not too old to mend, and I am yet old enough to become—”

“Nothing”—was the answer of King Death.

Peter neither heeded nor heard it. He was old enough—but his time was come.

## Wheaton and the Panther.

Ben Wheaton was one of the first settlers on the waters of the Susquehanna, immediately after the war, a rough, uncultivated, and primitive man. Like others of the same stamp and character, he subsisted chiefly by hunting, cultivating the land but sparingly, and in this way raised a numerous family amidst the woods, in a half starved condition, and comparative nakedness. But as the Susquehanna country rapidly increased in population, the hunting grounds of Wheaton were encroached upon, so that the chance with the smooth bore among the deers and bears was greatly lessened. On this account Wheaton removed from the Susquehanna country, to Otego county, to the more unsettled country of the Delaware, near a place yet known by the name of Wait's settlement, where game was more plenty. The distance from where he made his house in the woods, through the Susquehanna, was about fifty miles, and a continued wilderness at the time. Though these woods the almost aboriginal hunter was often compelled to pass to the Susquehanna, for various necessities, and among the rest no small quantity of whiskey, as he was of very intemperate habits. On one of these visits, in the midst of summer, with his smooth bore on his shoulder, knife, hatchet, &c., in their proper places, he had nearly penetrated the distance, when he became weary, and having come to a summit of the ridge, sometime in the afternoon, which overlooks the vale of the Susquehanna, he selected a convenient place in the shade as it was hot, for the rays of the sun from the West poured their sultry influence through all the forest, where he lay down to rest among the leaves, after taking a drink from his pint bottle of green glass, and a mouthful of cold Johnny cake from his pocket.

In this situation he was soothed to drowsiness by the hum of insects, and the monotony of the passing winds among the foliage around him, when he soon unwarily fell asleep, with his gun folded in his arms. But after awhile he awoke from his sleep, and for a moment or two lay in the same position, as it happened without stirring, when he found that something had taken place while he slept, which had situated him somewhat differently from the manner in which he first went to sleep.—On reflecting a little he found he was entirely covered over head and ears, with leaves and light stuff, occasioned, as he now supposed, either by the sudden blowing of the wind, or some wild animal. On which account he became a little disturbed in his mind, as he well knew the manner of the panther when it hunts for the support of its young, will often cover its prey with leaves and bring its whelps to the banquet. He therefore continued to be perfectly still, as when he first awoke, when he heard the step of some heavy animal near him; and knowing it it were a panther, the distance between himself and death could not be far, if he should attempt to rise up. Accordingly, as he suspected after waiting a full minute, he now distinctly heard the retiring tread of a stealthy panther, of which he had no doubt, from his knowledge of the creature's ways—had taken but a few steps, however, when it again stopped a longer time; still Wheaton continued his silent position, knowing his safety depended much on this. Soon the tread was again heard, farther and farther off until it died away in the distance; but he still lay motionless, a few moments longer, then he ventured gently and cautiously to rise his head, and cast an eye in the direction of the creature. Whatever it was it had gone, and he said nothing. He now rose up with a spring, for his blood had been running from his heart to the extremities and back again with uncommon velocity, all the time his ears had listened to the steps of the animal on the leaves, he knew he had been covered over, and that he paws of some creature had done it. And if, as he suspected a panther was the animal, he knew it would return to kill him, on which account he made haste to deceive it, and to put himself in a situation to give it a taste of the contents of old smooth bore. He now seized upon some pieces of old wood which lay about, and placed as much as was equal to his own bulk, exactly where he slept, and covered it all over with leaves in the same manner the panther had done, and then sprang to a tree near by, into which he ascended, from whence he had a view of a good distance about him, and especially in the direction the creature had gone. Here in the crotch of the tree he stood,

with his gun resting across a limb in the direction of the place where he had been left by the panther, looking sharply as far among the woods as possible, in the direction he expected the creature's return. But he had remained in this position but a short time, and had barely thrust the ramrod down the barrel of his piece, to be sure the charge was in, and to examine his priming, and shut down the pan slowly, so that it should not snap, and thus make a noise, when his keen Indian eye, for such he had, caught a glimpse of a monstrous panther leading warily two panther kittens towards her intended supper.

Now matters were hastening to a climax rapidly, when Wheaton or the panther should finish their huntings on the mountains of the Susquehanna; for if old smooth bore should flash in the pan, or miss her aim, the die would be cast, as a second load would be impossible ere her claws would have sundered his heart strings in the tree where he was; or if he should partly wound her, the same must have been his fate. During these thoughts the panther had hid her young under some brush, and had come within some thirty feet of the spot, and seeing all as she had left it dropped down in a crouching position, precisely as a cat when about to spring on her prey. Now the horrid rustling of her hinder claws drawn under her belly was heard, and the bent ham strings were seen but an instant by Wheaton from where he sat in the tree, when the tremendous leap was made. It rose on a long curve into the air of about ten feet in the highest place, and from thence descending, it struck exactly where the breast and bowels of its prey had lain, with a scream too horrible for description, when it tore to atoms the rotten wood, filled the air for several feet above it with leaves and light brush, the covering of their deception. But instantly the panther found herself cheated, and seemed to droop a little with disappointment; when, however it resumed its erect posture, and surveyed quite around on every side on a horizontal line, in search of its prey, but not discovering it, she cast a furious look aloft upon the tops of the trees, when in a moment or two the eyes of Wheaton and the panther met. Now for another leap, when she dropped for the purpose, but the bullet was off, and two buckshot of old smooth bore were too quick, as he lodged them exactly in the brain of the savage monster, and dropped her head on the spot where the hunter had slept but a short time before, in the soundness of a mountain dream.

## The Office Seeker.

The following extract from a humorous story entitled “the Politician,” written by Paulding, is forcibly brought to mind by the unprecedented rage for office that now prevades all parts of the country. It represents a conversation between a member of the Cabinet and a hanger on or office.

The Secretary was called from his bed one cold winter morning, to attend to business of the “utmost consequence.” He found a queer, long sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, with a lace, critically round as rosy as a ripe cherry; and the following conversation ensued.

“Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?”

“Why-y-y I'm not very particular; but some how or other, I think I should like to be a Minister. I don't mean of the Gospel; but of them ministers to foreign parts.”

“I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed; there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?”

“Why-y-y (answered the apple headed man,) “I would not much care if I took a situation in one of the Departments. I would not much mind being a Comptroller, Auditor or some such thing.”

“My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would not you take some thing else?”

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered:

“Why-y-y, yes; I don't care if I get a good Collectorship, or Inspectorship, or Surveyorship, or Navy Agency, or any thing of that sort.”

“Really, my good sir,” said the Secretary, “I regret exceedingly, that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the Government, is at present occupied. Pray sir, think of something else.”

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all around the room, fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last putting on one of the drol-

lest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said:

“Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike, haven't you some old clothes you can spare?”

## THE GRAVE.

What is it that can make us startle, and shrink at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of this world may tremble, but what is the sting of death to those whose life has been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the unhappy? Is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? Is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who had no place to flee unto? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace; this wipes off the sweat of the poor laboring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller. This dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and makes the heart of the sorrowful to forget its throbbings; 'tis this eases the agonies of the diseased, and giveth a medicine to the hopeless incurable; this discharges the naked and hungry insolvent, and releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence, till he had paid the uttermost farthing; 'tis this that rescues the slave from his heavy taskmaster, and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity. This silences the clamors of the defamer, and hushes the violence of the whisperer. The infirmities of age, and the unweariness of youth; the blemishes of the deformed, the frenzies of the lunatic, and the weakness of the idiot, are here all buried together; and who shall see them? Let the men of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the scenes of their departure because their pleasure is no more; but let the son of wretchedness and affliction smile and be comforted, for their deliverance draweth nigh, and their pain ceaseth.—Vincent Bourne.

## A SISTER.

He who never knows a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her in learning smiles and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

“That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters,” I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

“And why do you think so?” said I.

“Because of the rich development of all the tender and more refined feeling of the heart, which is so apparent in every action in every word.”

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with a pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

FORGIBLE ARGUMENT.—We were informed by one of our deputy sheriffs, that within a few months past he has entirely lost the run of a number of individuals who had previously been good customers to the state in the assault and battery department. He was astonished that these individuals should disappear so suddenly without returning once, at least, to shake hands and bid farewell. A few evenings since, however, Mr. sheriff made a discovery of his old familiar faces. And where reader, think ye he found them? Why, attentively engaged in listening to a very excellent temperance address which was being delivered in one of our churches, to a large and respectable body of people, nearly all of whom had subscribed to the temperance pledge. These facts, simple as they are, speak volumes.

## CLIP.

## A SCREAMER.

There is a young lady of “sweet sixteen” down the Seneca river, who cuts her two cords of wood per day, when not too much engaged in household affairs.—Being at school the other day, she settled some difference between herself and the schoolmaster by trundling him head-foremost out of the house, and closing the doors upon him. What glorious remedy for “hard times,” sa. hio companion “in arms” would be!—Ohio State Journal.

“Bill, Bill,” said an urchin, “daddy's fairly dead.” “Is he? well I'm darn'd sorry; but he'll never lick us again for lathering the old cat and shaving her.”