

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## 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 arrears are paid.  
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## POETRY.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

### SNEEZING.

Like a dog and a tin kettle,  
Like a bill a man can't settle,  
Like a hat without a crown,  
Like a bottle upside down,  
Like a coat that doesn't fit,  
Like a piece of wood 'twixt wit,  
Like a pot of ale that's dead,  
Or like pastboard gingerbread,  
Like the queerest thing you please,  
Is the checking of a sneeze!  
Like a squinting lady's leer,  
Or a cross-eyed auctioneer,  
Like a hat blown off a head,  
When the head is very red,  
And the hat along the street  
Runs a race 'tis hard to beat,  
With the owner running after,  
Amid roaring peals of laughter!  
Half a sneeze is just like that—  
Like the man without the hat.

Like a stale and broken charm  
Is a sneezing false alarm;  
Like a snapping fiddle string,  
Or a more vexatious thing,  
But like water when you thirst,  
Or a hope to crowning nurse,  
Like a friend's returning smile  
After wrath and storm awhile,  
Or like ought bestowing ease  
Is a good and hearty sneeze.

PHAZMA.

Some poetaster wrote the following for the Hartford Review, but it killed him:

"Long is the morn  
That brings no eve;  
Tall is the corn  
That no cobs leave;  
Blue is the sky  
That never looks yellier;  
Hard is the apple  
That never grows mellier;  
But longer, and bluer, and harder, and tall,  
Is my own lady-love—my adorable Poll."

### Epigram.

"Two jolly tappers, Sam and Hugh,  
By tipping lost their breath,  
And having drank to all they knew,  
At last they drank to DEATH."

REFORM.—We clip the following capital hit from one of our exchange papers:

How well it is the sun and moon  
Are placed so very high  
That no presuming ass can reach  
To pluck them from the sky  
If 'twere not so, I do believe  
That some reforming ass  
Would soon attempt to take them down  
To light the world with gas!

"Where are my stays?" asked a lady  
of her husband. "Here they are," said  
he, throwing his arms around her.

## THE FUGITIVE OF MOSCOW.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

"O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-headed hope,  
Thou lovenest angel, girl with golden wings  
And thou unblemish'd form of chastity!  
I see the visibly, and now believe  
That he, the 'Supreme God, to whom all things  
Are but as lavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,  
To keep my life and honor unassail'd."

During the reign of Czar Peter, there resided in the city of Moscow a gentleman of birth and education named Prieur, a native of France, who left his country in disgust with the political and religious excitements which agitated it, and which had been the means of depriving him of a large portion of his fortune. He had but one child, a daughter, named Eloisia, whose mother died in child-bed. In addition to the natural cords of affection which binds the parent to the offspring, this child was endeared to Prieur by a thousand adventitious associations, and he lavished upon her all that wealth could procure.

Prieur was received with every mark of respect by the Czar, and his daughter immediately became the idol of the Russian Court, with descriptions of her accomplishments, her greatness, her symmetry of form, and particularly of the pleasing expression of her eyes, the Russian legendary ballads are filled.

"Downcast, or shooting glances far  
How beautiful her eyes,  
That blent the nature of the star  
With that of summer skies!"

To charms such as Eloisia possessed, the Czar was not insensible; and neglecting his estimable wife, the lady Catharine, the noblest woman, if history may be believed, that ever shared the regal honors of the Russian throne, he sought to win the love of the fair Gallic maiden by unwelcome importunities, and even by unmanly threatenings.

Alarmed beyond measure at his threats and her meditated degradation; aware also of his despotic power and ability to accomplish, by the aid of his ready slaves, almost whatever he might desire, Eloisia fled in terror secretly from the metropolis, without informing even her father of her intended destination.

Three leagues beyond the walls of Moscow, lay a marsh of many miles in extent, covered with wild briars and brambles; in the middle of that swamp was a mound or island, as it were, on which was a ruined hut, once, it was said, inhabited by an anchorite, concerning whom many fearful legends were told by nurses to frighten and subdue wayward children; but whether the legends are true or false, it matters not to our tale; there was the swamp.

"A midway in the unsafe morass,  
A single island rose  
Of firm dry ground, with fruitful grass  
Adorned, and shady boughs."

A knowledge of that island, and of the tales connected with it, Eloisia had gathered from a vassal who lived upon the borders of the morass, and who for several years had supplied her father with game. Disguised, she sought his solitary hut, and besought him with ready rewards of gold, and promises of whatever he might ask, to lead her through the swamp to that secluded and desolate retreat. The honest Fowler, on hearing of her distress, refused her gold, and cheerfully conducted her to the little island, promising to supply her daily with such food as he could procure. Eloisia took possession of her new habitation with a sense of devout thankfulness, and there she lived for two years, a saintly anchoress, alike contented amid the snows of winter and the flowers and fruits of summer.

During this time, no one in Moscow knew anything of her fate; all supposed her lost, and many believed through the Czar. Her father mourned her as dead, and the lady Catharine (who was not ignorant of her husband's passion) shared with him his grief.

Upon the rude walls of her cabin, the fair fugitive had hung a picture, in accordance with Russian usage, of the *Mater Dolorosa*, with which she communed every morn and eve. Even there, in deep solitude, she dreamed away her time in pleasant fancies and gentle occupations; she cultivated wild flowers, and made companions of them and the birds that lived around the forest home; and when the early winter came, and she saw the white swans passing southward, she followed them in fancy on their flight to the vine clad fields of her native France, and memory dwelt for hours, in delight, on the recollections of childhood; the Kremlin and Czar were forgotten, the

past became the present, and the future was disregarded.

As Eloisia was indulging in a reverie, such as is here poorly shadowed forth to the reader, a wounded deer came bounding through the forest, and sunk down exhausted at her feet: he was followed by a Russian nobleman named Inrak, who, led on by excitement of the chase, had pursued his noble game through the morass, encountering dangers, of which to think made him tremble. Led by his dogs, he came boldly up to the stag, and blew a "death proclaiming blast."

Eloisia, relying upon the strength which ever accompanies a virtuous mind, now came from a thicket, where, on Inrak's approach she had taken shelter.

Inrak, starting back with astonishment could only, with difficulty, find words to ask whether she was the divinity of the place, or a mortal maid, suffering cruel confinement there under the power of some demon master, or wizard's charm.

"Noble stranger, as your address and appearance bespeak you," said Eloisia, calmly, "you behold in me, as in this object of your pursuit, a stricken deer. I might have lain in my covert unobserved, but from your department, sir, I judged that a suffering woman would find in you a friend. I am not terrified—I shed no tears—but I beseech you, when you return to Moscow, not to explain the mystery which has thus accidentally been revealed to you to-day. I ask no more: for the honor of manhood do not deny a maiden in distress this reasonable boon."

"Is it possible," said Inrak, in amazement, "that you are the maiden whose sudden disappearance from Moscow, two years since, was the theme of every tongue—whose virtue withstood the Emperor's assaults—whose mysterious fate has drawn unnumbered tears from the eyes of all those who were too happy in the enjoyment of your acquaintance?"

"My name is Eloisia Prieur," replied the fair fugitive—"do you know if my father lives? I have never informed him of my concealment, for fear, O wicked heart of mine! that he would resign me to the Czar."

"He lives," answered Inrak, "in inconsolable grief for your loss."

In a moment was kindled in the breast of Inrak a passion strong as if it had been of years duration. He already looked upon the gentle Eloisia as his own, and besought her to trust in him her deliverance. "The Czar," said he, "has repented in deepest grief his violent suit, as I have learned from his own lips, and from the lips of the lady Catharine, he has also sought in a thousand ways, to make reparation to your father. Therefore, gentle maiden! if you will give sanction to my enterprise, I will make haste to Moscow, and return to you with the strongest pledges a sovereign can give, that you may return to your father and live inviolate."

Eloisia smiled a faint consent, and hope grew bold in the breast of Inrak, who taking a respectful leave, proceeded in all haste to Moscow, and returned on the third day after his departure, to the lonely island in the morass, and bore away his prize to her father's arms. The old man clasped Eloisia to his heart, and the tears of joy which fell from his eyes, did make the meeting seem most like a dear farewell!

Love succeeded gratitude in the breast of Eloisia; the bridal day was appointed, the bridal day arrived, and the deliverer and delivered were united.

"Mock Catharine had her own reward;  
The Czar bestowed a dower,  
And universal Moscow shared  
The triumph of that hour."

## LIFE.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty.

Our course in manhood and youth is a long a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependencies are both vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor, our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the raving of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel,

and the lands lessen from our eyes, and floods are lifted around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take the last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and the Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that that the Creator is only permanent? or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which doth most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as way-faring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world; and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies.

## THE MISER WHO HAD A HEART.

Among all the orders and classes of men that inhabit this little planet of ours, and make such a bustle upon it, there is none more miserable and degraded, and really contemptible, than the Miser. A wretched hermit in his gloomy den, wrapped up in the solitude of his heart-withering, soul-destroying avarice. Such beings are, among the human family, what toads and lizards, and adders are among the reptile race. Superior minds cannot look upon them otherwise than with loathing and disgust.

We never could exactly understand the propriety of giving these old curmudgeons a decent funeral when they die, much less of extending to their memories the immortality of a newspaper puff, unless like the quack doctors, they pay liberally in advance. There probably never existed one of this numerous tribe who did not secretly exult in anticipation of what the papers would say of his wealth and possessions after his decease. Now the newspaper world should out these old fellows altogether—they never take a paper—they never patronize except by borrowing—and their deaths whether fair or foul, whether they die in a den or a palace, should never be heralded. A course of this sort, by giving them less prospective notoriety, would tend to make them better men.

The papers give an account of an individual in Massachusetts, who lived to a good old age, and shut himself up for the last ten years from his neighbors and relatives, under the delusion that they were seeking to fleece him of his property. His charities never warmed the hearts of the poor. A relative who yet survives, and is in destitute circumstances, once went to him when pressed by want for a few quarts of meal; but he turned her from him empty handed.

He could not afford to marry. He made a will, but before his death destroyed it by striking out the names of the devisees, whom he could not bear to think were to have his property. He several times within a few years said that it was his intention to have his money put into his coffin and buried with him. He loved money—he worshipped it—and his greatest grief was that he must part with it at death. Yet he would have been indignant had he been called while living a miser. Feeding on the coarsest fare he called economy—sitting without fire, while his wood was rotting in piles, was with him frugality—and using a shingle for the double purpose of a fire shovel and bellows, was, in his view, a saving of expense.

The name of this confirmed old miser was Hallet, and he lived and died at Yarmouth. And his was certainly the most extraordinary case of avarice which we can now call to mind, with the exception of that of Old Silberton, the founder of the hospital that bears his name in the city of Aberdeen. He was one of the greatest misers and most wretched men that ever lived. He was very fond of reading, but would never go to the expense of a light; and instead of fuel for his fire, he used to keep himself warm by logging a bag of stones about his room upon his back. He at last denied himself the necessary food if procured at his own expense, and finally died of a surfeit at the house of a friend!

—But enough of these sombre musings. Let us turn over a new leaf—and if there is any thing like sunshine in the life of a miser, let us have it. The best thing we can say of one of these beings, is to tell a story we recently overheard, in one of our Rambles about Town, of THE MISER THAT HAD A HEART.

"Uncle," said a sweet looking little girl the other day to a bluff old skinflint, up town, who owns something like a square of houses, and has a cool hundred thousand in the funds—"pray tell me, what is a miser?"

"A miser, eh?—why, what put such a silly question as that into your head, child?"

"O, nothing in particular, uncle—only

I heard Mr. Goodyear say, as he went out the other day, when you refused to help build the new church, that he was afraid you were getting to be a miser—that's all, uncle."

"Poh, poh—go along to your lessons, Rosa."

The old man was touched—he loved the blooming little niece, and notwithstanding her pertness, the thought of her dependence upon him, and of the poverty of her widowed mother, struck a chord that for once vibrated to his heart. He was confused, and his countenance exhibited tokens of the scarlet fever. He bustled about after his hat and cane, and hurried off down town an hour earlier than usual.

"Why Rosa, my child, what have you been saying to your uncle?—He's offended with something or other you have said or done."

"No, no, mother—I only asked him what a miser was—and he told me to go along to my lessons; that's all."

The timid and heart-stricken mother sobbed outright, at what she thought the fatal imprudence of her child. She well knew his sordid passion, and had observed with anxiety how rapidly it was absorbing his better feelings as age crept silently upon him.

"Oh my child—you are thoughtless, and you have, I fear, greatly offended your uncle. He may turn us out of doors—and what would then become of us?"

"Never fear," said the lively little girl—"I'll at him; I'll hug, and I'll kiss him, until he forgives me, and tells me what a miser is. He'll never turn us out, mother—never—he can't be so naughty an uncle as that."

Some time before the usual dinner hour, the old gentleman came stepping along into the parlor, lugging a huge bundle under his arm. Little Rose flew to his side, anxiously watching her uncle's countenance, which she instantly perceived to be lighted up with a smile of benevolence, but she said not a word.

"Rosy, my dear," said the old man, after he had carefully opened his bundle, and displayed its rich contents upon the table—"Rosy, where's your mother?"

"There," continued the old man, when the lady and little Rose appeared, "there is a present for you, sister; and you, my little lassie, there's one for you; but remember, Rosa, never to believe any one who says your uncle is a miser."

Rose sprung into his arms, and the old man wept in the overflowing of his emotions. From that hour he has been a happier man. The innocent prattle of the little Rosa had kindled the spark of benevolence in his bosom. He found out that HE HAD A HEART.

From the National Intelligencer—Extra.

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1841.

This day the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES transmitted to both Houses of Congress the following

## MESSAGE:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

You have assembled in your respective halls of legislation under a proclamation bearing the signature of the illustrious citizen who was so lately called by the direct suffrages of the people to the discharge of the important functions of their chief executive office. Upon the expiration of a single month from the day of his installation, he has paid the great debt of nature, leaving behind him a name associated with the recollection of numerous benefits conferred upon the country during a long life of patriotic devotion. With this public bereavement are connected other considerations which will not escape the attention of Congress. The preparations necessary for his removal to the seat of Government in view of a residence of four years must have devolved upon the late President heavy expenditures, which, if permitted to burden the limited resources of his private fortune, may tend seriously to the embarrassment of his surviving family; and it is therefore respectfully submitted to Congress whether the ordinary principles of justice would not dictate the propriety of its legislative interposition. By the provisions of the fundamental law, the powers and duties of the high station to which he was elected have devolved upon me, and in the dispositions of the representatives of the States and of the people will be found to a great extent a solution of the problem to which our institutions are for the first time subjected.

In entering upon the duties of this office, I did not feel that it would be becoming in me to disturb what had been ordered by my lamented predecessor. Whatever, therefore, may have been my opinion, originally, as to the propriety of convening Congress at so early a day from that of its late adjournment, I found a new and controlling inducement not to interfere with the patriotic desire of the late

President, in the novelty of the situation in which I was so unexpectedly placed. My first wish under such circumstances would necessarily have been to have called to my aid, in the administration of public affairs, the combined wisdom of the two Houses of Congress, in order to take their counsel and advice as to the best mode of extricating the Government and the country from the embarrassment weighing heavily on both. I am then most happy in finding myself, so soon after my accession to the Presidency, surrounded by the immediate representatives of the States and the people.

No important changes have taken place in our foreign relations since the last session of Congress, and it is not deemed necessary on this occasion to go into a detailed statement in regard to them. I am happy to say that I see nothing to destroy the hope of being able to preserve peace.

The ratification of the treaty with Portugal has been duly exchanged between the two Governments. This Government has not been inattentive to the interests of those of our citizens who have claims on the Government of Spain founded on express treaty stipulations, and a hope is indulged that the representations which have been made to that Government on this subject may lead ere long to beneficial results.

A correspondence has taken place between the Secretary of State and the Minister of her Britannic Majesty accredited to this Government, on the subject of Alexander McLeod's indictment and imprisonment, copies of which are herewith communicated to Congress.

In addition to what appears from these papers, it may be proper to state that Alexander McLeod has been heard by the Supreme Court of the State of New York on his motion to be discharged from imprisonment, and that the decision of that Court has not yet been pronounced.

The Secretary of State has addressed to me a paper upon two subjects, interesting to the commerce of the country, which will receive my consideration, and which I have the honor to communicate to Congress.

So far as it depends on the course of this Government, our relations of goodwill and friendship will be sedulously cultivated with all nations. The true American policy will be found to consist in the exercise of a spirit of justice to be manifested in the discharge of all our international obligations, to the weakest of the family of nations as well as to the most powerful. Occasional conflicts of opinion may arise, but when the discussions incident to them are conducted in the language of truth and with a strict regard to justice, the scourge of war will for the most part be avoided. The time ought to be regarded as having gone by when a resort to arms is to be esteemed as the only proper arbiter of national differences.

The census recently taken shows a regularly progressive increase in our population. Upon the breaking out of the war of the Revolution our numbers scarcely equalled three millions of souls; they already exceed seventeen millions and will continue to progress in ratio which duplicates in a period of about twenty three years. The old States contain a territory sufficient in itself to maintain a population of additional millions, and the most populous of the new States may even yet be regarded as but partially settled, while of the new lands on this side of the Rocky Mountains, to say nothing of the immense region which stretches from the base of those mountains to the mouth of the Columbia river, about 770,000,000 of acres, ceded and unceded, still remain to be brought into market. We hold out to the people of other countries an invitation to come and settle among us as members of our rapidly growing family; and for the blessings which we offer them, we require of them to look upon our country as their own country, and to unite with us in the great task of preserving our institutions, and thereby perpetuating our liberties. No motive exists for foreign conquest. We desire but to reclaim our almost limitless wilderness, and to introduce into their depths the lights of civilization. While we shall at all times be prepared to vindicate the national honor, our most earnest desire will be to maintain an unbroken peace.

In presenting the foregoing views, I cannot withhold the expression of the opinion that there exists nothing in the extension of our empire over our acknowledged possessions to excite the alarm of the patriot for the safety of our institutions. The federative system, leaving to each state the care of its domestic concerns, and devolving on the Federal Government those of general import, admits in safety of the greatest expansion, but, at the same time, I deem it proper to add that there will be found to exist at all times an imperious necessity for restraining all the functions of this government within the range of their respective pow-