

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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POETRY.

THE SPIRIT-BAND.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
Even at the morning's birth,
When her robes of light are loosened
O'er the fair and freshen'd earth;
Ye are with me round about me,
Winged spirits of the skies,
Peopling air and space around me
Though unseen by other eyes.
As I gaze upon your features,
In each lineament I trace,
Though you are but passing shadows,
Likeness to some well-known face.

First thou comest, longest parted,
Bound by every tie to earth,
Slowly, sadly did we yield thee,
Knowing well thine angel worth.
When the summer flowers are stricken
By the autumn reaper's breath,
Knowing thee as ripe for harvest,
Came the noiseless reaper, Death!
By the border lakes, whose beauty
Cast around thy heart a spell,
Where thy footsteps oft have lingered,
There thy corpse is sleeping well!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the golden noontide hour,
And the spirit gleam around me,
Tells me of your hidden power.
There's another form beside me,
Slight and fairy like its frame;
Life was short, no years it numbered,
Earth scarce stamped it with a name:
Yet I wept when thou didst leave us,
And my heart is beating wild,
As I gaze upon thine image,
And recall my brother's child!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the twilight hour of rest,
When the sunset rears its banners
O'er the portals of the west,
Fush thy meanings, gentle spirit,
Soft thy shadow falls on mine,
And an angel voice is whispering
"Lo! young mother he is thine!"
Ay, thou'rt with them, loved and loving,
Naught could stay thy tyrant's hand;
Onward! still his course is onward,
O'er our bright and cherished land.

What to me are spring's low breathings?
What the modern melodies that ring
Through our green and ancient forests?
Thee, to me, not these can bring.
Thou art called the Awakener,
But, sweet spring, thy power hath fled,
I ask not thy birds nor flowers,
Wake for me the holy dead!
Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
When the mournful midnight waxes
Woe the moon's unsteady gleamings
As they light the new made graves!

What, thou, too art gazing on me;
With thy dark and eager eyes;
Last to love us—loved most fondly—
Thee I view with sad surprise.
When the low-voiced breeze is sighing
In its strange and sweet unrest,
And the perfum'd urns are flinging
Odors, on its peaceful breast,
Then these phantom forms flit by me,
Breathing of a "better land";
Yet I feel most lone, when round me
Float the silent spirit-band.

From Graham's Magazine.

A Sketch from Life.

BY J. TOMLIN.

The subject of the present sketch has had in time, the most sincere friendship of the writer. One act, and one alone, has made them enemies—irreconcilably, forever. It is to be regretted that it is so, yet it cannot be otherwise, and the honor of both be preserved. There is in any and every one, that aspires to greatness, a taleless absurdity, when suffering a reprehensible action of an associate to pass away like the morning mist on the flower, without noticing it, or giving the admonitory reproof, that often corrects and finally subdues the evil. We are not such isolated creatures on the surface of a world passing away, as to require a more powerful impulse in the correction of an evil, than the blessings it gives to our fellow beings.

Gordon De Severn was my senior by some several years;—but in all of his actions, there was a freshness and youthfulness, so akin to what I did, and what I felt myself, that I could not keep away from him. He was a scholar, but not of the schools, therefore none ever complained of his dullness. His Aristotelean capacity grasped almost intuitively, what others could scarcely get by the most diligent researches; and with the perception of a Byron, he disclosed every beautiful thought that ever swept along the labyrinth of mind. He was a mighty genius, free, bold, and daring! He liked to see the bubbles of time vanish, and others coming in their places, but did not recollect, that soon, very soon, the vapour that supported his adolescent spirits, would dissolve, and be no more forever! He was an observer on the world—a spy on the tumultuous feelings that agitate, and corrupt the heart;—and he boasted that he was of the world, but a being removed beyond its temptations.

Six summers ago, Eliza Wharton was young, happy, and full of innocence. How altered now is this creature, from what she was when I first knew her. Time often makes worse havoc with the reputation, than with the body. A little while ago, Eliza Wharton was not more fair than she was innocent; but now at the heart the canker worm preys voraciously, as is evidenced by the deep lines that mark the cheek. Retired beyond the precincts of the bustle of the multitude; lost to friends that once loved her,—she lives a solitary creature, ruined in reputation by the very being she once loved;—penitent in seclusion, she has wept her sins forgiven, and will win her way to heaven, in spite of a cold—cold world.

Being in affluential circumstances, she moved in the first circles of society in the little town that gave her birth. She was intellectual and beautiful, which made her an object of envy to many. Women envy the beauty they see in every one of their sex, and man, the rich endowment of mind, that makes his fellow being more distinguished than himself. How aware we do dispense any noble capacity that we see in others, when we possess it not ourselves—and the good qualities that show themselves most splendidly in our neighbor, are a bright mark, at which we level in bitterness, the wrath of our envy. Those that have but the most common endowments of our nature, are generally the most happy, and almost always move in a path, that leads to a peaceful destiny. Had Eliza Wharton been one of the common, ordinary creatures that move in humble life, in her fall, she would have had the sympathies of the world. But being of a superior mould both in body and in mind,—her fall was unregretted, unwept.

In an evil hour there came along a being in the shape of man, like herself of towering intellect, but unlike her in goodness of heart and benevolence of feeling. She loved him! She thought that she saw him superior to any thing that she had even before seen in others. Nobleness of mind he certainly had—and the ways of the world he was familiar with, for he had travelled much. He had studied but not from books. The volume of nature as it lay spread out before him, in gorgeous robes of mixed colors, dyed with the richest tints the every avenue to the soul, and he became a poet in feeling. His was the philosophy of feeling and not of reason—therefore he erred. Every emotion of the heart, he mistook for inspiration of the soul—and he fed the keen appetites

of his nature from every stream that rippled his path. What to him was good, he never considered might be poison to others. His was the mighty ocean of mind, not cramped by this usage, or that custom—but free, bold and daring! He visited fountains that could not be reached by every one, and drank of waters that inspired different sensations from what were felt by the world in which he lived.

I do well recollect the time when these two beings first met. It was on the eighteenth anniversary of Eliza's birth—and at a *fete*, given by her father, in honor of the occasion. It was in May, the month of flowers; and though a moonless night, yet the bright stars looked down in myriads on the happy earth. Eliza was all joy and animation. Before her lay the rich fields of pleasure, and she seized on every moment as one of gladness, and of happiness. She did not know that in her path, there lay a serpent that would soon destroy her. Gordon De Severn, like some fiery comet, attracted every eye, and spell-bound the poor maiden that happened to come within the hearing of his magic words. Exclusively on that night, did he appropriate Eliza to himself. She listened, enraptured at every word he spoke, and fell at last a victim, to the snare he had laid. He played his part so well on that night, that he fairly captured the fair one's heart—and for the first time in her life, she retired, to a sleepless pillow, bedewed with tears. De Severn admired her, but he was not in love.

For several months after their first interview, he was almost a daily visitor at her house. He courted her—and he won her. She believed him, when he told her, that he would be her friend. She believed him when he said, that he loved her. She trusted, when he deceived. She fell because she loved one too much, that proved himself a villain, and not because she was base. She departed from virtue, not because she was in love with vice, but to oblige one that she loved much. She fell—and this vile seducer is now sporting in the sunshine of wealth—and has friends, and is received into the houses of the honorable, and is caressed, and is smiled upon; while the poor injured one—Eliza Wharton, abandoned by the world, and by her relations, to pine in some sequestered spot, and die of a broken heart.

How often does it happen in this world of ours, that the betrayer receives honor from the hands of the people, and the betrayed is scoffed at and reviled, for being so credulous as to believe even a tale of—Love. Jackson, Tenn.

From the Taunton Whig.

Warning to Parents.

The substance of the following affecting and mournful story was related to the Editor, by a gentleman of his acquaintance, a short time since, who had recently returned from a journey in a neighboring state. The gentleman passed through the town a few days subsequent to the occurrence of the tragic event.

In the town of C—, State of M— resided a gentleman and his family. He had a daughter, an affectionate and accomplished young lady, about 20 years of age, who mingled with the first families. The daughter, while thus mingling with the young company of the village, became attached to a young gentleman. The young gentleman, although of unsullied reputation—of good family—and generally respected, wanted, what many parents think the only requisite to secure the comfort and happiness of their children, MONEY. The intimacy existing between them soon ripened into love, and a mutual declaration of sentiments was the result. The father of the young lady, upon ascertaining the circumstances, forbid the young gentleman his house. In this unpleasant posture of affairs after a time the young lady became very much depressed in spirits. Every effort of her friends was made to amuse, enliven and entertain her, and to dissipate the clouds of sorrow and disappointment, which cast their shadows upon her heart—withering the flowers of hope and love within. But all would not do—disappointed love, blighted and crushed affections, preyed upon her spirit, and vampire like, drank the blood of a broken heart, turning the sweet fountains of love & hope to a well of bitterness and death.

During the few days previous to the fatal catastrophe which resulted from the cruel circumstances of her situation, her sister-in-law was with her, and had slept with her a number of nights. She had observed that the young victim seemed to become more and more depressed, and had endeavored to soothe and alleviate her situation with all that love which ever flows from a sister's heart. But her efforts did not succeed in bringing back the vanished smiles of hope and joy to the now pallid and death-like face of the young sufferer.

One afternoon, she procured pen, ink and paper, seated herself in the room with the family and commenced writing letters, with the same indifference and apparent unconcern which she usual manifested on such occasions, merely drawing her hand across the letter upon which she was engaged when any one approached. After the letters were finished, and as evening approached, she requested her sister to allow her to sleep alone that night, giving some reason for the request, which was satisfactory. She went to her room about the usual time, which was directly over the sitting room, in which the family were gathered. Her father hearing her walking to and fro, for a considerable time, across the floor, went up stairs, looked into the room, and enquired why she was still up? She answered him by saying she was arranging her clothes, &c. After this, nothing further was heard.

Upon going into her room in the morning she was discovered by turning down the sheet, a lifeless corpse, with her throat cut from ear to ear. The letters found in her room, were those written the day before, stating her situation and feelings, and requesting such a deposition of her clothes and ornaments, as she had therein specified. She had removed the feather bed and clothes, rolled up a spread or comforter, and laid it upon the bed, for the purpose of elevating her head—spread a cloth under her neck to catch the blood, and prevent its staining the bed or carpet—tied a handkerchief around her chin and head to prevent the falling of the under-jaw—drawn a sheet from her feet up to her head, and after cutting her throat, had as it appeared, deliberately wiped the blade of her razor, rolled it up in the corner of the sheet, drawn the sheet entirely over her face, and folded her arms peacefully across her aching bosom. In this situation she was found, the victim of a parent's cold and worldly calculation. The father was made almost a madman and can never know peace again—bitter reflections will follow him to the grave.

When will parents learn that the never-dying feelings and affections of the heart are not like the mutable, evanescent, perishable and worthless vanities of earth, but are essential and constituent elements of immortality, belonging to heaven, and can no more be bargained for, bought, sold, and exchanged, than the breath of life—the aspirations of the soul, or the birthright of future existence?

Such a deliberate, cautious, calculating suicide—so systematically and minutely planned—so boldly, quietly, firmly, and fatally carried into execution, by the hand of a young and beautiful being, just blushing into the glory and loveliness of existence, and gathering the flowers of hope in the beautiful gardens of life—fills all with astonishment; carries a cold shudder to every heart, and a thrill of horror to the soul.

What must have been the agony of a heart thus tried? What the bitterness and despair which reigned within? What the desolation of a spirit thus wronged—thus lost? Who can tell?

From the U. S. Gazette.

The Broken Hearted.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I have seen the infant—sinking down like a stricken flower to the grave, the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle. The miserable convict standing upon the scaffold with a deep curse quivering on his lips. I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance with a fearless eye,—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life, turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is passing off the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave, to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl apparently about seven or eight years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mother. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped, her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers, her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer, almost looked to see her fade away into the air like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheer-

ful, and even gay, yet I saw, that her gaiety was but mocking of her feelings. She smiled but there was something in her smile, which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear; and her eyelids at times closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony, that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scenes of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down, upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fount of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence; and I became to her a brother. She wasted away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter; the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she first told me the tale of passion, and of the blight that had come down like midew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a wound, which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope, and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends who love me; it is very hard to bid farewell to these dear scenes, with which I have held communion from childhood; and which from day to-day, have caught the color of my life, and sympathized with its joys and sorrows."

"That little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and at times, and even now, the sweet tones of his voice, seems to come stealing around me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody,—that pensive star which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me to his own bright home; every flower, and tree and rivulet, on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me; and I cannot without a sigh, close my eyes upon them for ever."

I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream, gentle as the sinking of the breeze, that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses, and then dies, "as 'twere from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon her faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it—that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection, to flow back into an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

Bright creature of my dreams, in that realm I shall see again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the stream are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam, that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit, sinks like a spell, from heaven upon my thoughts and the grief of years is turned to blessedness and peace.

From the Hartford Review and Telegraph

The Book Agent.

As the sun was setting, after one of those sultry days in July, when the thermometer rose to 90 degrees, a tall, lantern-jawed, gambrel-shanked fellow entered the village of—, in the old commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was dressed in the peculiar costume of a back woodsman,—having on his head a squirrel skin cap, and on his feet a pair of dou-

ble soled boots, which would laugh out of countenance a Kamschatkian wibler. On his arm was carefully folded a butternut colored frock coat, and in his hand was an extra shirt and dickey, tied up in a cotton flag handkerchief. On his entrance into the village he enquired for the clergyman, and being told where he might be found, started post haste for his residence. Arriving at his house, he found him enjoying the cool of the evening twilight in his garden. Stepping up to the fence, he inquired if the Rev. Mr.— lived in that neighborhood?—The clergyman told him he did, and that he was the individual to whom he alluded.

"I'm dreadful deaf," said the fellow, "you must raise your voice, or I can't hear a word you say." The clergyman put his lips to his ear, and repeated the declaration, that he was the person for whom he enquired, and asked him the object of his call. "Tis been an awful hot day," said the traveller, "but it grows a little cooler as the sun goes down."

The clergyman again inquired his business, on the top of his lungs. "I thank you a thousand times," said the stranger, "I reckoned to have got to a tavern by sun down, but I hav'nt, and as I'm prodigiously tuckered out, I'll stay, and thank you into the bargain," following the clergyman into the house. The clergyman handed him a chair, and after laying down his coat in a corner of the room, and fanning himself a while with his cap he took his seat. The clergyman in a loud voice, asked him to what part of the country he was travelling? "Any thing that comes handy," he replied, "I'm a farmer when at home, and not much used to nick nacks—I can eat any thing but cold pork and cabbage, and that I never could eat since I was a boy, but don't put yourselves out of the way at all on my account. The clergyman inquired again in a still louder voice, if he was from Vermont? "I'm getting subscribers for a valuable book—it's the works of John Bunyan, or Jonathan Bunyan,—I don't remember exactly which, but I'll see, pulling out the prospectus, and handing it to the clergyman. The clergyman, after looking at it, handed it back, and remarking that he did not wish to subscribe. "O yes," he replied, "I always carry a pen and ink with me as I find a great many folks that don't keep such things in their houses," pulling out his pen and ink and handing it to the clergyman. The clergyman raised his voice to the highest key, and said he must be excused from subscribing. "Just as well," said the agent, "I write the names of half of my subscribers myself," entering the name of the clergyman in his book. The clergyman despairing of making the fellow hear any thing, concluded to get rid of him the easiest way he could. He therefore furnished him with a good supper and bed.

In the morning he told him, in a voice as loud as he was master of, that he did not want the work, and that he should not take it. "Don't give yourself any uneasiness about it," said the agent, "I never forget subscribers, and especially ministers—you shall have it in due time." Thanking him for his kindness and hospitality, and bidding him good morning he trudged off as fast as his legs could carry him. About a month after, as the clergyman was on his way to visit a brother in the ministry in a neighboring town, he was not a little surprised to meet his old guest the deaf book agent. He was dressed in much the same manner as before; but was seated on a box, in the fore part of a one horse wagon, drawn by a horse that would require still feeding to make much of a shadow.

Coming up to him, he jumped out of his wagon, shook him cordially by the hand, and said he was going directly to his house with his books. The clergyman, said he must be excused from taking them as he had a set already on hand. "No matter," said the agent, "I'm right by your house, and can leave the books, and take the money from your wife," getting into his wagon and driving off.

The clergyman, fearing his family might take the books in his absence, put about for home, and arrived just as the agent was driving up. Seeing the clergyman had returned, he said, "you came back for fear of rain and storm I suppose;" taking the books from his box and carrying them into the house. The clergyman told him, as loud as he could, he did not want the books, and thought he was insulting him. The agent said, "I intended to have got a little further before the storm; but if you cannot conveniently pay me the money, then I must accept your kind invitation and stay till the storm is over." The minister finding he must take the books or keep the fellow three or four days, paid him the money, as the easiest way to get rid of him.

The Louisiana Advertiser of the 13th ult. says: "Look out for spurious fifty dollar bills on the State Bank of Alabama or Tuscaloosa. They are signed by S. Clayton as President. There is no such officer."