

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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FOR

The Huntingdon Journal.

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POETRY.

From the N. O. Picayune.
VERY SINCERELY.

I wish I had—I do indeed,
Some little snug retreat,
A calm blue sky above my head,
Green earth beneath my feet;
A little spot, however small,
Nor rent, nor hire to pay,
Where man might show his nature, in
A homely, manly way!

I've got a wife, where all besides
Is questioning and cold;
Whose lips have ne'er reproaches framed,
Whose eyes but kindness told,
I've got a child, whose little voice
To words I love to frame,
Nor less, because it loves the first
To name its mother's name!

I've got a friend—the distant now,
Who thinks as once he thought;
The change to manhood in his breast
No other changes hath wrought;
A noble heart! who still hath shared
Each change of grief and joy!
And by whose side I'd walk
Again a careless boy!

How much for happiness have I!
How priceless is my all!
How little, named with mine, the wealth
Which happiness men call;
How rich! and ye, while man can say
To equal man endure—
The wealth I boast but warms me—I
Am poor!—how very poor!

Oh hearts! how might ye sing in peace;
Oh lovely wert thou world,
If never pride had been—if ne'er
The lip of scorn had cur'd;
If—if—"much virtue in an if,"
And if we could but do
On earth as is done in heav'n;
There'd be much virtue too!

And so I wish—sweet competence—
That still unhating men;
The vanity I cannot love,
I might not see again;
A mountain path—a book—a coat,
Peace smiling at the door;
The world forgetting—world forgot;
But this—I ask no more!

STRAWS, No. 189.

WREATH OF LOVE.

Connubial bliss unknown to strife,
A faithful friend—a virtuous wife—
Be mine for many years to prove:
Our wishes one within our breast
The dove of peace shall make her nest,
Nor ever from the ark remove;
Till called to heaven, through ages there
Be ours the blissful lot to wear
A never fading wreath of love.

From the West Chester Register.

A MORAL SKETCH

OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

"To live uprightly, then, is sure the best,
To save ourselves, are not to damn the rest."

DRYDEN.

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

In the year 17—, when the American army lay encamped, (the reader will please excuse me for not mentioning where,) the commander of the British forces in America (Lord Cornwallis) being in the neighborhood and desiring some correspondence with the American commander-in-Chief, despatched one of his officers (Major Brock) with a letter to that individual. Major Brock was a young officer, who had been in the service of the British army for about two years, and by his bravery, manly bearing, and virtuous actions, had gained the love of his inferiors, and indeed, of his haughty commander; and his love of justice, and regard for the laws of humanity, had ensured for him the esteem and admiration of his enemies. And although he had suffered much, as he naturally would, from the influence of education, his ambition was not to be gratified by the attainment of an object through unjust measures no matter how great the advancement of individual interest. He always looked to the justice of the cause in which he had enlisted, and it was by no means in unison with his feelings, or in accordance with the dictates of his heart, that he had embarked to cross the ocean and assist in putting down the "rebels."

It was on a bright autumnal morning, and the sun had just risen and tipped the frost from the dying leaves, when Major Brock mounted his fiery charger and bouned forth for the American camp. A few minutes brought him within sight of where the army lay, and riding swiftly along a pathway which led through a strip of woods adjacent to the camp, his attention was attracted by the soft low sound of a human voice. He halted and turning to one side, was almost ready to doubt the reality of what he saw. It was General Washington praying! In a bower formed by the vines of the wild grape, he was kneeling, and humbly and ardently engaged in his morning prayer. Brock gazed upon this imposing scene, till yielding to the impulse of his heart, he dismounted, and kneeling upon the ground, poured out with Washington, the pure and unshaded sentiments of his soul. It brought home to him the injustice of his cause, the fact that he was engaged in a war against the innocent. When Washington arose, Brock advanced and took him by the hand. For a moment his feelings had so overcome him, that he was unable to give utterance to his thoughts; but on recovering a little, he pressed the hand of Washington firmly within his, and looking him full in the face, said, "No more will I war with the ungodly—no more will I battle in the armies of the unjust."

There was an expression in his eye, and a simplicity in his speech, which told well the sincerity of his heart. Virtue and nobleness of feeling beamed from his countenance, and as he spoke the tears rolled down his cheek, and they flowed not less freely from the eyes of Washington.

The General led him to his tent, and after having attended to the letter of Cornwallis, and prepared an answer, Brock bid him adieu and departed for his own camp. And as he rode leisurely along, he thought much concerning the manner in which he should bring about the desire of his heart, how he should carry out the designs which he had now resolved upon—to quit the British army. He knew that to attempt a desertion would be dangerous; and, too, he scorned the idea of leaving behind him the name of a deserter. He therefore resolved to ask his commander a release, although he well knew the character of Cornwallis, and had good reason to suspect the answer with which his question would be met.

However, Cornwallis soon discovered that there was something wrong with Brock; he was not the cheerful, witty, and pleasant person which he had been, but was just the reverse. He began to get uneasy; he knew how deeply and sensibly he should feel the loss of Brock—the brightest feather would be plucked from his plume. And one evening as he walked out to take a view of his camp, he saw Brock seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, far separate from any one else; his hands were up to his face, and his eyes rested upon the ground. Cornwallis approached and thus addressed him:

"Major, what is the matter? what has come over you within the last few days that has made you so down-hearted? You are just the reverse of what you were heretofore."

"Ah, my Lord," replied Brock, "there is something which weighs heavily upon my mind, and although it is within your power, I fear you will not relieve me of the burthen."

"Why, Brock, you know I have always been friendly towards you, and would certainly be very happy to do for you at present, whatever is in my power," continued Cornwallis, in rather a condescending tone.

"It is very true," said Brock—"you have acted as a friend towards me; but at present, I fear—I know, I shall be deserted."

"Brock," demanded Cornwallis, assuming his usual haughty air, "explain this mystery; you have excited my curiosity. Is it any thing of importance you are thus brooding over?"

"Of vast importance to me, sir," said Brock, "and as you demand to know what it is, I throw myself upon your friendship, and humbly pray a release."

"A release? why, what means this? are you joking me? or, are you insane?" said Cornwallis, in a haughty, threatening voice. "I am neither, sir," replied Brock: "I mean what I say."

"Then sir, explain immediately, why you demand a release—I wish to know the meaning of this," said the haughty commander.

"Well, my Lord, as you express so strong a desire to know, I will tell you. As I was going to the American camp with your letter, I found General Washington kneeling upon the ground, in the forest praying—and"

"And he turned you traitor?" interrupted Cornwallis.

"Traitor! Taunt me not, I pray you, sir, with such an expression," said Brock in a clear manly voice; and the indignation of his soul flashed from his eye. "I was going to say," continued he, "that my feelings were so aroused by his piety, that I there swore never more to war against a righteous cause, and to strive for success to the 'arbiter of Nations!'"

"Remember, sir," said Cornwallis, "the words which you now speak, if adhered to may be the cause of your death. But did you never see a man pray before—is it any thing uncommon?"

"Yes, sir," replied Brock, "it was uncommon. I have seen men pray, but I never before saw the commander of a mighty army seek out a place of secrecy, and there pray for his enemies as well as for himself. Had General Washington, continued Brock, "prayed alone for himself—alone for his own army, or for his own cause, my feelings towards him at present, would be different from what they are; but he prayed, too, for us—for our army—for our government—yes, my Lord, he prayed for you."

The feelings of Cornwallis were somewhat subdued by the simplicity and earnestness of Brock's manner, but on second thought he resumed his threatening.

"Major Brock," said he, "tell me now, without jesting, whether or not you have spoken your mind and intend practising what you have professed."

"I do, my Lord," "I do," replied Brock, and there was something in his expression which gave double assurance to his words. Cornwallis knew him too well to believe that he would ever abandon a purpose which he had so solemnly formed, and for the maintenance of which he had pledged his honor.

"Brock," resumed Cornwallis, "I leave you—to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock I must see you again and if your intention be then as it is now, a Court Martial will settle your fate."

The morning came, and at 9 o'clock Brock was at the tent of his commander; and on the question being put to him—"Do you intend maintaining the purpose which you last evening avowed," he calmly and earnestly replied—

"I do sir, and ever will. What I swear to is not to be forgotten in a day."

"This answer was full and explicit; it settled business with him and put an end to questioning. A Court Martial was called—Cornwallis presided over the deliberations, which were solemn and lasted long. It was, indeed, a hard task for them to condemn Brock to death, but what were they to do? He had sworn never more to bear arms in their cause. Some were in favor of releasing him but this was strongly opposed by others, who maintained that he dare not go home to his own country, and would therefore espouse the cause of the "rebels." The views of the latter were sustained, and Brock was condemned to death for mutiny."

The day was appointed, the hour was fixed, and the sentence conveyed to the convict, who received it with calmness and apparent satisfaction, as though he had anticipated as much. But Cornwallis could scarce permit himself to believe that they would be put to the disagreeable necessity of carrying out the injunctions

of their decree. He still entertained a faint hope that Brock would change his mind before the day of execution should arrive. And it was that hope, with a view to ascertain the degree to which it might be exercised that prompted him to put the following question to Brock, a day or two after his sentence had reached him, and to descend to that familiar manner, and homely expression, by which he expected to play the orator and effect his object.

"Brock," said he, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "are you going to permit yourself to be borne to the grave amid the outpourings of condemnation and disgrace, and leave behind you the name of a traitor? and enemy to the land that gave you birth?"

"An enemy to my country?" replied Brock—"Truth and a knowledge of me will not dictate such an assertion. I have not been an enemy to my country; God forbid that I ever should. I have stood by her in times of need; I have defied her foes; I have offered myself as a sacrifice for her benefit—I never fought for worldly honor—I never fought for carnal glory. The good of my country and the salvation of justice has been my aim. My country is now in the wrong, she is engaged in an unjust war against a portion of her own subjects. It will cast an indelible stain upon her character, and it cannot assist to thus degrade her—if I should, I would then be an enemy to my country. You appear to think my mind has been all this time unsettled; but to satisfy you, sir I have to say this, I would much sooner die a martyr to my conscience than live the tool of a tyrant; and as to the condemnation and ignorant sneers of a multitude, I wholly disregard them—they are so stupid—so blinded by ignorance, and superstition, that they see not their own degraded situation."

Cornwallis left him; and was now perfectly satisfied that Brock meant to die; it increased much his uneasiness, but the friendly feelings which Brock's former conduct had excited in his bosom, seemed now to change into hatred, and he appeared anxiously to await the hour which was to blot out the existence of Brock.

However, it soon arrived, and Cornwallis mounted his horse and started with his officers and a guard appointed for the purpose, to where the prisoner was confined. They released his chains, and had proceeded to where the gallows was erected, when Cornwallis suddenly halting, exclaimed, Hark! Hark!! The sentinels fire!

Directly, the cry, "The enemy—the enemy they come—they come," rang round, and confusion reigned without the camp. Cornwallis flew to his tent and cried, "to arms!" the soldiers to their ranks, and Brock was left alone. It was now that Cornwallis experienced the loss of Brock there was none who could fill the place he had vacated; there was none upon whom he could rely with that confidence—there was none to lend him that prudent counsel.

Brock, from where he stood, had a fair view of both armies; and turning towards the Americans, he discovered Washington in the thickest of the fight, and in the excitement of the moment, he made a desperate effort to burst asunder the shackles which bound together his arms; but it was in vain he attempted, and fearing lest he should see the General fall, he buried his face in his hands.—He could hear above the clash of arms, Washington urging his men to victory, and they answered the sound of his voice with huzzas that made the welkin ring, and the very earth tremble beneath them. The dead and dying were becoming thick around Cornwallis; and directly Brock heard a murmur among the British troops, as if unable and unwilling to withstand longer the galling fire of the Americans, and uncovering his eyes he saw the ranks falling back in confusion; he stretched himself up to his highest, and waving his hand, cried at the top of his voice, "Victory! Victory!! and the rights of man forever," and fell senseless upon the ground, overpowered with patriotic joy.

The strife of battle ceased, and its echoes died away; but it ever lived in the memory of Cornwallis, and Brock hailed it as the anniversary of a great blessing from God. By the engagement Washington gained a decisive victory, and an officer who stood by his side in the perils of many a battle, and who ever remembered with grateful feelings and a warm heart.

West Chester, May, 10, 1841.

Signs.—There is a cobbler in London, over whose door is the following notice: "Shews Maid and Men-Dead Here."

An English lady gave in her sign the following interesting intelligence to those who might desire to have their children educated: "Sixpence for them that learns to read, and sixpence more for them that learns manners."

A Short Sermon.

I love the Spring—her bursting buds and flowers,
The blue-bird whistling in her leafy bowers,
The waters laughing with a merry sound,
That late were mute in icy fetters bound.

My dear friends—let us congratulate one another that the cold-hearted tyrant Winter has been turned out of office, and is now slumbering in retirement among the icebergs of the north. His measures were altogether too destructive to the interests of the North, and too favorable towards those of the South. He took too heavy responsibilities on his own shoulders, and therefore prostrated himself by a hampered sledge. He put a stop to all our inland navigation—levied a grinding tax upon the poor—buried the prosperity of the country beneath the snows of usurpation, and created banks after banks, to block up the honest yeoman's path to fortune; but they have all been run upon so often that they are now trod down and wholly annihilated forever.

My friends—setting aside all politics, whether reasonable or unreasonable, let us rejoice that warmer, milder, and sunnier days are peeping through the flowered curtain of June, and that we can now get a smell at some such odors as delighted the olfactory organs of our first parents, as they sat weaving love-knots in the gay bowers of Eden, or picking the violets that surrounded the cradle of balmy mid-summer. Nature is now full of animation, life and spirit; and you behold her habited in a new frock of green, and the full-blown buds of promise wreathed in her ringlets.

The infant blossoms that lead the floral year, have reared their tiny heads upon the lawns, and laugh for joy at the grand prospect before them. The little birds, too, have come to cheer us with their enchanting carollings; and every clotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demi semiquaver in the unwritten music of nature, is daily run over by these feathered choristers of heaven with the exactness of a pocket organ. The earth, which has lately been a sepulchre for the dead, is converted into a garden of life and industry. Damask roses bloom upon Winter's barren grave, and green garlands hang upon every leafless bough.

My friends—only mark the difference between the natural and the animal world! While the earth enjoys an annual renovation, and crowns herself every spring with the blooming chaplet of youth, man, frail man, is hastening to decay. No vernal morn sheds its freshness over the autumnal landscape of life—no balmy breeze can blow youthful vigor into the superannuated system of age. When the physical tree sheds its verdure, and the limbs become sapless and old, it flourishes no more—and when the vegetation of the cranium is dried and withered in the December of time, it can never, never sprout again till the soil is watered and enriched by the summer showers of immortality.

Yes, my friends, decay is written upon the foreheads of you all, as plainly as the heading to a theatre bill; and you should consider yourselves particularly favored by a merciful Providence that you have been permitted to behold the opening of another spring. For my part, I roll up my eyes in wonder, and thus colloquize with my own mysterious self:—Can it be possible that I am again to enjoy the May-days of another year? how many more times will I spring gravel how many more will I vander sod clothe itself in green before it shall be upturn by the sexton's spade, and planted upon my clay-cold bosom? Such questions as these you all ought to ask yourselves, as well as I, and five as though it were the last spring with which you are ever to be favored in this changing sphere. Because every thing around you seems lively, cheerful and young, don't be deceived into the idea that the sands in the hour glass of Time have ceased to run—that you can linger upon life's flowery banks forever—and that you are now as near the dark portals of the tomb as you will be when another year rolls round. Ah, my friends, you are all marching, with a double quick step, towards the battle-field of death; and when you and I shall have spilt ourselves upon the ground, the Earth will still be in her teens, and the sweet lassie Spring will trip over our graves with as lightsome a step as when she first came dancing into the world with garlands gathered in the gardens of heaven. So mote it be.

EMPTY MINDS.—Some men do wisely to counterfeit a reservedness, to keep their chests always locked, not for fear any should steal treasures thence, but lest some should look in and see that there is nothing within them.—Faller.

TERRIBLE.—It is said that a man in New Orleans was so cross-eyed that in trying to get up he wrang his neck off.

A DELICATE LADY.—There is a maiden lady livin' in this city who is so extremely nice in her notions of female modesty, that she turned off her washerwoman, because she put her clothes in the same tub with those of a young man!

JUST SO.—"I say, my lad, are you the male boy?" "Who, yes—yes—are you don't s'pose I'm a female boy, do you?"

Why is a young lady like a careful house wife? Because her waste is as little as she can make it.

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.

Burial of a Child.

"Along the crowded pathway they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

"The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed around to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wandered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stairs, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loophole in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken; and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed—Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down.

"Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on the tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts seem with assurance of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God. Oh! it is hard to take to the heart the lessons that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and it is a mighty, universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young; for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shape of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some enter nature comes. In the destroyer's net they spring up bright creations that they defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—Dickens.

Night was brooding over the face of nature—the stars were sparkling in the ethereal blue—a holy calm seemed to invite repose—when Ichabod sallied forth on the dark purposes of death. The solemn hour of midnight had passed, and the first gleams of daylight were striving to appear in the eastern horizon, when Ichabod watching and fatigued—shot a raccoon!

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