

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS

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## AGENTS.

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## POETRY.

### THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,  
And put aside her soft brown hair,  
And, in a tone as low and deep  
As love's first whisper, breath'd a prayer;  
Her snow white hands together pressed—  
Her blue eyes shelter'd in its lid—  
The folded linen on her breast  
Just swelling with the charms it hid;  
As from her long and flowing dress  
Escaped a bare and tender foot,  
Whose fall upon the earth did press  
Like a snow white flake, soft and mute,  
And from slumbers soft and warm,  
Like a young spirit fresh from Heaven,  
She bowed her light and graceful form,  
And humbly pray'd—to be forgiven.  
Oh God! if souls unsoiled as these  
Need daily mercy at thy throne—  
If SHE upon her bended knees,  
Our loveliest and our purest one,  
SHE, with a face so clear and bright,  
We deem her some stray child of light—  
If SHE, with those soft eyes in tears,  
Day after day, in her first years,  
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,  
What far, far deeper need have we!  
How hardly, if she win not heaven  
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

### THE SABBATH BELL.

BY JOHN McCABE.

'Tis sweet to hear the Sabbath bell,  
Whose soft and silvery chime  
Breaks on the ear with fall and swell,  
Waiting our thoughts from time.  
I love to hear its mellow strain,  
Come fleeting up the dell,  
While wending to that sacred fane,  
Where chimes the Sabbath bell,  
How memory mingles with that peal!  
How hours of other years!  
How sad the thoughts, that, pensive steal  
Along my trickling tears!  
Thoughts, mournful to my bosom lone,  
Yet those I would not quell;  
For, soothing to my grief, that tone  
Of thine, sweet Sabbath bell.  
A few years more—the winds, so bland,  
Will bid the young flowers wane;  
Which, oh! perhaps some soft sweet hand  
Will plant around my grave!  
I'll miss thy dear, familiar voice,  
Which, ah! so oft could tell  
My heart, tho' tempest-tost, "rejoice,"  
Thou dear, dear Sabbath bell!

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat did you ever see as thin a woman as that?" "Thin," replied the other, "Bathershue, I seen a woman as thin as two of her."

THE RIGHT OF IMITATION.—Wooden cakes, beautifully frosted, and mahogany doughnuts are advertised to be let for parties, in one of the Bangor papers.

## Fragment of a Modern Novel.

Immediately on his arrival in town, Barent drove toward his own dwelling, through crowds much more numerous than those which usually fill the streets. A general sensation through the city marked some uncommon and interesting event, and the increasing throng poured with a general haste and excitement, from the adjacent avenues, into the Park, like the rushing tributaries of the mountain streams swelling the waters of a lake. At length they completely surrounded the Bride-well, with a closeness of beings like bees swarming about the hives.—As they gradually increased, the last comers, after lingering a few minutes in the Park, without being able in consequence of the pressure, to get near the prison, bent their course in large numbers up Broadway, resembling, if the reader will pardon the continuation of a common simile, the waters of the same lake, which, when swollen, to inundation, rolls forth its superfluous contents over the banks and urges them along some new channel. It was the day appointed for the death of the unhappy French girl—and it was to behold this mighty concourse of spectators were now assembled. The lost and abandoned creature, in a fit of jealousy and intoxication, ignorant of the law, and half-unconscious of what she did, had fired the house of her profligate destroyer. She had been convicted, and sentenced to die—greatly to her astonishment, never having conceived herself committing capital offence. So strong was the curiosity to behold her, that woman decently dressed, and some with infants in their arms, mingled in the dangerous pressure to gaze with a horror irrepressible, yet, to some minds, strangely attractive, upon a fellow-being undergoing the last terrible ordeal of fate. The same love of excitement, which led the Romans to the amphitheatre, still, in a modified shape, gathers the thousands to view a mortal in the sublime moments of death!

The sentence of the law provided that the condemned should be taken from the prison and consigned to her fate between the hours of nine and three. It was already past noon, and for several hours the populace had waited in suspense, and with a singular inconsistency, which forms one of the paradoxes of human nature, even while they pitied the poor woman, impatient to behold her execution. At length, and with great difficulty, a carriage drove up before the door, followed by a cart, containing the coffin. Several minutes after the prison was thrown open, and a group of gentlemen—the sheriff and his assistant, and several clergymen appeared; and in the midst, and fatally conspicuous by her dress of white, and her arms pinioned at the elbows; the doomed victim of justice walked slowly; her face and lips, even through her Brunette complexion, blanched to a hue of death. A murmur of horror and deep compassion went heavily through the crowd, upon whose multifarious, unfeeling and clamorous agitations, fell the motionlessness and silence of a desert. She walked, however unsupported, to her carriage, and once or twice was observed to smile and shake her head; but her words, which apparently accompanied the action, extended not beyond the circle immediately around her. As the carriage proceeded, at a slow pace, frequently obstructed by the multitude, the innumerable spectators hastened forward to secure places, as if at some agreeable scenic representation. The contagion flew from one to the other, and the tramping of thousands of her fellow beings, as they rushed by in a broad and heavy tide, to witness her death, must have fallen with exquisite horror upon the ears of the criminal.

To the astonishment, however, of every one within hearing, although the paleness of her ashly face and bloodless lips fully attested her excitement, yet she persisted obstinately in asserting the belief that the whole was extended as a mere theatrical spectacle, to frighten her and the public—that she was not going to be deliberately put to death—butchered in daylight, and before the eyes of the whole assembled city, for a crime committed in a moment of madness! She assured the Sheriff that she had many a happy day to live yet—that she would leave the country as soon as this mummery was over, and that after having, in the presence of the governor, invoked a blessing upon his head, for the reprieve which she knew he had granted, and which she was sure the sheriff or some of the attendants had in their pockets, she would change her name and go back to her dear France, to live with her mother. Vainly the sheriff protested that she had no grounds for hope—that he knew nothing of pardon or reprieve. Vainly her reverend companions, by the most solemn entreaties, urged her not to beguile the time with such delusive hopes—but to turn her thoughts toward the salvation of her soul. She firmly but respectfully rejected all their holy offers;

would neither join in their psalms nor prayers, and at length, so far recovered her spirits, that, when they reached the spot, already blackened far and wide with a concourse of fifty thousand people, she ascended the scaffold with a firm and even eager step, and an undisguised self-congratulation that her exposure and imprisonment were near their termination.

"Unhappy, wretched, blinded woman!" cried the sheriff at length, after a vain attempt on the part of the clergymen to engage her attention. "Do not harden against you the hearts inclined to compassionate and soften your last moments. Do not rush into the presence of your God without a prayer for mercy. Kneel—kneel—and pray for I shall be compelled at once to execute my awful duty! See! unhappy creature! it is now half-past two. Before three o'clock—you must meet your Creator.

A ghastly white crossed the features of the condemned. She begged to look at the watch herself.

"It is cruel in you, gentlemen, and useless as it is cruel, to keep up this game with so much earnestness. I should, indeed, be otherwise employed, (though not, gentlemen, perhaps as you would recommend,) but that I know, from authority—that the governor has granted me a reprieve! Tell me, Mr. Sheriff—" and she fixed upon him those soft eyes—whose beams had so often thrilled the soul of Barent. "You have my pardon! I come—show it to me!"

"Unfortunate being!" cried the sheriff, "I swear to you solemnly, that no reprieve has been granted!"

"Then it will be!" she added, with a convulsive start, and turning yet paler, "Hark! look I see!"

The sheriff, with a gesture of horror, now approached, and, with a gentle motion, unperceived by the object, drew her beneath the beam, and attached the rope already around her neck to that which swung in the air.

"The time has come!" he said solemnly, but firmly.

"Gentlemen!" she cried—"for the love of God! end this dreadful mockery! Give me the reprieve—I am sick at heart—I am choked!"

"All is in vain!" said the officer, mournfully—"my duty must be performed!"

It was with a convulsive start and a deep and dreadful change of countenance, that the unhappy culprit perceived that her position had been altered, the ropes attached, and that she stood now alone upon the platform, with only the sheriff, the rest of her companions having in the meantime descended the steps.

"My God!" she exclaimed aloud, in a choked, husky voice—"I am deceived—I am deceived—stop—stop. I have a dreadful story to tell—pardon me—save me—I will confess—"

The sheriff, obliged to proceed with punctuality, yet with a thrill of horror, approached to draw the fatal cap over her face.

"Only one moment!" she shrieked in a voice, which the very intensity of terror had deprived of strength. "Give me but a single moment! Hark! I hear their tread! I am guilty—but I can reveal. Give me to the last minute—I will reveal—"

The last minute had already arrived. The officer shuddered! as he drew the cap over her face, so as to stifle her words in the midst of her exclamations. Her arms were already closely bound. She stood upon the scaffold alone. The vast, vast crowd, that covered with its immense throngs hill and plain, house-top and tree, stilled its mighty and tumultuous heavings, and were now hushed to a silence, wide, and unbroken without a motion or a breath. The signal form of the culprit, in its frock of white, after standing a few seconds, the centre and sole point of every intense gaze, was observed to drop upon its knees, either from a yielding of physical strength, or borne down by the weight of a repentant sinner, subdued in that tremendous moment. The hands after a few impotent gestures, were clasped convulsively together—then came a sudden, quick flitting motion—the platform was no longer visible, and an electric jar and a tumultuous burst of murmur shook and stirred the thousands as the occupant fell, suspended in the air, and spun rapidly round her snowy garments fluttering in the wind. Two struggling movements announced the struggles of nature—the shoulders were twice drawn up and let down again slowly—the hands were stretched forth, either in fruitless solicitation for mercy, or from the mere blind convulsions of death—and the poor creature, at length hung without life—without motion—in one instance for ever hurried beyond the shock of earth and human evil—in one stance amid those eternal secrets, for which civilized and the savage, the peasant at his toil and the philosopher amid his books, have parted in vain since the creation of the world.

The high pitch of excitement to which such an exhibition winds up the feelings, ensures a sudden reaction. The released mind falls back to commonplace objects. The vulgar return to coarse jests—the cultivated dismiss the subject with a few artful consolations, derived, partly from selfishness and partly from philosophy. In a short time the event, however it may have occupied us, during the period of its transaction, with painful intensity, dwindles back again to insignificance—the point of a cold moral, or the shadow of a future revery.

The mob, who had been awed by the dignity of the law present to their sight, soon relaxed into their ordinary mood and dispersed into a thousand straggling groups to their homes and pleasures. The jocund laugh rung in the air responsive to the rude jest—the bustle of occupation reappeared, and the streets at once resumed their usual aspect, as if the morning had glided away without any unusual event. The papers the next day detailed a long account of the scene, amid the flippancies of mirth and the calls to amusement.

It may be objected by some that this scene is of too awful a description for the pages of a story. It is true that many love to lose themselves in romantic horrors, who shrink from the recital of naked, real war, and who pay to see a deserter shot on the stage, but will hear nothing of the life quenched by their own laws. Let these partial reformers first banish such scenes from the records of the day. What is it proper for the legislature to enact, that it cannot be inexcusable for the historian to relate. If to us be denied the dignity of an historian, we must appeal to the candor of the reader for the fact, that while history sometimes encroaches upon the realms of fiction, the latter often delineates with a beneficial fidelity, the scenes of real life.

The crowd were not all dispersed, and the lifeless image yet hung suspended, motionless in the air, when Barent, whose absence abroad had kept him entirely ignorant of the events related in the foregoing pages passed the spot, maddened by the replies of several of the crowd, to whom he casually addressed questions concerning the culprit, yet still convinced that the startling coincidences were merely accidental, he plunged the spurs deep into his horse's flank, till the sides of the poor creature dropped blood, and dashed to the scene. The officers were taking down the body when he reached the spot. The fatal cap still covered the face. One small, ungloved hand, hung nerveless by her side. Upon the finger was a ring.

"Take off the cap," said one of the men carelessly.

"No, not for a million worlds!" shrieked a voice, and Barnett shrinking shuddering back, and dashed his extended palms against his face, as if to strike out his eyes, fell senseless on the ground. The riderless horse fed, quietly on the fresh, short grass.

## The Soldier's Son-in-law.

A RECENT FACT.

A young Englishman, from gaming, love affairs, and other such gold scattering enjoyments, had so nearly reached the dregs of his great-grandfather's hereditary portion, that he could calculate the departing hour of his last guinea. As one evening he was returning home from one of those haunts of dissipation which he habitually frequented, feeble in body as in mind, and for the first time in his life, casting a firm look upon the ruin of his fortune, he could not well determine whether he should end his troubles by drawing a trigger, or by throwing himself into the Thames.

While he was thus wavering between fire and water, the very profound idea occurred to him not to lay violent hands upon himself, but to allow himself to be conducted out of this labyrinth of poverty by the far hand of some wealthy bride. With this consoling thought he went to bed, and already in his nocturnal visions the rapid races flew, the fair girls frisked around him, both of which, he was happy in thinking, he might maintain in future in the dowry of his wife.

On the following morning he reflected anew upon this plan, and found it unexceptionable in every point excepting the very slight circumstance of not knowing when or where he was to find the rich heiress he wanted. In London, where all the world regarded him as a spendthrift, it was not once to be thought of—he saw that for the future he must throw his nets out elsewhere.

After much cogitation and searching he at last hit upon an old rich colonel, living upon his own estate, about twenty miles from the capital, who fortunately had a friend in London, and was the father of an only daughter.

Into the house of this gentleman, by means of a friend, to whom he promised half the booty, he got himself introduced and received. The daughter of the colo-

nel was an an awkward country girl, with round chubby cheeks like Ruben's cherubims, and looked particularly odd in the hand-me-down attire of her sainted mother, which did not at all fit her, and was of course not the most fashionable cut. Her mind, too was as attractive as her attire; she could only talk of hens and geese; and when any other topic came above-board, her conversation was limited to a "yes, yes," or a "no, no," all beyond this seemed to her sinful. This wooden puppet was indeed a mighty contrast to the sprightly, gay, and lively nymphs with whom the young Briton had been toying;—but he carefully confined to the solitude of his own bosom the disagreeable feeling of this heaven and earth distant difference. His flattering tongue called the girl's silliness celestial innocence; and red, swollen cheeks, he likened to the beauty of the full-blown damask rose. The end of the song was, he turned to the father, and sued warmly for his daughter's hand.

The colonel, during his sixty years' career through the world, had collected this much knowledge of mankind; that however slyly the young man had masked himself, he could, nevertheless, discover the fortune-hunter peeping through the disguise. At first, therefore, he thought of peremptorily refusing him permission to woo his daughter; but, on the other hand, he thought, "the youth is fashionable, and perhaps I may be doing him injustice; he as yet, betrays no anxiety about the portion, and why should the girl, who is marriageable, remain longer at home? His request shall be granted—but his apparent disinterestedness shall stand a trial."

The suitor was then informed that the father had no objections to the match, provided his daughter would give her consent; and she, poor thing, replied, as in duty bound—"My father's will is mine." Indeed, could any thing else be expected?

In the course of a few weeks the marriage ceremony was performed at the country house of the colonel, and he instantly made his son-in-law acquainted with his wife's portion, amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The dissembler acted as if he wished to know nothing about the matter; and solemnly vowed that he had not as yet thought on such things, but had regarded only the noble qualities of his charming wife, whose pure self was dearer to him than all the treasures of the world.

Upon this they sat down to dinner, and the father-in-law urged and begged that they would make as much haste as possible, as it was his intention that the young married people should set off that very afternoon for London, and that he should accompany them.

The son-in-law was confounded, and began to make some excuses about traveling on the first day of his happiness; but the soldier maintained that these were futile, assuring him that he had particular reasons for proceeding forthwith to the capital, and that his matrimonial joys would be as well realized in London as in the country. What was to be done? Why, the journey was immediately undertaken. The old man secured in a casket, before the eyes of the bridegroom the portion of the bride, partly in gold and partly in bank-notes, took it under his arm, and placed himself by the side of the young people in the carriage.

The road ran through a forest, and scarcely had they fairly entered it when two horsemen darted out from the brush-wood, with masks upon their faces, and stopped the carriage. One of the persons watched the postillion with a presented pistol, while the other approached the window and said—"We are adventurers, and request you to give us up instantly the portion of the bride!"

The colonel and his son-in-law swore and ranted, but the robber coolly insisted upon his demand. After some parleying, however, the horseman bent towards the young man, and whispered in his ear—"That you may see we are most reasonable, we leave you the choice of the two things—give us either the bride or the portion; for certain reasons it is quite immaterial to us, and moreover, no one shall ever know your decision."

The bridegroom did not think long about the matter, for he whispered, "Take the bride!" "Brother," cried the robber to his accomplice, "we shall take the bride!"

In the twinkling of an eye the soldier seized his gentle son-in-law by the neck, shook him violently, and exclaimed with a thundering voice—"Ha! villain! so my conjecture was not unfounded, so you cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune! Heaven be praised that my child and my money are not yet irrevocably in your clutches! Know, then, knave! the man who married you was no clergyman, he was a brother soldier in priest's attire, and these gentlemen are no highwaymen, but friends who have done me the service of proving you.

Since, then, you have laid open your whole villainy, we shall have no more connection. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London—or to the devil, if you like."

With these words he transplanted the astonished bridegroom with a kick from the carriage to the road, and ordered the postillion to turn about. The outlaw trudged back to London, and had, while upon the road, the fairest and best opportunity of determining whether he should now use a pistol, or throw himself into the river.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

## The Milford Bard.

The following in relation to the Milford Bard, we extract from the New Orleans Crescent City:

We know the unfortunate subject of this article. Ten years ago he was the centre of the most brilliant circle in his native State, now a degraded drunkard he is thrust into the society of alms-house paupers! His story is soon told. He was young, rich, and generous; possessing the strong impulses which form the fountain head of the silver stream of poetry, his life was one continued strain of music, one long vibration of the golden harp of love.

"Then came the curse of by gone years."

In the rich halls of fame their glided in noiseless beauty, a creature of heavenly brightness. The old tale!—the poet adored the spirit of his soul, and she looked on her worshipper with the cold, dull eye of pride. Few of us are blessed with the moral courage to survive disappointment like this, and madly we fly to the dark waters of the Lethe, even though they drown but for a single moment the burning thoughts which press their scorpion stings deep into the brain. Far be it from us to advocate the curse of intemperance, but even while we deprecate, we must look with pity upon those who have been smitten with the plague-spot of this horrid vice. Blindly he dashes on, reckless of the future, and forgetting in his delirium the green old days passed in the glorious sunshine of youth. He has then the broken hearted man, the dying notes of the once rich song floated upon the ear like the sigh of a wounded spirit at the gate of heaven. The object of his early love married. With a glazed eye and faded hope, he sees the last plank torn from his grasp, and hears the livid waters gurgle in his ear. Then comes madness, and the poet revels in the splendor of a lurid ball. The dream is over, he has passed through the altar of fire into Babel, but he is scathed, scathed to the quick! Step by step he walks on to perdition, and one by one his friends desert him. Still he clings to her memory—still the sweet sad song of the past is borne upon the wave of sorrow.

Some two years ago an attempt was made by some of his friends, to endeavor, if possible, to save him from utter degradation, by placing him for a voluntary period in the Baltimore jail. I called one evening to see him, he was gay and cheerful, but happiness was the thin upper crust of his feelings. There was one sentence which I can never forget; it was late, and the jailer informed me that Mr. — was rather unwell, and was about retiring to rest. Yielding to my importunities, however, he led the way to his apartment. Peeping through the key-hole I saw him engaged in prayer; his hands were raised in mute supplication to heaven, and tears were rolling down his cheek. "Men call me drunkard! but oh, God! forgive her who caused this wreck!"

The friend and companion of Thomas Moore, he whose society was courted by the first of the land, and around whose brow fame would have thrown her richest wreath, is now a degraded inmate of a common asylum for paupers! He will go down to the tomb unhonored—and the hillock growing with weeds above his head, will be pointed out by the passer by as the "Drunkard's Grave."

## Gems of Thought.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man, without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke.*

The audience or the world requires that he who aspires to act the part of a great man, shall never for a moment forget his character.—*Bourienne.*

Plays and romances sell as well as books of devotion, but with this difference: more people read the former than buy them, and more buy the latter than read them.—*Tom Brown.*

Of all our infirmities vanity is the dearest to keep alive.—*Tom Brown.*

Women have more strength in their tears than we have in our arguments.—*Saville.*

The truly valiant dare every thing but doing any body an injury.—*Sir P. D. Sidney.*