

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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POETRY.

From the Boston Daily Mail.
THE BLUSH AND THE SMILE.

How sweet the tint of ruby fire,
 That lights the cheek of youth,
 The signal gem of fond desire,
 The keynote of the bosom's lyre,
 The herald of its truth,

The whispering of the gentle tale,
 The soft, romantic dream,
 Each rascal the blush, the friendly veil,
 Unconscious, seeks within its pale,
 To hide, as if from harm.

But brighter far, and sweeter still,
 The welcome and the smile,
 Like morning, o'er some sunny hill;
 Or music of the "tinkling rill,"
 Life's pilgrimage to beguile.

The blush is like the rosy flower,
 The smile, the lily white:
 Each charms us in its quiet bow,
 Each fragrant, for the passing hour,
 But both must close at night.

As bloom the rose and lily fair
 And flourish in the day,
 So blooms the heart, until despair,
 The child of sin, has entered there,
 And happy smiles decay.

As shut the rose and lily fair,
 And hide without the light,
 So hide the heart from ev'ry air,
 But virtue's breezy garden, where
 The blush will find no night.

From the Lady's Book.
WE SHALL MEET NO MORE!

Smile not, 'tis our parting hour,
 When tears alone should flow;
 Hope has lost her fairy power,
 And what is left is woe:
 But oh! when I am wondering
 Upon some distant shore,
 Forget each love thought lingering,
 For we shall meet no more.

Thy name as in some sacred shrine,
 Within my breast shall dwell;
 With life alone I can resign
 My love to thee—farewell!
 I left her and the briny waves
 For years I travelled o'er:
 I came to sorrow o'er her grave
 For oh! we meet no more.

LOVE.

There sat a spider on his web,
 In the corner of the ceiling;
 Into his jaws, on wings of gauze,
 A silly fly came wheeling!

So Love, "the varmint," spins a net,
 As fine, and soft, and airy;
 A human fly comes flitting by,
 And feeds the spider-fairy!

From the Saturday Courier.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS Or, the Doctor Deceived.

It is wicked to disturb the hallowed remains of the dead. After being persecuted on this earth by all the toils to which poor erring mortals are ever subjected; harassed by care, poverty and disease, a man should at least be suffered, when his soul leaves its earthly tenement, quietly to repose in the narrow and silent grave. Yet, ere the turf is green above him, ere the worms have commenced to luxuriate on his decaying body, some young son of Esculapius must needs hoist him once more into the world, and with a laudable enterprise strip him of his flesh, and reduce him to a grinning skeleton, and thus expose him in some corner of his studio, to advance his science, and frighten children. Like the hyena they prowl at midnight about the grave yard, eagerly seeking for their prey—but they are not always successful. An instance in which their attempts were completely foiled, may not be out of place.

A small company of soldiers were quartered in the fall of 1769, near the village of H., so beautifully situated on the romantic banks of the Juniata. They were a merry and boisterous, yet a warlike band, and among them all none more so than their master spirit, Joe Halltrier. He was their oracle—and no trick could be played, or hazardous enterprise accomplished, unless Joe occupied a prominent part. One evening, whilst he with several others were sitting around a blazing fire, their attention was attracted by a sudden stillness in the adjoining room, an unusual occurrence, as the majority of the soldiers were there, whose spirits were never calmed to rest at such an early hour. They listened, and were soon let into the secret. A little doctor from the village, in an under tone of voice, was bargaining with the soldiers to procure for him the body of a man who had lately died, and was consigned to the grave yard situated on the summit of a hill above the village. Upon the delivery of the body at his office, he promised to reward them with a keg of brandy. It was an unpleasant and difficult undertaking to ransack a grave yard at the dead hour of night, for the remains of a fellow mortal. Yet, stimulated by the thoughts of the brandy, an article unfrequently seen or tasted in those days, they agreed with one accord to the proposal of the little doctor, and determined to set out on that expedition that very evening.

Joe listened attentively to the arrangement, and no doubt a little piqued that he had not been first applied to, proposed that they should anticipate the other soldiers in their movements. To this proposal they gladly assented, and by his direction were quickly provided with sheets, shovels and pick axes, and sallied forth on their excursion. Following in solemn silence their leader, Joe, they soon approached the burial ground, the favorite haunt of ghosts and hob-goblins. The moon shone mysteriously from among the gathering clouds—the leaves stirred by the night breeze, rustled mournfully among the branches—one of nature's many warnings to mankind that every thing must wither and die—that our frail bodies, like the faded leaf, will soon decay, and the soul takes its upward flight to spend an eternity in other worlds. After some difficulty, they discovered the grave of which they were in search, and immediately commenced their labours.

The melancholy sound of the pick axes striking against the frozen earth, somewhat affected the mind of Joe, who thought used to the din of war, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, yet his conscience smote him at the thought of robbing the grave of its victim. Stopping them, therefore, he directed the earth to be replaced, saying he would counterfeet the dead man—a most fortunate idea! Having acquainted them with his plan, and the manner to proceed, the grave was refilled; then wrapping him up in the sheets, they placed him on the ground, patiently to await the coming of the party. After some time they were heard stealthfully approaching, and as they came in sight appeared no little astounded to see persons around the grave, at first supposing them beings of a supernatural order. Their fears, however, were soon allayed, by one of the soldiers who was standing by the grave, commencing to reproach them for their tardiness.

"We have already," said he, "with great difficulty, and to the no small annoyance of our nasal organs, dug up the body. It is now wrapped carefully up, and ready to be carried to town, a task which you will of course perform, not as yet having rendered any assistance."

The other party, seeing the newly disturbed grave and the white form of the body lying near, had no suspicion of their being any deception, and immediately consented to this fair proposal. They approached the prostrate figure. The moon, perhaps ashamed to view such a wicked action, was about concealing herself un-

der a dark cloud.—Every thing was still noiseless, and the soldiers almost repented having come on such an expedition, whilst all appeared afraid to touch the body. At last one of their number, influenced doubtless by a sudden thought of brandy, walked up to the apparently dead body, and carefully lifting it up from the ground, placed it upon his shoulders. He then took the lead, whilst the others followed solemnly in the rear, with their shovels and pick axes raised aloft, as if to guard themselves from any attacks of those spirits so frequently seen in their nightly preambulations about old grave yards.

Have you ever been in the silent resting place of the dead, at the hour of midnight when a deathlike stillness pervades all nature? When your feelings are so overpowered, that the withered leaf or the dry stick crackling beneath our feet, causes you to shudder and the cold sweat to start upon your brow? If you have, you can imagine their feelings as they noiselessly passed over the graves of those numbered among the things "that were." They had reached the outside of the grave yard, all duly impressed with a sense of the crime of removing a body from its mother earth, when the man who acted as carrier complained that the body was confounded heavy.

"Perhaps if you let me down I can walk myself!" said the seemingly dead man in a hollow sepulchral voice. Never did an electric shock produce such a speedy and powerful effect!—Quick as lightning, the carrier flung the body to the earth, and flew down the hill as if a host of goblins were in his rear. The others, dashing away their shovels, made as speedy a retreat, and vain would it have been for the spirits of the night to have pursued them.

Joe, unwilling to let the joke rest here, and fearing lest they should lose the brandy, walked along with his friends to the doctor's office. When they approached it, Joe was once more shouldered, and was thus carried to the doctor, who after giving them a warm reception, ordered the body to be conveyed to a large dissecting table in the room. Having placed him closely wrapped up upon the table, and received the keg of brandy, they left Joe and the little doctor to themselves. The latter important personage was well prepared for the occasion. A large kettle was bubbling on a bright hickory fire, huge knives, lancets, saws, and all other requisites of a physician were laying out in horrid array upon the table beside the body, and the little doctor evidently appeared to have been feasting his imagination for some time with the delicate pleasure of dissecting the dead body.

After leaving the office, Joe's companions repaired with the brandy to their quarters, and endeavored to collect together the terror-stricken party, in which, after some time, they succeeded; but they found them in a state more dead than alive, from the fright they had received. With plentiful potatoes of brandy, that all-powerful remedy, they were in a short time restored to their senses, and after an hour had elapsed, became uproarious. One of the soldiers pronounced a toast for the benefit of the suddenly restored dead man, when, *mirabile dictu!* the dead man himself appeared in propria persona, before them! The company were completely horror-stricken, and were unable to move from their seats, or make any retreat, as the figure stood in the entrance of the room. At length Joe, throwing aside his winding sheet, burst into a hearty laugh, in which, after sufficient time had elapsed to recover from their second alarm, he was joined by all the others. Joe then, at the urgent request of his companions, related the circumstances amidst peals of laughter. His adventure with the doctor most excited their merriment. The little gentleman being fully prepared to commence his operations, took up his lamp, and approached to look at the body. Joe still laid prostrate and stiff upon the table, and the doctor stood at his side, making sundry reflections.

"I wonder how old he was when he died,"

"About twenty-eight years," quickly responded Joe, accompanying his words with a horrid grin. This was too great a shock for the little doctor to endure, and he immediately fainted away. Joe, rising, threw some water in his face, and leaving him to recover at his leisure, went to rejoin his companions in the room where they were carousing, as before mentioned.

Joe Helfreiter received a great credit from his companions, for his successful trick; and though it was at their expense, yet they had obtained the brandy, which was all they desired. He was shortly after promoted for his gallant bravery in his country's cause. The little doctor, however, did not fare so well, being continually jeered by the soldiers, who declared they would never be willing to trust a living man in the hands of one who was not able to take care of a dead one!

An Affecting Incident.

The following anecdote is narrated by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, in connexion with his account of the removal of the remains of Gen. HARRISON from the Congressional cemetery to be transported to the West:

The sight was truly affecting. Whilst the remains of this patriot were amongst us, we felt some satisfaction, some amelioration of grief—but to part with them forever—to see them slowly moving off to be taken far, far beyond the distant mountains, touched a tender chord in the human soul, hitherto untouched. I felt a strange sensation at the thought, that this great man, or rather all of him that yet remained on earth, was just leaving us forever. I wandered out into the open fields bordering the railway, to see as long as I could see, the train that swiftly wheeled him away. Approaching the brow of the hill near to what was once the private residence of the immortal Washington, I beheld a little in advance of me a solitary individual, gazing intently on the flying pageant, as it wheeled along the winding track far distant in the vale below. He was above the ordinary height, dressed in black, with his hat pressed down upon his brow—his back towards me, as I halted within a few feet behind him—I felt that this solitary stranger's heart beat somewhat in unison with my own. And I stood still, as if by impulse not wishing to disturb his seeming quiet.

As the train of cars diminished in the increasing distance, and entered the gorge of the hills almost out of view, the stranger raised his hand towards heaven, and in a voice tremulous with agitation, he fervently exclaimed, "farewell thou hero and patriot—thou poor man's friend, farewell!" And turning abruptly on his heel, he saw me, and dropping his head with a partial bow or salutation, passed with a quick and hurried step by me. But I saw that the fountain of his soul was broken. The big tears were coursing down his manly cheeks and glistening in his deep dark eye. I wept also, as he walked away, and loved him for his secret sorrow. It was General Murphy, of Ohio, the early and ardent friend of Gen. Harrison, whose eloquence had shaken the Western country, and had gained him the title of the Patrick Henry of the West.

A DEAR KISS.—A gentleman going down by a rail road a few days since, happened to be in company and alone with a pretty young woman. After paying her a great deal of attention on the journey, and being, as he thought, very well received, he ventured, as they were passing through a long tunnel in the dark, just before their arrival to take a kiss. The young lady said nothing, but when the car stopped, beckoned to a policeman, and gave the gentleman in charge for an assault. He was brought before the Magistrate, and fined £5 for his conduct.—*English paper.*

Going to Texas.

Not long since might have been seen on the Vicksburg road, a staid looking old gentleman on horseback, with his coat buttoned tight around him and an umbrella hoisted over his head, protecting him from a drizzling rain that had that evening "set in," with every indication of a continuance. His horse moved sluggishly along as though jaded by a long journey. The rider seemed anxiously looking for a whereabouts to pass the night, when a fire a short distance from the road attracted his attention. He rode to the spot, and beheld what is very common in this section of the country, an encampment of a family "a-moving."

By the fire, with logs of wood for pillows, and each wrapped in a blanket, was lying two females,—near them a small child. Leaning against the forewheel of the wagon, was a lad of about ten or eleven years of age. He wore a pair of tinsey woolsey trousers, too short for him—a roundabout that reached down half way from his shoulders to his waste—no hat, and possessing one of those tow-heads of hair so frequently to be met with among the piney wood nondescendants of Alabama; there he stood, crying most vociferously.

Ba! a-a-a,—Ba! a-a,—roared piney-wood.

The old gentleman rode up to him, and in a tone of voice calculated to soothe the lad's distress, addressed him—

"What's the matter, my son?"

"Matter! Fire and d—n, stranger! Don't you see mammy there shaking with the ager!—Daddy's gone a fishing!—Jim's got every cent of money there is, playing poker at a bit ante!—Bob Stokes is gone on a head with Nance!—Sal's so corned she don't know that stick of wood from seven dollars and a half!—Every one of the horses is loose!—There is no meal in the wagon!—The skillet's broke!—The baby's in a 'bad fix,' and its a half a mile to the creek!—And I don't care a d—nd if I never see Texas!"—Ba-a-a,—Ba-a-a.—

The old gentleman gave spur to his

horse and again moved forward, not having any desire to prolong his chance visit to a family going to Texas.

HUNTINGDON, July 5th. 1841.

Rev. M. Crownoover—

Sir—The undersigned were appointed a committee, by the Mechanics of Huntingdon, at the Celebration of the 65th. Anniversary of American Independence, to request the speakers on that day to furnish copies of their addresses for publication. With an earnest hope that it will meet your consent, the committee

Remain, Respectfully,

Yours, &c.
 M. BUOY,
 S. GRAFFIUS,
 J. SIMPSON.

HUNTINGDON, July 16th. 1841.

Gentlemen—

The note from you, requesting the speakers to furnish copies of their addresses delivered on the 65th. Anniversary of American Independence before the Mechanics of Huntingdon assembled to celebrate that day, have been received, and if the few remarks made by me, without any previous meditation, afford you any satisfaction, they are entirely at your service.

Yours,

With Respect
 M. CROWNOVER.

M. Buoy,
 S. Graffius,
 J. Simpson.

FRIENDS:—Your speaker, to-day, has noticed ver appropriate, the history of the past and also the present time, with a view of the future. As I have not prepared a set speech, I will try to make a moral application of the whole.

There is evidence, sufficient, to prove to us that every revolving year sheds blessings upon our guilty world, and awakens new emotions of gratitude and pleasure in the heart of the Christian and the Philanthropist. Every returning period which repeats the song of our country's freedom, swells a new chorus to the praise of our fathers. More and more, are we convinced, that the bloody struggles of our patriotic sires, which eventuated in giving liberty to millions of their favored posterity, was under the supervision of an Almighty Power, and directed for the accomplishment of wise and gracious purposes, in regard to our Country, to the Church, and to the World; and while our bosoms glow with feelings of the most ardent patriotism, while as a people we glory in the freedom of our civil and religious institutions, let us remember, that American Liberty, though great and important, in itself, is but a single link in a chain of events which will reach to the end of time, and will involve the moral condition of unnumbered millions. In the first declaration of our independence we have been the admiration of the world. Nations have wandered and we have wandered ourselves, that our fathers, so few in number, and so feeble, in comparison to the brave and gigantic power which opposed them, should so completely carry into effect their noble purposes of victory and freedom. What was it that gave success against such fearful odds? What was it that nerved a single arm against a thousand foes, and unfurled the banner of national independence over the very battle ground of European powers? It was the Lord of Hosts,—It was the arm of the mighty God of Israel stretched out for the defence of this land, and the accomplishment of those gracious purposes which have since been developed in the progress of civil and religious freedom.

While, therefore, we venerate the memory of our patriotic fathers, who struggled in the sanguinary conflict, and gaze upon the monuments which tell the hopeless fate of those who fell upon the blood-stained soil of freedom. While we teach our children the wanderers of former days,—infuse into their minds the spirit of generous patriotism, and transmit to them the precious boon of liberty, let us cast our eyes beyond all this and lift our thoughts and bow our hearts to that Almighty Power who achieved our victory, and made us what we are—to acknowledge the hand of God in all this—to render him all the praise of our wonderful deliverance is a sacred and indispensable obligation to rejoice in any other way in the favors which distinguish us. To carouse in the abundance of our blessings, and forget the source from whence we derive them is an abuse of our liberty—a dark stain upon the escutcheon of our country's freedom. It is this more than any thing else, that would endanger our safety if the eagle of American liberty should ever take its flight from our shores. If God should ever curse this land and give it over to anarchy or despotism, the cause will be found in our nations ingratude.

National favors demand national thank

offerings. It becomes us, in our associated capacity, to pay our vows to our Heavenly Benefactor, and render to Him our united praise; nor can we conceive it improper, to celebrate in a public manner, the birth day of our country's freedom.

The Jews were commanded to commemorate their wonderful deliverance from Egyptian bondage; and one of their most important and strikingly emblematic festivals annually reminded them of this gracious event. Let the sentiment prevail. Let the feeling dwell in every heart, that we are under the government of God,—that to Him we are indebted for all our civil and religious advantages and that our safety and happiness are inseparably connected with national gratitude and virtue. Let this be the character of American freemen, and they will remain freemen still,—they will delight to assemble at the place appointed, to offer the grateful homage of their hearts. We deprecate sorely the practice of making this day a time of riot and the joy of fools. It is the destruction of those very principles in which we professedly rejoice; and betrays our liberty into the hands of the severest tyranny.

It is to inculcate other principles and give to the mind a different bias. It is to guard our precious rights from such insinuating and destructive evils, and preserve the inheritance purchased by the blood of our fathers, that we properly make this day, or should make this day a religious festival, and assemble in a social manner, to renew our solemn covenant with our Heavenly Father, and strengthen those bonds which unite us together as brethren. Be this, then a day of sacred joy,—when but one feeling shall pervade the breasts of citizens—when the difference of political partisans shall be unknown, and the spirit of religious sectarianism unfelt. On this day, emphatically, we are brethren united to offer an undivided sacrifice of praise, and pledge to promote one common cause.

I repeat the sentiment, that the independence of our country is but a solitary link in a long chain of important events. When we look at the eventful period of our nation's birth,—the political and moral condition of the world at that time, and especially the state of the church, and one of christian benevolence, and compare those things with subsequent events, both in America and the old world, we cannot fail to discover that our severance from the political power of our mother country, was not merely fortuitous circumstance cast up in the ebullition of the revolutionary conflict; but an important instrument in the hands of the Almighty Ruler,—designed ultimately to change the entire moral and religious aspect of the whole world; that it has already effected great and important changes, both in the political and religious world, is most obvious to all who impartially study the history of Providence. It is nucleus, around which have gathered many new and generous feelings of liberty, and many new and wonderful displays of God's gracious regard to mankind.

The morning of our country's freedom opened a new era in the history of God's moral government, and formed a new period in the progress of those evangelical principles which are designed, ultimately, to enlighten all nations, and extend the Redeemers kingdom, from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

We cannot now pause to notice the many instances, that might be selected from past history, to illustrate the truth, that human affairs are all made to subserve the designs of Infinite Goodness. In this light, especially, should we view the remarkable circumstances of our own eventful history—the political revolution of our country—the freedom of our civil and religious institutions,—our rapid progress in the arts and sciences, and the astonishing success of the many benevolent operations which distinguish the present age, are events of no common interest, and should call up our attention as to what may be their ultimate issue. That they argue something of vast importance may be safely supposed. God has not put such mighty wheels in motion to answer no purpose. Already, indeed, the plan is developing itself, and light is cast upon the future page of Providence, and he that does not discover the approach of increasing important events, and behold the rising splendor of a far brighter day than has ever yet dawned upon our world, must close his eyes against the blaze of evidence clear as the meridian sun.

The note of liberty which was first sounded at Lexington has not yet died in silence, but is still swelling in its thrilling accents through the gloomy cells of vassalage, and awakening tyrants from their guilty slumber,—it will sound still louder and louder, and wake up nations which yet have hardly caught the distant echo, until all shall break their chains and rush to liberty and happiness; and the whole world rejoice in the smiles of freedom.