

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS

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## POETRY.

### THE LABORER.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form,  
And likeness of thy God!—who more?  
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm  
Of daily life, a heart as warm  
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a Man  
As moves the human mass among;  
As such a part of the Great Plan  
That with Creations dawn began,  
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the High  
In station, or in wealth the chief?  
The great, who coldly pass thee by,  
With proud step, and averted eye?  
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
What were the proud one's scorn to thee!  
A feather, which thou mightest cast  
As idle as the blast  
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions—low desires—  
Absence of noble self-respect—  
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,  
To that high nature which aspires  
For ever, till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst,  
They chain the to thy lonely lot—  
Thy labor and thy life accrue  
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!  
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!  
The great!—what better they than thou?  
As theirs, is not thy will as free?  
Has God with th'val favors thee  
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast; not 'tis but dust!  
Nor place: uncertain as the wind!  
But that thou hast, which, with thy crus  
And water, may dispise the lust  
Of both a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,  
True faith, and holy trust in God,  
Thou art the peer of any man.  
Look up, then—that thy little span  
Of life may be well trod!

### NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad, nothing so bad  
As getting familiar with sorrow,  
Treat him to day, in a cavalier way,  
And he'll seek other quarters to morrow.

Long you'd not weep could you but keep  
At the bright side of every trial;  
Fortune you'd find, is often most kind,  
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day, carry away,  
Its own little burden of sorrow,  
Or you may miss half of the bliss,  
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

## MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

### Short Patent Sermons.

By "DOW, JR."

I have selected the following, by J. E. Dow, a namesake of mine, as a text for this occasion:

"Old Time! Old Time! you've passed away,  
And men have sadly altered,  
The robber walks amid the day,  
Unchided and unaltered.

The strutsman talks away his time,  
And leaves the people starving;  
The scales of Justice lean to crime,  
And doctors cure by carving.

MY HEARERS—Refinement and corruption are always wedded together. They are so closely allied that it is difficult to distinguish which from which, or 't'other from 't'other. In fact, refinement, such as we boast at the present day, is nothing but a mass of corruption, coated with a beautiful exterior of hypocritical pretension. Old Time has not wholly passed away, as my text might seem to imply; for he is destined to drive his chariot [the wheels to which are rolling years] into the edge of eternity, before he be reckoned among the *has beens*; but old times have passed away, and present times have fallen into such a state of degeneracy, that I doubt much whether we shall have any times at all by and by. We talk of improvement! What kind of improvement do we make? Man, after having soared on the wings of science to the celestial cities of the stars, and explored the aerial desert of space—having gone up in balloons among the dark billowed clouds, and ascertained by analysis, the component parts of thunder and lightning—is, after all, farther off from heaven now than he was five hundred or a thousand years ago. By the aid of telescopes and a kind of delusive fancy, he brings objects from above, apparently near, and then foolishly imagines that he at last has arrived at the very door steps of Heaven! What folly! what vainness!

Why, my friends—to tell you the plain truth, as we advance scientifically, intellectually, and socially, we digress morally. There is no more mistake about it than there is in twice two. Good morals can't exist where fashion and refinement are associated with vice. You might as soon think of catching trout from a putrid pool, or breeding musquitoes from a living spring. The morals of this and every community have, for a long time, been growing downward, like a cow's tail, while vice keeps turning up and curling under, like the posterior embellishment of a cur. As the accomplished arts flourish, morality is left in the shade; and it cannot grow while such weeds are sapping it of its vitality. While this state of things remains, man may grow wiser and wiser with each returning day; but depend upon it he can become no better. We have among us a swarm of tinkers of public morals; but while they endeavor to stop one hole, they are sure to make ten more—if they don't even expose their own rottenness. In fact, my friends, morals are like an old shirt; they look cleaner for washing, but at the same time they are worse than ever, and more liable to rip in the back. The only way to forward the growth of morality is to cut away and make a bonfire of all such noxious brushwood as avarice, cupidity, venality, fashion, and selfishness, and then it will flourish spontaneously upon the uncultivated soil of the heart, and make man appear as he once was—pure, spotless and undefiled.

My dear friends—it is a melancholy truth that man has sadly altered. I don't believe he looks any more like the model the Creator made as a pattern for us all, than a rib-nosed baboon looks like Prince Albert or a king of the Cannibal Islands. His moral attributes are not the same, and his exterior has lost all its original remarks. Oh! how degenerate is man! and oh, how corruption oozes from the sores of society! Not only the professional robber walks unchided and unaltered in the broad light of day, but you also—yes, you, ye unceremonious robbers—all of you, are permitted to rob one another, "by way of trade," as the saying is, or in other words "just for a lark," with perfect impunity. Yes, you lie, cheat and steal all the week for the sake of mammon, and then go to church and pile up your sins at the foot of the altar, and then hurrah for more money, either by fair or by foul means. You dare not deny it, you sin-cathed sons of avarice, that many of you have been known to drive over dead mendicant's bones, on your unhalloved errands of venality; and I have no doubt that many of you are only free from the charge of picking pennies from a blind beggar's hat, on the ground that no opportunity has yet been afforded! Now my friends, you must know that you are paying a heavy tax for the privilege of being miserable; and I really wonder that

you don't bring about a reform of self-government, and let peace, contentment and happiness once more hang their ever green wreaths in the blighted bowers of the heart.

Our Congressmen my friends what are they! Nothing but blood suckers upon the cheek of Uncle Sam. They talk and drink for eight dollars a day, and you have to stand the treat. Don't be deceived.—While they pretend to be strengthening the pillars which support our temple of liberty, they are often, by their very acts, undermining its base; and you must not be surprised if the whole fabric come down one of these days, with an awful crash, and upon its ruins, spring up the deadly upas of despotism. The fact need not be concealed that our Senators and Representatives who are now feeding upon government at the District of Columbia, will gamble at the faro banks, play cards, dice, make use of profane language, quarrel, fight duels, and drink gin cocktails.—It is true they go to church, but it is for form's sake. They seldom read their bibles, and their bosom is well stuffed with pride and vanity. Instead of walking and watching upon the watchtowers of their nation, they are loafing, idling and blackguarding their time away; therefore, don't be deceived, I repeat in your estimation of them over such hewers of wood and drawers of water, as we common folks are. They may preach as much as they please about the rights and privileges of the poor; all they care for is the glory and honor of their stations. They are always ready to sacrifice paltry works for the sake of freedom, but you don't catch them sacrificing anything of greater value.—They ask you to give them a roost in the tree of office? and what do they do?—they eat the apples and then throw the cores at your heads. Such are our statesmen, and such is man at the present day. Our doctors are working hard for death and the devil on shares. There was a time when they could live and let live; but now they cut and slash at poor humanity, as though it was an inanimate lump of clay. They feed the jaws of the sepulchre with all the coldness and *sang froid* that ever a menagerie keeper threw a pluck at a tiger. But I will not dilate upon this uncongenial topic.

My friends—as the good old days are gone for ever and never more to return, we must try to prevent the rust, which has now gathered upon the times, from spreading farther, rather than, in useless endeavors, to rub it wholly off. If you have a mind to try, there will be no difficulty in getting smoothly on, until you arrive at that blessed country where the times are first rate, and strict morality prevails forever and ever.—So mote it be!

### From the Baltimore Monument.

#### MISS BEFORE TEENS.

Mamma will you please to spread  
A little sugar on my bread,  
And mamma, dearest, if you please,  
To cut a little bit of cheese,  
Just a very little bit;  
Sweet bread will eat so nice with it.  
I'm grown too large now to be carried,  
'Fo-morrow, ma, mayn't I be married.

"Come Helen," said Mrs. Henderson to her daughter, aged eleven, "put up your beads and trinkets and prepare for bed, it's almost eight o'clock."

"Indeed ma, I cannot afford to do any such thing as to go to bed so soon," replied the young lady, "I'm entirely too old to be talked to in such childish language, and beside Mr. Kingston is to be here at half past eight, there's his card in the rack now."

Mrs. Henderson was dumb in astonishment for a few moments after her womanish daughter had done speaking, and prompted by curiosity, she examined the card rack, and sure enough, the 'compliment of Mr. George Kingston' was there in old English letters on a beautiful embossed card. Mr. George Kingston had just turned his thirteenth year, he wore a stock, and flourished a silver headed cane. Mrs. Henderson amused herself a short time with the little emblem of the children's precocity, when replacing it in the rack, and seating herself near Miss Helen, she resumed the conversation, by saying—"and so George Kingston is to be here at half past eight, is he?"

"Yes, ma, when he sent his card up this morning, this message accompanying it was that he would be here at that hour."

"And for what purpose?"

"Why ma, to talk about every thing, like other people do."

"What sort of every thing?"

"Why the balls, and the theatre, Han-nington's Dioramas, and the Ravels, and

"Poh, child, hush, and hustle off to bed—your a pretty mix to talk of entertaining a beau, with balls and nonsense—come, off with you."

"Mina, ma, what do you mean by that Do you remember that I have been to boarding school?"

"Yes, child I remember that you have been to boarding school, and I remember

that you've been to dancing school, and there's where you met with Mr. George Kingston, I suppose."

"Yes, ma, you know there's always a few moment's leisure between the sets, and then the ladies and gentlemen promenade and talk about the weather, and a thousand other pretty things."

"And what kind of pretty things do you and Geo. Kingston talk about?"

"George Kingston! Ma, its Mr. Kingston, he's as much right to be called Mr. as any body. He rattained Henry Cuthbert; for slighting me in the waltz, and I don't like to hear him spoken of disrespect fully."

"Highly tifty, Miss Henderson! and so I suppose we may expect a courtship soon?"

"Courtship, indeed! we are not so foolish as to waste time in courtship, I can tell you madam—and if you must know it we have been engaged these two months!"

This was a secret worth knowing, and Mrs. Henderson, as soon as she received the information, prompted by curiosity determined to await the arrival of Mr. Geo. Kingston, to see how these youthful lovers would demean themselves in her presence. In due time the little hero was announced, and after a few handsome flourishes of his silver topped cane he seated himself and began to play the man.

"How do you like the manner in which Miss Fustian behaved, the other evening, Miss Helen?" asked the infant woe.

"At the ball—O horrible, she's the most ill behaved young lady in the world, and she's to be married in four weeks, did you know it Mr. Kingston?"

"I heard it in the theatre last night—you should have been there Miss Helen—you play was excellent, and Miss St. Eustace fainted. You cannot conceive how interesting she looked."

"Fainted! O my gracious! What made her faint, Mr. Kingston?"

"She was so affected at Virginia's being stabbed by her father, Miss Helen."

"Well, I don't wonder at it, any thing at the theatre looks so natural, and she's a chicken hearted creature. Did you ever see one so frightened as she was at the Diorama?"

"She was very much frightened, Miss Helen—and tore some of the buttons off Mr. Wise's coat in clinging to him for support. She's to be married to Mr. Wise in the spring."

"To be married in the spring, and so young Mr. Kingston why ma says I shant these four years."

"She's a fortune, they say, Miss Helen and Henry Howell's mother says he must strike while the iron's hot."

"The young lady was courted years ago, Mr. Kingston, and her first lover died; she's been melancholy ever since, and some say she's in a decline, I wonder if its true?"

"I don't know, indeed—but the Ravels Miss Helen, they are going away next week, and we must see them before they leave us, when can you go?"

"I can't tell exactly, Mr. Kingston, may be Monday night, I'll ask ma, and may be she'll go with us—it will be so fine to have her go with us. Will you go ma?"

"What are you talking about child!" asked the mother, lifting her eyes from a book she was pretending to read though in truth she had been a listener to all that had been said, and a trial it was to her to preserve her gravity during the very animated and interesting discussion.

"Why, said Mr. George Kingston, I have invited Miss Helen to go and see the Ravels again, and she requests that you will accompany us madam—will you be so kind?"

"O yes, ma, do, it will be so fine, you on one side of Mr. Kingston, and I on the other, I guess Miss Fustian, and Miss St. Eustace would feel very flat, both their mothers forbid their beaux coming to the house any more, and they're obliged to meet away from home—do ma go with us, will you?"

Mrs. Henderson had been exceedingly amused at their friendly chit chat, and she could suppress a smile when she remembered that they had been engaged these two months; truly, thought she they will make a lovely couple, he thirteen and she eleven, and they conversing with as much interest and freedom as if they both were twenty; she laid her book aside for a moment, and sobberly exclaimed—"Well I wonder what this world is coming to?"

The little lovers were completely thrown off the track of their tete-a-tetes; it was evident that the surprise of Helen's mother had arisen from their conversation, and her movement had too much meaning in it for them to be mistaken. Miss Helen looked at her mother with a fearful frown, and Mr. George Kingston shrugged up his shoulders and looked towards his hat. Discretion on his part was doubtless the better part of valor—

For he who loves and runs away,  
May live to love another day.

And after he had flourished his silver mounted cane, and pulling his watch from

his pocket, and adjusted his shirt collar, he arose to take his departure.

Miss Helen, after saying he need not be in a hurry—it was not late, and so on, seized upon the only light in the room to illuminate the dark hall which Mr. Geo. Kingston was necessarily obliged to pass through to reach the street door, and away they walked, leaving Mrs. Henderson in total darkness where she waited until she was tired for the return of Miss Helen with the light, and then followed to the door to ascertain what the loving couple were about, and they being so thoroughly absorbed in the ecstasy of affection, did not discover that she was looking at them, until she had seen Mr. Kingston kiss Helen several times—his arms were about her neck; and she was reclining very affectionately upon his shoulder, when the eyes of the young swain chanced to raise upwards, and encountered the gaze of the astonished mother. It was needless to say that Mr. George Kingston scampered off at a pretty considerable gait, and Miss Helen returned mortified to the sitting room where her mother having reached before her, was waiting with a fine pair of 'cat o' nine tails,' which she put into operation to the no little discomfiture of the young lady's arrangements. The poor child thought it hard that she should be so treated for being in love, and as to the kisses—why she imagined they were perfectly in place. The mother thought otherwise, and from that time forth Miss Helen was forced to retire to bed at eight o'clock.

### From the Plymouth (Mass.) Memorial.

#### THE PASTOR OF CAHOKIA.

#### A WESTERN SKETCH.

"No sculptured marble points to tell  
Where sleeps the holy man:  
Yet are his works remembered well,  
In yon red hunter's land."

Father Antoine is held in dear remembrance at Cahokia to this day, as the meek and holy priest who led the founders of that lonely hamlet through their toilsome pilgrimage, and soothed them in the hour of trial or danger, with the balm of heavenly love. Civil rulers were appointed over them, but every magistrate confided all authority to him. The sword of justice rested in his scabbard, for the simple crossier, of the priest was found sufficient to restrain the arm of wrong or violence. The bold and restless spirit covered in his presence, while the feeble and desponding heart was nerved with fortitude at his approach. His counsel reassured the strong; his prayers consoled the sick, and to the view of the departing soul, the beams of hope his smile diffused, illuminated the portals of the grave.

Careless of the fame and honor which the world can give he was content to bury in the solitude of an unbroken wilderness his name and virtues, unknown, and unregarded by the vast majority of men. His life was not devoted solely to the countrymen with whom he dwelt; it was his aim to Christianize, and thus reclaim the native tribes around. He made himself familiar with the Indian language, visited the red man in his cabin, and conveyed to him the principles of what he deemed a sure and saving faith. At his bidding, chapels were erected in the midst of the native villages, and while he ministered before the altar the unlettered children of the wilderness assembled around him, as the ancient shepherds of Thessaly are said to have gathered about Apollo, when banished from the skies.

Among the people of his charge was a young orphan girl, whose parents had died soon after their arrival in the land of their adoption. This young orphan was the object of his special care. He took upon himself alone the trust of her support and education. Nor were the gushing sympathies of his warm heart misplaced. Gratitude to her protector, deep and earnest gratitude became with her the all absorbing motive of existence. When he was near, she watched his countenance to learn his wishes and anticipate his wants. When he was absent, all the burden of her anxious heart was but to do his will and win a kind, approving smile on his return. Her prompt attention to the lessons he assigned her, and her rapid progress through the various grades of learning, often drew from him expressions of admiring joy, till his attachment to the true and docile child exceeded, if it could be, even a parent's love. Little did he think so soon to have the strength of his affection tried.

An Indian and a Frenchman had been out in company to hunt, and when the chase was over, some dispute arose about the game. Both became excited, and the Frenchman in an evil moment, yielding to the impulse of his anger, shot the Indian through the heart. Well knowing that the natives would demand for this rash act the forfeit of his life, the offender hastily made his escape. The melancholy

tidings soon were heralded abroad, and all Cahokia assumed the sadness of despair. Man gazed with an anxious and misgiving eye upon his fellow man—the matron clasped the unconscious infant to her heart in breathless terror, and even the fresh, ruddy cheek of thoughtless youth grew pale. All knew the certainty of savage vengeance, but could rely on no source to avert it. On first receiving news of the affray, the pious Father had retired and bowed himself in prayer before the altar of his God. Beside him knelt the tender object of his love and care, and fervently implored the arm of Heaven to protect the hamlet for his sake. While thus engaged a crowd broke in on their devotions, and with shrieks exclaimed—"they come—they come—the Indians come—go meet them holy Father, go!"

The priest arose, and pausing only to pronounce a benediction on the child, departed. A mighty host of braves were now advancing, some with torches flaming in the wind, the rest with arrows on the string. The feeble company of villagers might as well have hoped to stay the tempest in its wrath, as to withstand their bold advance. The pious Father in his sacerdotal robes approached them, and the chief came forth to meet him. After a brief and hasty salutation, the frowning warrior thus began—"The blood of a Cahokian has been shed; give up the murderer to our hands, or yonder village shall be burnt to ashes, and no living thing in it be spared." "The murderer," replied the priest, "has fled, and we know not whither." "Then," resumed the chief, with threatening aspect, "let us have the girl that you have trained with so much care; nothing less shall save your people." The pious Father heaved a groan that spoke of agony to deep for utterance, and fell upon his knees to ask that other terms might be proposed; but the wrathful chief would not allow another word, and with a bursting heart he rose to return.

As he approached the villagers, every one pressed near the holy man to inquire what terms the Indians had proposed. "They will spare us," said the priest, "only on the condition that we deliver up what I never will consent to sacrifice—let us prepare to die." On saying this he led the way towards the chapel and beckoned all the rest to follow. Arriving at the door he looked around for the tender object of his care, but she was gone; all eyes were turned to look for her, when they beheld her far away, and hurrying with her utmost speed towards the Indians. The priest gazed wildly for a moment, and then rushing into the chapel, in the anguish of his soul, threw himself on the floor before the altar. Others watched the movement of the child, and when she reached the braves, a shout was heard from that wild band that shook the chapel walls. A moment after all their arms and torches were thrown down, and the chief advancing, took her by the hand, and led her back, attended by the braves. The priest had risen from the floor, and as he saw the child returning, raised his voice in gratitude to Heaven. The chief approached him saying, "Holy Father, I restore this noble child, and for her sake will spare your people." c. c.

### Hard to Catch.

"Will you pay me my bill, sir?" said a tailor in Charles street, to a waggish fellow who had got into him about a feet.

"Do you owe any body any thing, sir?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait,"—and he walked off.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so turning on his creditor, he says—"Are you in debt to any body?"

"Yes, sir," says the tailor.

"Well why the devil don't you pay?" asked the wag.

"Because I cannot get the money," answered the tailor.

"That's just my case, sir," said the wag. "I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition, give me your hand.—Crescent City.

### True to Nature.

A sign painter near our office has painted a raw beef steak so exquisitely, that the dogs wag their tails and look wistfully every time they pass the window.—N. American.

There is another who paints game so naturally, that a setter cannot pass the window without pointing at it. Neither of these, however, have reached that perfection in the art which has been attained by a New Orleans painter, of whom the Picayune speaks. It is said that he painted a line shingle the other day, so exactly resembling marble, that when thrown into the river it instantly sank to the bottom.

"Vocalists are very singular people," says Streeter.