

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

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SCORNFUL MOLLY GRAY.

While proud young women are waiting for a splendid match, and rejecting good offers in hopes of getting better ones, they do not unfrequently overstand their market, and in the end are fain to accept of any offer they can get, in order to avoid what they consider the more dreadful alternative of living and dying old maids.

Molly Gray, of Toppingtown, was a very pretty lass, and a very proud one. She was the seventh daughter of Deacon Nehemiah Gray, a modern farmer, who, to tax his ability to the utmost, could not give his daughters each a setting out exceeding two hundred dollars. Her six sisters had all married respectable farmers and mechanics, and were well to do in the world. But Molly was the beauty and pride of the family, resolved to look a little higher than her sisters. She would not take up with the "hundred fellers"—the farmers and mechanics of Toppingtown—not she. She wondered that her sisters had no more respect for themselves than to marry such coarse, unamannerly critters. For her part, she meant to have a man that was somebody.

Before she was fairly eighteen she began to be wooed. Her beauty, the respectability of the Deacon, the Deacon's wife, and indeed the whole family, early procured her plenty of suitors. But they were not Miss Molly's taste; and though she felt some little vanity in being wooed even by farmers and mechanics, she was not to be thus won.

Her first lover was Joshua Ploughshare. He was a sober, industrious, moral young man, of twenty-three, well to live, and resolved on getting a wife. He was quite taken with Molly Gray, inasmuch that he never passed her in the street, or saw her at church, but his heart beat as though it would fly out of his jacket.

"She's an all-fired handsome gal, that," said he to himself, "and if I could only marry her, I should be the happiest fellow in Toppingtown."

Indeed, Joshua was so smitten with the Deacon's pretty daughter that he thought of little else day and night. He dreamed of her beauty when asleep, and mused upon her charms when awake. Sometimes when driving his oxen and thinking of his love, he would exclaim—"Come hither, Molly!" meaning Berry, the name of his near ox. And he called a favorite bay filly after the name of the Deacon's daughter.

The operations of his heart had an effect upon his outside; and he took uncommon pains to appear spruce at church, at evening parties, and wherever there was the least probability of meeting with his charmer. Indeed he laid out more money upon his clothes than his habits of economy would otherwise have permitted, merely to render his person attractive in the eyes of Molly. Thus he endeavored to make a favorable impression upon her heart; but on the subject of love, it was a long time before he ventured to break the ice. He looked and blushed, and sighed, but said not a word on the theme which he most wished to speak upon.

At length, however, his resolution was screwed to the sticking point; and one Sunday evening, in the month of May, beheld Joshua tying his bay filly to a hook at one corner of Deacon Gray's house. Molly was looking out of the window at

the time—whether in expectation of a spark, or merely to enjoy the beauties of the spring, history saith not; but as soon as she saw Mr. Ploughshare ride up, she modestly withdrew behind the curtain.

As soon as Joshua had pulled down the legs of his unmentionables, which, sooth to say, had slipped very considerably for want of straps—he tapped at the door, but so timidly, that his heart beat nearly as loud as his hand.

"Walk in!" said the Deacon, in a loud voice, in order to drown the noise of the dog, who, like many other unmannerly curs, always received strangers with a bark.

Notwithstanding, however, the Deacon spoke loud, Joshua did not hear him, and was obliged to knock again.

"Walk in!" replied the Deacon, louder than before; but just at that instant, in addition to the barking of the dog, the geese set up a most obstreperous caking; and Joshua, nearly discouraged, was fain to knock a third time; when the Deacon, having kicked the dog under the table, opened the door, and welcomed in the young man.

"That pesky dog and the geese," said he, "make such a racket there's no hearing one's self speak. I hope you are well, Mr. Ploughshare?—Set a chair, Molly, and take Mr. Ploughshare's hat—do. I hope your folks are well, Mr. Ploughshare; that pesky dog, he's getting so saucy I must kill him."

"Oh, don't kill him pa," said Molly, with a scornful look at her lover; he never barks at any genteel people."

"Genteel people, you chit, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray; "but don't you mind what she says, Mr. Ploughshare—she's a spoilt thing, though she is my child. But la, she don't mean any thing by it."

"I don't know whether she means any thing by it, or not," said Joshua, after turning as many colors as the brown of his face would allow; "but one thing I do know, if that dog was mine, he'd have a dreadful sore head afore he was twenty-four hours older. I wouldn't keep no animal to bark at my friends, nor I."

The young man was very cordially received by the old folks; who, after chatting upon a variety of subjects—such as the last sermon, the last marriage, the last death, and all singular news of the town; and after treating him to some fine pippins, which had been kept through the winter, and also some boiled cider, which the Deacon had tapped on purpose, retired to rest much earlier than usual, but pleading as an excuse, that to-morrow was Monday, and that it was necessary for them to retire earlier, in order to rise betimes for the business of the week.

This was kind and considerate on the part of the old folks as needs be. But true love is always diffident; and Joshua's heart beat like a trip hammer before he could muster courage to speak.

"Hark!" said Molly, saucily at him—"don't you hear a partridge drumming?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Joshua, making a desperate effort, and all at once planting his chair close beside that of his charmer—what a duced fool I am to be such a coward—I believe in my soul love has taken away my wits."

"Your wits!" said the girl, snatching away the hand which he had ventured to take; "you never had any wits."

"Oh, don't be so scornful," said the young man, "you don't know how much I love you."

"No, nor I don't want to know," retorted the girl—"keep away your filthy hands."

"Filthy exclaimed Joshua, resentfully—"there's where you're mistaken Miss Molly. My hands are as clean as soap and water can make them; though perhaps they ain't quite so white as—"

"White!" interrupted the scornful lass—"why they're as brown as an Ingen's and as hard as a piece of horn. It must be a gentleman's hand that touches mine."

"Well, if that's your look out," retorted the lover, rising and taking his hat, "you may have your gentleman's hand for me." My hands are of an honest color; and if you are ashamed of them, I am not—and so good night to you, Molly Gray.

"Good night, and joy go with you," said the girl, as she closed the door and bolted it after him.

Her next lover was a respectable blacksmith, some twenty-five years of age, who had already accumulated a handsome sum of money, and was doing a good business in the way of trade. Many a lass would have been glad to get him; but passing by all others, he fixed his eye upon the proud Molly Gray. He paid her a special visit; he put the question; he solicited her hand. But it was all in vain.

"Faugh!" said she, how black your paws are! I'd as soon marry a barrel of charcoal as man of your trade. No, Mr. Anvil, you're not the man for me. You'll never catch me going to church with a blacksmith."

"Indeed! Miss Molly," returned the rejected lover, as he planted his hat firm-

ly on his head and beat it down with his hand—"you may go farther and fare worse."

"That's my look out," retorted the girl.

Her third suitor was a shoemaker. He also was an industrious young man, of good character, and doing a thriving business. But he was not the man for Molly Gray. She called him Mr. Wax, declared she was not to be strapped to the side of any man, of his cloth, and wondered how he could be such an awl sufficient fool as to think of coming to court her.

In short—not to make a long story—the scornful Miss Molly rejected sundry other respectable lovers of her own degree, while she was waiting for a higher offer. But she waited in vain; the higher offer never came. At the age of twenty-five, beginning to fear that she might overstand her markets, she humbled her pride so much as to resolve on accepting a farmer, if she could get one. But no farmer came to woo. Joshua Ploughshare had long since got married; and other young farmers had heard too much of the pride of the scornful Molly to think of troubling her with a similar suit.

At the age of 26 she concluded to accept of a blacksmith, a shoemaker, or any other respectable mechanic who might chance to court her. But Mr. Anvil had long since married, and the young man stigmatized by the name of Mr. Wax, had succeeded in softening the heart of a more susceptible lass, so that he was married in a month afterwards. As those of her rejected suitors who were still unmarried they had no objection to see her wait.

"Ah," said they—it's good enough for her. The scornful Miss Molly who refused so many of the most respectable farmers and mechanics, will be glad to take up with a tinker by and by."

And they prophesied right, Molly remained unmarried until the latter part of the 29th year, when to escape the approbrium of being an old maid, she resolved on marrying the first man who would offer,—this happened to be a travelling tinker who stopped to mend her mother's brass kettle, and with whom she succeeded in striking up a bargain. He was not only a tinker, but he was a very Turk in the article of matrimony—having as many wives as there were States in the Union. Poor Molly! she died in less than six months, of shame and disappointment.

From the Democratic Review.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

A FACT.

Ting a ling-ling, went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, good humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated.

The countenance of the boy however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithstanding, its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripling stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown, which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be governed better than by lashes, and tears, and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old fashioned schoolmasters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichols's garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes sir," answered the boy, "I was."

"Well sir, I am glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. "And I didn't do any thing last night that I'm ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and

heavy rattan; "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features, "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it was my way home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and—But I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichols's garden fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something another, over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in that bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his rattan on the desk.

The boy looked as if he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his rattan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow, faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."

"Oh yes, that's very likely," and Mr. Lugare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichols's melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night.

The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had lived in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly emaciated infant, whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician, who had a country seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family.—Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease, but every thing was uncertain.

It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled together, er mutually happy in each other, and enduring much poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer, named Jones, who with his elder brother worked a large farm on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious,

high tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped, because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew any thing about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loth to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition, which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity," as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him, was fixed at Mr. Nichols's garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly to the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard except occasionally a long drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to break his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one of some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him, or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the little slumberer.

"Asleep, are you, my young gentleman!" said he, "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again, as he made the last observation. He grasped his rattan firmly and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his rattan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on

the other, and only stopped at the end of a few minutes from very weariness. Still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over the desk, his head dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rattan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him.—The boy was dead! He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

MESSAGE

Of the President of the United States, returning with his objections, the bill to incorporate the Fiscal Bank of the United States, August 16, 1841.

To the Senate of the United States: The bill, entitled "An act to incorporate the subscribers of the Fiscal Bank of the United States," has been considered by me, with a sincere desire to conform my action in regard to it, to that of the Houses of Congress. By the Constitution, it is made my duty either to approve the bill by signing it, or to return it with my objections to the House in which it originated. I cannot conscientiously give my approval, and I proceed to discharge the duty required of me by the Constitution—to give my reasons for disapproving.

The power of Congress to create a National Bank or operate *per se* over the Union, has been a question of dispute from the origin of our Government. Men most justly and deservedly esteemed for their virtue, and their patriotism, have, in regard to it, entertained different and conflicting opinions. Congresses have differed. The approval of one President has been followed by the disapproval of another. The people at different times have acquiesced in decisions both for and against. The country has been and still is deeply agitated by this unsettled question. It will suffice for me to say, that my own opinion has been uniformly proclaimed to be against the exercise of any such power by this government. On all suitable occasions, during a period of twenty-five years, the opinions thus entertained have been unreservedly expressed. I declared in the Legislature of my native state. In the House of Representatives of the United States it has been openly vindicated by me. In the Senate Chamber, in the presence and hearing of many who are at this time members of that body, it has been affirmed and reaffirmed, in speeches and reports there made and by votes there recorded. In popular assemblies I have unhesitatingly announced it; and the last public declaration which I made, and that but a short time before the late Presidential election, I referred to my previously expressed opinions as being those then entertained, by me; with a full knowledge of the opinions thus entertained, and never concealed, I was elected by the people, Vice President of the United States. By the occurrence of a contingency provided for by the Constitution, and arising under an impressive dispensation of Providence, I succeeded to the Presidential office.

Before entering on the duties of that office, I took an oath that I would "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Entertaining the opinions alluded to, and having taken this oath, the Senate and the country will see that I could not give my sanction to a measure of the character described, without surrendering all claims to the respect of honorable men—all confidence on the part of the people; all self respect; all regard for moral and religious obligation; without an observance of which, no government can be prosperous, and no people can be happy. It would be to commit a crime which I would not wilfully commit to gain any earthly reward, and which would justly subject me to the ridicule and scorn of all virtuous men.

I deem it entirely unnecessary at this time to enter upon the reasons which have brought my mind to the convictions I feel, and entertain on this subject. They have been over and over again repeated. If some of those who preceded me in this high office have entertained and avowed different opinions, I yield all confidence that their convictions were sincere. I claim only to have the same measure meted out to myself.—Without going further

W. W.