

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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AGENTS

The Huntingdon Journal.

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POETRY.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

"Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."
It is our country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er Ocean's waves—in foreign climes
A symbol of our might.
"Father—what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering in the clouds?
Why do the people waive their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"
It is the voice of cannonry,
The glad shout of the free,
This is a day of memory dear—
'Tis freedom's jubilee.
"I wish I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
I'd cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?"
I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I have witnessed many a day like this—
Shout you aloud my boy.
"Hurrah! for freedom's jubilee!
God bless our native land,
And may I live to hold the sword
Of freedom in my hand!"
Well done my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where freedom loves to dwell,
Is Paradise on earth.

FROM THE NEW YORKER. HE COMES NOT YET!

"'Tis night—from Heaven's sapphire loft
The moon smiles on the sea,
And zephyr's sighs are stealing soft
Across the earth and sea;
The sister spirits of the even,
In their blue home above,
Have lit the twinkling lamps of Heaven,
To light the hour of love;
And every herb and tree and flower
With twilight's dew is wet;
It is his own loved moonlight hour—
But oh! he comes not yet."
"Each little wave hath murmured o'er
Its moonbeam-witnessed bliss,
And stolen on to give the shore
A holy vesper kiss;
Each flow'ret from the lip of night
A drop of dew hath pressed,
Then folded up its leaves in light
And perfume-sweetened rest;
And every charm that sea and sky
Have on our planet set,
Proclaims that Love's own hour is nigh—
But Oh! he comes not yet."

TO MY SWEET HEART.

Your lips! how temptingly you pout!
They're delicious as wild cherries—
Red as a Turkey Gobbler's snout,
And sweet as Huckleberries!

From Graham's Magazine for October.

KATE BEVERLY.

A Story of the Valley of Wyoming.

BY PERCIE H. SHELTON.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man to me, as we paused on the edge of the mountain road, and looked down into the valley of Wyoming beneath us. "Well, that spot, calm and beautiful as it now is, was once the scene of massacre. God help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them, even after the lapse of fifty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connection with it. Yet, if the subject be so painful to you, I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy, no," said the old man sadly, "I will tell it for the promise is of long standing, and I feel to-day as if I could narrate that tragedy with less emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock, and give me a moment to rest; I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad-rimmed summer hat, I took the place pointed out by him near his side, and spent the moments that elapsed before he began his narration in gazing at the landscape before me.

Sitting on a huge boulder at the edge of the mountain, just where the hill began to slope down into the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most unrivalled landscapes in the world. To our left rose the mountain, bold, rugged, and barren, like the back of some vast monster reared against the sky—but on the right nothing interposed to destroy the view; whose levelness so far exceeded even my expectations, that for some minutes I gazed on the scene in mute admiration. Beneath me stretched the valley, diversified with gently sloping elevations, and sprinkled with fields of waving golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue, lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest ever and anon varying to a lighter tint, as the wind swept over the tree-tops. Right through the centre of the valley meandered the river, now rolling betwixt bluff banks, and now stealing gently among the rich meadow lands in the distance, until at length it turned to the left, and, skirting the foot of the far off hills, was lost behind the profile of the mountain before us. In the centre of the vale was the village, with its white houses and airy church steeple, smiling over the scene. Far away on the horizon stretched a line of hills, their dark blue summits, half hid by the clouds, which wrapped them as in a veil of gauze. No sound came up from the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a bird would be heard from the surrounding trees—while the low tinkle of a tiny waterfall on our left kept monotonously sounding in our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright, and gay, and beautiful. I was still lost in admiration at the loveliness of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence his tale.

"It is now fifty years ago," he began, "since I came to this valley a young frontier man, with a hearty constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border; the place was, at that time, settled principally by families from Connecticut, and even then bore traces of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances. Others had seen better days—and altogether the society was more refined than was usual on the frontier. Among the families, however, in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly—and, of his fireside circle, his second daughter, Kate, was, in my eyes, the gem. How shall I describe her beauty? Lovely, without being beautiful, with a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young lawn in sportive play, and a disposition so amiable as to win, irresistibly, the love of all who met her. Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why it was that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say; perhaps it was the consciousness of some mysterious sympathy linking us together, or perhaps it was that we both came from the same town in Connecticut, and had been school-mates in childhood—so it was, however. It soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife.

"Oh! how happy were those days—too happy, indeed, to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony. Suffice it to say, that while dreaming of bliss, such as mortal never before experienced, the war of the revolution broke out—and, after a hard struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army. Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act,—she rather loved me the more for it.—Though her womanly nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her I was right, and she bid me God speed.

"Heaven bless you, Harry," she said, "and bring this unnatural war to a conclusion. I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity for your absence may soon cease."

"Time rolled on—the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had risen to be a captain in the — regiment, when I received information that the Tories and Indians intended making a descent on the valley of the Wyoming. I knew the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and trembled for the lives of those I held most dear. At first I discredited the rumor—chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the reported descent, and I became convinced that not a moment was to be lost if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken—I solicited for leave of absence—it was refused; I then resigned my commission, and set forth for Wyoming.

"I never shall forget my emotions when I drew near the ill-fated place; it was on the very day of the massacre—and the first intimation I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known, floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my worst surmises fell far short of the truth. When, hours after, I met some of the fugitives, and they rehearsed to me that tale of horror, I stood for a moment thunderstruck, refusing to believe that beings in human form could perpetrate such deeds—but it was all too true.

"Almost my first inquiry was for Kate. No one knew, alas! what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight, told me that her father had been killed at the beginning of the conflict—and that, deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriated savages, while the other inhabitants were severally engaged in protecting themselves. How I cursed them for this selfishness! And yet could I expect aught else of human nature, than that each one should protect those dearest to them, even to the desertion of others?"

"But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might, to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate—so that if dead I might revenge her, and if living, I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to the flying group, I shouldered my rifle and struck boldly into the forest, trusting in the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities.

"I will not tire you with a contracted narrative; I will only say that, after numerous inquiries from the fugitives I had met, I learned that Kate had been last seen in the hands of a party of savages—this was sufficient for a clue—I once more began to hope. I waited until night-fall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me as the one where Kate had been last seen—and never shall I forget my feeling of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the neighboring forest a fragment of her dress sticking on a bush, by which it had, doubtless, been torn from her in passing. I was now satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive. Fortunately I had met, in the group of fugitives, a hunter who had been under some obligations to her family, and he was easily persuaded to join me in my search. Together we now began a pursuit of the savages. He was an adept in forest warfare—could follow a trail as a hound the chase—knew the course which would be most likely to be chosen by a flying party of Indians, and, withal, was one of the keenest shots who had carried a rifle on the border.

"It's my opinion," said he, "that these varmints did not belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, tho' even they were bad enough. I think, however, he would not suffer a deed like this. These villains seem to have acted on their own behalf—and, if so, they would fly to the back country as soon as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we pursue that way."

"I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after first discovering the trail, we were threading the forest in pursuit of the savages.

"Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour, all through the livelong day, we pursued the flying Indians—crossing swamps, clambering over rocks, fording streams, and picking our way through the labyrinthine woods, until, towards night

fall, we reached the edge of an open space—or, as it were, a meadow, shut in by gently sloping hills.

"Hist," said my companion, "we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yonder aged hemlock?"

"Ay—it must be them—let us on."

"Softly or we lose all. We know not, certainly, that this is the party we seek; let us reconnoitre."

"Slowly and stealthily, trembling least even a twig should crackle under our feet, we crept up towards the edge of the meadow—and peeping cautiously through the underwood, beheld the objects of our search in six tall swartly savages, sitting smoking around the remains of a fire. At a little distance knelt, with her hands bound, but her eyes upraised to heaven, my own Kate. Oh! how my heart leaped at the first sight. I raised my rifle convulsively, and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand, and said: 'Softly or you spoil all! Let us get the varmints in range, and then we shall fire with some effect. Hist!'"

"This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced towards the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in, and trembled at the beating of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion laid his hand on my arm, and pointed from my rifle to one of the Indians. I understood him. At this juncture the advancing savage, warned of our presence by the cracking of an unlucky twig beneath my companion's foot, sprang back, with a loud yell, towards the fire.

"Now," said my companion, sternly, "Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same. The retreating savage and one of his companions fell dead on the ground: each of us then sprang to a tree, loaded as we ran. It was well we did it, for in an instant the enemy was on us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight? My emotion forbids it. A few minutes decided it. Fighting from tree to tree—dodging, loading, and endeavoring to get sight on a foe, we kept up the conflict for nearly five minutes—at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four out of the six savages lay prostrate on the ground. The other two, finding their companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner, suddenly rushed on her, and before we could enterpose, had seized their hapless victim. I had only been prevented hitherto, from rescuing Kate by the knowledge that an attempt of the kind, while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain ruin of us both—but now, worlds could not have restrained me, and, clubbing my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my covert, shouting to my companion—

"On—on, in God's name, on!"

"Take care of the taller varmint," thundered my companion.

"The warning was too late. In the tumult of my feelings I had not observed that the savage the furthest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle dropped powerless by my side; had I not sprang involuntarily aside at my companion's cry, I should have been shot through the heart."

"On—on," I groaned in agony, as I seized my tomahawk in my almost useless left hand.

"Stoop," said my companion, "stoop lower; and as I did so, his rifle cracked on the still air, and the Indian fell dead.

"All this had not occupied an instant. I was now within a few feet of her I loved, who was struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hands in her long hair—his tomahawk was already gleaming in the setting sun. Never shall I forget the look of demonic fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope.

My companion was far behind, with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward, and hurled my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my father! the weapon whizzed harmless by the wretch, and buried itself, quivering, in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony—there was a yell of agony on the air—a sudden flash in the sun, like a glancing knife, and—but I cannot go on. She I loved as my own life; she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex; she with whom I had promised myself a long life of happiness—oh! must I say it—she lay a mangled corpse at my feet. But her murderer, ay!—he was cloven to the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk, which I had wrenched from him with the strength of a dozen men."

"The old man ceased—big tears rolled down his furrowed face, and his frame shook with emotion. I saw the remembrance of the past was too much for him, and I sat by his side in silence.

I subsequently held his sad tale from

others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right—she had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians, who had followed Butler, and deserted him just after the massacre.

Beautiful as the Valley of Wyoming is, I never have seen it, from that day to this without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

From the Crescent City.

The Traveller's Story.

A party of travellers, we among the number, were seated around a blazing fire in a tavern, upon one of the Allegheny Mountains. The coach had broken down and perforce we were detained until the next morning. We had finished a substantial Virginia supper, and each one with his feet on the fender, and a cigar in his mouth, ruminating upon the storm without and the warm crazy comfort within.—Each one in his turn told a story or related an anecdote, and at last the joke came round to a hollow-cheeked individual, who until then had remained silent.

"Gentlemen," said he, fixing a piercing grey eye upon one of the company—a Spaniard, who uninvited had drawn his chair up to the fire—"some ten years ago I came near being murdered in this very house."

At this moment the Spaniard got up and was going out of the room, when the narrator arose, and locked the only door in the room, put the key into his pocket, took the Spaniard by the arm, leading him up to an old picture, surmounted by the English coat of arms in gilt work, ran his finger along the motto—

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," said, displaying at the same time the butt end of a large pistol, "evil be to him who evil thinks." The Spaniard smiled, and said that he did not feel well, but the stranger swore that no man should leave the room until he had finished his story. Requesting us not to be amazed at his conduct, he proceeded:

"Some ten years ago," said he, "I was travelling over these mountains on horse-back, and I stopped at this very house. The landlord was extremely obsequious in attending to my comfort, and after supper he requested me to join him in a bottle of wine. Nothing loath, I consented, and before midnight four empty bottles stood on the table end, and he was acquainted with all my business. I very impudently remarked in the course of conversation, that I had a large sum of money in my valise, and he politely informed me that he would take care of it for me until morning. Although somewhat intoxicated, I did not approve of leaving it in his charge, and wishing him good night, I took my valise in my hand and retired to be. After I had undressed, I placed my pistols under my pillow, and carefully as I thought examining the room, I laid myself down, and soon sank into a fitful sleep. I suppose it must have been two hours after when I awoke, and recollecting my scattered senses I endeavored to think what I had been about. Suddenly I detected a noise under my bed. What was my horror when I observed a small piece of carpet stretched along my bedside, moving as though something was under it. A cold perspiration started from every pore; but thank God, I had presence of mind enough to prepare for the worst. Grasping a pistol in my right hand, and hiding it under the bed clothes, I feigned to be asleep. In an instant afterwards I saw a trap door, which had been concealed by a carpet, cautiously lifted up, and I saw my landlord with a dark lantern in his hand, directing his glittering eyes towards me. Still I moved not; but as he turned his back to put the lantern on the floor, I fired," and—

"You killed him, did you not?" shrieked the Spaniard almost jumping from his seat.

"Silence! until I have finished!" said the stranger, and again he touched the butt end of his weapon. "The instant that I fired, the villain fell! I started up, and metely pulling my overcoat on, snatched the lantern that he dropped, crept cautiously down, with my valise in my hand, to the stable. It was a bright moonshiny night, and I soon saddled my horse. I galloped ten miles, when I met a party of wagoners, and in their company I returned to the house; but despite of our rigid search, not even so much as the villain's body could be found. Hell seize my soul, when I once put my hands upon him, if it costs me my life, he shall die the dog's death!"

The stranger arose and caught the Spaniard by the throat; tearing open his shirt collar, he showed the mark upon his neck! We need not say more. Three weeks after that Jose Gomez was hanged in the city of Cumberland, upon his own confession of having murdered no less than five travellers in that very room!

Jefferson and Burr.

The following interesting anecdote of the first meeting of Jefferson and Burr, was communicated to the Democratic Review by D. P. Thompson, Esq. of Montpelier, Vt., who was for many years a neighbor and friend of Mr. Jefferson.

The following anecdote was related by Mr. Jefferson to the writer, while on a visit to Montecello, in the year 1822. It was told in illustration of an opinion advanced by the former in relation to physiognomy, that although it was but folly to attempt a system of Judging character from any particular conformation of features, yet the eye was an unerring index of its possessor could prevent it from disclosing his true moral nature to a skillful observer. I will endeavor to repeat the anecdote in the words of the illustrious narrator.

During my attendance on some one of the earliest sessions of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, said Mr. J., I chanced to dine one day at a public house where several distinguished gentlemen from abroad, all entire strangers to me, had just arrived in the city. Among these was a gentleman who became seated directly opposite to me at the table, and who soon attracted my observation by his peculiar and remarkable countenance, and especially by his singularly restless and subtly quivering eye, which to me threw off an expression extremely sinister; for I had ever noted, that an eye of this character indicated moral obliquity of heart, and this kind of an eye he possessed in a more eminent degree than any I had ever seen. So strong, indeed, were my impressions in the case that I felt no hesitation in making up for myself a decided opinion of the true character of the man before me, though, as before mentioned, then unknown to me, even by name.

After retiring to the private room of the friend at whose invitation I had dined there, he asked me, with an air of curiosity, if I had noticed the gentleman who sat opposite to me at the table we had just left; and if so, what was my opinion of him?

I replied, that I had not only noticed the man, but formed a decided opinion of him, and that was, that his true character might be expressed in three words—coldness, cunning, and perfidy.

"Why, sir," said my friend, in surprise, "you cannot know the man of whom you are speaking—it is Mr. Burr, the greatest lawyer in New York."

"I will not alter my opinion for all that," I remarked. "I have never known such an eye as his in an honest man's head; and whatever may be his present eminence, and fair reputation, I will venture the prediction, that he will yet be known as a villain."

In after times, continued Mr. J. to me, I had frequent reason to recall my first impressions of the true character of Aaron Burr.

The following humorous account of English taxation went the rounds of the newspapers many years ago, credited to an "English paper." It originally appeared in one of the early numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and we think emanated from the pen of the Rev. Sidney Smith, the father of that review and its first editor.

TAXATION IN ENGLAND.—We can inform Brother Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory. Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot—taxes on everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad or is grown—taxes on the raw material, and on every value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and on the drug which restores man to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and on the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbands of the bride—to bed or board, couchant or levant we must pay. The school boy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse—and the tazed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon which has paid 10 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent, and expires in arms of a taxed apothecary who has paid a license of 2100 for the privilege of practicing his calling! His whole property is then taxed from 2 to 10 per cent, and beside the probate; large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel—his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is at length gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more.