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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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FOR

The Huntingdon Journal.

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Temperance Songs.

The Victim.

Tune—Asbury.

"HAND me the bowl, ye jovial band,"
He said, "twill rouse my mirth;"
But conscience seized his trembling hand,
And dash'd the cup to earth.

He look'd around, he blushed, he laugh'd,
He sipp'd the sparkling wave;
In it he read, "who drinks this draught,
Shall dig a murderer's grave."

He started up like one from sleep
And trembled for his life;
He gazed, he saw his children weep,
He saw his weeping wife.

In his deep dream he had not felt
Their agonies and fears;
But now he saw them as they knelt,
To plead with prayers and tears.

But the foul fiend, her hateful spell
Threw o'er his wildered mind,
He saw in every hope a hell,
He was to reason blind.

He grasped the bowl to seek relief;
No more his conscience said;
His bosom friend was sunk in grief,
His children begged for bread.

Through haunts of horror and of strife,
He pass'd down life's dark tide;
He cur'd his beggar's babe and wife;
He cur'd his God—and died!

Tune—Bavaria.

Come ye messengers of mercy,
Ye whose gospel trumpets sound,
Aid us in this contravert,
Satan a kingdom to confound;
Come and join us;
So shall righteousness abound.

Come, ye men of working classes,
Ye who labor hard and long;
Ye who think your single glasses
Make you harty hale and strong,
Come and join us;
Come and prove us, wright or wrong.

For your country's reformation,
For your children's future weal,
For your own sure preservation—
To your conscience we appeal.
Come and join us;
Touch not, taste not, drink no more.

'Round the temp'rance standardly,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind,
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

Plant the temp'rance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die,
Young and old, defend it sternaly,
Till we gain the victory.
And all nations
Hail the happy Jubilee.

A Pair of Scales.

BY MISS HARRIET ST. JOHN.

Yes, a pair of Scales! and how often have I passed them by unnoticed and neglected. Day after day, year after year, have I seen them, and thought of them only as things that could administer to my personal wants. It has always been the opinion of wise men, that the attentive mind can glean some instruction from the simplest object, that "all things are open to the searching eye of an attentive intellect." Those are the first objects that meet my view, and though I do not profess to be acquainted with human nature, I think I see beneath that cold exterior, principles which require naught but some magnetic influence to draw them from their secret cells. It is an old adage, that "familiarity breeds contempt," and Charity might assign that as a reason why mankind pass them by neglected. But what think you would be the feelings of a monarch if he should receive no praises, no adulation; if during a long life spent in promoting the prosperity of a nation, he should receive no thanks, no gratitude from the people on whom he had conferred so much happiness? But which is of the most importance, the monarch, or a pair of scales? The monarch holds the reins of life and death over a single nation, a pair of scales over the civilized world; for what human agency possesses more influence over the life and death of man, than the scales in the shop of the apothecary?

The merchant rolling in wealth, who expects his ship laden with the finest fabric of India, anxiously weighs his cargo that he may know how true the scales have been to his interest. Ship after ship crosses the broad expanse of waters, interchanging the commodities of distant climes, but what would there be to regulate this interchange, did not the scales stand at every port? It may be argued against their usefulness that they are often deceitful; but what should we think of a man who would declare against the usefulness of his sovereign, because he had erred in a few instances during a long and glorious reign, either from the wrong advice of his courtiers, or by the insufficiency of his own judgment? We will not so far insult poor human nature as to suppose that any would offer such an objection.

The material universe is guided by One above, who holds in his hand unerring scales. He portions out to every leaf and flower its verdure—to every clime its riches—to every star its brightness. He measures the waters of the sea "in the hollow of his hand;" he gives them their bound and says, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." "He weighs the mountains in scales, the hills in a balance." To the one, he gives eternal snows, to the other, a verdant, enamelled turf. Earth speaks in many voices, and acknowledges the power which guides her.

The human mind is a pair of scales.—But oh, how delicate! The metaphysical mind turns on a diamond's point. It weighs with nice discrimination the many and perplexing questions of science. In one side it places the negative, in the other the affirmative, and accurately it decides. The imaginative mind weighs not with such discrimination—it deals not with such subtle arguments. Beautiful and bright are its objects, but light and airy as gossamer. It compares not their worth—it weighs but their beauty. The dogmatic mind, seldom or never used on nice and delicate points, grows rusty by non-usage. Always placed in one position, it weighs but one narrow idea—one favorite opinion, which is so deeply imbedded in the surrounding rubbish that nothing else can ever enter.

Nor to mortals alone, is confined the utility of scales. The muses met in a sequestered glen by the side of a clear stream, which sparkled brightly in the moonlight. The busy hum of the insect throng had ceased, and naught was heard but their clear sweet voices. But hark! Sounds of contention proceed from the bright group in yonder arbor. The Olympian sisters are loudly disputing who shall be their queen. Poetry and music are their candidates, but which to choose they know not. Poetry led them in delightful flowery paths, in wilds inaccessible to any but those who followed her light, elastic tread. Her lip was always wreathed in smiles, and in her apparel was the chaste simplicity of refinement. But Music came with a soothing power. She could charm away the evil passions, and put to flight all discordant emotions.—When their eyes were heavy and their eyelids drooping, she lulled them into forgetfulness with sweet, melodious strains. Which should they choose? and in their doubt, they resolved to send for Usefulness, the hermit of a neighboring rock. He came; and, in the scales he held in his hand, he weighed Poetry and Music. He speaks, "Muses," said he, "see! in my scales they are balanced.—"

They may not be separated. Hand in hand, they have wandered together, and now why make the one the subject of the other? In this bright sphere, the Earth, over which you shed your gentle influence, they have always been united. Let them reign together upon your throne, and believe me, that your contentions respecting your own pre-eminence would not be so long nor so frequent, if you would recollect that each one is useful in his station." The Muses twined an ivy wreath for their queens; and when the first gray light of morn stole upon the glen, they sipped the dew from each purple cup and departed.

In that same fairy glen, a child of Earth wandered and seated herself by the clear and sparkling stream. Two spirits came and stood beside her. The one smiled sweetly on her, and beckoned her to a distant and flowery path. The other, with grave aspect, pointed to a rough, untrodden way, and urged her to follow him.—"Imagination," said she, "I know your paths of old, through flowery meads and hills and dells of unearthly verdure. At this witching hour of twilight, you always come to lure me to your haunts, but when I leave your fairy scenes, the Earth, ever this beautiful Earth, appears insipid. If I resign myself to the guidance of yonder stern, majestic Judgment, I can explore the 'abstruse regions' of the philosophic world, and expand my mind in the study of the exact sciences. Usefulness with his scales shall be my umpire." "Child of Earth," said he, "take from your brow the fancy wreath which Imagination has placed there, and twine it round with the oak leaves of Judgment. Let those of calmer feelings resign themselves to her sway—let those beware to enter her court who find they love her shades too well." The Child of Earth smiled—and departed.

As there are scales in the material and metaphysical world, so there are scales in the moral and literary.

A youth is just stepping on the broad arena of life. Home has hitherto been the centre of his existence. The world appears like a fair creation, without spot or blemish. The simple cottage has always been the scene of his joys; but now he must leave his home, and seek his fortune on the turbulent waters of Life.

He enters the hall of Justice where the cause of the injured and oppressed is pleading. Eagerly he listens. On one side, he hears the simple, eloquent narration of facts; on the other, the subtle argument—the hidden fallacy. The veil of Sophistry is too thick for his unpractised eye to penetrate, and like the apples of the Dead Sea, all is fair without though foul within. Worldly Justice weighs the cause, but what appeal to facts could outweigh the mystic web of legal subtlety, when placed in scales whose only weight is gold? The youth gazes in silent admiration on what appears to him wisdom; but the injured man, who feels that his cause is just, looks up with Fancy's eye, and beholds a Divine Judge weighing accurately his cause, and registering the injustice in Heaven.

From the court of Justice, the youth passes off to the halls of Legislature. For a moment he pauses to admire the beauty of the classic shade ere he enters. There he beholds a speaker. Language, rich and flowing, pours from his mouth like the rich libations o'er some costly altar. The earth—the air—the sea—is sought for imagery. A flower blooms at every step. The audience hang delighted on his words, and when he ceases the walls ring with loud applause. Another speaker rises. "Thought" seems written on his brow. Intellect beams in his dark eye and he too speaks. His language is simple, his style is concise. A few wild flowers, fresh from the rocks and dells of Nature, are scattered here and there. But there is a richness in his ideas that cannot be surpassed by the melody of language. Yet when he ceases, he hears no applause. A few faint murmurs of approbation from those who know how to appreciate his worth are all. Thus it is that the world weighs words and ideas in the scale of Superiority. But though the one pleases for a moment, his glory vanishes like the morning dew—it is transient as the passing cloud. The name of the other will be borne unsullied by Fame, down the stream of Time, untouched by the waters of Oblivion, and revered by those who can appreciate true genius.

The youth enters the pillared church of some proud city. Its walls are hung with the rich tapestry of eastern looms—its floors covered with the richest web of Turkey. The light streams through richly stained glass, and the sacred desk is hung with gorgeous velvet. In silk and satin the congregation enter—bow the head as if in silent adoration—then gaze around upon the splendid scene. The man of God, in long and flowing robes, proclaims the vanity of all earthly things, the deceitfulness of riches. The youth sees the world hold up her scales and place in one side the church. High, high

it rises, till lost in the mist of Flattery. The true Piety which once burned on her altars is extinguished by the breath of Ostentation, and Humility is banished by love of pomp and worldly show. But he reverts to the little white church that stands in the glade of his native village, where the clear stream which rolled gently by and was always the baptismal fount. He sees with Fancy's eye the congregation in simple, neat apparel, entering noiselessly; the old, the revered minister, whose hairs have grown gray in that sacred desk, speaking in trembling tones of Him who sitteth on the throne, and with low, impassioned voice, urging his acceptance. He places the simple church in the scales which weighed the more gorgeous house of God. Down, down it sinks—it has outweighed that domed cathedral—the blessing of Jehovah was upon it.

But the time is coming when man will feel his own frailty—his own weakness—when worldly wisdom which has been his stay would gladly be exchanged for true piety. In that day, earth's triumphal arches will fall—her gorgeous churches will be laid low in the dust. Buried in the sin of ages, she will be "weighed in the balances and found wanting." Endless punishment is the penalty of her guilt, and the sounds of wailing and despair will arise from a lost and ruined world. But lo! One stands by the Father in the brightness of the Godhead and intercedes for man. In spotless purity he comes to earth, and with his own blood washes out the dark stain of guilt. Then those, who have received the incarnate Son, robed in spotless white, will enter that abode where sorrow and sighing ever flee. The music of a thousand golden harps will welcome them to that home of bliss, and Eternity will be spent in turning anthems to Him who redeemed them from sin and death, when they were "weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

MESSAGE.

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CONCLUDED.

A convention was held within the last season for the purpose of devising and recommending a more effective military system, and the result of their labors will shortly be laid before you; in relation to which I take occasion to say, that the opinions of that convention, coming as it does much of the talent, experience and military knowledge of the country, will be entitled to, and doubtless will receive at your hands, the most respectful consideration. American freemen should never lose sight of the solemn injunction of the father of our country, "in time of peace prepare for war."

The geological survey of the State is nearly completed,—the past season having brought the explorations to a close. As soon as the field work can be reduced to shape, the State geologist will, this winter, enter upon the preparation of his general report, intended to embody the results of the whole survey. While the final report is in progress, the engraving of the maps and drawings, which will require time, and the arrangements of the State cabinets, as far as they are in readiness, might be advantageously commenced. As a portion of the work can be put to press before the meeting of the next legislature, it seems advisable that provision should be now made, for preparing and publishing the details. This very important survey, developing the nature and extent of our immense mineral resources, having been prosecuted steadfastly to its completion, sound policy and economy certainly require that the results should be embodied and published with all possible despatch.

The enormous amount of capital invested in our various works of internal improvement, admonishes us to exert our utmost power, to render them productive. There is one matter connected with this subject, to which I desire to call your earnest attention. The experience of every year proves more clearly the necessity of our action upon it. I allude to the removal of obstructions from the channel of the Ohio river. The general government has several times directed its inquiries into this measure, but has never yet undertaken the effectual execution of the project. It is a measure in which Pennsylvania is most deeply, but not alone interested. The great and growing western and southwestern states, embracing nearly the entire valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, have a direct and abiding interest in its speedy completion, as well as Pennsylvania. For the important national purposes, of transporting the mail, for transferring armies and conveying the munitions of war, it is of quite as great moment. Indeed it addresses itself to every duty, state and national, and appeals to every interest that should com-

mand the care and guardianship of both governments, in a manner not easily resisted. Considering it, (as the legislative guardians of Pennsylvania,) we are constrained to urge it upon the general government on grounds the most just and unanswerable. Cut off, as the navigable communication with our improvements, is, from Pittsburgh to Louisville, for a large portion of the year, it diminishes the value of these improvements to a ruinous degree,—forces business upon other less direct and convenient routes, and of course operates to the serious disadvantage of the mercantile, agricultural, and manufacturing classes of our citizens. It is a singular and startling fact, that insurances on goods to be delivered at Cincinnati, are now effected in the city of Philadelphia cheaper and more readily, by the way of the New York canals, Lake Erie and the Ohio canal, than by the direct and natural route through our own improvements to Pittsburgh. I learn that the whole difficulty in this particular, lies in the uncertainty of the navigable state of the Ohio river. Thus is a large share of business daily diverted from our public improvements, and the probability, nay the certainty is, that as regular lines of transportation are established on those collateral improvements, this division of business will be greatly augmented. We are most imperatively called upon to look to this matter before it is too late.

In the commencement of her stupendous system of public improvements, this state was induced to incur the vast liability she did, under a conviction that the trade and business of the west and south would afford an adequate return. It was on the general assurance that this would be secured to her, that she opened the highway to the seaboard for those rich and vast interior regions. Pennsylvania now relies on the sense of justice, which she knows will on this, as on all subjects, actuate her sister states, in determining on a measure calculated to alleviate the burden that is weighing down her citizens. These states which, during the progress of our main line of improvements from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, looked on with an interest little less lively than our own, will not surely withhold their aid from rendering the channel of the Ohio navigable at all practical seasons, and thus completing the entire line of improvements begun by Pennsylvania, now when experience has demonstrated the necessity of this measure. I trust the Legislature will exert its utmost efforts, to engage the national government in this work, which is so obviously one warranted by its constitutional power, and by sound policy.

It is proper to mention two other measures of national policy in connection with this subject, in both of which this State has such an interest, as to justify the interposition of the Legislature. I speak in reference to the establishment of a national Foundry, and the construction of a Dry Dock at Philadelphia. The first of these has recently engaged the attention of Congress, and seems likely to be received with general favor. Not disparaging the claims of other sections of the country, we may without fearing contradiction on very rational grounds, urge in behalf of Pennsylvania the most conclusive reasons. Among them are our central position, our contiguity to the seaboard, our numerous and perfectly safe inland communications with almost every section of the Union, and above all, the deposits of coal and iron scattered throughout our borders, to an extent unknown in any other quarter of the world. We have in these every conceivable advantage, to recommend some point, perhaps in the valley of the Susquehanna, to the selection of Congress, as a site for a National Foundry; and the same reasons in point of location apply with equal force in favor of constructing a Dry Dock at Philadelphia. In addition to these, its safety from the attacks of an enemy, its fresh water supplies, its convenience of procuring timber and workmen, all conspire to enforce its claims upon the notice of the General Government in the most convincing form. I will cheerfully co-operate with you in any manner deemed most advisable in impressing these considerations upon the National Government. If properly represented, I do not think they can be overlooked.

The recent convulsions in our commercial affairs have tended to the deep and lasting injury of this Commonwealth. I fear it will require years of industry, prudence and integrity to wipe out the stain from our escutcheon, and to replace us on that solid, manly and proud footing we once occupied in the estimation of the world. The wild and headlong spirit of speculation, and stock gambling has brot disgrace to our doors, and stamped every thing depending on our business fidelity, with suspicion and discredit. This taint reached the whole community, when it truth it ought to have been confined to those only, whose folly, imprudence, or dishonesty gave colour to the charge. The great body of our citizens are free from

debt have never engaged in ruinous fancy stock speculations, are abundantly able and willing to comply with all their obligations, to each other, and to the citizens of every other State or country. It is true our situation and habits of business have rendered us a debtor State, and subjected us to responsibilities, which might easily have been avoided under a different system of policy. We purchase large amounts of manufactured goods of all kinds from the eastern States, to consume ourselves, and to sell to the citizens of the south west. We are liable on the failure of our debtors to pay for the commodities we purchased and sold to them, and we of course must pay for those we use ourselves. We can only discharge these debts in cash, or by selling to our eastern manufacturers, our coal and iron in their raw state. This very iron, in a thousand shapes, we purchase afterwards at an enormous advance for the labor bestowed on its manufacture, and thus become debtors for labor that we ought to perform ourselves. For leather, boots, shoes, &c. cloths and other domestic manufactures, we are daily incurring immense debts to the citizens of other States, and are now, in the hour of necessities, feeling the heavy hand of the creditor laid on all our resources.

This ought not to be. It is unworthy the great State of Pennsylvania to depend on the manufactures of other states or of foreign countries, to supply her citizens with those articles for the various purposes of life, which they can produce themselves as well, as cheaply, and as abundantly as any other people on the face of the globe. Our valleys teeming with plenty, our hills with exhaustless coal and iron deposits—our streams abounding with water power for all purposes, unsurpassed by that in any other country,—and our citizens stimulated by enterprise and possessing means to render it effectual, should awaken in us that spirit of independence which disdains to seek at the hands of others that which it can furnish with its own. It is with no feelings of envy, or of local jealousy of others, that I bring this subject to your notice, but with an honest feeling of state pride, and a generous emulation, which should inspire us with a determination not to be indebted to others for those solid and useful means of promoting our prosperity and independence, which nature has bounteously lavished on our own citizens.

The duty of encouraging manufacturing establishments, to convert to useful purposes our coal and iron, and indeed to supply all our domestic wants, has become one of peculiarly imperative obligation. The commercial calamity under which we are suffering, has been so much heightened by the circumstances to which I have just adverted, and the inability of our citizens to perform all their contracts has been so generally exaggerated by the interested and malicious in other States that self respect, as well as public spirit, calls upon us most emphatically to turn a kind and cherishing eye to their advancement. Every measure that can conduce to this end, will meet with my hearty concurrence. I think inquiries on this subject should be instituted. We want facts as the basis of legislative encouragement. Let them be diligently sought for, and when ascertained, let them be promptly applied to some useful purpose. It is high time the Legislature of Pennsylvania should remember that the interest of Pennsylvania are confided to their especial care. It is a source of pride and gratification to reflect, that but a small amount of the indebtedness to other States, which is now gripping and annoying us, is for commodities disposed of to our own citizens. Nearly every dollar of this domestic debt has been faithfully paid. The sum now due, is for sales made to purchasers in the west and south west, for whom Pennsylvanians are in truth merely to be regarded as the guarantors. This circumstance is entirely overlooked by our detractors, who are attempting to hold the citizens of Pennsylvania to a rigid accountability, as if she were the very pack-horse of the Union to bear more than her share of all its burdens and responsibilities. This is unjust—we owe it to ourselves to assume our true position.

Permit me fellow citizens, in conclusion, to urge upon you a thorough and searching inquiry into all abuses of government and all expenditures of the public money, which are not clearly warranted by enlightened prudence. The condition of the public treasury demands this at your hands,—and the people confidently trust, that those to whom they have confided the guardianship of their interests will faithfully perform the duty both of inquiring into, and correcting all the evils they find to exist. It will afford me great pleasure to co-operate with you, in the completion of this salutary work. We may meet for a time with obstacles,—we will doubtless encounter resistance on the part of those who are interested in perpetuating either abuses or extravagance; but ultimately, we cannot fail to triumph over all difficulties, and to carry