

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

Vol. VII, No. 5.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1842.

[WHOLE No. 317.]

PUBLISHED BY  
**THEODORE H. CREMER.**

**TERMS.**  
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty five cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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Tune—Oft in the stilly night,  
Oft in my sober thought,  
Since Liquor's chains had bound me,  
Has memory's rapid thought  
Call'd scenes of bliss around me.  
The wife's fond smile, that cares beguile,  
No fear ere spoke of sorrow;  
A mother's prayer, just echoed there,—  
"Oh! save my son to-morrow."

When I but think of this,  
And think of vows then plighted,  
I trust that hopes of bliss  
Will cheer those scenes, rum blighted  
And I shall then remember when  
That I from drink departed,  
Nor wife and child, with tears half wild,  
Will seem as broken hearted.

**COME CHEER UP MY LADS.**  
Come cheer up my lads, and obey nature's laws,  
By habits of temperance, 'tis a glorious cause,  
To the pledge we invite you, no longer be slaves,  
But rejoice in the freedom sobriety gives.  
To the pledge give your name  
And let this be your aim;  
To be always ready, sober and steady,  
While we drink from the fountain again and again.

In our old haunts of drinking, we ne'er wish to stay,  
Where indolence and ruin alone bear the sway;  
With pleasure we drink from the pure crystal stream,  
While health, peace and plenty returns to us again.  
To the pledge give your name &c.

Intemperance no longer, shall stalk thro' our land,  
Its strong holds are broken by the Temperance Band;  
We'll rally to the standard and prove ourselves men,  
And never will we taste of the poison again.  
To the pledge give your name, &c.

Then come one and all sign liberty's pledge;  
And proudly we'll wear the Temperance Badges;  
And while conquests around us are loudly proclaimed,  
Our hills shall re-echo Old Huntingdon redeemed.  
To the pledge give your name, &c.

**ROGER WILLIAMS' SPRING.**  
Tune—The Poachers.  
Some sing the praise of rosy wine,  
Its sparkling color bright;  
But in such songs with them to join  
We cannot take delight;  
We have a rich and noble theme,  
Fit for a prince and king—  
'Tis water, pure, and fresh, and good,  
From Roger Williams' spring.

This will give health, and joy, and peace,  
Refreshing every power;  
We want no better drink than this  
In trials darkest hour.  
To cheer the heart and quench the thirst,  
It is the very thing;  
Then give us water pure and good,  
From Roger Williams' spring.

Our sires drank from this living spring  
Two hundred years ago;  
And from this fountain water clear  
Continues still to flow.  
Then we, on this our festal day,  
Will of its virtues sing,  
And drink this water, pure and good,  
From Roger Williams' spring.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Patriarch.

### The Position of the Wife.

There is something enigmatical in the relative position of the wife, and yet the lines of office and duty are distinctly drawn in nature—It, perhaps, may be said with truth, that she is the equal of her husband in nothing. In all things, she is either his superior or inferior. In physical strength, inferior; in symmetry and beauty, superior. In intellect, she has more imagination, vivacity, and brilliancy; less power of reasoning and acuteness in argument. In moral sensibility she is greatly the superior; in power of persuasion, if not of argument, she holds a controlling influence. She can most readily find the way to the heart, and easily subdues it. But when she leaves the moral and gentle means of exercising control, and assumes to command, she must always expect to find a master. By courtesy, every thing she asks will be granted, her wants will be anticipated.—But when she assumes to be a man, or to take the place of a man, she transcends her sphere, and resembles a star thrown from its orbit, its laws of motion subverted, and its position doubtful. Let her, in the retired position assigned her by the Gospel, be satisfied with her legitimate and proper influence, and she may appear the superior in every thing praiseworthy, without exciting jealousy, and without dispute.

"The man is the head of the woman," and she is required to be "in subjection to her husband," and yet she rules him.—"Submission" is unquestionably her duty, where he chooses to command, and he has power to enforce it. Yet from her very weakness, from her purity and tenderness, from her greater freedom from the causes of irritation, he learns to respect her decisions in morals and religion, and his conscience comes in aid of the influence she seeks to exert over him. He rules as her natural lord; she influences him as an angel of light and love. He may, in the pride of his heart, hate the Gospel, and despise the cause of the poor, but he will go to church with her, and freely put his hand in his pocket to supply her charities.

She is the weaker vessel, and yet she is strongest. He may rage in giant strength, against the objects of his hatred, and yet, let her interpose, and she holds his arm nerveless, like the arm of a child. While she is gentle, kind, affectionate, devoted, true, the mother of his children, and their guardian angel, she holds him by a silken cord, which is stronger than cable, stronger than the chains of the slave, because it entwines his heart, it binds the affections, which are the seat and motive power of the will. While, therefore, in the pride of his power, he opposes force by force, towards her he is all kindness and condescension. But let her assume the tone of a dictator, and of masculine command, let her prate of "woman's rights," and write a code of laws to define them anywhere but in the heart, the common law of the soul, and she appears shorn of her locks, which are "her ornament;" she abjures her womanhood, she has cut out her breast to rest the javelin there, she affects the man, and must contend with men.

No—the proper sphere of woman is home. Her great office in the social system is to make that home a happy one to her husband, that his affections may centre there—that he may have no temptation to wander, and may always hasten to return to it. Let her train her children so that they may be the pride of their father, so that he may love to own them, and be not ashamed to show them as the jewels of his country. Let her always stand ready to receive him with complacency after his conflicts with the world, when his brow is knit with care, when his heart has been rudely convulsed by contact with treachery, dishonesty, or abuse, and his passions are striving for mastery; then from her still and quiet retreat, from her communion with the innocent spirits of her nursery, from her closet of prayer, which opens to heaven, let her meet him like a ministering angel, and he will lie at her feet like a lion tamed; he will imbibe from her something of her own spirit, and his spirit will be chastened under such a ministry.

Here lies the great strength of the wife. Here is her high, honorable and honored sphere of action, where men are made, moulded, controlled—not where they contend, and cherish the angry passions. Does she seek for honor? It lies in the honor she renders to her husband, "calling him lord;" in her children, educated, and led to paths of usefulness and heaven; in her domestic arrangements, the admiration of all. Does she seek for happiness? Where can she find it but in a peaceful home? The wife was appointed to make a home for man, to form a centre for his affections, and bind them there; to act constantly as oil upon the troubled

waters of life. If a man quarrels with me, I let him go home before I press the issue. If he has a home, an honored wife, a family, I am sure to see him in the morning with a subdued spirit, and more ready to render justice. I honor above all the wife who does her office, who administers from the sanctuary of home to the troubled spirits of men, to soothe their sorrows and allay their passions—to subdue them by gentleness and truth, and to send them all out every morning with the law of kindness imprinted on their hearts by a new lesson of love.

I lately saw a scene for a painter, exemplifying most clearly the position of the wife. Two men had become violently enraged, and sought each other with deadly weapons. I trembled for the issue. But as they came near, their arms fell powerless, and their voices of anger softened. I pressed through the crowd, and saw a female figure, like the presence angel, standing between them. She was the wife of the one and the sister of the other. She spoke not—but she had power. She led her husband home, and in the morning he went with a brother's heart and sought a reconciliation.

### The Scenes of Childhood.

The man who spent his childhood in the country, loves his native hills—he loves the fields which lie in sight of his father's door. Every tree and shrub is connected with some pleasant recollection of childhood. Was he born at the foot of the lofty mountains? The first thing upon which he fixed his eye in the morning, was its top, gilded by the rising sun; and upon that too, his eye rested the last thing in the evening, as its head faded away in darkness. Was he born on the spot where the land and the ocean meet? To him there is no music like the hoarse voice of the ocean, and in that ceaseless, eternal motion of its face, he sees a charm which can never be forgotten. What man ever forgot the steep hill which he climbed in childhood—the rock in the sea, where he planted his foot, as he began to fish—the brook over which he used to leap in his buoyancy, or the tree under whose shade he used to read? He returns to childhood's home after many long years. The hair on his head has turned gray—the generation who were born with him have passed away—the dwellings have altered—but he can recollect the countenance of each rock—can commune with the aged tree that sheltered his boyhood—and go back to the morning of life, as he treads the little footpath that winds through the village graveyard.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—A dog is accounted mad when he won't take "something to drink," and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains "respectable" with a fortune that don't belong to him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

**A YOUNG FELLOW OF PLEASURE.**—"I say, Wildgoose," said an old Sober-sided, "did you ever see a little kitten in pursuit of its own tail? Round and round it goes, now on one haunch and then on the other, gravely kicking and grinning—and all for what? Why, if it sat still, there's its tail under its nose. Now that's the 'moral' of a young fellow of pleasure."

"Sammy, my son, what are you doing out there in your shirt sleeves?"  
"I want to catch a big cold, an' get some more of Pease's candy to cure it!"

**A DUTCH STORY.**—I and brother Hense and two other togs was out hunting next week, and we trove nine woodchuck into a stone heap, and kilt ten out of the nine before they cot in.

"Congo, are you willing to be damned, if it be the Lord's will?" inquired a pious friend. "Oh yes, Massa, and more too; I willing to have you damned also, Massa," replied Congo.

**INFORMATION WANTED.**—A Western editor wants to know whether the law enacted against carrying concealed weapons, applies to doctors carrying pills in their pockets.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a bevy of pretty girls, told them they were small potatoes.  
"We may be small potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

"Dick, you are a good for nothing rascal, and the next time you do that, I'll—  
I'll—make mouths at your sister!"

Love comes in all shapes, but mostly asking for cash. It must have shawls, silks, satins, and jewelry; it draws upon our pockets in all ways; it is truly an expensive thing, this love.

## SPIRIT OF 1776.

### Journals of the New York Provincial Congress.

CONTINUED.

Crown Point, 19th May, 1775.

GENTLEMEN—My last was on the 14th inst. by Mr. Rozans, via New Haven. I then acquainted you of the occasion of delay in not carrying your orders into execution. The afternoon of the same day, being joined by Captains Brown and Oswald, with 50 men enlisted on the road. They having taken possession of a small schooner at Skeensborough, we immediately proceeded on our way for St. Johns, and at 8 o'clock P. M. the 17th inst. arrived within 30 miles of St. Johns; the weather proving calm, manned out two small batteaux, with 35 men, and the next morning, at 6 o'clock, arrived at St. Johns; surprised and took a sergeant and his party of 12 men, the King's sloop of about 70 tons, with two brass six pounders and seven men, without any loss on either side. The captain was gone to Montreal and hourly expected with a large detachment for Ticonderoga, a number of guns and carriage for the sloop, which was just fixed for sailing; add to this there was a captain and 40 men at Chamblee, 12 miles distant from St. Johns, who was expected there every minute with his party; so that it seemed a mere interposition of Providence that we arrived in so fortunate an hour. We took such stores on board as were valuable, and the wind proving favorable, in two hours after our arrival weighed anchor for this place, with the sloop and four of the King's batteaux, having destroyed three others; so that there is not left a single batteau for the King's troops, Canadians or Indians to cross the lake in, if they have any such intention. I must in justice to Colo. Allen, observe that he left Crown Point soon after me for St. Johns, with 150 men, and on my return met him five leagues this side and supplied him with provisions, his men being in a starving condition. He informed me of his intention of proceeding on to St. Johns with 80 or 100 men, and keeping possession there. It appears to me a wild, impracticable scheme, and provided it could be carried into execution, of no consequence, so long as we are masters of the lake; and of that I make no doubt, as I am determined to arm the sloop and schooner immediately.

I wrote you, gentlemen in my former letters, that I should be extremely glad to be superseded in my command here, as I find it next to impossible to repair the old fort at Ticonderoga, and am not qualified to direct in building a new one. I am really of opinion it will be necessary to employ 1,000 to 1,500 men here this summer, in which I have the pleasure of being joined in sentiment by Mr. Comans, who is esteemed an able engineer.

I am making all possible provision for wheel carriages, &c. to convey such cannon &c. to Albany as can be spared here, and will be serviceable to our army at Cambridge.

I must refer you for particulars to the bearer, Capt. John Brown, who has been very active and serviceable, and is a prudent, good officer; and beg leave to observe I have had intimations given me that some persons had determined to apply to you and the Provincial Congress to injure me in your esteem by misrepresenting matters of fact. I know of no other motive they can have, only my refusing them commissions from the very simple reason that I did not think them qualified. However, gentlemen, I have the satisfaction of imagining I am employed by gentlemen of so much candour, that my conduct will not be condemned until I have the opportunity of being heard. I am, with the greatest respect, your most devoted and very humble servt.  
BENEDICT ARNOLD.

[A letter from Frederick Winsfield, Marinus Willett, and six other persons, applying for commissions in military service.]

New York, 6th June, 1775.

GENTLEMEN—As we have ever been heartily attached to the cause of our country; so are we now ready to engage in the defence of its rights. And as we understand troops are soon to be raised in this Province, we think it a duty incumbent on us to offer our service. Should you think proper to confide in us, appoint us respectively to the command of a company, we shall study to conduct ourselves in such a manner as to merit your approbation.

We are, with the greatest respect,  
Gentlemen, your most humb. servts.  
FREDK. WEISSENFELS,  
MARINUS WILLETT,  
GRENHOM MOTT,  
JOHN JOHNSON,  
GERRIT ROORBACK,  
JACQUES WYNCOOP,  
JAMES ALNER,  
JOHN QUACKENBOS.

To the Hon. Provincial Congress,  
for the Province of New York.

[Copy of a letter written in the Mohawk Indian language, which we found on the road, and supposed to be lost by some Indians or other.]

[TRANSLATED.]

Written at Guy Johnson's, May, 1775.

This is your letter you great ones, or sachems. Guy Johnson says he will be glad if you get this intelligence your Oneydas had. It goes with him now, and he is now more certain concerning the intention of the Boston people. Guy Johnson is in great fear of being taken prisoner by the Bostoners.

We Mohawks are obliged to watch him constantly—therefore we send you this intelligence, that you shall know it; Guy Johnson assures himself and depends upon your coming to his assistance, and that you will, without fail, be of that opinion. He believes not that you will assent to let him suffer: we therefore expect you in a couple of days time. So much at present we send but so far as to you Oneydas; but afterwards, perhaps to all the other Nations. We conclude, and expect that you will have concern for our ruler, Guy Johnson, because we are united.

ARON KANONRANON,  
JOHANNES TEGARIHOGE,  
JOSEPH BRANDT,  
DEYAGODEA GHNAWEOGH.  
N. B. Joseph Brandt is Guy Johnson's interpreter.

Guy Park, May 20th, 1775.

GENTLEMEN—I have lately had repeated accounts that a body of New-Englanders were to come to seize and carry away my person and attack our family, under colour of malicious insinuations that I intend to set the Indians upon the people. Men of sense and character know that my office is one of the highest importance to promote peace amongst the Six Nations and prevent their entering into any dispute; this I effected last year, when they were much vexed about the attack made upon the Shawnee; and I last winter appointed them to meet me this month, to receive the answer of the Virginians. And all men must allow, that if the Indians find their council fire disturbed and their superintendent insulted, they will take a dreadful revenge.—It is, therefore, the duty of all people to prevent this, and to satisfy any who may have been imposed on, that their suspicions and the allegations that they have collected against me are false and inconsistent with my character and office.

I recommend this to you, as highly necessary at this time, as my regard for the interest of the country and self preservation has obliged me to fortify my house and keep men armed for my defence, till those idle and ridiculous reports are removed.

You may lay this letter before such as are interested in these matters.

I am, gentlemen,  
Your humble servant,

G. JOHNSON.

To the Magistrates and others of Palatine, Canajoharie, and the upper districts.

Ticonderoga, Nov. 29, 1775.

MY DEAR SIR—I received yours of the 14th inst. ten days after date. I am under infinite obligations to you for your attention and the confidence you have placed in me in your several letters of the 1st September and 14th inst. Be assured sir, that I shall maintain the trust you have reposed in me, and hope very soon in some measure to requite you for your many favours.

I expect soon to retire to Albany or Saratoga, in winter quarters.

That brave man you allude to is more in words than deeds—a sample—at the approach from the shell from the enemy, a whole cargo of his men disembarked in the midst of the stream—brave fellows!

I am, in great haste, yours affectionately

RICHD. VARICK.

John McKesson, Esq.

My respects to my old friend Jonny Sott.

[A Letter from Robert R. Livingston, Esq. informing about Powder.]

M. of L. the 19th October, 1775.

SIR—I have received yours by Mr. Watkins, who was here this morning; as I was not sure there was any powder in the mill, it was not thought proper to send him back six miles at an uncertainty. I have also received your order to send 200lb. to the committee at Albany: this my powder maker has promised should be ready to-morrow, when I shall have an opportunity to send it by Capt. Dow. I am sorry to inform you that my mill does not turn off half so much as I expected; it is partly owing to my carpenter committing some faults in the formation, though I had sent him at my expense to see those in Pennsylvania. I am building a stove room to dry the powder in, which I was not told was wanted till lately, and am promised it shall go better for the future. Out of the powder mixed with water sent me from Albany, I have made 1,020lb. of very good; when I get the last receipt, shall send it down to you. My powder maker thinks it hard you should

order him to send up 200 weight to the committee at £20, when he can retail as much as he can make at 6s. the lb. and it by the 100lb at £25; however, what you have ordered shall be sent and the price left to the Congress.

I remain, sir, yr. most humble servt.  
ROBT. R. LIVINGSTON.

Albany, November 2, 1775.

GENTLEMEN—By the death of John Keyser, second lieutenant in Capt. Christopher Yates' company, a lieutenantcy is become vacant in my regiment, of which I give the Congress this early notice, and take the liberty to recommend to the Congress, for that vacancy, Mr. Tobias Van Veighen, a young gentleman in this town, whose political sentiments and zealous attachment to the cause of liberty are such as can be confided in. The Congress will readily perceive the necessity of a speedy appointment, that the officer appointed may have an opportunity to join the regiment, which is at present in Canada, before the passes are impracticable.

I am with perfect esteem,  
Your most obedt. humble servt.

GOOSE VAN SHAIK.

To the President of the Provincial Congress in New York:

[Address to the Inhabitants of the Province of Quebec.]

IN PROVINCIAL CONGRESS, }  
New-York, June 2, 1775. }

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN—

The Parent of the Universe, hath divided this earth amongst the children of men, and drawn out the line of their habitations. This great God having ordained that all our joys and sorrows here below, should proceed from the effect of human action upon human beings. Our situation has drawn together this great bond of mutual dependence, and enabled us to deal out injuries and kindnesses to each other. We consider you as our friends, and we feel for you, the affection of brothers.

The great question between Britain and her Colonies, is whether they are subjects, or whether they are slaves.

The rights delivered down to us from our forefathers—the venerable laws of our country, have subjected our own property to our own disposal, nor hath any earthly power a right to take it away. Mankind ought to be governed by the dictates of justice, and not by the hand of oppression. The peaceable enjoyment of what we call our own, and that liberty which confers on every man the right of adoring his God in the manner which he humbly thinks most agreeable to the divine nature; these are the objects of all our labors, and of all our cares.

Ministerial tyranny hath endeavored, throughout all these Colonies, to rend from us the dearest rights of humanity. And in the defence of those rights, some persons have taken certain forts in this Colony, which are near your frontiers.

We have heard that others have made an attack upon the posts at St. Johns, an attempt without our counsel or participation; and although we have taken measures for the defence of our fortresses, yet our only intention is to prevent any hostile incursions upon us, by troops in your Province.

Confident that the enemies of our King and his people will take every opportunity to excite jealousies and discord amongst us, we beseech you not to be imposed on by their artifices, but call to your remembrance the complicated horrors of a barbarous war. Avoid those measures which must plunge us both into distress, and instead of consenting to become miserable slaves, generously dare to participate with your subjects in the sweets of that security which in the glorious lot of freedom.

We are, with sincere affection,  
Your brethren and friends,  
P. V. B. LIVINGSTON, Pres.

IN PROVINCIAL CONGRESS, }  
Watertown, May, 12 1775. }

Resolved, As the opinion of this Congress that post riders be immediately established to go from Cambridge, and to ride the following roads, vizt. To Georgetown in the county of Lincoln, to Haverhill, to Providence, to Woodstock by Worcester, and from Worcester to Great Barrington, by Springfield, and to Falmouth in the county of Barnstable.—And that post offices be kept as followeth, vizt, one at Cambridge, one at Salem, one at Ipswich, one at Haverhill, one at Newbury Port, one at Kennebunk in Wells, one at Falmouth in the county of Cumberland, one at Georgetown in the county of Lincoln, one at Worcester, one at Springfield, one at Great Barrington, one at Plymouth, one at Sandwich and one at Falmouth in the county of Barnstable.—And it is further

Resolved, That Mr. James Winthrop be appointed postmaster for the town of Cambridge, and that Mr. Edward Norris be appointed for Salem, Mr. James Foster for Ipswich, Mr. Simon Greenough for Haverhill, Mr. Bulkeley Emerson for Newbury