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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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POETRY.

From the Olive Leaf.
THE VOW OF THE RECLAIMED.
Let others quaff the ruby wine,
I'll drink from gushing springs,
I'll quaff again at folly's shrine,
Or misery it brings.
I'll seek no more the festal board,
Where the midnight taper glimmers;
Nor mingle with the drunken horde,
But drink from mountain streams.
The Temperance pledge, I'll hold it strong,
And bear the drunkard's jeers;
Nor sing the bacchanalian song,
But dry a young wife's tears.
I'll spurn the blind, besotted crowd,
I'll scorn the drunkard's sneers,
And Temperance I'll proclaim aloud,
And dry a mother's tears.
The limped nectar I will quaff
From brooks, nor seek to roam
Where sounds the reveller's drunken laugh,
But stay content at home.
I'll dash the poisoned chalice down,
And swell the Temperance train,
No more shall wine my senses drown,
I'll be a man again.
From the United States Gazette.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF A KISS.
TO MR. G. S. STERLING.
You beg me to write of a kiss,
And all the philosophy in it;
You doubtless have learned, sir, ere this,
Philosophy's needed to win it.
And when you've requested the boon;
Feeling certain your merits will gain it,
Philosophy's needed again,
When you find that you cannot obtain it.
Nay, toss not your head in disdain, [You,
When I mention that maidens may flout
Perhaps my conjecture is wrong,
But you know I know nothing about you.
To change now, the tack I have taken,
For fear you should think I mock you;
If a kiss should be suddenly given,
I feel very certain 'twould shock you.
Much worse than machines that we see
Our Natural Philosophers using;
I wish I could witness the scene,
'T would surely be very amusing.
And now we are speaking of physics,
(We move in a field quite enlarged!)

I think were you placed on a jury,
A verdict like this you would find,
"Let kissing forever be classed mild
The duties we owe to mankind."
My muse has discussed her kiss freely,
And she trusts she has proven to you,
There's a world of Philosophy in it,
Mental, Moral, and Natural too.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the "Lady's World of Fashion."

The Minister's Dinner.
BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

The Reverend Mr. N— was a man of excellent temper, generous feelings, and well cultivated mind, but he was eccentric even to oddity. He was a powerful preacher, and his ministrations was blest to the reformation of many in his parish. At the age of thirty-four he became enamored of a beautiful light-hearted girl of seventeen, daughter of one of his richest parishioners, and who imagined that to refuse the hand of the minister would be a sin bordering hard upon the unpardonable. Well, the marriage was consummated, the bride's fat portion paid; and the husband, as husbands in their first love are apt to do, gave in to the humor of his wife, and accompanied her to several festive parties given by his wealthy neighbors, in honor of his marriage.

The happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlour, one evening toward spring, the reverend gentleman studying the venerable Bede, and his wife equally intent upon a plate of the latest fashions, when she suddenly looked up with an expression between hope and fear, thus addressed her companion:

"My dear husband I have a request to make."
"Well, Nancy, any thing consistent?"
"You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent request, surely?"
"No—not a request that you considered inconsistent. But come, what is it?"

"Why, my dear sir," and her voice trembled a little, "we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry, and now I think that to maintain our position in society we should make a party too." The minister looked blank.

"What sort of a party, Nancy?" he said at length.

"Why," she replied, "such a party as those we have attended. We must make an elegant dinner, and have dancing after it."
"Dancing! in a minister's house!" ejaculated Mr. N—.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied his wife, coaxingly. "You will not dance, the party will be mine; and then we have been to similar parties all winter."
"True, true," he muttered with a perplexed air, and sat silent for some time as if considering. At length he spoke:—
"Yes Nancy, you may make a party, give a dinner, and if the guests desire it you may dance."

"Thank you, love," she cried, putting her arms around his neck.

"But I have some stipulations to make about it," he said; "I must select and invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes upon the table."
"All as you please, love," she answered delightedly, "but when shall it be?"

"Next Wednesday if you please."
"But our furniture and window draperies are very old fashioned. Is it not time we had new?"

"I should think it hardly necessary to refurbish our rooms, Nancy. All our furniture is excellent of its kind."
"But our smooth carpets, white draperies, and cane chairs have such a cold look, do consent to have the rooms new fitted, we can move these things to the unfurnished chambers."
"And of what use will they be in those rooms which we never occupy? Besides, it is near spring, and to fit up now for winter is superfluous."
"Well, I would not care," she persisted, "only persons will call us parsimonious and ungentle!"

"Oh, if that is all," said he gaily, "I will promise to spend a thousand dollars on the evening of the party, not in furniture, but in a manner which will be far more grateful to our guests, and profitable to ourselves, and which shall exonerate us from all imputation of parsimony; and you may spend in dress, eatables and dessert just what sum you please, and do not forget the wines." And so the colloquy ended. He resumed his studies, and she gave her mind to the consideration of the dress which would be most becoming; and the viands that were most expensive.—

The next day she went busily about her preparations, wondering all the time how her husband would expend his thousand dollars, but as she had discovered something of the eccentricity in his character, she doubted not that he meant to give an agreeable surprise; and her curiosity grew so great that she could hardly sleep during the interval.

At length the momentous day arrived. The arrangements were all complete, and Mrs. N— retired to perform the all-important business of arraying her fine person in fine attire. She lingered long at the toilette, relying on the fashionable unpunctuality of fashionable people, and when the hour struck, left her chamber arrayed like Judith of old gloriously, to allure the eyes of all who should look upon her, and full of sweet smiles and graces, notwithstanding the uncomfortable pinching of her shoes and corsets.— Her husband met her in the hall.

"Our guests have all arrived," he said, and opened the door of the reviewing room. Wonderful! wonderful! What a strange assembly. There were congregated the cripple the maimed, and the blind; the palsied, the extreme aged, and a group of children from the almshouse, who regarded the fine lady, some with wide open mouths, others with both hands in their hair, while some peeped from behind furniture, to the covert of which they had retreated from her dazzling presence.—

She was petrified with astonishment, then a dash of displeasure crossed her face, till having ran her eyes over the grotesque assembly, she met the comically grave expression of her husband's countenance, when she burst into a violent fit of laughter, during the paroxysms of which the bursting of her corset laces could be distinctly heard by the company.

"Nancy?" at length said her husband, sternly. She suppressed her mirth stammered an excuse, and added,

"You will forgive me, and believe yourselves quite welcome."
"That is well done," whispered Mr. N—, "then, my friends," he said, "as my wife is not acquainted with you I will make a few presentations. Then leading her toward an emaciated creature, whose distorted limbs were unable to support his body, he said, 'This gentleman, Nancy, is the Reverend Mr. Niles, who in his youth travelled and endured much in the cause of our common Master. A violent rheumatism, induced by colds, contracted among the new settlements of the west, where he was employed in preaching the gospel to the poor, has reduced him to his present condition. This lady, his wife, has piously sustained him, and by her own labor procured a maintenance for herself and him. But she is old and feeble now as you see.'"

Then turning to a group with silver locks and threadbare coats, he continued, "These are soldiers of the revolution.— They were all sons of rich men. They went out in their young strength to defend their oppressed country. They endured hardships, toils and sufferings, such as we hardly deem it possible for men to endure and live; they returned home at the close of the war maimed in their limbs, and with broken constitutions, to find their patriations destroyed by fire, or the chances of war, or their property otherwise filched and wrested from them.— And these worthy men live in poverty and neglect in the land for the prosperity of which they sacrificed their all. These venerable ladies are wives of these patriots, and widows of others who have gone to their reward. They could tell you tales that would thrill your heart and make it bitter. This is the celebrated and learned Dr. B—, who saved hundreds of lives during the spotted epidemic.— But his great success roused the animosity of his medical brethren, who succeeded in ruining his practice, and when blindness came upon him, he was forgotten by those whom he had delivered from death. This lovely creature is his only child, and she is motherless. She leads him daily by the hand, and earns the food she sets before him. Yet her learning and accomplishments are wonderful, she is the author of those exquisite poems which appear in the — Magazine. These children were orphaned in infancy by the Asiatic cholera, and their sad hearts have seldom been cheered by a smile, or their palates regaled by delicious food. Now, dry your eyes, love, and lead on to the dining room."

She obeyed, and notwithstanding her emotions, the thumping coarse shoes, and rattling of sticks, crutches, and wooden legs behind her, well nigh threw her into another incoherent laugh.

"To divert her attention she glanced over the table. There stood the dishes for which her husband had stipulated, in the shape of two monstrous, homely-looking meat pies, and two enormous platters of baked meats and vegetables, looking like midget mountains among the delicate viands that she had prepared for the refined company which she expected. She took her place, and prepared to do the table honors, but her husband, after a short thanksgiving to the Bountiful God, addressed the company with "Now, my brethren, help yourselves and one another, to whatever you deem preferable. I will wait upon the children."

A hearty and jovial meal was made, the minister setting the example, and as the hearts of the old soldiers were warmed

with wine, they became garrulous, and each recounted some wonderful or thrilling adventure of the revolutionary war; and the old ladies told their tales of privation and suffering, and interwove with them the histories of fathers, brothers, or lovers, who died for liberty.

Mrs. N— was sobbing convulsively when her husband came round, and touching her shoulder, whispered,

"My love, shall we have dancing?"—"That word with its ludicrous associations, fairly threw her into hysterics, and she laughed and wept at once.

When she became quiescent Mr. N— thus addressed the company.

"I fear my friends that you will think my wife a frivolous, inconsistent creature, and I must therefore apologise for her. We were married only last fall, and have attended several gay parties, which our rich neighbors gave in honor of our nuptials, and my wife thought it would be genteel to give one in return. I consented on conditions, one of which was that I should invite the guests, so being a professed minister of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, I followed to the letter his command, 'But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed the lame, the blind, &c.' you recollect the passage.— Mrs. N—, not knowing who her guests were to be, is highly delighted with the rise I have played, and I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a company selected this winter. My wife desired new furniture, lest we should be deemed parsimonious, and I pledged myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasing to our guests, and which should obviate any such imputation."

Then addressing the children, he said,—"You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places, and if you continue to be industrious, and perfectly honest in word and deed, you will become respectable members of society. To you, Dr. B—, under God I owe my life. I did not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortunes until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you, but if you and your daughter will accept the neat furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again. To you, patriot fathers, and these nursing mothers of our country, I present the one thousand dollars. It is just one hundred dollar to each soldier, and soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks my friends. You, Mr. Niles, are my father in the Lord. Under your preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a room prepared for you, and a pious servant to attend you.— It is time you were at peace, and your excellent lady relieved of her heavy burden." The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the carpet, and poured out such thanksgiving and prayer, as found way to the heart of Mrs. N—, who ultimately became a meek and pious woman, a fit helpmate for a devoted gospel minister.

A TOUCH OF ROMANCE.—In Carroll Place (or some other Place which shall be nameless) resides the opulent Mr. B—, the father of an amiable and accomplished daughter, an only child, and the hope of his declining years. Nearly opposite lived Mr. M—, a young aspirant to professional fame; and respected by all who knew him. His only fortune was industry, learning, and the habits and manners of a gentleman. Circumstances often threw this young couple together, and he became much attached to the lady, but there was something that forbade him "to tell his love." Suddenly a change took place—they were married, and now live the happiest of the happy. Not long after the wedding, as they sat chatting of the thousand things that gladdened hearts are apt to suggest, the loving wife said,—

"You have often asked me, dear Charles, why I so hastily fancied you?—but you shall promise not to laugh at me, and I will tell you. The fact is, I saw you one morning shaving yourself, and mentioned it to my father, (you know his peculiarly blunt manner,) and he said, 'a man was fit for nothing who could not shave himself; and a lady should make that one of the tests of prudence in selecting a husband.' I advantaged by that hint, as it favored the wishes of my own heart, which, for the peace of us both, I dared not before to indulge in—and you now see the result." "My dear Julia," replied the husband, "then that was a blessed shave—yet I do not deserve the credit, for heretofore I have employed a barber, but recently my attention was called to Chapman's Magic Razor Strop; I purchased one, and found it set my razor so finely that it is now a pleasure to trim my own beard." "To Chapman, 102 William street, be all the praise." "Indeed, Charles, then he must be recommended; send him a large piece of our wedding cake, and a dozen of the choice old wine.—Chapman shall rejoice with us."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Husband's Love.

Incidents of life occurring from day to day, and we suspect, some not all together divested of fiction, are not unfrequently to be met with in the public prints, in which they are heralded as instances of the all-absorbing and ever-enduring affection which burns with eternal brightness in the bosoms of wives, mothers and sisters. But who has ever before seen, in the columns of our public journals, a record exhibiting to the world the equally intense and not less abiding devotion of husbands, fathers, and brothers? Such records are rare indeed—not, as we believe, that the latter instances are less frequent than the former, but because there is in them less to impress the amiable feelings of our nature, and excite that peculiar interest which surrounds every thing hallowed by female virtue or heroism.

The Lowell Journal relates a case in point, which through succeeding years, had failed to interest the pen of the chronicler. In a grave yard, situated in a wild, rural place, about a mile from a little village in that vicinity, stands a very neat granite monument. It is the only monument in the yard, and stands by itself, over a solitary grave, apart from all other graves. The history of that monument is interesting and melancholy in the extreme. It marks the spot where lies buried the young wife of one of the most interesting young men of the village. He was married a few years since to one who seemed in every way calculated to render him happy. At that time the prospects of the young couple bid fair for a long life of happiness and usefulness. In a year or two after their marriage, the small pox broke out and raged in the neighborhood. The young wife was attacked with this dreadful disease, and became its victim.

The fears of the community prevented her friends from attending her during her sickness. Her husband, her physician, and one or two attendants were the only persons who were present to smooth down her dying pillow. The same fears took away the usual form of a christian burial. A spot for her grave was pointed out in the graveyard remote from other graves, by the proper authorities, and at the dark hour of night, with none present but the husband, the physician, and one or two fearless friends, the burial took place.— There was no long train of kindred to witness the ceremony; the afflicted husband was the only relative, who, at the burial, ventured to shed the last tear over the grave of the loved and departed.

Months rolled on, and black melancholy still brooded over the young man, but soon loosed its hold, somewhat. Sorrow still remained, but it was soon mingled with resignation. He resumed his accustomed occupation and seemed to forget the past. The past was not forgotten, however, nor the object which the past had endeared to him. The grave of his wife was solitary and alone. Over that grave he resolved to erect a monument to her memory. That monument, although a blacksmith by trade, he chose to plan and work with his own hands. He procured the rough blocks of granite and commenced the pleasing task. Every leisure hour he could obtain was spent in his favorite work. No other head planned, and no other hand, than his own, executed. Month after month, alone and unaided, with no knowledge of the art, except what nature had taught him, sometimes at noonday, and sometimes at night, when others had left their tasks, he toiled on, until his work was completed. That monument, which, as a specimen of art is exceedingly fine, and would be an ornament even in Mount Auburn, now marks out the grave of his wife. While it serves to call to mind the memory of the dead, it speaks also of the constancy and purity of affections which death and time could not destroy.

The Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre is "busted up."—*Boston Post.*
We can explain how that happened.— While they were playing to thin houses, not long since, a tough Hoosier who had visited the theatre "for that night only," stepped to one of the bars and said,
"Just shell out a couple of your cold sassaengers there. What's the charge?"
"Don't keep cold sassaengers," said the bar-keeper, quite gruffly.
"Don't keep cold sassaengers!" exclaimed the Hoosier in extreme surprise, "no wonder your theatre is going to 'ell when you don't keep cold sassaengers," and so saying, he walked away with calm contempt.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the Prodigal Son: I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," "I will arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.

Western Eloquence.

Gentlemen of the Jury—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man what has allers sustained a high deprivation in society, a man you all on you suspect and esteem for his many good qualities, yes gentlemen, a man what neerer drinks more nor a quart of likker a day; can you I say, for an instant suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hookin' a box of percusum caps? Rattlesnakes and coon skins forbid! Pictor to yourselves gentlemen, a feller fast asleep in his log cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side—all nature hushed in deep repose, and nought to be heard but the muttering of the silent thunder and the hollerin' of the bull frogs; then imagine to yourselves a feller sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the dwelling of the peaceful and happy family, and in the most mendacious and dastardly manner, hookin' a whole box of percusum! Gentlemen I will not, I cannot dwell upon the monstrosity of such a scene! My feelin's turn from such a picter of moral turpentine, like a big wood-chuck would turn from my dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbor the idea that any man in these diggings, much less this ere man, could be guilty of committing an act of such rantankerous and unextrampled discretion. And now gentlemen, after this ere brief view of the case, let me retreat of you to make up your minds candidly and unpartially, and give such a verdict as we might reasonably suspect from such an enlightened and intolerant body of our feller-citizens—remembering that in the language of Nimrod, who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, 'It is better that ten innocent men should escape rather than that one guilty should suffer.' Judge, give us a chaw of tobacco.

A Panther Hunt.
Mr. Jonathan Walker, of this county, on the 8th ult. while on a hunting excursion in company with one of his brothers, on Beach Creek, came upon the track of two panthers, which led through a thicket that skirts the stream. Putting their dogs (thrice in number) upon the track, the brothers parted and took the ridge—one on each side of the creek. After following for some time this way, a wolf, probably frightened by the dogs ran from the thicket past Jonathan, who shot at and wounded him. Following the trail of the wounded animal for some distance, he came upon the wolf, torn to pieces by one of the panthers, which had been attracted by the smell of blood. The chase of the panther was now renewed by Jonathan and the dogs, and he was shortly discovered upon a tree, eagerly eying his pursuers. Jonathan gave him two shots, the last of which brought him to the ground, when a hard fight took place between him and the dogs; but he was eventually overcome, having received in all, six shots from Jonathan's unerring rifle. He measured eleven feet from tip to tip.

The brother having secured the one went in pursuit of the other panther, which at one time they had upon a tree, but as their dogs were all but hors de combat, they had not the means of keeping the animal there, until they got within shooting distance. They were therefore compelled to give up the chase.

Jonathan is now doctoring up his dogs, and promises, if they get well in time, to take the other panther before spring, or drive him out of them diggings; and we rather think, from the character he bears in this region, that he will be as good as his word.—*Bellevue Dem. Whig.*

"Kindness comes with a double grace and tenderness from the old; it seems in them the hoarded and long purified benevolence of years, as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; and as the winds which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and the frowns which had chilled the blood and withered the looks, had possessed no power over the affections. The tenderness of old age is thrice blest—blat in its tropics over obduracy of entrusting and withering years, blest because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; blest because it tells us the heart will blossom upon the precincts of the tomb."—*Amnon.*

A fellow was recently sent to the Michigan Penitentiary, from Cass county, for marrying six wives. Served the scamp right. What business had he to monopolize six wives, when many a poor fellow is doomed to linger out a miserable existence in a state of 'single blessedness' because he can't get one! It is a good law that puts down the arm of its power on such a monopoly.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity, a good life the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.