

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## POETRY.

### Oh, Let Me Weep.

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

"She had borne unkindness coldly, and to those who knew her not she appeared destitute of sensibility: but on being addressed kindly by one whom she loved, she burst into tears."—*Old Tale*.

Oh! let me weep, and chide me not—  
Bear with me in my grief!  
Long will it be ere I shall know  
Again such sweet relief.

Thy tones of melting tenderness  
Fell strangely on my soul,  
And stirred the waters of my heart  
Beyond my weak control.

I, all unmoved, have borne neglect,  
And deemed grief's fountains sealed,  
But feelings, scorn could never move,  
Thy tenderness revealed.

The clouds, in their fierce wrath may burst  
Above the desert land,  
And leave no trace of fallen showers  
Upon the burning sand.

But let the breeze move o'er the waste,  
Where late the storm did lower,  
And sands, that mocked the raging rain,  
Will own the zephyr's power.

And thus, I calmly could have borne  
Unkindness, e'en from thee!  
But oh; my heart is all unshooled  
To love, or sympathy

Oh check not, then, the long pent drops,  
But let them flow the while;  
Better to shed the heart-felt tear,  
Than wear the mirthless smile.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Victim.

And where is he?—not by her side  
Whose every want he loved to tend—  
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide  
Where sweetly lost, he oft would wend;  
That form he loved, he marks no more,  
Those scenes admired, no more shall see;  
Those scenes are lovely as before,  
And she is fair—but where is he?

At the close of a tranquil day in the autumn of 18—, I ascended the gentle eminence which overlooks the town of W— situated in one of the most delightful regions of Pennsylvania. I accepted an invitation from my travelling companion, an artist—to accompany him on a pleasant tour in search of health, which a residence in the city during the intense heat of summer, had a little impaired. My friend gazed with all the admiration of a painter upon the prospect which lay spread out before us. The mountains which environed the town, rose distinct in the distance, and a delicate blue haze, like the fairest tints of a finished picture, had gathered over their irregular undulations, and as they lay reposing in the mellow light which attends the gorgeous setting of an autumn sun.

The village beneath our feet was surpassingly neat and beautiful. Pretty white buildings with pleasant enclosures, were scattered along the broad street, here and there a mansion, indicating by its outward resemblance of the village splendor, the superior condition of its occupants. We alighted at the village

inn, and on the following morning my friend exhibited specimens of his art to the citizens who chanced to drop in, and to whom our host had imparted the information that an artist had arrived. Before noon, the intelligence was generally diffused, and many a village beauty gazed upon the painter's effort with beaming eyes, and a heart that beat joyfully in the anticipation of seeing familiar faces transferred to the canvass. Before we retired to rest at night, we arranged our plan for a stay of two months in the delightful borough of W—. Our books were taken from our trunks, and our drawing, fishing and hunting materials placed in order for future service.

I was a privileged visitor to my friend's apartments, whilst he was engaged in his avocations. I had some conversational powers and was considered not inadequate to the task of engaging the attention and keeping alive the spirits of the subjects. This employment became at last to be peculiarly delightful. I look back now, with a memory chastened and mellowed by the lapse of time upon the sweet and ingenuous faces, and fair forms and bright eyes, which beguiled away the happiest hours of a not uneventful life.

One afternoon, I had been busying myself with a new and interesting work, and had neglected until a late hour, my usual visit to the artist's room. When I entered, a very lively little girl ran towards me, and taking hold of my hand, looking up innocently into my face, exclaiming with childish eagerness, "Pa is going to buy a new picture, and I am going to have one, and so is my little brother." I led the happy child to the window, where my friend was engaged in his art. A young gentleman was sitting by the window, a bold light falling upon his countenance, and a gentle autumn wind was dallying with his dark hair. A fair form leaned over his chair, and a small white hand was adjusting his riant curls. The form of that lady was surpassingly beautiful. I soon became acquainted, and during my stay, the mansion of the Greys was my principal resort, and marking the true enjoyment of that happy family constituted the purest source of my enjoyment.

Two short years after leaving W— during which time the pleasing remembrance of its residents had often come across my memory, it fell to my lot to take into my route to the valley of Wyoming. My first inquiry at the tavern was for the Grey family, the happy circle where I had passed so many pleasing moments. I was answered with a sigh and a shrug by the village landlord. Alas! said the publican, I am afraid you will find them with but a remnant of their former happiness. I was informed that the Greys had removed, and now occupied a low roofed cottage directly over the way. I lost no time in crossing over to the dwelling. As my hand rested on the little gate, I heard contention within.— "There was a voice of insolent command, and subdued tones of tender and earnest entreaty. I entered the apartment, and was confronted by a countenance red and bloated, and grossly disfigured, apparently by the exercise of recent violent passion.

"What do you want?" said the man, and walking towards me, he gazed at my features with the lack-lustre eye of a maniac. "What do you want in my house?" "You do not remember me," said I, as his lineaments flashed upon me, "You have forgotten the travelling artist and his companion."

Grey reeled to a chair—"Ay, yes—had our pictures taken, my wife and children; oh, yes, is it you? I will tell them!" He arose to leave the room, but leaned in indecision on an old chest of drawers. He called to the family to come in, as they had friends there.

While he was bawling out these almost unintelligible commands, a door opened from an adjoining apartment, and his wife entered. Her little girl followed, with eyes red with weeping. She shrunk from her degraded father, with a concealed dread. But for her mother, alas I hardly recognized her. "Dry sorrow had drank her blood," an unnatural paleness lingered on her wasted features, and an unearthly glare beamed in her yet undimmed eye. She looked the very picture of despair.

Grey "begged to be excused," as he passed with tottering steps from the room. I referred to former times, their change of residence, &c. The poor abused wife, told me in a few words with what an awful calamity that family had been visited. Intemperance had been there. The husband, the father, in two short years had become a confirmed drunkard. Affliction had gathered upon a happy circle, and unmixed sorrow had been poured upon the innocent.

I could hear no more. The contrast between our first and second meeting kept crowding upon my memory; I felt that in continuing the conversation, I must be imparting and receiving pain. I kissed the little girl, and as I opened the door to retire the light fell upon the Family Group, through the green gauze with

which it was enveloped. There were the same curls which had been bodied forth by the artist, the same speaking eyes, which after inebriety had rendered dim and expressionless. There, too, were the beautiful mother and child. And as I looked upon the pictured group, and then upon the attenuate being before me, whose hand clasped with all the mother's fondness, the opening bud in her arms; whom poverty and sorrow awaited, my heart melted, and woman as I was, the tear rose unbidden to my cheek, and I passed the threshold with an aching heart.

This is no fancy sketch. It is, alas! too true, as one, at least, will testify, if ever this hasty tale should meet his eye. It may be, that in his wanderings, the friend of my youth may see this record of early scenes, and recognize it, as readily as he would a portrait from his own features.—*Vermont Statesman*.

## The Stars.

How often have I gazed upon them and said, "What are they?" In childhood I thought them glittering gems, like the bright things of earth, and was delighted to see them sparkling in the heavens; and even since, how often have I looked upon them with feelings of deep but undefined curiosity.

Though philosophy sublimely reasoned that they are worlds, and form a part of the material creation, yet in the poetry of my feelings, I have imagined they were the wandering spirits of an ethereal world—the bright inhabitants of a region more glorious than our own. I have queried if they were not the arbiters of our fate—the good or evil geni that presided at our nativity, and that still watch over and control the events of our life.

The hoary astronomer of olden time, in his midnight reveries, felt the mysterious influence of these living fires, and yielded his soul to the belief of their magic power. In the darkness of a mind, into which the pure light of Christianity had not shined, he would fain have defied the hosts of heaven, and called them gods which were no gods; and the poet in all time, even he who signs the blessed light of the Gospel day, has first caught the divine inspiration of the masses, and felt the fires of fancy glow and burn within him, while contemplating the varying beauty of the stars. The ancients, in the depth of their poetical imagination, listened to the music of the spheres; and the ear of the pious modern, whose imagination is not less vivid in the conception, with more truth and reason, nightly hears the chorus of the steller lights in harmonious measures repeating:

"The Hand that made us is divine."

Myriads of years have rolled away since first that star beamed forth its brightness. The "orb now o'er me quivering," was one of the radiant band that hymned the birth of this fair creation. Adam, happy in paradise, saw it set, a bright gem in the coronet of the skies. Noah, from the world of waters, looked out upon it, and was gladdened by its peaceful ray. From the plains of Bethlehem the shepherds described it, when summoned from their midnight watch, they hastened to behold and adore the infant Saviour.

## Poetry.

Poetry, in its true sense, is not a thing to be printed on paper or bound in books. Its seat is not in cramped manuscripts, or gilded volumes, but in the deep heart of man. The most glowing numbers, which the poet may use to convey to others a sense of what he feels, will not find a response in every breast. Words that burn will not always kindle thoughts that breathe. The deaf serpent will not regard the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The dim eye may be turned towards a scene instinct with beauty, yet there is the same dull blank everywhere. So, poetry is a sealed book to that reader who feels no sympathy with the writer. The string when touched may make the sweetest music, but can waken a responsive note in none but those that chord with it. Let a man approach any production with a mind bursting with prejudices on all sides, and he will surely be blind to its merits. Let him even be indifferent, but unable to appreciate the views of the author or partake of his feelings, and there is little likelihood that he will do him justice. Where, however, a sympathy exists, the case is far different, and every line comes home to the reader with power. The rude peasant will feel his breast expand and his pulse quicken at the sound of the most artless ballad of his native land, when all the splendor of Byron and the organ tones of Milton would fall powerless on his ear.

A HEAVY LOAD.—The New York Mechanic has an account of a little boy who lately walked nearly a mile, carrying on his shoulder an iron article which weighs twelve hundred pounds! Don't start, reader—it was "a pair of patent steel-yards!"

## Starring.

We have stars in abundance, foreign and domestic; theatrical, poetical and literary, a host that outnumber the promised increase of Israel. Tragedy, comedy, music and dancing, to the utter astonishment of our natives. It is a matter of wonder which the head or the heels will gain the ascendancy. It is questionable whether it may not be necessary to mark our worthy citizens, like merchandise, "this side up, with care," for fear that they will soon assume attitudes too preposterous for their own safety, or for the convenience of their neighbours; compared to which, galloping and tarantaling would be as nothing. The one hour system was the star of the last Congress, and a pity it is, that it had not been engaged permanently; it would have paid off their mileage, and saved to their constituents a world of windy nonsense. "Think twice before you speak once," is a proverb that they wot not of; and it would be well, if the worthy chaplain they have selected should, occasionally, take it for his text. The starring system, in Congress, has become altogether too prevalent; especially for political purposes. What cares your thorough-going politician about exchanges tariff, or beneficial laws, if they stand in the way of his ambition? He would trample upon the most sacred rights of his country, to gain his object, with the cry of "patriotism" on their lips. Honesty eschews such stars. Give us those luminaries that are beneficial to mankind, and an honor to themselves. Such is the learned blacksmith, and other lecturers at our institutions. Dickens our Dickens (for he belongs to the world,) is soon to be a star among us; we shall feel proud to grasp his honest hand. Sherman, who makes the lozenges that "children cry after" is here; and Chapman—not the crowing Chapman of the West—but one that might well crow; him of 102 William street, the inventor of the Magic Razor Strop, an article that men run after, and ladies lament that they have not beards, that they might enjoy the pleasure of using it. L. CHAPMAN, if he be not a star of the first magnitude, he certainly has good reason to crow over the success of his Magic Strop.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA.—We are not much given to the marvellous, and we will not be much surprised if some of our readers doubt the truth of the following, but we can assure them that it is true, every word of it. There is a Miss in this city, resident of an adjoining country, about 13 years of age, from whose thumb there have appeared, for some weeks past, divers hairs, bristles, &c., some of them as long as twenty-six inches, and others shorter. This was the story we heard a day or two since, and we laughed at the wonderful credulity of our informant. It is, however true; for we have seen the young lady, and have witnessed the growth of the hair. There is nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the thumb, and she says the growing of the hair gives no uneasiness whatever.—The hair comes out of the inner side of the thumb, sometimes from under the nail; generally, however, from the ball. Some of the hair is as soft as that of the head, and some as tough as bristles, varying in color, size and length. The growth is very rapid, and when it is removed from the thumb, it leaves no impression whatever in the part from which it springs.—We are informed by Dr. Gibney, who resides in the same town with the young lady, that on Sunday last thirty appeared during the day. A number of scientific gentlemen have examined the thumb and the hair, but are utterly at a loss to account for the phenomenon.—*Lexington Intelligencer*.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.—The following petition was received with a roar of laughter, by the Massachusetts Legislature, a few days since:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of Mass.:

Whereas, That law which requires obedience on the part of the wife, in the marriage covenant, if indeed there ever was such an enactment in any part of the world, is a violation of the natural and inalienable right of every human being: Therefore, if there is such a statute of this Commonwealth, I pray your bodies to repeal it as being contrary to the principles of Christianity and Republicanism.

ABIGAIL H. FOLSON.

When we look abroad and contemplate the laboring classes of Europe, and England in particular—that boasted Isle where a Howard once arose—we are shocked and sickened at the picture of human misery, poverty, and degradation, that is presented. We feel indignant at the iniquitous and aristocratic system of government, that can foster such a deplorable state of things; that without attempting to relieve the burthens of the poor, still add to their oppressiveness, as if in very mockery of their despair.

A FRENCH GIRL'S AFFECTION.—A French girl in writing to her father, now in this country, says:—"would that Columbus had never discovered America, since it keeps you so long absent."

Such affection is too pure to be accompanied with so hard a wish. But dear little innocent, the thought of an absent parent may, for the time being, have overcome her better judgment. Would that she could meet him upon the unstained land of Columbia. We know her heart would beat in unison with his, and with the spirit of American freedom.—*Peoples Organ*.

SURE SIGN OF RAIN.—"Good morrow! Simon, how do you do, mighty nice weather dis arta-noon—tink it's gawn to rain afore shortly!"

"Why, de fack is, Peter, I do tink him look her better wedderish. I always observe dat when de sun rises werry early, and go down again 'fore he gits up, dat it's a monstus sartin sign that we gwan to hab rain after soon."

PRESENTATION OF THE BANNER, To the Washington Temperance Society of the Borough of Huntingdon, at their Convention held on the 22nd ult.

The following are the speeches of Messrs. Campbell and Blair, on the presentation and reception of the banner prepared by the ladies of Huntingdon, for the Washingtonian society of this Borough, and presented on the 22nd of February.

Mr. Campbell, on behalf of the ladies, addressed the society as follows:—

WASHINGTONIANS, The office has been conferred upon me by your "MOTHERS, WIVES, AND SISTERS," of presenting to you a BANNER, prepared by their joint labors, bearing the likeness of him, whose name you have taken upon you in the moral warfare you are now waging against intemperance.

They desire you, by this public manifestation of their feelings, to be assured, that their hearts and souls are with you in the glorious enterprise. By the holy ties that bind us together, they desire you to press onward in your career of charity, until all shall be redeemed from the shackles of that tyranny, that has desolated so many fire-sides, and drawn floods of scalding tears from so many of their sex. By the moving memories of your nourished childhood—by the pure affections that have united you with them—by the anxious solicitude of a sister's love—never let the pledge be soiled by the earth, until the monster that has destroyed its myriad of victims, be banished from your midst forever. The triumphs you have already achieved have made glad thousands of hearts, and banished a thousand cares. They ask you, by the venerated name you bear, and on this, the day of his nativity, whose eyes seem to look approvingly from the canvass, where the artist has imitated life, to advance it over all the powers of the enemy, until it is planted triumphantly on the topmost wall of his citadel.

It is not with the idle wish that this ensign may be courteously received by you from the fair hands of the givers, as a gorgeous present; or that vanity and pride may be gratified in the pageantry of its presentation, that they have thus publicly made you the objects of their generous bounty—but with the fond hope, rather, which their abiding friendship has suggested, that it may add a new stimulus to your worthy zeal, if, during the progress of the conflict, it should for one moment pause. They desire you, if any should grow weary and faint by the way-side, to show him this emblem, and bid him follow you along. In the far future, when those of you who are now young, shall have blossomed with years, and those who are the fathers in your ranks, shall have departed from earth; they hope that the memory of your triumphs under it, will be registered in the deep gratitude of your children. This gift which they make, they wish you to consider as a lasting memorial, that their prayers are often lifted up to Heaven, for your success. And they will be amply recompensed for all the sincere interest they have felt for you, and in your cause, if, in any way, they be instrumental in contributing to hasten the approach of that joyful millennium that shall fall upon mankind, when intemperance shall be heard of no more.

It is to you, Washingtonians, they look for this final victory. In your labors—and untiring philanthropy—and indomitable perseverance of zeal, their hopes are centered with the most unflinching confidence. Let not those hopes, so fondly cherished, built upon the strong and tangible evidence of an already rescued host, be blasted in the hour of their morning sunshine. Advance this glorious banner, wrought by their fair fingers, with a strong arm into the pure breezes of Heaven, ONWARD, and ONWARD, until it shall be proudly uplifted, over renovated mankind;

over fathers, husbands, and brothers, re-claimed.

Washingtonians! in the name of your mothers, wives, and sisters, I present it to you, as a token of their unchanging regard—their sympathy in your labors—a free offering of their unflinching friendship.

As he concluded his address, Mr. Campbell presented the banner to Mr. Blair, who received it on behalf of the society, and responded as follows:—

LADIES, The Washington Society of Huntingdon accept your banner, and ask that you in return will receive their thanks for so valuable a present. Duly sensible of the honor it confers upon us, and grateful for the favor, we have nothing to offer you for your kindness but the homage of our hearts. The gift is worthy of the givers, and the cause in which it is given is worthy of both,—shall it ever be said, the Washingtonians of Huntingdon have proved unworthy of either? No, brothers, I trust it never shall. If the knights of ancient chivalry entered the list of the tilt and tournament, and with a bold heart, horse to horse, & lance to lance, contended for the smiles of the fair or the guerden of beauty, may not we congratulate ourselves that in more enlightened days, and in a less dangerous but more noble contest, our efforts have this day been rewarded by a more distinguished favor than ever lady fair conferred on valiant knight. Who would not be a Washingtonian, when we receive such tokens of friendship as this, from those whose friendship is so pure, so lasting and sincere?—and what Washingtonian would ever falter or fail with that bright emblem before him?

As a manifestation of the interest felt by the Ladies in the progress of our society, this banner is doubly dear to us. "It nerves our arm, it steels our sword."—Without your kind sympathy our course would indeed be rugged and dreary; without your aid our efforts would be of little avail. In this, as in all the other great schemes of benevolence, that characterize the century in which we live, woman is called upon to exert her influence, and hence we must ascribe much of the success that has crowned these projects for the amelioration of the condition of fallen man. That influence we are happy to feel this day in our cause. It comes to us not as the great and strong wind, or the earthquake, or the fire, but like the still small voice. It falls around us like the gentle dews of Heaven, unheard and unseen only in its effects; moistening and fertilizing the hard and bitter soil of man's heart.—A cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night to lead us through the wilderness of this world to the shores of a happy Canaan on the other side of the Jordan of death. And of all the modern schemes of philanthropy, the Temperance cause is peculiarly calculated to enlist the sympathy of the mothers, the wives, the sisters and daughters of our land. For who, of all the human family, have suffered or may suffer so much from the ravages of intemperance as they? How many mothers have been left childless, how many wives have been left widows, how many sisters have been left without a brother, how many daughters have been left orphans, by this devouring monster! What untold miseries—how many sleepless nights and patient watchings, what anxious forebodings, what fear and sorrow and shame, and dead sickness of the heart, has it not thrown around the lot of many of your sex! And if in the progress of our society we have rejoiced over the reformation of many a poor unfortunate drunkard, that joy was greatly enhanced by the consideration that his return to a sober life would spread happiness around the family fire-side, and carry gladness to the hearts of his wife and children.

Ladies—the banner you have given us shall be raised aloft as the ensign of our regiment; while our eyes rest upon the likeness of the immortal Washington, whose great name our society is proud to wear, our hearts will swell with new energies in the battle. With your prayers in our behalf, with your smiles upon our efforts, and your banner over our heads, we feel our resolutions strengthened and invigorated, and our hearts stimulated to press onward to the work that yet lies before us. And high above our host shall your banner ever float, that all may see and follow where it leads. In moments of doubt it will cheer the despondent—in moments of danger it will rally the courage of the faint—in the hour of trial it will be our watchword; and when the battle is fought and won, we will gather around it and recount our victories, and sing our songs of triumph. Unsullied as the hearts that gave it, we will then take that banner and plant it third in rank of the victorious flags of freedom; first the standard of the cross, next shall wave the stripes and stars of our country's ensign, and next to that shall float the Washington banner!