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TERMS.

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POETRY.

The Loved and Lost.

Time hath not power to bear away
Thine image from the heart;
No scenes that mark life's onward way
Can bid it hence depart.
Yet, while our souls with anguish riven,
Mourn, loved and lost, for thee;
We raise our tearful eyes to heaven,
And joy that thou art free.

We miss thee from the band so dear
That gathers round our hearts,
We listen still thy voice to hear
Amid our household mirth—
We gaze upon thy vacant chair,
Thy form we seem to see,
We start to find thou art not there,
Yet joy that thou art free.

A thousand old familiar things,
Within our childhood's home,
Speak of the cherished, absent one,
Who never more shall come.
They wake with mingled bliss and pain,
Fond memories of thee;
But would we call thee back again?
We joy that thou art free!

Amid earth's conflict, woe, and care,
When dark our path appears,
'Tis sweet to know thou canst not share
Our anguish and our tears—
That on thy head no more shall fall
The storms we may not flee;
Yes, safely sheltered from them all,
We joy that thou art free!

For thou hast gained a brighter land,
And death's cold stream is past—
Thine are the joys, at God's right hand,
That shall forever last;
A crown is on thine angel brow,
Thine eyes the King doth see,
'Thy home is with the seraphs now—
We joy that thou art free!

The Angel and the Child.

An Angel form, with brow of light,
A Watcher o'er a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed, as tho' his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.

"Fair child, whose face is like to mine,
Oh come," he said, "and fly with me:
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee.

"Here perfect bliss thou canst not know;
The soul amid its pleasures sighs,
All sounds of joy are full of woe,
Enjoyments are but miseries.

"Fear stalks amid the gorgeous shows;
And tho' serene the day may rise,
It lasts not brilliant to its close,
And tempests sleep in calmest skies.

"Alas! shall sorrow, doubts and fears
Deform a brow so pure as this!—
And shall the bitterness of tears
Dim those blue eyes that speak of bliss!

"No, no! along the realms of space,
Far from all care, let us begone:
Kind Providence shall give thee grace
For these few years thou mightst live on.

"No mourning weeds, no sound of wail
Thy chainless spirit shall annoy;
Thy kindred shall thy absence hail,
Even as thy coming gave them joy.

"No cloud on any brow shall rest,
Nought speak of tombs or sadness there;
Of beings like thee, pure and blest,
The latest hour should be most fair."

The angel shook his snowy wings
And thro' the fields of ether sped,
Where Heaven's eternal music rings—
—Mother—alas!—thy son is dead!

Says Tom Tim, "I love your spouse,
Egad she seems a rare rib."
"Yes, yes," quoth Tim, and rub'd his brows,
"But mark—she's not a spare-rib!"

MISCELLANEOUS:

The Panther's Leap.

A WESTERN SCENE.

"Oh, how a mother loves the child she nurses!"

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton was about seven years old, that he was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, his mother almost idolizing him. There he was, with his trousers tucked up about his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's bold eye gleaming out from beneath his sun-burnt hair, with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream. "Sammy, you'd better come in, had'n't you?" said Hannah, in a tone half mother and half mate. "Na-o-o, I guess not yet," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the water. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns. The gorge of the mountain, into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in—and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side, to the height of a hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks fritted by decay and storm into fantastic shape and position. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural parapet seemed inaccessible, but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist, seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, Josiah, nor any of his men, knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed, "He's lost! he's lost! and my poor boy will starve and die in the woods!" Gathering courage, she hastily summoned her family around her, and despatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, "Scour every field you can call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge."

"He would'n't go to the gorge, Hannah."
"He would go any where." She knew not why, but a presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream, dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he rejoined her not far from the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and, frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo back with the screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunders of the cataract, as if in mockery of woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me?" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist, till she could see no longer, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear came thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die," and wringing her hands in agony, she sank to her husband's feet.

The pain of "hope deferred" had strained her heart strings to the severest tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood, like a heart broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. She was herself once more, for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy. But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"O, mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which he stood projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy, at about the same

time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back and looking at them, as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then, the mother seemed immovable in her suspense, but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock, and motioned with her head and hand that he should not throw. Yet, with the feeling mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious savage. It struck on one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from her stand, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulders, looked into his face and cried, "Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child? He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in coward fear, but an indefinite thought came across his mind that he must die. The panther was upon his feet. He stooped to spring. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of the danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. The sharp rocks cut her flesh, but she heeded it not. On, on she struggled in her agony.

The ferocious creature paused for a moment, when he heard the wretched mother's approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part!" and sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His fore foot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled closer to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body on the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away, go away!" shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror, "you shan't have my child!" Closer still closer he came—his red eyes flashing, and the thick panting of his breath coming in her face. At this awful moment she hears the faint report of fire-arms from the gulph below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolled down the precipice, at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed brightly on a little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the PANTHER'S LEAP.

Fops and Husbands.

We a day or two ago copied a paragraph from a contemporary, in relation to the practice of some young ladies of encouraging the attentions of boys to the exclusion of those of men; that is to say, of occupying their time and attention with the frivolity of fops and dandies, to the neglect of the industrious men of business, who are every way qualified to make good husbands, but who cannot afford sufficient leisure for the trifling movements of life. This is a subject which is in an especial manner worthy the attention of mothers. Society to their daughters is every thing. If they desire to see them well married in the world, they should be careful to have them avoid situations and companions in which the affections are likely to be engaged improperly, and there whole lives thus embittered. First love is a very delightful thing in poetry, and when formed with sufficient maturity of judgment, and based on virtue and character, it is indeed a bright and glorious emanation. But there is such a thing as false or mistaken affection. Young people, who know little of the world and of their own hearts, are too apt to be won by the glitter on the surface, and to discover, when too late, that what they mistook for pure gold was only its counterfeit. We repeat, that parents cannot be too careful in such matters. If they really desire to see their daughters happy, they should endeavour to seek for them in social life and general society, male companions of proper mental, moral and business habit, and of whom they would not be ashamed, in the event of a mutual passion, as some in law.—*Pu. Inquirer.*

From the Presbyterian.

Backbiters and Slanders.

Slander is petty murder; and that man who wantonly assails the good name of his neighbour, lacks only the opportunity, not the disposition, to spill his heart's warm blood. How revolting is it, that a living man, soon to die, and stand before Christ's judgment-seat, should with mock solemnity whisper in another's ear tales concerning a third person, which he knows or has every reason to suspect to be false. Wretched mortal! If Satan's image is especially to be found on earth, where should we find it but in such a one? The rattlesnake were as trusty a bosom-friend as he!

He dares not put his hand in his neighbor's pocket, because the bolts, and bars, and chains of a prison would reward his presumption; but he secretly sets in motion a report, which, like the rolling ball of snow, small at first, gathers weight and velocity in its progress, until it is sufficient to overwhelm the guiltless sufferer upon whom it is directed.

Innocence is no protection—virtue is no safe-guard. The injured man, unconscious of the gathering shades which threaten to bedim the brightness of his heart's best jewel, meets a friend with lightsome spirit; but ah! the wonted friendly pressure repels not to his hearty grasp. No words are needed to tell him there is something wrong—she has a keenness of apprehension which is not always dependent on sounds and phrases; a silent language is her's. Distress and anxiety come upon him; but his endeavors to discover wherein he has offended are only so many convincing proofs of his guilt. "And is it true?" one of his acquaintance inquires of another who is equally a stranger to the truth of the report. "They say so," is the reply; and thus their belief in its verity is mutually strengthened; and they separate to scatter with new zeal the seeds of delamination.

Poor slandered victim! God help him! Man will not. Ruined, not by himself; blasted, by a foreign wind; degraded, not by his own vices; his name cast out as evil, undeservedly; is he not to be pitied? Can the slanderer find a balm of healing virtue sufficient to cure and mend the heart he has rent and wounded? That heur, bound up by the Good Physician, shall find peace and rest in a land where no slanderer can approach to defile it!

Can he be a child of God who delights in whispering about the faults of his brother? Is a sanctimonious backbiter fit company for saints and angels in heaven? Could he prosecute his employment there, how long before heaven would be filled with wrangling? Would any heaven be left?

Is not the propagator equally guilty with the originator of slander? Is it said, that he does not know the report to be false? Neither does he know it to be true. And where is the necessity for circulating a dubious aspersion? Does he wish to degrade a fellow worm? Wherefore? The poor brother has already his share of sorrows and of sins. Why crush him with a burden not his own?

But suppose the charge were mainly true. Who authorized the slanderer to sit in judgment on his fellows? Has he no private sins which he would shrink from lying bare to the public eye? Let him look within—his heart has a dark catalogue, hidden indeed, but of deep enough a dye to cover him with shame. Perhaps he has never felt this; he has never learned "the plague of his own heart." May God enlighten his eyes. It may be that his offences are tenfold greater than those of the victim whom he holds up to the scorn of the world!

I, myself, know that I am an unworthy sinner; but still I pray, the Lord defend me from the tooth of the backbiter, and the fang of the slanderer.

SIMPLE SPEECH.

CONJUGIAL.—"My dear, did John black them boots?"

"How should I know—I haint noth'n to do with your boots. It's washing day."

"But, my love, you needn't speak so cross."

"Speak so cross! I didn't speak cross."

"O—yes you did."

"I didn't."

"I say you did."

"I say I didn't."

"By gracious! I wont stand this. It's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you, madam, I'll have a separation."

"Oh! Mr. Slob—was ever woman so abused. Here I've been working and washing and scrubbing all day long, as hard as ever I could, and then you come home and act so to me—jest kos I don't know noth'n about your boots. O! it is too bad, it is—boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!"

"Hem! Well Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them sangers to be fried for supper?"

"Ye-e-e-es—my dear—I got um for you partick'larly."—*Richmond Star.*

Declaration of Independence.

IN CONGRESS, July, 4, 1776.

The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitled them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident;—that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his government to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolution, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercises; the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to these acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond the seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally, the forms of our governments:

For suspending our legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with powers to legislate in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose knowledge of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury.—A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our migration and settlement here. We appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends.

WE, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

YE THAT HAVE TEARS TO SHED.—Hard is the fate of that man who has outgrown his pantaloons and has not sufficient money to procure a new pair. Every morning he forces himself into the torturing garment, a prey to unnatural compressibility. Daily as he walks the streets, he dreads every moment that the strained seams will part and exhibit his proportions in "Nature's first bloom." Sit he cannot, and to stand is to suffer. He is in the stocks continually.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE OF A DOG.—"I say stranger," said a cottage urchin to a Yankee pedlar, "don't whistle that ere dog away."

"Why, he aint no use no how, he's so ugly."

"O, but he saves heaps of work."

"How?"

"Why, he always licks the plates and dishes clean, so that they never want washing, and mammy says she wouldn't part with him no how, for our new dug haint got used to mustard yet."

GOOD ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—Never encourage the gallantry of boys, if you wish the addresses of gentlemen.