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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S SMILE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

There are clouds that must overshade us,
There are griefs that all must know,
There are sorrows that have made us
Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest—darkest sorrow,
Though it sear the heart awhile,
Hope's cheering rays may borrow
From a mother's welcome smile!

There are days in youth that greet us
With a ray too bright to last,
There are cares of age to greet us,
When those sunny days are past;
But the past scenes hover o'er us,
And give back the heart awhile,
All that memory can restore us,
In a mother's welcome smile!

There are scenes and sunny places
On which memory loves to dwell,
There are many happy faces
Who have known and loved us well;
But 'mid joy or 'mid dejection,
There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection
Of a mother's welcome smile!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

"They parted as all lovers part,
She with her wronged and broken heart;
But he rejoicing, he is free,
Bumls like the captive from his chains;
And wifely believing she
Hath found her liberty."

If there is any act which deserves deep and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable gift of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate harp; over which the breathing of early affections wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of fountains or the song of Hoari in the Moslem's Paradise. But woe for the delicate fashioning of that harp, if a chain pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness sweep over its delicate strings, and they break one after another—slowly, perhaps, but surely. Unvisited and unrequited by the light of love, the soul-like melody will be hushed in the struck a bosom—like the mysterious harmony of the statue, before the coming of the sun. I have been wandering among the graves. I love at all times to do so. I feel a melancholy not unalloyed to pleasure in communicating with the resting place of those who have gone before me—to go forth alone among the thronged tombstones; rising from every grassy undulation like ghostly sentinels of the departed. And when I kneel above the narrow mansion of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel strange assurance that the spirit of the sleeper is near me—a viewless and ministering angel. It is beautiful philosophy, which has found its way unsought for and mysteriously into the silence of my heart; and if it only be a dream—the unreal image of fancy—pray God that I may never awake from the beautiful illusion.

I have been this evening by the grave of Emily. It is a plain white tombstone, half hidden by the flowers, and you may read its epitaph in the clear moonlight, which falls upon it like the smiles of an angel, through the opening in the drooping branches. Emily was beautiful—the fairest of village maidens. I think I see her now, as she looked when the loved one—the idol of her affections approached with his smile of conscious triumph and love. She had seen but eighteen summers, and her whole being seemed woven of the dream of her first passion. The object of her love was a proud wayward being; whose haughty spirit never relaxed from its habitual sternness, save when he found himself in the presence of the young and

beautiful creature, who had trusted her all on the "venture of her vow," and who loved with all the earnestness of a pure and devoted heart. Nature had not deprived him of the advantage of outward grace and beauty; and it was the abiding consciousness of this, which gave to his intercourse with society a character of pride and sternness. He felt himself in some degree removed from his fellow men by a partial fashioning of human nature; and he scorned to see a near affinity. His mind was of an exalted bearing, and prodigal of beauty. The flowers of poetry were in his imagination a perpetual blossoming; and it was to this intellectual bounty that Emily knelt down—bearing to the altar of her idol the flowers of her affection—even as the dark eyed daughters of the ancient Gheber spread out their offerings from the Gardens of the east upon the altar of the sun.

There is a surpassing strength in a love like that of Emily's—it hath nothing gross, nor low, nor earthly, in its aspiring. It hath its source in the deep fountains of the human heart—and is such as the redeemed and sanctified from the earth might feel for one another in the far land of spirits. Alas! that such love should be unrequited, or turned back in coldness or darkness upon the crushed heart of its giver!

They parted—Emily and her lover; but not before they had vowed eternal constancy to each other. The one retired to the quiet of her home—to dream over again the scenes of her early passion, to count with untiring eagerness the hours of separation; and to weep over the long interval of "hope deferred." The other went out with a strong heart to mingle with the world, grided with pride and impelled forward by ambition. He found the world cold, and callous, and selfish; his own spirit insensibly took the hue of those around him. He shut his eyes upon the past; it was too pure and mildly beautiful for the sterner gaze of his manhood. He forgot the passion of his boyhood, all beautiful and lovely as it was; he turned back to the young and lovely, and devoted girl, who had poured out to him, in the confiding earnestness of woman's confidence, the wealth of her affection. He came not back to fulfil the vow which he had plighted.

Slowly and painfully the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart of Emily. She sought for a time to shut out the horrible suspicion from her mind. She half doubted the evidence of her own senses—she could not believe that he was a traitor—for her memory had treasured every token of affection—every impassioned word, and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last; the doubtful spectre which had long haunted her, and from which she had turned away, as if it were a sin to look upon it, now stood before her, a dreadful and unescapable vision of reality. There was one burst of passionate tears, an overflow of the fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom; and she was calm; for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily and with awful confidence, as one whose hopes are not of earth, upon the dark valley of death, whose shadow was around her.

It was a beautiful evening of summer, that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just setting behind a long line of beautiful and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like the halo which circles the dazzling brow of an angel—and all nature had put on the garb of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily, I found the door of the little parlor thrown open, and a female voice of sweetness which could hardly belong to earth, stole out upon the summer air. It was the breathing of an Æolian lute to the gentlest vibration of the zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen—and these words—I never shall forget them—came upon my ear like the low melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams:

"Oh—no I do not fear to die,
For hope and faith are bold;
And life is but a weariness—
And earth is strangely cold—
In view of death's pale solitude
My spirit hath not mourned—
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,
Or friendship unrestrained!

And could I pass the shadowed land
In rapture all the while—
If one who is now far away
Were near me with a smile,
It seems a dreary thing to die
Forgotten and alone—
Unheeded by our dearest love—
The smiles and tears of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers,
The fairest of the fair—
The very flowers he loved to twine
At twilight in his hair—
Perchance he may visit them,
And shed above my bier
The holiest dew of funeral flowers—
Affections kindest tear!"

It was the voice of Emily—it was her

last song. She was leaning on the sofa as I entered the apartment—her thin white hand resting on her forehead. She arose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over her features for a moment, flushed her cheek with a slight and sudden glow—and then passed away, leaving in its stead the wanness and mournful beauty of the dying. It hath been said that death is terrible to look upon. But to the stricken Emily the presence of the destroyer was like the ministrations of an angel of light and holiness. She was passing off to the land of spirits like the meeting of a sudden cloud in the blue sky of Heaven. Stealing from existence like the last strain of ocean music when it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moon-lit waters.

A few days after, I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together one and all to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to the lovely sleeper. They mourned her loss with a deep, sincere lamentation that one so young and lovely should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow that rankled in her bosom—the slow withering of the heart—She had borne the calamity in silence—in the uncomplaining quietude of one who felt that there are woes which may not ask for sympathy—afflictions which, like the canker concealed in the heart of some fair blossom are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

Autumn.

We are now in the autumn of the year—the season of golden hues and fading verdure. Nature's chill breath is imperceptibly passing over leaf, plant, and flower, and imparting to them all the tincture of approaching decay. The green carpet of creation is being superseded by one of yellow or more motley color, and all around and about us tells of the perishable nature of things. It is a season pregnant with reflection, for it admonishes us that decay is an inherent principle of Nature. It bids those of us who have not yet entered the "sear and yellow leaf" of life to prepare ourselves for that period, to husband our resources for it, as the farmer does his harvest gathering, that we may look back on life's summer with a quiet glow of satisfaction, such as an autumn evening's sun imparts to a landscape.

To those who have already passed the rubicon of middle life, it tells us that the advent of life's winter is fast approaching. Like an index to some particular passage of a book, it points to the termination of life's journey—to death and to the grave! Autumn is a chaste and gentle season; it has not the cold frigidity of winter about it; it has not the coquetry of spring, nor the fire and passion of summer. Like true friendship, it brings a soothing balm to the mind, without operating in fiery action on the passions. Its winds are mild as a mother's voice; its suns shine on the world calmly as a father smiles on his beloved family. We would that an autumn breeze should sing our requiem—we seek no sweeter music!—*Picayune.*

"If there is any one among us who needs protecting—that is, who needs money to procure his daily bread—the pauper laws are open to him!"

In this shameful sneer from a Loco-foco address, recently put forth in Ohio, we have a volume of comment upon that party's pretension to democracy and friendship to the poor. On all occasions, and in all places, but with more blustering professions on the eve of elections, we find them pleading to the poor, but nowhere and at no time have they ever been found pleading for them. Affecting love for all, they show pity for none, and flatter only to deceive. Where is the law, the measure, the institution, founded by Loco-focoism for the benefit of the poor? Who can point to a solitary act ever achieved by this clamorous spirit to feed the hungry or clothe the naked? Echo answers, who? But this is not the worst evidence of the hypocrisy of its pretensions. It not only does nothing itself for the poor, but with a species of fiendish malignity blackens the motives of those who do. If they cannot close the hand of the giver, they would at least embitter the gift in the mouth of the receivers. Hence their never-failing, bitter, and rancorous opposition to any and every measure, no matter what, devised by the Whigs to diffuse the means of universal prosperity and happiness. When the Whigs show an anxious desire to elevate all classes of men to an equality of privilege and enjoyment, and adopt a policy to afford honorable and remunerating employment to all, thereby enabling every man to maintain his family and train his children for higher blessings and enjoyments, these men, who so profane the name of democracy, sneeringly turn upon us with the insolent taunt that the pauper laws are open to them! Shocking as the sentiment is, it is nothing more than might

have been expected from a party whose whole career is a history of grasping, heartless ambition, and whose animating battle-cry is "the spoils of victory!" And there is enough in the melancholy history of its occasional triumphs to rouse every friend of the country into active exertion whenever and wherever its movements are seen. Therefore it is that full scope should be given to the warm, vehement, un-sundered feelings of the heart, whenever we approach those schemes of profligate ambition which threaten the social and political order of the nation, and which awaken terror while they kindle indignation in the mind of every reflecting man in it.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Sale of stocks belonging to the State.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth has advertised that in obedience to the DOUBLE TAX Law of the last Legislature, he will offer the following Stocks belonging to the State, at Public Sale at the Philadelphia Exchange, on the 23rd of November next:—

3750 shares of stock in the Bank of Pennsylvania.
5333 do in the Philadelphia Bank.
1708 do in the Farmer's & Mechanic's Bank.
900 do in the Columbia Bank & Bridge Co.
2500 do in the Union Canal Co.
1200 do in the Pennsylvania & Ohio Canal Co.
500 do in the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal Company.
1000 do in the Schuylkill Navigation Co.
300 do in the Bristol Steam Transportation Co.

On the 23rd of the same month the following, among a great variety of Turnpike, Bridge and Navigation Stocks, will be sold at the State House in Harrisburg:—
600 shares of stock in the Codorus Navigation Co.
400 do in the Wrightsville, York & Gettysburg Rail Road Company.
500 do in the Susquehanna and York Turnpike Road Company.
300 do in the York and Gettysburg Turnpike Road Company.
100 do in the Hanover and Carlisle Turnpike Road Company.
408 do in the York Haven & Harrisburg Bridge Turnpike Road Company.

Among the mass of Stocks thus to be disposed of is some of the most productive property of the Commonwealth, while others are either wholly valueless or their capacity to yield a profit has not been developed. The whole scheme is a speculation, and was got up with that object. It is only another plan of the Loco Foco Party to plunder the Commonwealth.—Every man of common sense knows that this is no time to sell Stocks to advantage. Many corporations in which the State is concerned have suffered under the disadvantages of the times—others are just beginning to recover, as in the case of some of the Philadelphia Banks, and at any rate money is so scarce and confidence in Stocks so low, that few bona fide bidders will come forward. This is just the time for the political leeches to suck her property out of the Commonwealth. State Stock at par and certificates of indebtedness issued to Domestic Creditors by the Auditor General will be received in payment, and these being already in the hands of the pets of the administration or they being able to purchase them of the necessitous holders at a heavy discount, they can grab these stocks at a merely nominal expense to themselves. The Whigs made every effort to prevent this wanton waste of the public property, but party and greedy bidders were too strong for them, and the Loco Focos succeeded in at the same time fastening a DOUBLE TAX on the People, and giving away the desirable possessions of the State to their partisans for a mere song. They first bled the Treasury of all its money, and they now rob the Commonwealth of all her visible property!—*York Republican.*

OSAGE WHEAT.—A letter in the Pittsburgh Chronicle speaks of a very valuable kind of wheat called Osage, or many-headed wheat, originally procured from the Osage Indians. Mr. Kelly, a practical farmer of Jackson county, Ohio, has had such experience of its hardy and prolific qualities that he thinks it will yield two hundred bushels to the acre. From fifty to eighty heads have sprung up from a single grain which he planted, each head containing from one hundred to one hundred and seventy seeds.

HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.—There are in the United States just one hundred soldiers of the Revolution on the pension list over one hundred years of age. The oldest man on the list is MICHAEL HARR, of Union county, Pennsylvania, who is in his 115th year.

The Nicholson Court.

This magnificent "Star Chamber" Court, has been and is one of Governor Porter's favorite schemes to make offices for his partisans and give employment to political looters. A greater nuisance has never been entailed by locofocoism on the farmers of our state, for it is calculated to produce vexatious law suits and unsettle land titles; and many persons who have for years considered themselves worth a fine farm for the support of their families, may suddenly find themselves under the barrow of this inquisitorial court and be subjected to the greatest inconvenience.—An instance of this has occurred in Beaver county, where the greatest excitement prevails in consequence of the claim set up by the heirs of John Nicholson to over one hundred thousand acres of land in that county! The Argus says a number of handbills were received in Beaver, from Harrisburg, containing lists of lands in Western counties, to be sold at the Exchange Hotel, in Pittsburg, on Wednesday the 24th of October, as the property of John Nicholson, and no little surprise and alarm was with excited to find embraced among it from two to three hundred tracts in Beaver county, of four hundred acres each together exceeding one hundred thousand acres of the best lands in the county, embracing near a fourth part of its territorial limits. And this surprise and alarm was, as a natural consequence, the greater from the fact that THIS ADVERTISEMENT TO SELL IS THE FIRST INTIMATION THAT JOHN NICHOLSON EVER HAD CLAIM TO A SINGLE TRACT OF LAND IN THE COUNTY—the many hundreds, now in most thousands, of persons in possession not dreaming of insecurity from that or any other quarter.

In consequence of this unexpected claim, a meeting of those interested is to be held at Darlington, on the 23d inst., to concert measures for mutual safety and protection.

The Erie Gazette of the 15th also says, "our community has been thrown into great commotion by the receipt from the Keystone office at Harrisburg, of advertisements, offering most of the land of Erie county for sale at Pittsburg on the 24th of October next, by the Nicholson Land Commissioners. The receipt of the advertisements was the first intimation our citizens ever had, that their lands had been claimed, or were in any way embarrassed by the Nicholson title. The secret has been well kept by the Governor and his Star Chamber Court—nothing was suffered to transpire until after our lands had been decreed for sale by this secret tribunal, and actually advertised. We are still entirely in the dark. There is no report—no statement—no publication of the ground or principle on which this Court of one eye has decreed and adjudged the matter.

The advertisement contains the whole entire county north of the old state line, with the exception of Ivin's reserve, and the Erie reservation, and a large number of tracts south of the old state line. What the people should do is in every man's mouth, and in order to some concert of action, a meeting is called at the Court House on Saturday the 24th inst.

That there is inquiry somewhere no one questions—whether it lies with the Governor, or his one-eyed court or where, time may develop. It would seem to us, that the Governor was bound in duty to the citizens, whose rights were so deeply involved, to have made some public notice of this matter, in order that the persons interested might know that their homes were in jeopardy, before they were put into judgment and decree of sales by a tribunal, which we hope will not long disgrace the State.

The commissioners of this inquisition give notice that they are ready to compromise—on what terms is not made known. Whether the tribute is in *fealty* or goods—or a sort of *black mail*, after the example of the Bigdam Chief Robbers? is all in the dark."

If any one thing should arouse the people of this state to a determined resistance to locofocoism at the polls, it is this OUTRAGEOUS AND UNPARALLELED ROBBERY! But such is Portersism—such the conduct of those who continually profess to be friends of the Farmer and Working man! What hypocrisy!—they would sell every farm in the state to fill the Treasury, that locofocoism may again rob it!

ACCIDENT AND RESCUE.—A lady stepped overboard on Thursday, from the ferry boat New Jersey, in the slip at New York, and was saved from imminent danger of drowning by the prompt and successful exertions of William Scharrat, a hand on board the boat, who sprang into the water and rescued her.

It is estimated that the revenue bill just passed will give employment to at least 250,000 persons, and the means of comfortable livelihood to about 1,000,000.

A Word to Laboring Men.

The Locofocos profess to be your friends, and many of you believe they are. But, tell us candidly, what have they done for you or for the country? What do they propose to do? Have they shown a disposition to foster American labor? On the contrary, are they not for free trade and low wages? This is their declaration in Congress, though they may talk differently to your faces. We aver that a Locofoco manufacturer of the county of Philadelphia—a man very active and influential in that party—declared, not long since, that we should never have good times again until wages were reduced to the standard of Europe, and we had nothing but "hard money!" When wages come down to that standard, laborers will find all the money they earn "hard" enough to get, we are quite sure.

What would you think of the times had you to labor at the European rate of wages? Look at the average rates in different countries, given below, and then answer.

Average prices per week of the hand-loom weavers in Europe, including the weavers of silk, cotton, linen, woolen, &c., in all their varieties, exclusive of board, rent, fuel, lights, &c.:

Great Britain,	8s. 0d. per week.
France,	7s. 0d. " "
Switzerland,	5s. 7d. " "
Belgium,	6s. 0d. " "
Austria,	3s. 0d. " "
Saxony,	2s. 0d. " "

These are the average prices for men employed in weaving. The statement is made out from a report of Commissioners appointed by the British Parliament to investigate the subject, and who had ample means of acquiring correct information.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Sentence of John C. Colt.

John C. Colt was taken into the Court of Oyer and Terminer of New York on Tuesday morning to receive his sentence. He made a few remarks, in which he persisted in his former declaration, that he killed Adams in self-defence, and was not therefore guilty of murder. Judge Kent, after an appropriate address, in which he commented severely upon this declaration, delivered the sentence of the Court, which was that he should be hung on the 15th day of November next. The prisoner received the sentence without the slightest apparent emotion.—*N. Y. American.*

A NEW WAY TO MAKE SUGAR.—The experiment of making sugar from cornstalks has been tried with success in both Pennsylvania and Ohio. We have heard of one gentleman who carefully cherished the full growth and development of his stalks for the sake of the sugar they would yield. When the small ears of corn made their appearance, he lopped them off, so as to leave all the strength of the plant to go into the stalk, which thereby was made to grow to a greater height. Should this source of agricultural wealth yield all that is expected from it, it will be a great gain to the farmers of the West, who will rejoice to find that their superfluous cornstalks can be turned to so good an account. It seems that in many parts of the West they are making molasses, also, from cornstalks.—*Journal of Commerce.*

We were presented a few days ago with a bottle of beautiful, clear, and fine-flavored molasses, manufactured from cornstalks, by Mr. James Brown, of Randolph township, in this county. It looks very much like strained honey, and, to our taste, is altogether preferable to the article manufactured from the sugar cane. Mr. Brown has four acres of corn which he planted expressly for the purpose of manufacturing it into molasses and sugar, and he expects to commence the manufacture in a few days. He has constructed a machine or mill for grinding the stalks, which runs with two horses, and is capable of producing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty gallons of the juice of the cornstalk per day. He is much pleased with his first experiment, although the corn, he thinks, had not attained sufficient age. Out of three gallons of the juice, as it came from the mill, he had nearly five pints of molasses.—*Tippencanoe Journal.*

BOSTON AND FASHION.

The two celebrated and, perhaps, most rapid rags now on the turf, are again to meet and contend for a heavy purse, over the Camden and Philadelphia Course, at the fall meeting in October. The proprietor of the course, who is authorized by Mr. Gibbons, to announce Fashion, makes a purse of \$2000, with the liberty of four entries.

INDICTMENT OF COL. WEBB.—Col. Jas. Watson Webb has been indicted in New York, "for leaving the State with intent of giving or receiving a challenge," and has been held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 to answer the charge at the Court of General Sessions. The Colonel procured the bail and was discharged from custody.