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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Sunday Mercury.

The Lass of Sixteen.

MACHINE POETRY.

Oh what a queer creature's the lass of sixteen!
Neither girl nor a woman but something between:
Not exactly a tadpole, nor neither a frog,
Not a young sucking pig, and not yet quite a hog—

I am not certain whether
She's a bird in full feather
Or a gosling quite green;
Neither 'tis then nor 't'other,
Is the lass of sixteen.

She runs, as by instinct, strait after the boys,
And her boldness affrights while her beauty decoys;
And when of a sudden love seizes the heart,
She feels like a duck when its pin feathers start.

Oh, now she is sighing,
And now she is crying,
And now she is seen
With a smile in each feature—
For what a queer kind of a creature
Is the lass of sixteen.

With a bloom on her cheek, and a charm in her eyes,
She seems a young angel just dropt from the skies,

To be courted and kissed by the frail sons of sin
Who leap and not look—and perchance are 'sucked in.'

With an eye full of evil,
She's a little she-d—l,
Devilish I mean;
Aye, troublesome witch is
A thing without breeches,
A lass of sixteen.

Spoons, O. G.

From the October Knickerbocker.

Life's Memories.

I remember, I remember
When my life was in its prime,
Yet untouched and uncorrupted
By the blighting hand of Time;
When the flow'ring and the sunshine
Were companions of each scene,
And hope was in its vigor then,
And pleasure in its green.

I remember, I remember
When the storm of sorrow came,
And extinguished, and for ever,
All the glory of life's flame:
When one by one the blossoms
Of affection dropped away,
And despair came with the darkness,
And affliction with the day.

I remember, I remember!
But ah! 'tis vain to mourn
For the bright hours and the loved ones
That will never more return!
Let the Present have its torture,
And the Past its store of ill;
To the future, to the future
We will look with gladness still!

The New York Mechanic has suddenly been taken with a sentimental fit, and pours forth the following song:

"My hands are like the roses,
My teeth as black as jet;
My boots they pinch my toeses,
And my lips have never met;
My footsteps have no lightness,
For I am parrot-toed;
I never rode a horse but once,
And that time I was thrown.

Believe less than you hear with respect to a man's fortune, and more than you hear with respect to his fame.

"How we printers lie," as our devil said when he got up too late for breakfast.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Betrothed of the Exile.

BY "THE STRANGER."

Sometime since, whilst rambling a few miles outside of the city of Baltimore, to indulge my love of romance, and to ponder in silent solitude, and to mourn over misfortunes and disappointments which had lately befallen me—to bewail my grief and blighted hopes—alone, away from the busy cars and hum of the city—just as the shades of evening began to warm me that 'twas time to retrace my steps—lest the darkness of the night would overshadow my pathway and render my return difficult—having wandered far from my usual haunts, and in a strange part, being about to return, I saw an old man coming towards me—he addressed himself to me in a broken tongue—"Tis a fine evening, sir; Yes, replied I, I have just been taking a walk to enjoy it. I soon ascertained that the old man was a native of Poland—his age might be about sixty—his countenance was care-worn and pale; and it seemed to me as I gazed on him, that it had been his lot to bear a portion of the world's cares and sorrows. I intended to pursue my course home, but through the persuasion of the old man, I walked with him to his cottage. Said he, "Therese will be glad to receive any one whom her old uncle may bring to his humble abode." I walked with him to his cottage, which was a neat little place by the roadside; every thing was plain and simple, save a few things which I saw, which bespoke of better days. I called for a glass of water, being somewhat fatigued from the length of the walk. The old man called his niece, who, in a few minutes appeared with a pitcher of nature's refreshing beverage, cool from the spring; when the maiden appeared I could not regard her but with astonishment. She was beautiful and graceful as a fawn; she was tall and slender in her form; her features were of the most beautiful Grecian mould; her hair was as black as the wings of a raven, there was a sadness in her eye, a pale cheek, which plainly told me that life's path way to her had not been flowery, but that her young and fondest hopes had been withered and blighted. When she retired the old man said to me, "that is my niece. Therese Constantine Kononski, the only being I have left to soothe my old age and declining years." While speaking his countenance became gloomy and dejected, as if the sentence he had just uttered had recalled to his mind bitter memories of days gone by. Said he "young man may it never fall to your lot to share the miseries and misfortunes I have borne." I hope not, said I, if I may judge of them from the sorrow of your countenance, which the bare recollection of them brings forth. The old man pressed me to take tea with them, promising to go with me part of the way home. I consented, for I became much interested in him and his niece. At tea, the beautiful Therese acted as hostess. At length, when the hour arrived to depart, the old man said to me, "young sir, if you think us worthy of another visit, I will then give you our history; for better and palmer days than these it has been our lot to share; but times change and God's will has brought about this change in our fortunes."—Said I, "Good sir, so much have I been interested in yourself and your beautiful niece, that had you not made the offer, I intended to ask you something of your past life." "Tis well," said the old man; you shall be gratified; with that he accompanied me part of the way home. We parted with the particular request of the old man, that I should not delay my visit.

A few days after, I again visited Therese Kononski, and her uncle Augustus. They seemed much pleased to see me. "Be seated," said he, "we thought you had already forgotten us. "You certainly did not think me so ungrateful" said I. "The unfortunate are soon forgotten," replied he, "in this cold and heartless world. This is a blessed country of yours," said he, "I never think of it but the thought of it makes me sad—'tis oppressors, and that the yoke must ever fall it; no chance of freedom ever; Poland must ever be oppressed—but I promised to give you my history which always gives me pain, but as I was talking of my country, which is equally painful, I will now proceed."

"My name is Augustus Kononski, as you have already learned; I am a native of Warsaw, in Poland; was for a number of years a merchant; then fortune favored my industry, and when old age arrived, I was blessed with a happy competency. The partner of my joys and sorrows died in early life, and left me a son, Lewis, who was the idol of his father's heart. I had a brother in the Polish army, who, like myself, had lost his wife, but had a daughter, a beautiful and interesting girl, and that daughter is no other than

Therese.—There is still another brother which was Frederick Konotolay, a lieutenant in the army, a young man of handsome appearance,—of generous sentiments, a noble soul, and dauntless courage, and the chosen lover of Therese. They had long been betrothed to each other; their mutual vows were long recorded before the throne of heaven. Lewis, my only son, was, at the time I speak, about the age of eighteen, a manly fair-headed youth impetuous and fearless, his life was as nought to him, when his country's rights and his own honor demanded it. Alas! his life repaid him for his rashness. A band of ardent young men, of the first families attended the meeting of secret patriotic associations, and among them was Frederick Konotolay, and Lewis Kononski.—The enthusiastic spirit of Frederick could brook no delay, he had suffered often from the insults of the Grand Duke Constantine, and the day of redemption was then arrived. Poland must be free. If they wanted a leader, he himself would act until some one who had more age and experience than himself would take up the cause. 'Twas agreed—and this small band of one hundred and fifty youths, headed by a lieutenant of nineteen struck the first blow for liberty and Poland. They attacked the palace of the grand duke, and he had scarce time to escape when the young Poles entered. Thus the enthusiasm of youth struck the first blow—with the cry of "home, and men to arms," in less than two hours forty thousand men were under arms.

"I shall long remember the night before the battle of Gorkow, a day I much dreaded. My brother had espoused the cause of the patriots; thus in that battle would be a brother, my son and Frederick. About the night of the preceding day, Frederick came to prepare Therese for the ensuing day. They embraced he kissed; off a tear that was falling from her cheek at the bare thought of to-morrow's peril. "My own Therese," said Frederick, "to-morrow will decide the fate of Poland." "Would to God, Frederick, 'twere over and you were safe.—"Tell me," said Therese firmly but affectionately, "by the love you profess to entertain for me, answer me candidly and truly—do you think Poland will be free?" Frederick paused a moment. "Does it forbid thee Therese, that this is to be our last parting? No we shall meet again." The eyes of Therese brightened. "But Frederick, the contest will be unequal; the Russian army outnumber us three times—think of your danger." "The battle is not to the strong. The justice of our cause and the God of armies will protect us," replied the lover. Oh! there is something divine in woman's love; something that renders life dearer still; something that endures when when that affection that cheers him in the hour of sickness and grief; something that gladdens him still more in moments of joy; and something that redeems him amid scenes of terror and of guilt. "Oh! Frederick," said Therese, "promise me to avoid danger as much as is consistent with your honor; promise me to do nothing rashly in this terrible conflict. Here, Frederick, wear this ring, and when you look upon it think that one act of rashness endangers the life of one who loves you as well as your own. Think of me, I implore you in the approaching strife."

"I will by heavens!" exclaimed Frederick, folding her to his bosom, and kissing her pale cheek with the vehemence of passionate but unaltered love. She lay in his arms, nor did she for a long time attempt to extricate herself; it was not a moment then to stand upon those fastidious ceremonies of social relations that are always the reverse of human feeling, and they mutually indulged in the virtuous outpourings of their hallowed affections. They parted—Frederick to fight his country's battle, and Therese for her chapel to offer up a prayer for the safety of him she fondly loved; and many a prayer was offered up for him by her innocent lips, and many a tear attested the fond interest she took in his existence.

"On the next morning the battle commenced. One hundred and eighty thousand Russians against less than fifty thousand Poles. Being an old man, I stood on a hill that commanded the battle field, and with what anxiety did I regard it; at every volley it seemed as if a shot had entered my heart. The conflict was fierce and terrible, oft did the Poles retreat and as oft did the Russians. The impetuous Frederick rushed too far, was well nigh closed in by a body of Russian cavalry; Lewis, seeing his danger rushed to his rescue, and killed with a pistol shot the horseman, whose sabre was descending upon the head of Frederick; but another horseman, seeing the struggle, with his broad sword clove in twain the skull of my beloved son, who fell dead to the earth. (Here the old man shed a tear.) Thus died he in the rescue of his friend and the defence of his country. Frederick escaped from his danger, but alas! Lewis was

no more. The Poles that day were victorious. Forty thousand men lay dead upon the field—thirty thousand Russians and ten thousand Poles. But think what a mournful house was mine; my beloved son and brother fell in that day's battle. Therese was bereft of her father, Frederick Konotolay was brought in wounded. Never shall I forget the anguish of my soul when the sad news reached me, and Therese asked Frederick, (who, weak with the loss of blood was brought in,) hastily after her father and Lewis. The young man looked sadly at her, shook his head and closed his eyes. She knew the meaning she faintly away. Upon recovering she asked if Frederick lived; upon being told that his wound was not dangerous, but was weak from the loss of blood, her countenance brightened; but when she thought of her father a sadness came over her. But Frederick recovered.—Therese recovered from one loss to meet another. At the fall of Warsaw fell the last remaining hope of the disconsolate girl, Frederick after being severely wounded in defending a breach in the wall, was taken prisoner and sentenced to death; his sentence was afterwards remitted to be an exile for life. Lewis was the hopes of that girl crushed and her life rendered a blank.

When all was lost, I gathered up my means, and sought the peaceful shores of America, dear to me on account of the noble exploits of my lamented countryman, Kosciusko. I was now the only protector of Therese. She came with me, as you see, is not my only solace in affliction—all else have died.—When I landed my foot on the free soil of America, my soul thrilled with emotion. I exclaimed, blest land of freedom, the foot of despot shall never tread thy hallowed soil, and thy people, as free as the wind that flies through the forests, shall never again feel the yoke of an oppressor. Here will I spend my remaining days and have the satisfaction to know that I am in the land of liberty, and that I am in a land where the name of Kosciusko shall ever be remembered, and the name of fallen Poland is ever dear.

I then sought this very spot. I purchased this little farm, and the means I had were amply sufficient for all our wants, and something to bestow upon my unfortunate countrymen, whenever they presented themselves. But alas! another blight was to come upon my withered heart; my cup of bitterness was not yet drained—I had to take another bitter draught—for the money I bought stock in the United States Bank—the bank broke, as you know, and with it went my all.—All that is left to us now is the small acre, and we cultivate this small garden for our support. My misfortunes have been many. Therese bears them well. Nothing grieves her so much as to speak of her exiled lover. My race is nearly run.—Man needs but little here below needs that little long." If kind providence calls me to himself soon, Therese may need a friend. She never will marry—she will remain faithful to her exiled love, let what will betide. Said I, Therese shall never need a friend while I live, if she will accept my friendship. The old man squeezed my hand warmly and said, God bless you, and may heaven reward your professed kindness. Say nothing to Therese that you know our story, for the recurrence of these I would wish her to forget." The old man had finished; it began to grow late. I sought Therese to bid her good evening, and found her in the garden, calling for me a bouquet of flowers. I bid them good evening, and returned home. I took an interest in the exiled Poles, and often visited them.

One day, whilst sitting in the porch of the cottage, Therese, her uncle and myself, a carriage drove into the lane leading to the cottage. Therese started as soon as she saw the person in the carriage, her cheeks were alternately flushed, and pale as marble. 'Twas evident that the appearance of some one in the carriage caused this excitement. At length the carriage came up to the door, and a young man of military bearing, tall and handsome, leaped from the carriage. Therese looked frightened—she believed not her own eyes; he approached her—extended his right hand, on which was a ring.—They embraced. "Therese"—"Frederick" were the only words spoken for some moments. The agony, the disappointments and misfortunes of years, were repaid in these moments of blissful excitement.

"Therese not a shade—there's not a gloom but has its sunny spot;
And hours 'mid saddest life may bloom
Too sweet to be forgot."

"My own Therese, have I at last found thee? Let me gaze upon thee, my own, my beautiful one." "Frederick, where art thou from?—or how didst thou find us in our obscure retreat?" The old man and Frederick next embraced. 'Twas no mockery of friendship—'twas friendship

true and tried. So entranced was the young man at finding the object of his early love, that my presence escaped his notice. At length the old man introduced me as a friend. He shook me cordially by the hand, and apologized, saying "Sir if you knew the cause"—Said I, "My dear sir, it needs no apology, I know it all."

He told us his history—he had escaped from Siberia, went to Sweden, joined the army; his merits gained him rapid promotion, being a favorite with the monarch. He was sent to America on diplomatic business, and he had then the rank of Captain in the army. On his arrival in Baltimore, he met some of his countrymen, who told him of the whereabouts of his betrothed. He sought her and gentle reader, he found her. "Therese," said Frederick, about a week after his arrival, "my despatches will soon be ready, and we must away for Sweden. Know you a priest in Baltimore?" "What mean you, Frederick?" said the beautiful girl.—"Certainly I do. Think you I have forgotten my religion! I know a very pious man, a countryman of ours." "He, then shall perform the ceremony. I have already asked our friend, the 'strangers,' to be master of the ceremonies." She looked archly at him, but did not ask what ceremony; we are to presume, gentle reader, she knew 'twas so. They were married at the cottage, by the Rev. ****

Never did he bid two more melting hearts. Frederick told the old man of their intended early departure, and it was his and Therese's will that he should go with them and spend the remainder of his days. The old man said, "Frederick I had intended spending the remainder of my days here, but wherever Therese is so must I be. Therefore I will go with you." The old man sold his little cottage and farm. Frederick's despatches being ready and all things prepared, I parted with them, and saw the sails unfurled on the barque that bore them from our shores. Therese was no more the betrothed, but the happy bride of the exile.

A Negro Tee-Total Temperance Society Speech.

There are some sharp truths in the following speech, purporting to be from an African tee-totaler. He is down upon the way some of 'em dodge the question in the way of brandy peaches, salabub, cologne water, and so forth, with real sledge-hammer strength. Sift out the truth and profit by it—let the words go for what they are worth.

MY BELOVED SISTERS:—You is de 'ractive arbor ob de late ob dis sciety and less you act 'sistently and neber cast yer sarpentine glances 'cross to dem darkies on toder side ob dis house, and let 'em be, why den dis tee-total sciety will be teetlingly brake an to de debil like ebery ting else dese hard time. But de fac is dat some ob you 'sted ob 'lowin your 'lite form like de aspen to move wid de evenin' breeze' abstenans, wid de feelin' ob you mudder Ebe, you hab eten of de frute ob de sarprint, an made ofer ob him, to many ob de sons ob Adam. An you dat baccon lookin' Dinah down dare, you dat try to cum de temptation ober me wid your 'brandy peaches' go wa dar, de debil have you for sarprint. De trade is dat some ob you eat more ficker now dan you eber drink 'fore you jine dis sciety. You soke and eat him in de peach. You hash him up and eat him de pie ob mince, den you put him in de sas and eat him wid de pudin', den you waller him in dumplin an swaller him in de stillabub, an dar are warious oder modes an ways you lab ob embraicin' and gittin' de 'critter' inter ye. It's not 'sprizen dat dis long catalog ob iniquity make you to bang de head for shame. Do you tink da de worl neber se you do dis? Tax you now to rais den head.

Lok on de pledge, to you it teaches
To lay aside dem brandy peaches,
Nor let de mind become inflated
Wid any ting dats sat-u-rated,
In licker burning now wid alcohol,
L s Adam like, you tas, den catch a fol.

Ah my dear belubed femmine 'panions in dis world ob dout, temptation an wo, let not de evil spent enter yer harts trough de crack ob moral delinquency. Drive tite de hoop ob salvation and you hab no fear ob de temter gittin inter de cole water barrel ob abstenans trough de bung hole ob de appetitig. One odder ting jist strike me on de head wid 'siderable force' 'bout dis time, an dat is, dat most ruinatin' practis de far sex ob dis sciety hab got into, ob soakin' dare heads in de alcoholic water ob colone. Dis are de mos palperin an habitual violasion ob de pledge agin, and ebery obsarvin' censible gemman 'mong all dese knos dat de 'pec ob dis water 'pon de brane an ruinous to de moral culture ob de gal. Let me den extort you to be firm, be steadfast. Hole up yer jied like de pussum tale, an let de light ob dy salvation shine like de bot black. Den will de exuse ob temperance keurisk

like de gree ba tree. Den will all see an no dat dis is de wa'le trafe and de life.—Den will de sun ob abstenans rise in teetotal splendor upon all de nashans ob de irth an luminate de hull ob dem. Den when you hab 'complish'd all dis you will stand 'pon de moral pinnacel ob eternity, an if you um able to pierce de atmospheric veil ob infantile space, de wisal organs ob de site will unfol to you, written in WATER COLORS 'pon de scroll ob de heavens by de han' ob infinity, dat "dis is de work ob de Tee-Total Sciety."

Pan of Gravy.

"Ba-a-a!" shrieks a half naked infant of eighteen months old.
"What's the matter with mamma's thweet little ducky?" says its affectionate mother, while she pressed it to her bosom, and the young scamp in return digs its talons into her face.
"Da den, Missis, I know what little massa Jim wants," exclaimed the cherub negro nurse.
"You black hussey! why don't you tell me then?" and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a doze in the chops with her shoe.
"Why, he wants to put his foot in dot thar pan ob gravy, what's a coolin on da harf!" whimpers the unfortunate blackey.

"Well, and why don't you bring it here you aggravated neeger you," replies the mother of the bawling young one.

Dinah brings the gravy and little Jim puts his feet into the pan, dashing the milk-warm grease about his sweet plumpy little shanks, to the infinite amusement of its mother.

"Did mamma's yettle Dimmy want to put his teeny-weeny footsey's in the gravy. It shall play in the pan as much as choosey-wooseys and then it shall have its pooty red frock on, and go and see its pappy-yappy!"

A very romantic young lady fell the other day into the river, and was near drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her, "Impossible," said the papa. "What, is he already married?" "No." "Was it not that interesting young man who lives here in this neighborhood?" "Dear me, no,—it was a Newfoundland dog."

POLITICS.—"Your party, sir," said one inflamed politician to another, "your dirty party would descend to the palty meanness of robbing hen roosts."

"You are a liar, sir," retorted the other. "You are another," shouted the first.

"Take that!" says the second, hitting the other a bill in his potatoe hole.

"And take that!" says the first, returning the first, returning the compliment with a bill on the smeller of the second. And then ensued a regular fight.

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.—A learned Irish Judge among other particularities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit a short time since, his favorite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended.—"Dear me," said his lordship, "I REALLY DEG HIS PARDON—bring him in."

A-N-ICE MAN.—The newspapers, we observe, are reviving the old story about the discovery of a human body under certain glaciers in Switzerland, which, on being properly treated, came innocently to life, and proved to be a gentleman who had lain quietly in ice for no less than one hundred and sixty years. He was a little stiff in the joints as might naturally be supposed, but in other respects was as well as could be expected. The story, however, is as tough as his hero appears to have been.

"Go away, go!" said a miser to a mendicant, "I canna gie ye nothing." "You might, at least," replied the beggar, "an air of great dignity and a richness," having refused me grammatically."

"Were you born in Wedlock," asked a quizzical lawyer of a country fellow.—"No sir, I was born in the Jarsties."

Parson Miller has succeeded in frightening an old lady, in Maine, terribly. "Oh heavens!" cried she the other day, "if the world comes to an end what shall I do for snuff?"

Beautiful is the love, and sweet the kiss of a sister; but when you havn't a sister handy, try your cousin—'twas much worse.