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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

Weep not for him that Dieth.

Tears for the weary ones who keep
Long watch beneath the sun;
But weep not for those who sleep,—
Their heritage is won.
Go then with song and garland green,
Lay down each painless head,
Though dark the shadows lie between
Us and our fearless dead.

See, hast thou seen the beautiful,
The flowers of earth depart?
Alas! for Death has taken still
The treasure of the heart.
But peace to cherish buds of spring,
In their green promise shed,
For they left the land of withering;
Weep not our early dead.

At the world's comforts rest?
Why have our good trees gone,
With all their freshness from the waste,
While fruitless thorns live on?
But bright before us shines the path
For they were strangers on the earth;—
Weep not our blessed dead!

Or mourn our land the brave and just,
—Her sword and shield laid low—
For hearts in whom the nation's trust?
The true, the faithful, go.
But glory to the eagle's home,
Though clouds around it spread,
For tempests never reach the tomb;—
Weep not our fearless dead.

With Science let her wise and bright,
Their country's joy and crown;
The star that gave the nation's light
Perchance gone early down,
Who left their glory in our sky,
Like sunset o'er us shed;
But they have reached eternity;—
Weep not our glorious dead.

Thus freely let us give the best
Of earth's bright and brave,
(With changeless love around their rest)
To the victorious grave;
For it hath hushed the storms of strife,
And hushed the hearts that bleed;
Death only dries the tears of life,
Then weep not for the dead!

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Huntingdon Journal. Consolations of Religion in Adversity.

How dark, how cheerless, and how disconsolate would be our pathway through life, if uncheered by the sunlight of religion, and unsupported by that hand that sustains the universe. Amid the sunshine of happiness and prosperity, we may treat religion lightly—we may forget God and wander far from him. Yes, we may seek to establish our own happiness out of the materials of this world. But let calamity, in one of its ten thousand shapes, overtake us—let Death march upon us with his firm and fatal step—let him lay his cold and icy hand on the being we most loved on earth—let him stop the beatings of that heart that beat for us; (Oh God! that heart so full of love, so crowded with affection.) Let the being in whom are centred all our hopes and expectations be torn from our embrace, and let into the cold, cold grave, and tell me, can this world, with all its honors, so-the or bind up the gashed and stricken heart in the midst of this its desolation? No, it cannot. All the aspirations of that lone and companionless heart are then at an end—it has survived the last hope it has in life—it is sensible that its earthly

happiness is gone, forever gone. The flowers of love and affection may bloom and blossom around the hearts of others; but for it, no more. You leafless tree, scorched as it may be by the lightning of heaven's thunder; or bitten by the frosts of a rude winter, may still put forth again; but the scorched heart knows no returning spring. What then, on earth, can repair a heart thus shattered—spirit thus crushed—affections thus rudely lacerated? Can Fame's stupendous temple with all its glittering turrets, or the high-wrought dreams of ambition awaken in that heart the aspirations that are dead? No, they cannot. But, thank God! there is a friend that sicketh closer than a brother—he can bind up the aching heart, and give it rest. Yes, he can soothe the anguish of the agitated mind by bidding it look beyond the dark mansions of the grave, up to that eternal home, prepared for those who love God. Religion tells us the soul has a home in the land of unclouded splendor, where death shall march upon us no more—where the sundering of hearts that have lived and loved together is unknown.

I love the poet and the christian who could write these words:
"I would not live always; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way!
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer."

Ah, yes; 'tis religion, and religion only, that can sustain us in the dark hour of life.
"The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven."
Yes, and in that mansion we will meet

us. Pure one! ere this your sainted spirit has reached the land of God. Would I were with you now. Your earthly conflicts are over—you have reached that goal on which your eye had long been fixed; and in that far off home, I seem to hear these say, "Struggle on—a few more fleeting days, and your lone heart will find its mate. In the spirit land we still love!" Oh cheering thought! and we shall meet. Yes; the trumpet shall sound—the dead shall rise, and the chosen of God shall meet in heaven.

A. * * *
Huntingdon, Nov. 30, 1842.

THE FISHERMAN OF FORT ROUGE.

Every mechanical calling exercises a powerful moral influence over its followers. Those who go down to the sea in ships, above all those whose prosperity is dependent on the stirring chances of wind and tide are apt to be impetuous, wilful and wayward as the elements wherewith they have to struggle. Even when soft of heart, the sailor is hard of hand. He has no leisure for the expansion of those milder gradations of feeling which form the common bond between man and mankind. His vocation opposes a perpetual barrier to communion with his fellow creatures.—He loves few, and loves them ardently; and his animosities are equally circumscribed and of equal intensity. He carries with him, to the great deep, affections cherished by the most superstitious devotion; or some cause of deep offence, over which he broods in the desolation of that vast loneliness, till it seems to amplify and fill the mighty solitude around.

In almost all fishing towns, more especially those of the continent, there is a land population and a sea population scrupulously distinct. In the French ports of the Channel, such as the Calais and Dieppe, the fishermen have a quartier, their *patois*, their costume, their characteristic sports and dances, to which they adhere with all the prejudice of caste; standing apart from their fellow-townsmen, from whom they are divided only by a street or a brook, as tenaciously as Jew from Christian, or Musselman from Hindoo. And thus their peculiarities of nature become hereditary. Even in early childhood, the fisherman's boy is as complete a miniature of the fisherman, as the young shrimp of the old one.

During the summer season when the Calaisans and mariners of the Pollet (the fishing suburb of Dieppe) frequent on Sundays and holidays, the same public gardens or dancing-grounds as their fellow-citizens, the *matelotte* in his canvass trousers and capacious boots, is never seen to give his arm to the tripping *grisette* or

lawn-eyed *payasanne*; nor would he have ventured to give his arm to the tripping *grisette* or lashed *matelotte* whose complexion vies with the glaring red of her short linsey-wolsley petticoat of unnumbered breaths, deign to bestow a moment's attention on the smartest mercer of the market place, or the richest grazier of the neighboring marches. Their hoarse, harsh voices, their recklessness tempered by the superstitious piety predominant in simple minds engaged in a perilous course of life, seem to adapt them inextricably to each other.

It is an interesting sight to observe the fishermen's families in Catholic countries crowding the jetty or shore, when the return of the tide is about to bring in the little fleet. In stormy weather they are sure to be found in groups at the foot of the Calvary, with uplifted hands, sometimes with streaming eyes, awaiting the issue of the tempest; and striving by the sacrifice of their scanty means in offerings to the church, to propitiate the disposer of the storm. But when the lightsome waves are rippling under the blue azure of the summer sky, and all is serene and promising, the fisherman and their amphibious progeny station themselves on the stones of the pier, or on their untanned empty baskets, speculating in the least harmonious of voices, accustomed to outscramble over the windy surge, and predominance over the roaring wind, upon the chances of the day; disposing beforehand of imaginary turets, and foreseeing the draughts of mackerel all but miraculous.

A few years ago, the saunterers upon the sands, or rather shingles of Calais, were often struck by a group, differing from the noisy throng, watching the return of the fishing boats, in so far that they were stationary even when the wind and tide were set against the arrival of the boats. Whether the smacks were far out of sight, or at anchor within range of the shore, either in the still moonlight, or the equally silvery tranquility of an early summer morning, there they loitered, almost under the shadow of Fort Ronce—a man, a woman, and occasionally a young girl, stretched at lazy length among the fragments of broken vessels, old captains lounging on the spot.

Yet there was nothing prosperous in their appearance to account for this undue luxury of leisure. Their garments were worn, their countenances wasted and sorrowful. Even the girl though her naked feet had not lost the elastic tread of youth upon the sand used to look wistfully back upon her parents as she bore along her mother's shrimping net and basket, as if trying the poor woman into some wiser occupation than sitting with folded hands, watching the vacant looks or inquiet gestures of her husband.

But she was not persuaded away, even by the guileless arts of the poor child.—Francoise knew that her pale face was there, that the thriftlessness which made her meals spare and her pallet so hard, was a bounden duty. She was accomplishing woman's upon earth—the task of consolation.

The man was her husband. But though often from sunrise to nightfall not a word of kindness broke from his parched lips to cheer the dreariness of her life, his silent moroseness, was no offence. He was mad—heart broken—dying; and she fancied that his madness and misery were her work.

Three years before, Pierre Ronney and his wife were a happy, thriving couple.—No brighter scarlet skirts, no richer cross of gold or pendant earrings, no wider Valenciennes frilling disposed in plaits upon the bronzed neck, appeared on fête days at early mass, or on Sunday afternoon, on the jetty Calais, than those of the Francoise, paraded on the arm of her stout help mate, as marshalling before her a little Francoise, and a little Pierre, as hearty and as happy as themselves.—The boy, more especially, was one of those sunny faced creatures upon which the eye of the lancer delighted to dwell. Many an English family disembarking on the pier of the Calais, used to bring their bright eyed sailor boy a piece of money, whose glad countenance seemed a favorable omen for their tour. All their little gains, as well as the earnings of his calling, were deposited with his parent. Good, dutiful, thankful the child had no existence save in them; adoring his mother, and obeying his father, as they loved him in return. The little warm hearted fellow appeared to be the bond uniting in steadfast harmony the thriving household of the Ronneys.

One autumn however, a series of stormy equinoctial weather brought illness, and consequently need and suffering, to the fishing population of the French coast, and as if wantonly to aggravate the evils of the hour, Pierre Ronney seized upon the season of adversity to indulge in vices for which he never before evinced a propensity. To beguile his disappointments, he betook himself to drink and domino, squandering at the *estaminet* the means which had become doubly precious to his family. Remorse was now added to his

miseries. He was ashamed to return home. He dreaded the reproaches of his prudent wife; he dreaded the uncomplaining depression of his hungry children; encouraged by the evil counsels of those who found their profit in his folly, again drank, again swore and blasphemed, while the angry wind howled around the resort of intemperance, as if mocking or menaging the offender.

Again and again did poor Francoise present herself at the door, imploring him to return.

Her entreaties were met at first by sultriness, at length with threats and imprecations; and when in the despair of her soul, she ventured to despatch her beloved boy on the same errand, in the hope that his open honest countenance would work its way to the heart of the erring, but never hardened man, Ronney, infuriated by drink and shame, seized the little fellow by the hair and dashed him furiously against the wall. On recovering from that stunning blow, young Pierre, pale and heart broken went his way out of the *estaminet* without a word. His only care was to efface all trace of his sufferings before he reached the presence of his mother, to whom he uttered not a syllable of his father's ill usage.

Ronney did not return home that evening. Early the next morning Francoise hazarded another visit of remonstrance. She went to tell him that the Jeanette, of which he was part owner and master mariner, was preparing to leave the port; and there was a lull—that his comrades were all astir—that he must be at his post.—But the cold eyes of the drunkard stared upon her as though he knew her not, proving that her words were spoken in vain. He went that day as he spent the ensuing night fastidiously upon the wooden benches of the *estaminet*. For two preceding years the boy had formed part of the crew of the Jeanette. Carefully watched and instructed by his father, little Pierre was proverbial among his mates for courage and activity; and already it was predicted by the older sailors that he would make as brave and expert a

return from the wine house, as if matted by her swollen eyelids how matters stood, he folded her a moment in his fond but rough embrace, whispering a fervent entreaty that she would henceforth look to him as her support for the future.—Then with a hasty kiss to his little sister, the young sailor hurried down to the quay, where the Jeanette was preparing to lift her anchor, explained in a few incoherent words that his father's absence was occasioned by illness, and commenced with more than usual activity the duties of the day.

Pierre Ronney's place was instantly filled by an able mariner from among the numerous hands wanting work in weather so unpropitious; and the kind hearted Captain of the Jeanette, believing in the pretext of his indisposition; would fain have dispensed with the services of the boy, that he might attend upon his father. But little Pierre stood firm. Aware that his exertions were likely to become valuable to his mother, he refused to return home; and seeming to take pride in the idea of his first cruise, emancipated from the instruction of his father. Poor Francoise who had followed him to the port, after watching the Jeanette pitch her way out of the harbor, knelt down with a heavy heart at the foot of the cross to implore a blessing upon the boy, her joy, her comfort. She dared not even to the ear of Heaven, avow that he was her only comfort left on earth.

A severe chastisement awaited her maternal partiality. Toward afternoon, a heavy squall arose. By the time the Light-house sent forth its warning brightness, the waves ran so high, and the darkness of the night was so terrible, that it surprised no one, when the turn of the tide brought with it only one of the three fishing smacks which had ventured out. The Jeanette was evidently unable to make the harbor.

All the night did Francois Ronney pass upon the jetty, drenched to the skin, chilled to the very marrow of her bones, praying, raving, despairing. Morning came at last, and brought no comfort, for by the grey light of an equinoctial dawn, she saw the wreck of the Jeanette stranded off Fort Rouge. It was not, however, till evening, that the body of the only individual missing was washed ashore. The clamorous rejoicing of the wives whose husbands had been spared, drowned the faint cry of the poor mother when a dark object entangled in sea weed, was snatched by the wreckers from the waves, and deposited upon her knees.

"My boy, my murdered boy!" burst from the lips of the distracted woman (convincing that had his father been at his post, the life of the lad would have been preserved like those of his young comrades—"the curse of God be upon the drunkard who sent thee forth to struggle with the storm, while indulging in vice and cowardly idleness on shore!"

In her distraction Francoise saw not that the unhappy father stood beside her with his eyes fixed upon the livid body of the child—bewildered, desperate, and destined from that awful moment to a species of sullen stupidity, the consequence of a shock received after the excitement of ardent spirits.

But for the tenderness of her surviving child, Francoise Ronney would probably have sunk under the pressure of this double affliction. Anxiety for the living, served, however, to tranquillise the violence of her sorrow for the dead. She soon began to accuse herself as the origin of her husband's affliction, and to devote her energies to its alleviation. Apprehensive that Pierre might be moved by some sudden impulse of remorse, to an act of desperation, she resolved never to leave his side when he took his daily station upon the spot where the poor boy's body was rescued from the waves. There they used to sit, those heart-broken parents, stricken with a heavy affliction; their breath bitter, their souls despairing, till it came to be a bad omen when the faces of the Ronneys were the first objects that greeted the foreign traveller, or the last which the crew of a vessel noticed upon the shore. The gulls seemed to dip over their heads, regarding them no more than the spars and timber among which they loitered away the day, watching for the return of the Jeanette, which Pierre fondly persisted would one day bring back their living, breathing, bright faced boy—the loving boy whom he had smitten; the dutiful boy whom he had allowed to meet unprotected the perils of the midnight storm.

But they are watchers no longer. The repentant father is lying beside his victim, in the cemetery of Calais; and Francoise the inmate of her daughter, now a happy wife and mother. It is some consolation to her grey hairs, that among the young ones crowding to her knees, there is a little blue-eyed Pierre, in whose behalf her intercessions to Heaven are attended with many a faithful tribute to the memory of the dead!

From Bentley's Miscellany. Hunting Monkeys.

No country in the world perhaps offers such temptations to the true sportsman as India. The quantity of game, particularly in Bengal exceeds the most sanguine ideas of an untravelled Briton. The sport itself is considerably more majestic and more imposing. The wild peacock, the florin, the black cock of India, are incomparably beyond the puny game of the West. The traveller who has hunted the tiger, the lion and the wild boar, may almost venture to look down on fox hunting as a childish amusement. The very danger which environ the Eastern chase gives it an excitement as superior to that of Great Britain as the fox hunt boasts over the capture of a tame cat, or the destruction of a harmless rabbit. Remember I am an Indian; I speak as an Indian.—Were I an Appery or Nurod, I might then view the subject in a different light.

The whole face of the country in the East seems alive. A thousand species of birds unknown in Europe—a thousand different kinds of animals omitted by our best zoologists—a thousand venomous, but beautiful reptiles, vivify the scene. With a gun over the shoulder a host of objects besides those which are styled "legitimate game," offered themselves to tempt a shot, not that I ever had the craving desire which some men feel merely to kill and destroy for the sake of wanton cruelty, but from the gay plumage and curious form.

I was strolling through the wood high up the country with my Manton on my shoulder, my thoughts all centred in Europe when I heard a curious noise in a tree almost immediately above me. I looked up and found the sound proceeded from a white monkey who skipped from branch to branch, chattering away with delight at beholding a "fellow creature of a larger growth" for so he decidedly seemed to consider me. For a few moments I took no notice of his antics and walked quietly along till suddenly a large branch fell at my feet narrowly escaping my head. I again paused and found that the missile had been dropped by my talkative friend. Without consideration I instantly turned round and fired at him.

The report had scarcely sounded when I heard the most piercing, the most distressing cry that ever reached my ears.

The agonizing shriek of a young infant burst from the little creature whom I had wounded. It was within thirty paces of me. I could see the wretched animal, already stained with blood, point to its wound, and again hear its dreadful moan. The last agony of a hare is harrowing to the tyro, and I have seen young sportsmen turn pale on hearing it. The present cry however was more distressing. I turned round and endeavored to hurry away.—This however I found no easy task, for as I moved forward the unhappy creature

followed me springing as well as it could from bough to bough, uttering a low wailing moan, and pointing at the same time to the spot from whence the blood trickled. Then regarding me steadily but mournfully in the face, it seemed to approach me with wanton cruelty. Again I hastened on but still it pursued me. When I stopped it stopped—when I attempted to go forward it accompanied me. Never in the whole course of my life did I feel so much for a dumb animal—never did I so keenly repent an act of uncalled for barbarity.

Determined not to allow the poor monkey thus to linger on in torture and at once to end the annoying scene I suddenly came to a halt, and lowering my gun, which was only single barrelled, I was about to reload it for the purpose of despatching the maimed creature, when springing from the tree it ran to about half a dozen paces of me and began to cry so piteously and roll itself in agony occasionally picking up the earth with which it attempted to staunch the blood by smearing it into the wound that in spite of my resolution when I fired, I was so nervously almost missed my aim, inflicting a mortal wound which broke the animal's leg but nothing more. Again its piercing shrieks rang in my ears. Horrified beyond endurance I threw down my gun and actually fled.

In about half an hour I returned for the purpose of fetching my Manton fully expecting that the poor animal had left the spot. What then was my surprise to find a crowd of monkeys surrounding the wretched sufferer. As I advanced under the shade of some tree I stole almost close to them before they perceived me. I took advantage of this circumstance to pause for a moment and watch their movements. The stricken monkey was crying out in the most piteous manner, the others were busily employed in tearing open the wound trying to destroy the artery dreadfully maimed creature. A short drive then all away, save the dog animal. I advanced—the little monkey was rolling in agony. I took up my gun which lay beside him. I feared he had one look of supplication on me, one prayer to be relieved from his misery. I did not hesitate—with one blow of the butt I dashed out his brains. Then turning round I slowly returned to my quarters more profoundly disappointed than I had felt for many months.

Take my advice, sensible reader, if you must live in India, never shoot a monkey.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY."—This phrase doubtless originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages.
"John," said the publisher to the book-keeper, "how stands the cash account?"
"Small balance on hand, sir."
"Let's see," rejoins the publisher, "how far will that go towards satisfying the hands."
John begins to figure arithmetically, so much due to Nogs, so much to Williams, so much to Shadye, and so on, through a dozen ditos. The publisher stands aghast.
"Here is not enough money, by a jug full."
"No sir, and besides, there is the devil to pay."—Nantucket Inquirer.

A Dutch Advertisement.—We copy this from an exchange paper:
"SOOTHINGING.—I dak es this way to inform de public vot I can do—dat I can make stove Pipes, Brass Copper and The work of any kind, from a Still from a Vistle, and I can Sotner up de boiler dea hot vot has hale in em, and make em just as good as new. All dish I will do for de Moneys, at mine old stand in de little Village, near Vane de carpenter lives vot makes de Wheel barrows and mende de wagons."
HANS VANDBROGEN."

EATING SALADS.—A lad, who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up for dinner every day for a week, ran away, and when asked why he had left this place, replied, "They made me eat grass in the summer, and I was afraid they'd make me eat hay in the winter and I could not stand that, so I were off."

GOOD ADVICE.—Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank heaven, who has given her health and spirits to be one—'Tis better to be a romp than to have a distorted spine, or hectic cheek.

LICED.—A Yankee thus described the difficult expulsion of predatory pigs from his employer's cornfield: "Every 'trash punkin' took a pig, and run through the old Harry as if the fence was after him."
"The *felas*," as the girl said when her cau told her she had beautiful hair.