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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the London Keepsake.

The First.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

The first, the first! oh! nought like it,
Our after years can bring,
For Summer hath no flowers so sweet
As those of early Spring.
The earliest storm that strips the tree
Still wildest seems and worst,
Whate'er hath been again may be,
But never as at first.—

For many a bitter blast may blow
O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
Between us and the grave;
But darker still the spot appears,
Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unblighted years—
No grief is like the first!

Our first-born joy,—perchance 'twas vain,
Yet that brief lightning o'er,
The heart, indeed, may hope again,
But can rejoice no more.
Life hath no glory to bestow—
Unfallen and uncured;
There may be many an after glow,
But nothing like the first!

The rays of hope may light us on
Through Manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
The morning stars of life;
Though bright as Summer's rose wreath,
Though long and fondly nursed,
Yet still they want the fearless faith
Of those that blessed us first.

It's first love deep in memory
The heart forever bears;
For that was early given and free—
Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be Death has buried deep,
It may be Fate hath cursed,
But yet no latter love can keep
The greenness of the first.

And thus, what e'er our onward way,
The lights or shadows cast,
Upon the dawning of our day
Are with us to the last.
But ah! the morning breaks no more
On us, as once it burst,
For future springs can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first.

From the United States Gazette.

In the Saturday Courier of to-day, (18th inst.) our brother Morris, of the Inquirer, appears with the following real epigram.—
We are so pleased with it, that although not given to the melting mood, it has thawed us out, and we have perpetrated a sort of reply, which, if it will serve no other purpose, will perform the supererogatory work of a fall to set off our neighbor's pleasant piece:

Nature and Art.

AN EPIGRAM.

When Eve, the first of woman kind,
As Queen of Eden roved,
Her thoughts were free as mountain wind,
And all who saw her loved.
The Eagle screamed a lofty note,
The Lion tossed his mane,
And e'en the Linnet's little throat
Essy'd a flattering strain.
The eye—the lip—the soul fraught-face,
These won the first of men,
Each movement gave to life a grace,
To deck the mother of our race,—
There were no busters then.

[OUR ANSWER.]

Civilization and Art.

AN EPIGRAM.

When Eve through early Eden moved,
And tuned her maiden voice,
It was not strange that Adam loved,
He'd only Hobson's choice.
But when ten girls are found at home,
With chance for scarce two men,
Not idle grace, nor "Linnet's" hum,
Will catch the beau; to make him come
Each girl must "bustle" then.

REPORT

Of the Corresponding Secretary of the
Huntingdon County Washington Tem-
perance Society, read February 22nd
1843, before the Society.

FELLOW CITIZENS, AND CO-LABORERS IN
THE GREAT CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE:—

In the good Providence of God we are permitted again to assemble in County Convention, for the interchange of sentiment, and to devise ways and means by which the good cause may be strengthened. Since we last met, great things have been accomplished through the mild and persuasive influence of our several associations: and we have seen the cause at first so powerfully accelerated by the very men who most needed its influences, become the instrument in the hand of an over-ruling Providence, in accomplishing much good to the souls as well as the bodies of men.

As this report has a distinct object in view, it will not be expected that the rise and progress of the cause in this county will be elaborately portrayed; and yet I cannot permit the opportunity to pass without briefly reverting to some facts connected with our history in the year that has just elapsed.

It cannot be highly gratifying to the friends of humanity, to witness the change that has overcome public opinion on this subject, in the period of one little year.—What was once considered expedient has now become sinful, and the great truths then sacrificed on the altar of expediency, are now rigorously held forth and as rigorously adopted and advocated. Light and truth have gone abroad—every township in the county has been visited by the heralds of Temperance, and upon every hill top and in every valley our glorious flag waves in triumph. It is true, and we lament over it, that there are still a few who from some motive oppose or hinder the progress of the cause, and to them we would very briefly appeal in behalf of themselves and of others.

Are you a Temperate man? then you can have no objection against pledging to pursue the course you have hitherto adopted. You make no sacrifice in enrolling your name with your friends and neighbors; and as your motives will be disinterested, so your conduct will be the more applauded by the wise and good, and result in blessings to those who unlike yourself have fallen victims to the insatiate destroyer.

Are you a moderate drinker? then your own personal good and the peace and happiness of those with whom you are connected require that you should at once pledge yourself no more to taste the poison. Your way is downward,—and inevitably leads to ruin, and unless you cease at once, and forever, no human power can wrest you from the jaws of the monster. On this point we need no other argument than the numerous heart-sickening examples that daily crowd the thoroughfare of life.

Are you a Drunkard? and is appeal necessary. Oh! for a single moment survey your past life—and call to your recollection the scene of by gone existence, once more revel in the pleasures of youthful imaginations and boyhood's dreams, enjoy the delights of those sunny aspirations which then shed such a soft and melting influence over your soul, and offered up to your glad vision the flowing path to future honors, and happiness; and contrast therewith your present forlorn, miserable and pitiful situation, shut out from the associations of the good and virtuous—a curse to your parents—wife, and children—loathed and despised by your former associates, and bearing about in your own bosom the consciousness of your own degradation,—make this contrast—do it with determination to profit by the comparison, then come and sign our pledge—put your seal to the chart of freedom, and as sure as there is a God who smiles approval upon virtuous resolving and determined actions, you will become a new man, the past will be buried in the deep sea of forgetfulness, and your family and friends will gather around you, and rejoice over you as "one that was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

Are you a distiller—or vender of intoxicating drinks? and here we know not how or in what language to address you. We would not, as our cause and your course would seem to justify, indulge in harsh and bitter epithets towards you, but with language of love and truth would implore you to give up your calling—to cease from the injurious traffic in ardent spirits—to listen for a moment to the prayers—look upon the tears and wretchedness of the unfortunate victims of your traffic. We know, and we bear the testimony freely and thank God for it, that many of you have already determined to quit the business, or at least to cease retelling your poison to the inebriate—or to the reformed victim of ruin; but let us ask you in all candour have you ever reflected that the gentlemanly drunkards who now visit your houses and

receive their drinks will in a short time unless they wholly cease, become miserable outcasts from society to whom your present rule will exclude you from selling intoxicating drinks, and who then will be guilty of their ruin? Can you indulge the hope that God will hold you guiltless of their destruction? We need not talk to you of the mode and manner—the incipient, progressive, and finishing stages of drunkenness, nor will we inquire how or why it is that the tippler universally becomes a drunkard, unless he totally abstains, you know the fact, and our only inquiry now is, how can you when knowing the fact persist in furnishing the young and inexperienced with that liquid which must eventually destroy him? O, Fellow Citizen, in the name and for the sake of our common humanity give up your calling. Look around you and see the misery and wretchedness it has produced. See the burning, scalding tear that blisters the furrowed cheek of the aged mother—hear the deep sigh of anguish that bursts from the bosom of the grey headed father—behold the expiring heart stricken and disconsolate wife—hear the plaintive cry of wretched children suffering for bread and clothing—go to the homeless home of the drunkard and witness the squalid misery that there abounds, and then in the presence of your Maker, and under the lash of your own conscience decide whether you can any longer continue in a vocation where poverty is dependent upon the amount of misery—ruin and crime it produces. You had better decide the question now, for decide it you must sooner or later, and if you now refuse to listen to the strivings of the "still small voice" and by a thoughtless disregard of the well being of your neighbor continue in the pursuit of your business the time will come when you must think upon the subject, and oh, how lamentable the thought! It may come when you will have but little time to reflect upon it, the long, dreary, wretched array of the victims of your business may pass in slow and remorseful procession before your bedded vision, excluding therefrom every thing but the memory of those whom you have destroyed! O fellow man, reflect! The time is near at hand when your business, so far as you are concerned must cease, and though you new turn from your bar the miserable wretch whom you once respected and willingly supplied with drink—you must meet him again—not at your bar where he acquired the habit that eventually damned his soul, but at the Bar of God—at that Bar where drunkards and DRUNKARD MAKERS are condemned!! Can you meet him in peace.

Are you a Patriot or Philanthropist? no wider field opens to your benevolent and patriotic desires. Here you may plant deeper and deeper the roots of civil freedom, and extend wider and wider the hallowed influence of our civil institutions, by moving onward the cause of Temperance. What so effectually deadens the vitals of a republic, so effectually saps the tree of liberty as drunkenness? What so completely drowns the benevolent aspirations of the soul, and withers and dries up the fountains of philanthropic enterprise, as intemperance in ardent spirit? Come then, as you value your country and her institutions, rally around our standard—help to bring abroad its spotless flag, and like true philanthropists aid in extending its blessings wherever intemperance has left its withering curse.

Are you a Professing Christian? and is any thing necessary to be said in order to enlist your aid, and your smiles? The sum and substance of the Religion you profess is to "do good to all men," to "love your neighbor as yourself." You have long been praying "thy Kingdom come," and now God is answering your prayer in the conversion of hundreds and thousands of your fellow men who were once outcasts from society—and seemed to be forsaken of God. The instrument of their conversion was the Temperance Pledge, and this fact renders your duty plain and easy to be understood, so that he who can read may see, and that he who cannot may read. And if there be any who have sought after some positive precept to guide them in this matter—a "thus saith the Lord" for their guidance, let them see to it that their duty is made manifest, and that they cannot flinch from its performance. God in his Providence has opened up the way, and by his wonderful act in the redemption of the poor drunkard, says unto all his friends—"this is the way, walk ye in it." And can it be that any one professing love for him who for our sakes became poor, and who went about doing good continually, will refuse to seize hold of the instrument so powerfully blessed of God, and with all his influence, cripple his energies and retard its beneficial effects? You are bound to "glorify God in your bodies and spirits." Can you do it by opposing the cause which God has made instrumental in the conversion of souls. If there be one professing christian in our county whose name and

influence are not already attached to this cause, to him we would say, in all Christian charity, beware lest in the great day of accounts the drunkard may say, "you cared not for my soul."

And to you our fair kinswomen, is it necessary that we should appeal to you? that we should for a moment entertain a doubt that you are with us in the work of benevolence. We feel that you will gladly assist in girding our armor on, to do battle against the fell destroyer of your hopes and your happiness. It cannot be that woman, whose cherished affection is the empire of her earthly pleasure. Who has often seen the star of hope, that has risen in brightness and beauty on the pathway of some dear friend, suddenly sink in darkness amid the tears—the anguish—the penury—the desolation—and broken hearts of the drunkard's home—Home? No! Alas! a hotel, where you never come—where the bed for rest, is a pallet of straw—where strife, discord, and mental agony, hold their mad revels and no hand to stay them. Will not you all my fair friends, sustain us by your approval—cheer us by your presence—gladden us by your smiles. You who bear the burden of the moral law. You who drink the dregs of this bitter cup. You whose future joys and prospects are given by this desolating power. You who have to face the living blast when friends and comforts have fled, if in its wild careerit reaches you. Why should I ask the question, I know you will; and like the patriotic mother of Switzerland you will say, "Go forth and tell in burning words, our tale of wrong. His hand is with you,—my beloved away! Who feeds the raven, leave me I will pray."

To the members of our several associations we would only say, brethren be firm—immovable—always abounding in the good work. Our cause will triumph. No human power can arrest its onward strides, for the God Jehovah is our captain and our leader. The history of our cause should stimulate us to still greater exertion, for depend upon it, our flag will wave in triumph, wherever Anglo Saxon civilization, enterprise, or commerce goes, and wherever the Anglo Saxon missionary spirit breathes into the dead and lifeless soil, the hope of the Gospel, there will be planted the banner of Temperance in all its virgin purity. I would not here forget to make honorable and grateful mention of the memory of the illustrious Sir, who under God, gave to our cause a new and hallowed impetus, and here permit me to say that the history of the Temperance Reformation, embodies no occurrence, exhibits no gem so bright and dazzling as the case of the six Reformed Drunkards of Baltimore. The founders and fathers of the WASHINGTON REVOLUTION. Their names—their example—their unparalleled self denial, and the unswerving fidelity to their pledged faith amid the bitterest jeers of companions—the most formidable temptations of besotted associates, and the most craving yearnings of a diseased and corrupted appetite, will form the highest, and weave the most beautiful chapter ever won by victors brave, or presented by fair ladies hand. Pure as is the memory of a mother's love. So beautiful as dreams from the spirit land will be to future generations the tales of reformed inebriates.

From a carefully compiled list we find, that our association already comprises nearly one third of the population of the county, and when it is considered that several of the societies are composed exclusively of male adults, we have good reason to conclude that the people are with us, and that their voice must and will be obeyed; but at the same time we should be careful while we confidently anticipate the triumph of our cause, lest this assurance should lull us into ease and inglorious indifference, and hundreds thereby find their way down into the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's shame. Past success, instead of relaxing, should stimulate our efforts in the good cause, until complete triumph shall announce to the world the glorious tidings—"The last drunkard is reclaimed—the last tippler is redeemed—and humanity is cleansed from the pollution of intemperance."

Respectfully submitted,
E. V. EVERHART,
Cor. Sec. of the Hun. Co. W. T. Society.

Tom Moore's songs have been parodied oftener than the productions of almost any other poet—a good proof of their excellence and popularity. But what would the great "Littie"—Moore say to the following, on "This world is all a fleeting show?"

The bustles are a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The bags of bran, the sacks of tow,
Are worn to gull the simple beau—
They're all a cheat, by Heaven!

The Senate of Ohio has passed a bill fixing the legal rate of interest in that State at 7 per cent.

Reports on the Impeachment Petitions.

Gov. Porter's Impeachment Recommended—Consternation of his friends!!

In the House of Representatives, on Thursday, Mr. Elwell, from the committee to which had been referred the petitions for the impeachment of Gov. Porter, made a report, white washing his Excellency with a 100-horse power, saying that there was nothing! to impugn his character in the matter referred to in the petitions as worthy of impeachment, and asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. A smile of satisfaction pervaded the faces of the Porter men as this conclusion was reached, but their joy was short lived. Mr. Parke of Chester, on behalf of himself and Mr. Robinson of Erie, the minority of the committee, arose and presented a report, which occupied an hour and a half in reading, the clerks relieving each other alternately. The report, with remarkable ability, reviews the evidence taken before the Investigating Committee of last session, in regard to the celebrated "lumber transactions." The circumstances attending the passage of the resumption resolutions, the bribery of the Governor, and others, and the relative positions occupied by the Governor and the United States Bank, James M. Porter, Solas, Brodhead, Handy and others were touched upon with a master hand. The committee concluded by remarking that they think the House bound to yield to the prayer of the memorialists, and that justice to them—to their constituents—to the cause of republican institutions, and the Governor himself, requires that measures should be instituted for HIS IMPEACHMENT at the bar of the Senate FOR BRIBERY and OTHER HIGH CRIMES and MISDEMEANORS, and they therefore offer a resolution for the appointment of a committee to report articles of impeachment.

The consternation of the Porter men on this report being read, is not as easily described. Mr. James, of Warren, moved that only the usual number of copies (160) be printed. He seemed suddenly imbued with a new-born economy, and on Mr. Morris moving an amendment to print 1000 copies, his economic horror at the expense to the "poor tax payers" exceeded all bounds. A stranger hearing him would never think he was one who opposed reforms in the printing at the commencement of the session, which would save tens of thousands of dollars to the public treasury annually!

Mr. Lowry, of Crawford, got up and roared away in his usual style. In his rage, he did not know well what course to pursue. To the utter wonder of every one, he too declared himself for economy in printing! and particularly economy in printing this report. He agreed that the "usual number" of copies should be printed; and then, in a few moments afterwards, he went against printing the report at all, because it was a Whig report, a reiteration of the slanders of the whig press for the past year; only a transcript of the report of the Investigating Committee of last session. He moved to postpone action on the reports for a week, and then subsequently withdrew the motion. He offered a resolution, declaring the report a whig report, false and slanderous, and that they ought to circulate it at their own expense, and not that of the State; but in a little while he backed out of this, withdrawing the resolution. He then attempted to create a false issue, to operate against printing the report, on the ground that it was individually libellous on himself, his name being mentioned in it as the author of the minority report of last session. He had declaimed for a while on this, when Mr. Parke called for the reading of that part of his report in which Lowry's name occurs. On being read, it appeared that the Committee was arguing that the report of the majority of the Investigating Committee last year, was not intended to exculpate the Governor entirely, and they remark that it is not a little surprising that Morrow B. Lowry, one of the committee, did not join in it, but made a minority report altogether favourable to the Governor; and that the inference is irresistible, that he refused to join the majority, because the majority refused to express an opinion of entire acquittal.

The reading of this passage knocked from under him this pretext of opposition on the ground of the report being personally libellous to himself, and Mr. Parke fixed the matter still further, by offering to modify that portion of the report to suit his taste. But Lowry said he "did not want it modified!" and then went on in a furious tirade against the report, the committee, the Whig press and the Whig party, and was so abusive that the Speaker was obliged to call him to order. Mr. Deford was afraid of the truth being circulated, and went for but

the "usual number of copies," though he sustained the Speaker for having called Lowry to order for his "low and vulgar language."

Mr. Korns of Allegheny said "it was bad policy to publish the report?" which candid and unguarded admission excited some laughter. Of course, it is bad policy for Porter and his party to let the people see the evidence of his corruption; but it is good policy for the cause of governmental parity. Mr. Hood of Lancaster showed that the objection to print 1000 instead of the usual number was a slight one, as when the matter was in type, the additional expense of paper and press work was comparatively but a small affair.

Mr. Elwell, of Bradford, commenced making a speech of the same tenor with Lowry's, only a little more decent and respectable. He abused the report, as a Whig slander, &c. &c. and in the midst of his remarks the hour of adjournment arrived.

SOMETHING TO TOUCH THE HEART.

Coleridge somewhere relates a story to this effect:—"Alexander during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered to him he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Stay with us, said the chief, as long as it pleaseth thee. During the interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought of the other a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt bound to pay. The other refused to receive any thing, stating that when he sold the ground he sold it with all the advantages apparent or concealed which it might be found to afford. Said the chief, looking at the one, you have a son, and to the other, you have a daughter—let them be married, and the treasure be given to them as a dowry. Alexander was astonished. And what, said the chief, would have been the decision in your country?—We should have dismissed the parties, said Alexander, and seized the treasure for the king's use. And does the sun shine on your country? said the chief—does the rain fall there? are there any cattle there which feed upon the herbs and green grass? Certainly, said Alexander. Ah, said the chief, it is for the sake of these innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall, and the grass to grow in your country."

FEMALE DELICACY.—In the Portland Bulletin we find the following correct opinion:—"Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk, alike amongst women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things of which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation."

SCENE IN AN OHIO COURT.—The Judge is supported on the right and on the left by his associates, and an old lady is called up to give evidence:

President Judge—Take off your bonnet, madam.

Lady—I would rather not sir.

P. J.—I desire you to put off your bonnet, madam.

L.—I am informed that in public assemblies the women should cover the head: Such is the custom—and of course, I will not take off my bonnet.

P. J.—Why, you are a pretty woman, indeed; I think you had better come and take a seat on the bench.

L.—I thank you kindly, sir; but I really think there are old women enough there already.—*Cin. Republican.*

MORMONISM.—The Boston Journal says that quite a scene took place on Tuesday evening, at the Railway in Commercial street. Some of the Mormon elders baptized about fifteen persons, converts to the Mormon faith, by immersion in the river.

WHAT A CHANGE.—In 1840, it was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." In 1844 it is intended to be "Tyler too" and Kick-apoo!

Getting into debt without intending to pay, is an improvement on stealing.