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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

The Mother's Bible Gift.

BY MRS. BARON CORNWALL WILSON.

When in future distant years
Thou shalt look upon this page,
Through the crystal vale of tears,
That dim our eyes in after age,
Think it was a mother's hand,
Though her smile no more thou'lt see,
Pointing towards that "better land,"
Gave this sacred gift to thee!

Lightly thou esteem'st it now,
For thy heart is young and wild
And upon thy girlhood's brow,
Nought but sunny hope hath smiled!
But when disappointments come,
And the world begins to steal
All thy spirits early bloom,
Then its value thou wilt feel!

To thy chamber still and lone,
Fly,—and search this sacred page,
When earth's blandishments are gone,
Every grief it will assuage!
Close thy door against the din
Of worldly folly—worldly fear—
Only let the radiance in
Of each heavenly promise there!

When the bruised spirit bends
'Neath the weight of sorrows chain
When of all life's summer friends,
Not one flatterer shall remain,
Lay this unction to the wound
Of thy smitten, bleeding breast,
Here the only balm is found
That can yield the weary rest!

Not alone in hours of woe
"Search the Scriptures," but while e joy
Doth life's blissful cup o'erflow,
Be it of thy sweet employ;
So remembering in thy youth,
Him whose Spirit lights each page,
Thou shalt have abundant proof,
He will not forget thine age.

From the New Mirror.

The Sword and the Staff.

The following song, suggested by the eloquent remarks of Mr. Summers, on the presentation of the sword of GENERAL WASHINGTON and the cane of DOCTOR FRANKLIN, to the Congress of the United States, was sung by Mr. Russell at his recent concert in this city.

I
The sword of the hero!
The staff of the sage!
Whose valour and wisdom
Are stamp'd on the age!
Time hallow'd mementos
Of those who have given
"The sceptre from tyrants,
The lightning from heaven!"

II
This weapon, oh Freedom!
Was drawn by thy son,
And it never was sheath'd
'Till the battle was won!
No stain of dishonor
Upon it we see!
'Twas never surrender'd—
Except to the free!

III
While Fame claims the hero
And patriot sage,
Their names to emblazon
On History's page,
No hoier relics
Will Liberty hold,
Than FRANKLIN'S staff, guarded
By WASHINGTON'S sword.

G. P. M.

CURE FOR WARTS IN HORSES AND CATTLE.—A valuable friend, of great experience in horses and cattle, and who has imported and bred many of the best in the United States, says that strong wash made of pearl ash and water, applied thrice a day, will remove tumors and warts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Keepsake.

The Painter's Daughter.

BY N. MITCHELL, ESQ.

Author of the "Tragedy" &c.

Among the most interesting struggles for national freedom that modern history records may be named the revolts in the low countries against the tyrant and Catholic bigot, Philip II. of Spain; and which after the formation of the memorial league of Utrecht, ended in the recognised independence of the United Provinces. The persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands had commenced, and the atrocities committed by the bloody minded Alva, Philip's favorite general, had already driven many towns to open rebellion; some of these defied the utmost exertions of the Spanish arms; but others were sacked, and every cruelty that religious fanaticism, as well as secular vengeance, could devise, was committed upon the inhabitants.

Harlem had been invested for nearly a year, and the patriotism of the stout burghers was only equalled by the sufferings they endured, arising from famine and disease. Within this city lived a painter, whose fate, with that of his devoted daughter, forms the subject of this sketch. Holbeck for some years had been unable to prosecute his art, for close attention had induced a complaint of the eye, and at last he was stricken with blindness. The protracted siege was drawing to a close, for the town was unable to hold out longer when Holbeck feeble and in sickness, lay stretched upon his pallet. He was in extreme poverty, and in a state of things when the gold of the wealthy failed to procure the necessities of life, it may be presumed that it fared but ill with the needy. In truth, the painter was starving; everything that could be made available to satisfy the cravings of nature had been devoured, and now he had only to curse the enemies of his country and die.

By his bed-side, watching his worn and withered features, a young girl was seated; her age might have been sixteen. She was one of those beauties whose characteristics are gentleness and delicacy; her locks, glossy and golden, streamed over her shoulders like a waterfall seen in the sunset; and her eyes had that peculiarly soft and melting light which bespeaks a heart all love and tenderness.

The exquisite beauty of that girl seemed but ill suited to the squalor, and the air of wretchedness which pervaded the place; yet there she watched the debilitated and stricken old man—for the blind painter of Harlem was her father.

Ah! how fondly did Holbeck dote on the only being who had not deserted him in the dim and desolate winter of his years! The enthusiasm and the love which once burned in his heart for the creations of his fancy, were now transferred to that child. She was more worshipped than saint or virgin—the bright bow spanning the cloud of his despair. He could not behold her loveliness, now developing itself in womanhood, but he could hear her voice; and that voice murmured to him sweet as if it came from paradise, summoning up thoughts of all pure, bright and beautiful things.

"Paulina" said the painter faintly, "is it indeed true that the Governor has capitulated—that the enemy has entered the city?"

"Yes, father can you not hear their shouts?"

The sick man raised his head in the attitude of listening; his sightless orbs were directed to the spot where he knew his daughter was seated; the muscles of his face were convulsed, and the dew of terror stood upon his forehead.

"They come!" he cried; "I can hear flying steps, the shouts of savage soldiery, and the shrieks of women!"

"Father, do not fear, our habitation has too mean an appearance to tempt the cupidity of soldiers."

"I know not that; there are other treasures here more valuable—at least to me—than silver or gold. Haste thee, Paulina, and secure the door!"

The girl obeyed her parents' command, and passed a bar of iron across the low oaken door, yet this very precaution, and the appearance of strength which the dingy house exhibited, proved its worse safeguard, and was the means of bringing ruin upon its occupants.

Thank thee, Paulina! and now I will pray to God for thy safety. It matters little what happens unto me; the sands of my life are nearly run, and if they kill me, I shall but go to my long home a little earlier than age and disease might have carried me, and the old man clasped his hands and seemed in fervent prayer.

The shouts of the Spanish soldiers sounded more near. Exasperated by the long defence which the city had made, they were determined on taking signal vengeance on the inhabitants. Men and women were now rushing up the obscure street in which Holbeck resided, with an

intention apparently, of sheltering themselves in their houses. Even alarm was visible now on the countenance of the fair girl, and she drew mechanically more closely to the bed of her sick parent.

"God protect thee, Paulina, but the Spaniards are in our street!" The words had scarcely dropped from the painter's lips, when a heavy blow, as from a hammer, or bludgeon, fell upon the door, and hoarse voices called for admittance. Holbeck started up in his bed, and the girl, with a shudder, turned her eyes to the entrance, at the same time covering as if by instinct, toward her blind and feeble protector.

"On comrades, to the next house! Lopez and myself claim this. Ah! there is something good here, or we should not have all these bolts and bars—a miser, I warrant with his money-bag. Myneer! myneer! open your smoky hatch, or we shall knock in your barricado!"

The blows were repeated, but the trembling inmates returned no answer. They trusted that the iron-bound door would resist the efforts of the assailants yet the strength of the defence served only to excite the ardor and curiosity of the soldiers in fact, they imagined that no one but a wealthy person would take such pains to fortify his private dwelling consequently they hoped, despite external appearances, to find within a hoard of gold.

"Thou sneaking mole! thou crafty old fox! may St. Peter lock us forever in purgatory, if we do not unearth thee!" A crash followed; the lower panels of the door were burst through and the soldiers with iron pikes in their hands sprang into the house.

The Spaniards were ferocious looking fellows with inflamed eyes and huge mustaches. They gazed for a minute steadfastly on the shrinking girl; and then at the enaciated invalid.

"Lopez!" exclaimed the elder of the troopers, it is as I suspected. I thought he must be a rich old grub who would earth himself up in such a strong den; if we don't find a right round sum of gold florins here I'm no soldier of king Philip's.

I opine the like friend: miser is written in every line of that brown parchment face. Now then myneer! few words and speedy business. Inform us without delay where you keep your money-bags—d'ye hear?"

"Men!" exclaimed the venerable painter, "you mistake my circumstances, I am in great poverty."

"No doubt of it; but do not hope to deceive us; misers, like thee, forever bewail their lack of this world's good. Come, thou hadst best deliver us the florins, or the lawyers to-morrow will be accommodated with thy skin to engross deeds upon."

"No trifling, old man! thy money!" roared the elder trooper.

Paulina, on bended knees, and with lifted hands beseeched the soldiers to believe the assertion of her destitute and blind father. "Pity him," she cried; "he is ill, and by this cruel treatment ye will hasten his end. Have ye fathers? or are ye yourselves fathers? then compassionate, have mercy upon mine!"

"Talk away, my pretty wench, for thou dost look charming in that posture. B. the Virgin Juan, I don't know but I will resign the florins to thee, and take for my share of the booty this plump and luscious little dame—ha! ha!"

"Do, my friend, and allow me to pocket the money. Now, myneer, no more sulkiness, but discover thy hoard. Thou won't then I perceive I must teach thee thy duty. How dost thou like that?"

The sick man groaned with pain for the trooper had thrust his sharp pike into his arm. Oh! the anguish of the daughter, as she saw the blood gush from the wound! he whom it had been her care to screen from the very breath of heaven, whom she had tended and nursed so long, so anxiously—to behold him thus wantonly put to torture—it awoke all the agony which her nature was capable of enduring. She sprang to his side, she hung with a bursting heart over the bleeding limb; yet, and anon, would she glance up at the savage soldiers with the flashing eyes of the tigress deprived of her young.

"Paulina!" whispered the old man, "regard not the wound, stay thou by me child, for I consider my life as nothing compared with injury, with pollution to thee," and he thrust his hand beneath his pillow, as if to clutch at something there.

"Well comrade, I shall carry off my prize, and thou mayest remain here as long as thou dost choose, worming from the old heretic the secret of his money.—Hark'ee, sweetheart, come with me. By the mass! but thou art the prettiest maid in the Provinces."

The trooper advanced to seize Paulina, and by the shrieking movement of his child the painter became aware of his purpose. Holbeck held her in his bleeding arms with the tenacity of love and despair, crying in piercing accents, "Take her not away from me; take her not from me! she is my all—my more than life;

kill me, but spare my innocent child."

The soldier roughly drew her along; but the father would not loose his hold.—The blind man sought for his dagger, but could not find it, for it had dropped on the floor; at length, fainting through exertion and loss of blood, he sank down in a state of insensibility. The shrieks of the girl; availed her nothing in a district which was given over to pillage and rapine.—But Paulina suddenly grew calm; some stern resolve had taken possession of her breast, or she had indeed resigned herself to her fate.

"Soldier!" she exclaimed, "permit me to say one parting word to my father; let me bind up his wound, and I will accompany thee in peace."

The man, who did not relish a continuance of her cries and wild struggles, was induced to comply with her request.

"Then speak to the obstinate old rebel, an' thou wilt, but let thy conference be brief."

Paulina knelt by her father; but the aged man, already broken down by sickness and famine, was evidently dying.

"Paulina! my child, where art thou? he faintly cried.

"Father, I am with you still!"

"Thank heaven!" my beloved one: let me pass my hand over thy face; thou art not weeping, Paulina; then our merciful foes have left us. God preserve thee, and bless! My heart seems to freeze; one kiss. Farewell!"

The blind painter of Harlem ceased to breathe.

No tears, indeed, gushed from the maiden's eyes, for the fire in her brain had dried up the source whence flow these milder tokens of sorrow. The agony in that gentle bosom had reached the point where reason ceases her wonted influence, and frenzy begins. She threw back the masses of golden hair from her hot forehead; she crept along the floor, and secured the dagger.

The soldiers surveyed her in silent curiosity, and they smiled on each other, imagining that she designed to defend herself.

"The saints protect us! my sweet amazon, and thou dost mean to go battle against two soldiers of his majesty's guard? ah! but enough! and the blacker villain of the two drew nearer to her.

"Wretched man!" cried Paulina, with a burst of indignation, her eyes flashed, and the purple veins swelling on her beautiful forehead, approach me not; ye leave this house to the sorrows of a child over her dead father, or ye bear me away a corpse."

"Then dead or alive thou shalt be mine!" exclaimed the soldier, springing toward the girl. He paused for one instant ere he grasped her; she looked up into his face with a stern resolve of heroic virtue, even the villain beneath the flashing of that bright and majestic eye, seemed for a moment to quail. He advanced—he hesitated again he stretched forward his arms; no, he did not seize her, for ere his defiling touch was on her, she had heathened the danger in her own heart!

The young girl's bright blood, welling from a bosom where filial affection and virtue had triumphed over the fear of death, bubbled forth upon the body of her lifeless father; and there resting on his breast, she lay beyond the power of human hands who scowled near her, her white lids veiling her dimming eyes, her rich cheek gradually turning to the alabaster, and her last sigh of purity breathing from lips that soon would be still for ever.

The Spaniards gazed for a few moments on the wreck they had made, and then, with a low laugh, turned away in search of new victims.

From the Portland Tribune.

The Wife of a Shoemaker.

"I can always smell a shoemaker if there be one in the room," said the proud and fashionable Eliza—, whose wealthy parents had brought her up in the foolish principle that labor was degrading. Her ideas had been cast in such a mould that when chance threw a mechanic or farmer in her way, she endeavored by her acts or her conversation, to convince him that she was his superior. Indulged with all that wealth could bestow, the haughty girl had no wish ungratified. A desire was simply expressed, and her request was granted. Others attended to her wants, so that she grew up wholly unacquainted with domestic affairs, but she could not do common sewing. When in company, the proud girl took particular pains to show her contempt for the worthy mechanic, by making some improper remarks, or not deigning to cast upon him a single gracious look. It was at a public house, where a journeyman shoemaker happened to be present, that Eliza made the remark, "I can always smell a shoemaker." The words were addressed to a young woman who expected to become the wife of the very mechanic; but she being more wise and less fashionable, did not deign to reply, but turned the conversation to some more profitable topic.

How unstable is property! The man who to-day rides in his carriage, the possessor of millions to-morrow may be a bankrupt.

Events which the most prudent cannot foresee, nor the closest calculators guard against, have unexpectedly dashed the fondest hopes and sunk the largest property. It was so in the case of the father of Eliza. When in the full tide of prosperity, adding riches to riches, and never dreaming that life would be any thing but sunshine, a dark cloud suddenly overspread his sky. His extensive wealth was swept almost instantaneously from his grasp, and he became a poor man.—His house, his carriage, his splendid furniture was taken from him, and the possessor of a fortune became a beggar. The gorgeous palace was exchanged for a hovel, servants were dismissed, and the delicate, the proud Eliza was the daughter of as poor a father as the humblest mechanic of her acquaintance. Poor girl! it was an awful stroke for her. She had lived as if riches had no wings, but were as permanent as her family name. With her erroneous ideas, totally unprepared for such a sad reverse of fortune, it came with ten-fold more poignancy.

The shoe maker married the girl of his choice, the woman who considered it an honor to be the daughter of a hard working mechanic, and the wife of a journeyman. He prospered, commenced business for himself, was steady, industrious and economical, and as a matter of course, succeeded well and lived comfortably and contentedly. In a few years he purchased a small but convenient dwelling and by the prudence of his wife, and his industrious habits, became an independent man, and lives as happy as mortal could wish.

It was a bitter cold day in the depth of winter, when a female, poor and destitute, called at the dwelling of the mechanic, begging for a little assistance. She was the once haughty Eliza.—The benevolent wife of the mechanic took pity on her, and being in want of help, took her into the family. Nothing hard was put upon her to do, while she in tears expressed her gratitude for the kindness received, and regretted from her heart the folly of her early days. "If I had my life to live over again," she would often say, "I would accustom myself to labor, and do all in my power to elevate the mechanic."

Eliza lived in this pleasant family for some time, during which she became acquainted with a journeyman shoemaker in the employ of her friend, and finally became his bride. Having learnt a useful lesson by her misfortune, Eliza made a prudent and industrious wife, and now lives comfortably and happily. Whenever she hears a young and thoughtless girl speak in terms of contempt of an industrious mechanic, or sees him shunned on account of his freckled sunbrowned face and calloused hands, she administers a gentle reproof and relates her own experience.

From this story many a pampered devotee of fashion may learn a profitable lesson. If you are borne along by the tide of successful prosperity, are indulged by judicious parents in all the luxuries and extravagances and follies of life, have an eye, we pray you, to the future. Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work; and not to depend upon servants to make your bread, sweep your floor and darn your stockings. Above all, do not esteem lightly those worthy and honorable young men who sustain themselves and help to support their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care and receive to your houses, those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift their fingers to help themselves as long as they can keep soul and body together, and get funds to live in the fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject in the light that we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear the remark, "such a young lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Nine cases out of ten, property left to children by wealthy parents, turns out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this; and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and hearts. Mark if they have trades and can depend upon themselves, with minds that will lead them to look above a butterfly existence, and if so, always give preference to them. Talk not about the beautiful white skin and the soft delicate hands, and the fine appearance of the young gentlemen, let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts. On the contrary, let a healthy constitution, a stout fist, and a brown skin, accompanied with a virtuous deportment, induce you to make that choice which will result in your future happiness.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—"Don't speak so cross," said one little boy yesterday in the street to another. "Don't speak so cross—there's no use in't."

We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing (the injunction, or rather the exhortation—for it was made in a hortatory tone and manner—we set the juvenile speaker down as an embryo Philosopher. In sooth, touching the point involved in the boyish difficulty which made occasion for the remark, he might properly be considered as at maturity. Whatmore could Solomon have said on the occasion? True, he has put it on record, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and this being taken as true—and every body knows it to be so—it is evidence in favor of the superiority of the law of kindness over that of wrath. But our young street philosopher said pretty much the same thing substantially, when he said, "don't speak so cross—there's no use in't." No indeed—there is certainly no use in it. On the contrary, it invariably does much harm. Is a man angry? it inflames his ire still more; and confirms in his enmity him who by a kind word, and a gentle forbearing demeanor, might be converted into a friend. It is in fact an addition of fuel to a flame already kindled. And what do you gain by it? Nothing desirable certainly, unless discord, strife, contention, "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," be desirable. Let the boy philosopher be heard, then. He speaks "the words of truth and soberness."—"Don't speak so cross—there's no use in't." Mr. politician, you are engaged in an argument with your neighbor, your personal friend. Can you not conduct the controversy without getting angry? Most assuredly you can, if you but permit your judgment to rule, and exclude passion as a prompter. There is no good reason why you should quarrel with your friend, because you and he do not agree in opinion upon some given point, but there is "every reason in the world" why you and he, for the sake of yourselves and of society, should remain in a state of mutual amity, peace, and good will. In Congress, and in the several state and municipal legislatures, quarrels frequently arise. Ill blood is stirred up, and bile engendered, simply because the parties disputant forgot to reduce the law of kindness to practice; and we apprehend that the history of the polls, on election days, would show the same cause for all the riots and disorders, the personal quarrels and individual violence, which have disgraced our elections, and grieved the sincere friends of free republican institutions, to the great joy of all everywhere, who are unfriendly to them. To teachers of schools, of every grade, the law of kindness is all important.—Time was when the teacher was not only himself a despot, but a tyrant, and upheld, in the exercise of his arbitrary will, to almost any extent agreeable to himself, by parental authority, and even by authority of law.

But those times have, measurably at least, passed away; and the instructors of youth are beginning to learn, and to practice on their acquired knowledge, that the law of kindness, rather than that of force, is not only more potent to the accomplishment of the purposes had in view in the institution of schools, but far more in accordance with the spirit of the age. Parents, too, begin to open their eyes to the fact, that the day of their tyranny is gone by. We shall, however, say but little on this point now, because we intend to take it up on some other more convenient occasion. It may be well enough, however, to remark in passing, that much of the evil which constitutes the burthen of parental complaint, as existing in "the rising generation," is mainly attributable to a neglect on the part of parents, to reduce to practice the law of kindness, of love, in the training up of their children. This law we hold to be perfectly consistent in both theory and practice, with all the strictness of discipline which the most rigid parental disciplinarian could reasonably contend for; and they who do not observe it, must be content to submit to the imputation of having a domestic charge which they are unfit to manage, and of being the real source of much of the social evil, of which they complain.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH.—What is more beautiful to the mind's eye than a youth in the vigor of his days, with cheeks radiant as the morning, and a brow brilliant as the sun, with a long nose in his mouth, and great a chew of tobacco in his cheek.

"Oh, ma! do you know I'm next to the head in my class at school?" "Hear girl your pa will be so delighted! My dear husband do you hear that? Henrietta is next to the head of her class!" "Indeed, my love, I am very glad to hear it; pray, Henrietta, how many are there in your class?" "Two, papa!"

Oh! for a line to fill this column.