

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

Vol. VIII, No. 20.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1843.

[Whole No. 384.]

PUBLISHED BY  
**THEODORE H. CREMER,**

## TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty five cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.



## POETRY.

### The Bachelor's Lament.

They tell me to hasten and marry—  
But ah! 'tis the cost that I fear;  
And prudence still warns us to tarry,  
Ere seeking amusement so dear.

Oh! there's rapture unmeasur'd in wooing,  
And sweet the confession when won;  
But the house-keeping horrors pursuing,  
Are sure to make sentiment run.

Thus I mus'd 'tother night, as fair Chloe  
Swam round in the dance at my side!  
I must furnish that wardrobe so showy,  
If rashly I make her my bride.

That slim fair foot, and its fellow,  
That tread the light measure so gay,  
Must with satin be shod, and prunella,  
And husband the piper must pay.

At a glance of that ankle so slender  
My heart the dear bargain would close;  
But my head bids me before I surrender,  
Remember the price of the hose.

That hand so desired beyond measure,  
The suitor that ventures to hold,  
Can only secure such a treasure  
By hooping the fingers with gold.

Those eyes, though their vision surpasses  
The eagle's that pierces the light,  
Must be aided with opera glasses,  
Howe'er they embarrass the sight.

Though made up of roses thy face is,  
Such roses bloom not in the sun;  
We must veil them in the best of point laces,  
Or treckles will soon overrun.

Sweetest mouth that e'er smiled upon mortal,  
Hides organs of hunger within;  
And dainties must pass the red portal,  
Or soon cherry-lips will grow thin.

Ah! that chat so desired by a lover  
Have duties so costly assigned—  
That the perils which thy smiles now un-  
The choice of the market must grind!

Thy form richest fabrics must cumber  
With many a garment of show,  
And with, doubtless, of many a number  
That bachelors never may know.

Thy brow, that fair temple where towers  
High honor in marble enshrined, [flowers,  
Must be thatched with straw, feathers and  
To keep out the sun and the wind.

Thy care must be constantly petting  
With rarest cosmetics thy face—  
Thy nose be indulged in coquetting  
With kerchief bewildered with lace.

Those tresses, ensnaring allurers,  
With fillets of gold we must bind;  
Thy ears must be fed with bravuras,  
And hung with the jewels of Ind.

Strange! that man should embellish a crea-  
ture,  
Already more fair than the morn;  
That being most gifted by Nature  
Is the one we most love to adorn.

Why was Eden so pleasant to Adam—  
So rid of connubial ills?  
Because his ingenious madam  
Ne'er bored him with milliner's bills.

No bonnets had she for her tresses—  
No silks did her person enroll;  
So cheap were her costliest dresses;  
For a fig she had purchased the whole.

Ah! that was the season to marry,  
Ere fashion made woman her thrall,  
Her trumpy garments to carry—  
Yes! clothes are the curse of the fall!

"I meant to have told you of that hole,"  
said a man to his friend, who stumbled in-  
to a pit full of water. "No matter now,"  
says the other, blowing the mud and water  
out of his mouth, "I have found it."

### From the World of Fashion. **THE VIRGIN'S TRIUMPH.**

BY HENRY DANFORTH.

"Do you know me, girl?—ha! you have not forgotten. Then prepare for your fate."

As the Rover uttered these words he entered the after cabin of the ship, by lifting up the curtain which divided the apartment from the larger room in front, stood face to face with the shrinking and terrified girl, whose ashy paleness, when she saw the countenance of the intruder, told that his character, if not his person, was already known to her. And if ever before she had seen that face it could not be forgotten; for no one looked on the Dark Rover without having every feature of his countenance burnt into memory.—He had apparently been handsome once, but his face was now brutalized by the indulgence of strong and evil passions. The stern, frowning brow—the keen and glittering eye—and the expression of settled malignity over the whole face, left an impression on the gazer's mind which neither time nor events would eradicate. So, at least, it seemed in the case of the young girl, for she uttered a stifled shriek, and turned away shuddering from his look, as if she had seen some deadly serpent. His eyes lightened with licentious passion, when, burying her face in her hands, she exposed to sight her rounded and snowy shoulders; but, checking any other outward manifestation of his evil thoughts, he curled his lip in a bitter sneer, and said ironically,

"And so you do know me,—the despised suitor—the good-for-nothing of whom your canting guardian bid you beware, because, forsooth, I was a cavalier and not a rascally, snivelling round-head like himself. Ah! my pretty Puritan," he continued, exchanging his tone for one of more freedom, and advancing toward her, "times have changed since then. I swore, on that day, to have revenge; and the hour for it has come. Will it please you then to accommodate yourself to your destiny, or must I use force? Out of this cabin you go not until you have become worse than the meanest thing of your sex, whom yesterday you would have cast from your door."

Up to this moment the victim had remained with her face buried in her hands, and her head averted from her conqueror, and while he was addressing her, wild and fearful thoughts had been passing through her bosom, so that at first she scarcely comprehended his words. All the horrid events of the last day had passed in hurried review before her. She stood once more on the deck of their gallant ship, as it left the port for old England, whither her guardian was returning after having settled her West Indian possessions—she stood and watched with him the setting sun go down behind the inland hills, while the parting beams stretched a bridge of gold across the deep, on which, even as the old legend fancied, angels might have walked to glory—she lay again in her couch, with the silvery moonlight looking in through the little window, while she dreamed sweet dreams of home, and of one to whom her virgin love had been pledged, the graceful, the high born Everard—she saw, with despair, the low caravel that shone out from behind the deserted headland at break of day, and made for them with clouds of canvass swelling in the breeze, and the bloody flag, whose solitary red field was unreheved by a single emblem, waving high at the peak—she beheld the gradual approach of this relentless foe, the collision of the two vessels, the crowd of ruffians who leaped on the almost unarmed ship, the short but deadly conflict, the decks slippery with blood, the fall of her guardian, their servants, the captain, and the rest of her defenders, and her own wild retreat to the after cabin, a few minutes before, where she had prayed for death; she saw all this, and well might these memories, combined with the clash of arms, the shrieks of the wounded, and the curse of the pirates still ringing in her ears, prevent her from hearing what her captor said. But when he came to his last dreadful announcement, these fearful words penetrated even to her paralyzed heart, and she started up, while terror dilated her eyes, and her hands involuntarily rose in supplication.

"Oh! spare me," she cried, falling on her knees, and clasping the feet of the Rover, "by the memory of your mother—by your hopes of salvation—spare me, spare me!"

The pirate looked down on the agonized countenance at his feet, but the bitter sneer on his lip faded not, nor did a single muscle of his face relax. At length he burst into a scornful laugh.

"And is it to yield to a girl's tears that I have plotted and toiled, and suffered for years; in the hope of one day having my revenge?—and now, when the goal has been gained, and I am about to drink the cup for which I have worked so long, are you mad enough to think that a few tears, or a well-acted part will induce me to forego my prize? Tush! girl, you are a fool! No—by heaven!—you shall be mine!—on my own terms—and that ere the day is many minutes older. Pray not to me," he continued, as his victim clasped his feet convulsively; "my heart is as hard as yonder steel, for I have taught it to look forward to this moment with delight. And have I not cause?" he asked, lashing himself into a rage. "Was I not rejected in favor of a beardless boy, eye I and was not added insult heaped on that rejection? Roysterer, profligate adventurer, knave—were not such the terms with which I was repelled?"

"No—no! I never called you such; let me not answer for what others have done."

"Not answer, ha! And what is it to me whether you spoke them or your canting guardian? Were they not uttered in your own halls, and before grinning grooms and horse boys? Did not the names stick to me afterwards? and was not my companionship shunned, and my hope of advancement cut off? Ay! you know all this, and yet tell me it was not your fault. Your fault, indeed! And who would have dared say these things, or who would have dared repeat them, if the heirless of Stratford Castle had accepted me? No, by the God above us! your plea shall be of no avail. I set in motion—it costs nothing to tell how—the train of causes that induced your guardian to leave home and take you with him. I have dogged you ever since you left England, but never found an opportunity to strike the blow. I have turned pirate to get you in my power; the laws have outlawed me already; and think you my peril is increased by this new outrage, as men will be pleased to call it? Talk to weak women, or beardless boys, of pity; but ask not, nor expect mercy from Reginald Wilmot!"

"Oh, yes! you wrong yourself; you will pity!—mercy, mercy!"

"Was there mercy shown to me," he exclaimed, spurning her with his foot, "when I knelt to you?—Did not I tell you how for years I had loved you—how I had watched by day and dreamed over you by night—how I had been spurred on to deeds of glory by the hope of winning your smile—and might I not have told you, as you were told by others, how I had reformed my life, left my old associates, and sworn never to see them again, trusting thus to gain your favor? Did I not speak of the fiery depths of my heart, and tell you that my love for you had become a part of my life? But what? he continued savagely, his face assuming the look of a demon—"was your answer? 'You were young, forsooth,' and here again his accents became those of bitter scorn—"you knew nothing of love"—'God's death! was I to be spurned like a hound, and my past life thrown in my teeth after all my sacrifices for amendment? 'Girl,' and the words hissed through his teeth, "I became from that hour, more like a fiend than a human being; for my love was changed into hate—hate the most bitter and unrelenting—a hate that has never slept since, day or night. You scorned a love such as no mortal ever before felt. You may judge of its intensity by my present hatred. Hearts like mine are not as lava—and we to those who rouse my vengeance! But away with this trifling!—Once I would have kissed the earth where you trod if you had promised to be mine, but now you shall pray to me for the rites of the church, and pray in vain," and he laughed mockingly, gazing on the agonized face of his victim in triumphant malice.

"Oh! for one moment," shrieked the girl, again clasping his feet, and looking up into his face imploringly, "hear me. I know you have been wronged, though never, as God is my witness, did I say or think ought you have attributed to me. I will be your slave for years, ay! for life itself—I will do the most menial offices for you, or I will surrender my estates and swear never to marry any one, if you will only save my honor. Oh! turn not away. Remember the grave—eternity—the judgment day. Only save me, and I will bless you forever!"—and she gazed up into his face with a countenance that might have moved the tempter of mankind himself. It was in vain.

"Tush, girl!" and his dark eyes glowed with unholy passion, "you only look more beautiful, and thereby hasten your doom. Ha! it would have been a refinement in revenge if I had saved your guardian until this hour, that he might have seen your degradation. But come now—let us have done with this trifling. Your charms would render an anchorite callous. Must I needs use force?" and, for the first time, he laid hands upon the supplicant, and would have torn away the cover which veiled her panting bosom.

Had he beheld the fabled shield reversed and gazed upon the Gorgon's face—had he seen one of the murdered victims start up through the deck before him, the Rover could not have been more confounded than at the instantaneous and unex-

pected change which came over the virgin when she felt his unholy touch. Hitherto she had played the part of the suppliant, exhausting all the eloquence of words, tears and looks to save herself from foul dishonor; and her captor would as soon have looked for the lightning to have burst from the calm, sunlit sky overhead, as for her to have evinced any thing like daring or defiance. But she did do it. The instant that she felt the brutal touch upon her shoulder, she started to her feet, and sprang back, with eyes flashing fire, and nostrils dilated.

"Off—off, miscreant!" she said, with a proud waive of the arm, such as a queen would have used, "as there is a God in heaven, if you approach one step nearer, you die."

Perhaps there was something of admiration for this conduct which induced the pirate to pause, even after his first astonishment had subsided; for he certainly saw no means by which his victim could carry her threat into execution. Folding his arms composedly on his bosom, he laughed contemptuously, and said,

"Really, your rage becomes you, and I like your spirit. You are not the tame dove I thought, and I must watch you well. But pray," he continued sneeringly, "how long am I to wait your pleasure, or by what means do you intend to keep me away?"

"Do you see this train of powder?" said the girl pointing to her feet, while she kept her eye keenly watching the face of her captor, to anticipate any movement he might make; "it reaches to the magazine, and was laid after we saw you would overtake us; but in the strife of battle was forgotten. A lamp burns here at my side, and with a single dash of my hand I can throw the fire on that train. I have known this all along; but life is precious, and we dare not part with it without weighty cause. Think you else that I would have knelt so long to you, miscreant, murderer, as you are? While there was hope, I prayed for mercy—I now demand safety at your hands. Swear by your kindly ancestors—for that oath alone you will not break—to restore me unharmed to my friends as speedily as possible, or I fire the train."

The cheek of the Rover might have turned a shade paler when she mentioned the means of destruction she possessed, but, if so, it was only momentary, and long ere she had ceased speaking, his sunburnt face was as dark as before. Not that he misdoubted what she said, but then he had too much confidence in his agility to suppose she could carry her design into execution; and besides, he was constitutionally brave. The scornful look still wreathed his lip, but he spoke not; and his eye dared not leave that of the maiden. And there they stood while one could have counted ten—each as motionless as if carved out of stone. She pale as death, but with a form proudly erect, and an eye as an eagle's in its wrath—he, like a sneering fiend, awaiting the first symptoms of faltering on her part, to spring upon her and prevent her from executing her threat, for well he knew that her excited nerves must eventually give way, if only on account of the unnatural tension to which they had been drawn. But he mistook his victim. If he knew her weakness, she knew it also; and during the short interval we have described, her keen eye was reading his soul. She knew that all succor from without was hopeless—they were on the broad sea, and leagues from any other ship—and that her deliverance must come from herself, and in the way she had threatened, or come not at all. The scanty space of time had scarcely elapsed—and though to her and her confronter it seemed an age, for moments in situations like theirs are counted by the emotions they witness—when she said, still keeping her eyes fixed on those of the Rover, and with the accents of the haughtiest of queens,

"Do you consent?"

She saw he was about to spring on her, and without pausing, she continued,

"Then I summon you to the bar of God!" as she spoke dashing the lamp on the train.

The Rover was at her side as she ceased speaking, but it was too late. The fire whizzed along the deck, even as the words fell from her, and with their close, pirate and victim, and all the crowded population of the ship, were hurled, with a noise as of ten thousand batteries, into the air. The whole of that living freight was in eternity. The awful citation of the maiden had been answered.

A Cavern has been discovered in Jefferson county, Indiana, which is a mile long. The Hoosiers, who dread long summers, are in ecstasies at the prospect of a cool retreat to eat their gingerbread in.

A SPARE DIET.—The Cork Examiner says—At present, the Scotch poor are not fed; they subsist on the recollection of what they ate in former years.

[From "In Town and About," now in course of publication by Godley & M'Michael.]

### Hickey Hammer,

One of the Boys who run with the Engine.

By JOSEPH C. NEAL, Esq., Author of "Charcoal Sketches."

In all associations, whether of men, boys or sheep, there is invariably a bellwether—a master spirit; one who affords color to their modes of thought and furnishes aim for their actions, who warms their spirit when their courage flags, who lends them enterprize when they falter, and gives concentration to their efforts.—In an extended sphere, such individuals bestow character on nations and on ages, leaving their impress upon all; and in a more confined circle, the personal stamp, though not so widely spread, is made with equal distinctness. In the group which forms the subject of our story, such a one will be seen in the person of Hickey Hammer,—he, with a club in hand and with a most majestic sternness in his countenance,—he, with the game-cock look all over him,—he, whose combativeness and destructiveness are so prominent as to render it unavoidable to wear his hat aslant, that on one side at least, these organs may be comparatively cool, to ensure safety to his friends—Hickey Hammer, who has fierceness enough in composition to furnish a whole menagerie, and yet leave sufficient surplus to animate and constitute a warrior. Were there ample swing for Hickey Hammer—had we the delights of civil war, or the charms of a revolution, there would be one more added to the list of heroes, and another picture would figure in the print shops. But as it is, Hickey contrives to find some vent for his inspiration, by getting up a quarrel about once a day, and nourishing it into a general combat—otherwise, he would explode from the collision of his own fiery spirits. Hickey Hammer "runs with the engine" because it goes to fight fire, and he almost wishes that he were a bucket of water, to grapple more directly with so fierce a foe. So irresistible is his call to contend, that he is obliged to gratify it, whether there be an object present or not. When he goes to bed at night or when he rises in the morning, the exercise of his muscles is an invariable concomitant. He strikes the air, parries imaginary blows, and passes through all the actions of a "heady fight" with an energy that is really alarming. Every door in the house bears the imprint of his knuckles, and the very tables are splintered by the weight of his fist. The "cocked hat" is to him the beau ideal of shapes, and he labors to knock all things into that antiquated resemblance. Should old time venture within reach of his arm, the existing moment would at once be converted by a similar process, into "the middle of next week."

One of his devoted admirers is endeavoring to tell him a story about a Mr. Tompkins, who had recently distinguished himself at a fire, and Hickey Hammer listened with his usual scornful impatience.

"Tompkins!" said Hickey, on the occasion referred to; "well and who is Tompkins, your great Tompkins! Now I'll bring this thing to a pint at once for when there's so much talk, there's never a bit of fight."

"I didn't say anything about fight," was the trembling remonstrance of the admirer.

"But you cracked Tompkins up, didn't you, and Tompkins pretends to be great shakes, don't he? What's that but fight, I should like to know? Now the thing, as I said before, is just this, and no more than this. I don't pretend to be much, but can Tompkins lick me? Could he lick me any way, fair stand up and no closing in, or could he do it rough and tumble and no letting up? Talking about people is nonsense—this is the how to find out what a chap is good for. Fetch on your Tompkins and tie my right hand behind me, if you like—that's all—yes, he shall have six cracks at me before I begin. I'm not particular about odds. When you see this Tompkins, tell him so, and ask if he or his brother, if he has got one, or any of his family, boss and all, would like to knock a chip off my hat any afternoon.—I'll clear them of the law. I want them to do it—I'd give 'em something if they'd do it. Just feel my arm—hickory and gum legs! Talk of your Tompkins! Who did they ever lick? I don't believe they were ever taken up because they were going to fight. Only wait till there's an alarm some Sunday, and then show me Tompkins, if you want to see a man forget what he had for dinner."

In fact Hickey Hammer considers himself sent here on a special mission to accommodate all customers, and whatever he hears of any new comer, his first inquiry is as to the individual's appreciation of his own prowess—whether, like Tompkins, "he thinks he can lick Hickey Hammer." If he does think so, and ventures to say so, why Mr. Hammer sees to it that the difference of opinion may be settled on the spot. So great is his love of truth,

that he cannot bear to leave any one in error upon a point of such interest and importance. Had Hammer lived in earlier times, he would have been the very flower of chivalry—at present, he only rejoices in the appellation of being "a bird."

When squabbles are scarce and riots are a little out of fashion, for such events are somewhat epidemic, Mr. Hammer, following the example of other great men, makes the circumstances to suit himself, and gathering a flock of pupils and proselytes around him, often sets forth on what he calls the "grand rounds." This process consists in taking an evening ramble from one engine house to another, to have a glance at the collection of boys there assembled; for each establishment has its separate set of votaries, who believe that all virtue resides in their gang, and that all excellence is combined in their engine. If there are enough present to render the scene impressive, Hickey Hammer sternly confronts the strangers, and with a lowering aspect, thus addresses them:

"Well, my lads, where's the bully?"

"What bully?" is the natural response, from those who are yet to be indoctrinated into Mr. Hammer's mode of doing business.

"I want to see the bully of this company—you've got a bully, I suppose.—Everybody says so. Where is he? Tell him to come to supper;" and that there may be no mistake as to his meaning, Hickey throws himself into position, dealing forth experimental blows in the very face of the bystanders, so nicely calculated as to distance, that they are enabled to feel the "Whiff and wind," without experiencing personal detriment, the insult being assault enough, though rather constructive (than positive, and having no taint of battery.

If a bully be forthcoming, which is not often the case upon an emergency so sudden and unexpected, the consequences are obvious. The combat either comes off at once, or is fixed for a more convenient spot and a subsequent meeting. But should the assailed party be without a champion, Hickey challenges any two, or more, if they like to undertake him, and this mode of proceeding generally results in a set-to all around, requiring a constabulary suppression, and furnishing material for many a tale of traditional narrative, in which Hickey Hammer figures as the hero; in consequence whereof, all "the boys that run with the engine," of which Hickey Hammer may be regarded as the patron, are Hickey Hammerites in word and deed. They roll their trousers up higher than any other boys—they roar louder than other boys; they take the engine out on Sundays, and if they cannot get a fight in any other way, they dash deliberately into every "carriage" that passes. Rare boys are "the boys that run with the engine"—the choice and masterspirits of the time.

PRETTY GOOD.—The editor of a country paper having gone to a neighboring village to get married, the devil—printer's—'took the responsibility' of getting out the paper. The following is his "leader."

Reader—gentle or ungentle, as the case may be—we make to you our best bow, after the latest improved and patented London and Paris fashion, with a kind of jerk at the end of it—and declare ourselves your most humble come-trumble down four pair of steps servant. "Who are you?" you ask. Well, we're the "devil!"—not the old colger of all, who goes about like a lion, seeking when he may devour somebody—not by a fact. But we don't care the shake of a con's tail for him or any body else. No—blowed if we do! We're an independent devil—a perfect rip snorter of a fellow, an imported earthquake—not the one that shook the bottom out of the Mississippi, but the one that can dance such a gitting up stairs, till the buttons drop off the spectators' jackets. It's a comical chap we are, as every body knows that knows anything. We haven't got any political principles—except we believe in roast beef and hard cider," and go John Tyler the whole hog, including the tail. We love all the girls harder than a mule can kick—the pretty ones in particular; and oxr, we know's? double refined particular. We are out for total abstraction of all back cushions as makes the women's coats stand out behind, (we're a modest boy, and don't like to say bustles,?)—We're in for the abrogation of all soaplocks. We abominate all straps, because they impede locomotion. We go the Temetation society to the bottom of the barrel. To cut the matter short off, we'll just inform you that we're a double breasted thunder clap; a scientific antediluvian nondescript, with a touch of the werry peokolar." Hurrah for us! Whoop! The editor ain't at home!

BALLOON ASCENSION.—Mr. John Wise, the American Aeronaut, made his fortieth ascension in a balloon from Carlisle, on Saturday, the 27th May, inst.