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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

## POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES.

A Dialogue between Danton and Alfred.

MR. EDITOR:—You know that we often become acquainted with the secret plodding, and intriguing of designing politicians, as well as with their difficulties, disappointments, and disputations in dividing the honors and profits of office. And you will not be offended if I lift the veil and present to your imagination the gorgeous apartment of Danton, a politician of great physical power, and untiring energy; possessed of deep cunning, matured by long practice, and destitute of any principle but self-aggrandizement; and permit you to hear his conversation with a true Democrat, of a very different character, whose highest aim is the prosperity of his country.

D.—Good evening, A., I am truly glad to see you. I understand you have been travelling in the east; I hope you have some good political news from that quarter; be seated, open your wallet, and let me hear something to counter-balance the evil forebodings over which my mind has been brooding for some time; and as our party looks up to you and I for directions, we must soon devise some means to defeat the election of Gen. James Irvin, and prepare the democratic minds of the people to elect J. K. Polk.

A.—Mine has not been a political tour, but rather for the indulgence of those sentiments which are more congenial with a mind tired with those political operations, many of whom I fear have no higher end than victory or self-aggrandizement.

D.—Then it appears that you are not going to give us that assistance you formerly did; or perhaps you are going to desert the democratic party.

A.—I do not think it is your right to call in question the soundness of my democracy, rocked in the cradle of the Revolution as I was, or standing as I lately stood at Bunker-Hill, upon the very spot where my father breathed the first surge of British power, sent forth to crush our feeble Colonies, where he fell, and where his last aspiration was for the perpetuation of American freedom, and for me, then an infant, that I might be protected, and that I might be worthy of my country, and worthy of the sire who has bequeathed to me such a birth-right at such an expense: or travelling as I have lately done over some of the Northern battle-fields of the late war, where all my own mental and physical powers were employed in defence of the honor of my country; and now that I am about to settle up my professional business and set my house in order for the last solemn exit, and when my strongest desires are, that the privileges which I have so long enjoyed shall pass pure and uncorrupted down to the latest generations, it is vain to expect me to do anything for party, or friend, which is calculated to sap the foundation of American liberty, the last hope of the world.

D.—I did not intend to impugn your motives or question the soundness of your democracy, but as you have at all times sustained the democracy, I expected you would feel quite dissatisfied that our general and state administrations are becoming so unpopular, and that you would again put forth your gigantic powers to sustain democracy against the federal party.

A.—Words are the signs of ideas, and can only be used honestly when intended to communicate the corresponding notion of things; and it appears to me that the friends of the present administrations have no right to appropriate to their exclusive use the term democrat in the same sense in which our fathers used it to distinguish themselves from the Tories of those times; nor do I believe that we have a right to call the Whigs federalists as an apt epithet of reproach, or for the purpose of identifying them with the Tories of the Revolution.

D.—Well, but you know that we have profited much by the use of those terms, and it is matter of indifference by what

means we accomplish a good end. Did you return home through Philadelphia?

A.—Yes; and Harrisburg too; I was at the democratic convention which met there for the purpose of nominating Gen. Taylor for the next Presidency.

D.—What! It is not possible you approve of the proceedings of that meeting; that old cub is not fit for President; and I do not know how you could set still in a convention where Governor Shunk could not be admitted even when reduced to the form of a simple resolution, and when Ovid F. Johnston's letter containing such a severe attack upon Polk's administration was read with so much approbation.

A.—I do not intend to be very precipitate in my decisions, but I am pretty well satisfied that Polk and Shunk will both be permitted to retire to private life at the expiration of one term, and it is quite plain from the manner in which they are identified, that they must stand or fall together.

D.—What do you mean by their identification?

A.—I mean that Shunk has become party to Polk's Tariff of 1846, and to the Mexican war; and these questions constitute the true lever of distinction between the two great parties in our country at present.

D.—But do you not see the enthusiasm which this war creates? If any may say anything against it either in its inception or in the mode in which it is conducted we denounce him as a Tory, and this has kept them quiet.

A.—It may for a short time keep the people quiet, but if I am not greatly mistaken the most sober and valuable part of the community are beginning to examine the question more narrowly, and the result must be unfavorable to the present war. Men who opposed the Revolutionary war were called Tories; because that was a struggle for the birth-right of unborn millions, a contest for those principles which are dear to every human being; those principles set forth in the memorable declaration of our patriotic fathers, "that all men are created equal," and that "they have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." They pledged themselves against the most powerful empire upon earth, and their country as the "theatre upon which the grand drama was to be acted, and the fate of the world decided. It was the most thrilling event in the history of nations, and calculated to call forth all the enthusiasm, ardor, and energy of the heroes of that day. But for what purpose did James K. Polk declare war against Mexico? was it for the promotion of liberty? did we need an increase of territory, whilst we have millions of acres for which we have no adequate population? Alas! we cannot answer these questions in the affirmative; but on the contrary, Texas was annexed for the express purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery, and that too at a time when the civilized world was striking at the root of that deep, dark, and damning evil, what principle of patriotism does such a war reach in the human soul? can any thing, save obedience to the laws that be, induce men to fight in such a cause?

D.—Really, A., you give me but little comfort: I do hope you will not desert your party; come, if you do think with the federal party I hope you will keep it quiet, we will give your sons some good offices; old Frank knows he is much indebted to me, and if we can elect him he shall provide for them.

A.—Indeed I am not anxious that any of my sons shall become politicians; nor have I any fear that Shunk shall injure any of them by the bestowment of office; nor do I think with the moderate talent of which he is possessed, he should ask any more offices for himself. He has been long employed, has held many honorable and profitable offices calculated to develop all the powers of his mind, and if he had intellect it would now appear if ever; but what has he ever done that our party should strain every nerve and sacrifice every principle to nominate and elect him to the best offices in the gift of the people? What ideas or suggestions does his messages contain? You must know that, when David R. Porter was Governor he could in a single column of a single message present more ideas regarding the resources of the State & suggestions regarding their developments, than are contained in all the messages which have ever been written by Governor Shunk.

D.—Very well, I know that is all true, but we nominated in order that we might secure his patronage; you know how much he has promised to do for us, if we would nominate and elect him; and as the strongest party has a right to the spoils, it is right for us to take care of ourselves, and our friends, at any expense. And you know Gen. Irvin has no greatness of mind to boast of, besides

he is an iron-master, and has all his life been living at the expense of the poor; and we can make capital out of it.

A.—I am heartily wearied with hearing of our country being governed by such low, sordid and selfish principles. Besides the whigs have at this time acted more wisely than us; they have nominated the strongest man in the State: a man whose character the breath of calumny can not taint, at whose feet the missiles of detraction and malice shall fall perfectly harmless; and in my opinion Gen. Irvin will be elected. But I have staid rather late and must leave for the present.

D.—When will you be in town again? I wish to see you soon. I hope you will think better.

A.—I will call with you next week. Good night. H. C. B.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]

### THE STAR OF THE HARAM.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

CONSTANTINOPLE! what a crowd of oriental images throng before the mind's eye at the bare mention of this beautiful city of the indolent East, with its curiously mingled population; the crafty Jew, the quiet Armenian and the haughty Mussulman, each with his varied and peculiar costume; with its hundreds of Mosques all clapped with golden minarets, its seraglio gardens, its closely guarded harems, and above all its matchless Bosphorus, its bosom covered by the curiously rigged crafts of this section of the globe, bearing the flags of Palestine and the far East.

There is a beauty connected with this gem of the orient that does not inspire the traveller on entering the older cities of Europe; in them he is interested from the historical lore that he has stored in his memory while yet a child, but this fairest metropolis of the Mahomets, is still a living picture of all that fires the imagination of the curious traveller.—It is not a pile of ancient classic ruins that attracts him, but the present belongings of a strange and peculiar city with realities of beauty and wealth that rival fairy tales.

It was twilight in the East, and its golden hues glanced athwart the sky that arched above the glassy sea of Marmora, while the rising moon just tipping the gilded crescents of the Mosques—silvered the light waves of the Bosphorus. Near its banks at this hour sat a couple of turbaned youths dressed in the loose made attire of the Armenian people. On a near approach it was easy to discover that one was a female evidently seeking to disguise her sex, the youth by her side being her lover to meet whom alone she had hazarded this exposure by the water's side.

"Ah, dearest Zillah, would that we had been born far beyond the sea from whence comes your noble ship with those stars dotting her azure flag, for in America, I am told, that religious belief is no bar to the union of hearts."

"Nor should it be here, Al Hassan," replied the gentle girl by his side, "did our noble Sultan understand the best good of his people; may the prophet open his eyes!"

"Though I love thee, Zillah, far beyond all else on earth, yet can I not abjure my religion for thy sake, for at best we can be here but a short time only, and if I was unfaithful in my holy creed, then I could no longer hope as I do now to meet thee, let what may betide us, in Paradise."

"And thus, Al Hassan, are you doubly true to me, for though my father has educated me in the studied rules of Mussulman faith, yet I am far from heeding such minutia as would entitle me to bear the name of a bigot; no, no; I love you more than you are true to your religion."

Zillah was a child in years; sixteen summers had not yet developed their power in her slight but beautiful form, and yet it was rounded so neatly to perfection, so slightly and gracefully full as to captivate the most fastidious eye.—Her face was classically beautiful, with a Grecian cast of features, and eyes that were almost too large and brilliant. The acknowledged children of the Turks can hardly escape being lovely in personal attractions, for their parent who becomes the favorite, is the chosen beauty of the Haram, selected from out a host of Georgian or Circassian slaves, any one of whom would form a worthy subject for the artist's model. And such was Zillah's mother—a Circassian by birth; she had been brought by a Trebizond slave ship to Constantinople, and purchased by her father, the richest Bey in the Turkish Metropolis.

Al Hassan was a young Armenian merchant of rich parents, and good fam-

ily. By some chance he had met Zillah, and done her an important service at imminent risk to himself, by saving her from the deep river that encircles the city. A caique in which she was crossing, having by some mischance overturned while he was near the spot, he sprang into the water and swam with her to the shore. With the suddenness of oriental passion, they loved at once, but their after-intercourse was necessarily in secret, since they knew full well that the Bey would at once punish them both if he discovered them, for how could a Mussulman tolerate an Armenian?

Al Hassan was well calculated to captivate the fancy of Zillah. He was four years her senior, well-formed and bearing a countenance, which, besides being remarkably handsome, was truly intellectual in its expression. Though young, he seemed to possess many years of experience and an unflinching steadiness of purpose, which together formed a character that Zillah loved most dearly, but deeply respected. Al Hassan had travelled much already in his business, and had improved opportunities for acquiring knowledge, which rendered him in advance of many of those who were about him; besides which he seemed to avoid by instinct the growing vices of his people and the Mussulman.

Zillah and Al Hassan had often met as we have described, but always with the utmost caution; for the close watch and restraint enforced upon the women of Constantinople is proverbial even with us in America, and indeed, the females themselves seem fully to approve of their veiled customs, inasmuch as it is rarely the case that they voluntarily depart from them. But this was an instance when the heart claimed sway, and breaking through all the restraint of forms, sought the object of its devotion, nearly heedless of the risk, or the cost of detection. But at last Zillah was discovered, by her father, the Bey, to be absent from the Haram. None knew whither she had gone, nor how she had escaped; but the father's suspicions were aroused, and ever after, so strict was the watch that was kept over her, she found it impossible to be absent for a moment, and of course to communicate with the young Armenian in any other way was out of the question.—Thus rendered miserable, "The Star of the Haram," as Zillah was called, grew sick, and paler and paler each day, until the old Bey, now thoroughly aroused, was extremely anxious lest she should be taken to the Prophet's bosom. The best sages and doctors to be found, were summoned, and constantly attended the drooping flower, but alas! to no avail; their art was not cunning enough to discover the true cause, nor would she tell it; but knowing the hopeless character of her love, she nursed it in secret, and kept, ah! sadly kept, the secret locked fast within her young breast.

The cold-hearted old Bey never even dreamed of the true cause of her illness. True, he had suspected her of being too unguarded in her habits, and had laid restrictions upon her as to the liberty that should be permitted for her enjoyment; but as for disappointment in love being a cause sufficient to wither the beauty and health of his child, the cool, calculating old Turk could realize no such thing. In vain were all the remedies prescribed by the physicians that attended her, and at last the father, who really loved his child, perhaps the only being on earth that had ever engendered an honest affection in his heart, determined to seek the confidence of Zillah. He entered the gorgeous furnished apartments of the Haram, and seating himself on a rich divan of satin, he tenderly drew his child towards him.

Zillah loved her father, and at this unusual token of kindness from him, tears flooded her eyes and cheeks, and she buried her face in his broad mantle, and sobbed aloud.

"My child," said the old Bey, encircling her slender waist with his arm—"tell me the true cause of thy sickness. Surely thou knowest what robs thy cheek of its color, thine eye of its brilliancy, and thy form of its strength. Speak Zillah, as you would open your heart to the Prophet."

"Ah father, let me die in peace, since I know full well how hopeless is my malady; I love thee and do not complain."

"Nay, Zillah, my child," said the Bey earnestly, "tell me what this secret is—I charge you in the name of the Prophet."

The eyes of the beautiful girl sought the rich carpet and a gentle blush stole across her pale face beneath her now almost transparent skin, as thus she mused for a single moment.

"Speak, my child, speak!" said the Bey, reading the half formed resolution in her expressive face.

"Yes, I will reveal to you the truth,

my father. You remember the youth who saved me from a watery grave?"

"That youth; what of him, Zillah?"

"Father," she whispered, "I love him."

"What, Zillah, thou lovest a dog of a Christian, a vile Armenian?"

"I have spoken," said Zillah, modestly.

The Bey knew his daughter to be fixed in her feelings, and that all his rage was only thrown away. She frankly told him that she never could be happy unless the young Armenian, Al Hassan, was her husband. The embarrassment of the Mussulman was great in this dilemma. He had recourse to the most eminent physicians to know if a malady caused by love could ever prove fatal.—They assured him that this had frequently been the case, and that his daughter was in a most critical situation. All this rendered him quite miserable, for he could not for a moment entertain the idea of his child's becoming the wife of one of that most hated Christian race. Besides, the laws prohibited such inter-marriages in the most positive and decided manner, affixing the most fearful penalties to a digression from the rule established. He thought long and smoked many pipes over the matter, coming to the conclusion that there was but one way both to save his child and to respect the laws, and his plan of action was accordingly formed in his own mind.

He repaired to the young Armenian's shop and purchased some rich goods, directing that the proprietor, Al Hassan, should see them delivered at his palace, and be there in person to receive his pay.

The terms of the bargain were strictly adhered to, and the young merchant attended upon the delivery of the purchase in person. He received full pay for his goods and a rich present besides, with a message that if he would follow the slave who gave them to him, he should be conducted into the presence of the Bey, who would be happy to receive so reputable a merchant. Al Hassan followed the messenger through several winding passages, until at last they stopped short and suddenly, when the slave opened a secret door, and the astonished Armenian found himself within the sacred precincts of the Bey's Haram, and within a few steps of Zillah herself. His wonder soon gave way to the joy of meeting her whom he loved so dearly, and in spite of all penalty, the two were the next moment in each other's arms! The emotion of the gentle Zillah was too much for her debilitated strength, and she fainted. Al Hassan laid her upon the rich divans, yielding her to the host of attendants that thronged to her side.

At this moment the wily Turk entered, and with well feigned surprise declared that the Armenian had profaned his Haram, at the same time sternly ordering his slaves to seize and confine him, in the keep of the palace. But his stratagem was too shallow to deceive.—Al Hassan, who as he was being conducted away, turned and said:—

"Think not that I am deceived by this hollow pretence; for I know full well your object in thus betraying me."

"Be this as it may, young man," replied the Turk, "there remains but one mode for you to escape from death. By virtue of the laws, you must now embrace the Mahomedan faith and marry my child, or your life is forfeit."

"There is a God in Heaven!" replied Al Hassan, as they hurried away to the gloomy keep.

A week passed by and still was the young merchant confined in the keep.—Each morning a slave appeared before him, stating that if he were prepared to comply with the laws he should be released; if not, a few more days would seal his fate. The old Turk thought that Al Hassan thus pressed would finally yield and chose to renounce his faith rather than to die; but he knew not the sustaining and actuating motive of this Christian captive, whose answer was still unchanged. At last the Bey sent for him to appear before him.

"Do you still adhere to your dogged purpose?" he asked.

"I have spoken," replied the Armenian.

"And dost prefer death to a life of peace with Zillah?"

"Ah! deeply, severely, am I tried," said Al Hassan; "no torture could make me acknowledge so much, for as the apple of mine eye, do I love thy daughter, cruel Bey."

"The choice is with yourself; life with her, or a fearful death." There was a momentary struggle in the Armenian's mind—for but a moment did he hesitate and pause to consider.

"Speak for the last time," said the Bey, "ere I hand thee over to the mercies of the criminal tribunal."

"My trust is in Heaven," said the Armenian calmly.

"Enough," said the Turk, "bear him away to the Court."

And Al Hassan was led like a traitor or a felon before the cruel judges whose words were fate, and who were actuated by all the prejudices of their countrymen against the hated sect to which he belonged, but he was innocent and knew no fear.

Boldly and without hesitation did the Bey charge him before the tribunal, of profaning his Haram—a crime whose penalty as all Constantinople knew, was death, unless the culprit became at once a follower of the prophet, and in an instance like the present married the female.

The Armenian commenced his defence in a bold and manly strain. He confessed at once his deep unchanging love for the beautiful Zillah, and acknowledged the charge preferred against him of being found in the Haram. But he showed also how he came there; that it was by treachery and design on the part of the Bey himself, which could easily be proved by his own child and by the slaves that conducted him thither.

These were sent for and examined, and the Turkish tribunal were forced to acknowledge in their own hearts that Al Hassan was innocent. But he was found in the Haram; no matter how he came there; he was a Christian, and the law provided for such cases was imperative. The Judges all joined in advising Al Hassan to embrace the true faith as they termed the Mahomedan creed, but he steadily rejected all persuasion, and the judges were forced to pronounce his sentence. He was condemned to be beheaded.

"Is there no hope cried the half-distracted Zillah to the Judges—must he die because he is a Christian?"

"There is no alternative for us, my child, said the chief judge: we are but the agents of the law—its humble servants."

"The Sultan! the Sultan!" cried Zillah, as if a new thought had possessed her, at the same time leaving the Hall of Justice.

She sought the palace of the "brother of the Sun," and regardless of all ceremony, threw herself at his feet. She related in most intimate terms the true state of the affair that so nearly affected her. She told the Sultan too, of the part her father had acted, but with all delicacy and consideration, and with her earnest but simple and true tale, engaged and interested the monarch. He sent at once for the judges, and listened attentively to their version of the affair, and also receiving from them a recommendation of mercy. The Sultan turned his face towards the East, and for a moment seemed lost in prayer. Then Al Hassan was ordered before him.

"Thou lovest the Bey's daughter as truly as she doth thee?" demanded the Sultan when both were before him.

"I have long loved her thus truly, noble Sultan," replied Al Hassan.

"And thou, Zillah, dost love the Armenian, and would'st thou become his wife?"

"Oh! noble Sultan; it is the only wish of my heart ungratified."

"If I err, the Prophet forgive me," said the Monarch, again bowing his head towards the East, "rise and go hence; you are from this hour married to each other, and may the Prophet open the eyes of all unbelievers!"

Under such countenance as this, none dared to complain, and the happy Zillah and Al Hassan, would not have changed their lot for an accepted Peri's place in Mahomet's Paradise.

NOTE.—The reader has doubtless seen in the last foreign journals that the Sultan of Turkey has for the first time sanctioned a mixed marriage—and also the political bearing of the movement. The marriage referred to, is that between Zillah, the rich Bey's daughter, and Al Hassan the Armenian merchant; and this, gentle reader, is a true story.

A GOOD TOAST.—Gen. Erastus Root, of N. Y., who was distinguished, among other things, for his wit, was at dinner the side companion of a militia captain. In the course which followed the removal of the cloth, the captain was toasted. He was surprised, but not confounded, so he arose, and bowing his acknowledgments, went at his sentiment at once. He commented: "The Militia of the United States—May they never want—and—and—and"—but he stuck and could get no further. The thing was likely to fail, and the "glorious expectancy" of the company was on the point of being disappointed, when Gen. Root whispered in his ear, "and may they never be wanted." The captain took the words up, and with an air of conscious triumph, he repeated the sentiment:

"The Militia of the United States—May they never want and never be wanted."

The applause which immediately followed, proved that the captain had achieved an immortality.