

# The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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## Select Poetry.

### "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

I remember how I loved her, when a little guileless child,  
I saw her in the cradle, as she looked on me  
and smiled;  
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words  
cannot tell;  
And I blessed the glorious Giver, "who doeth  
all things well."  
Months passed, that bud of promise was unfolding  
every hour,  
I thought that earth had never smiled upon a  
fairer flower:  
So beautiful, it well might grace the bowers  
where angels dwell,  
And wait its fragrance to His throne "who doeth  
all things well."  
Years fled— that little sister then was dear as  
life to me,  
And woke in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry;  
I worshipped at an earthly shrine, lured by  
some magic spell,  
Forgetful of the praise of Him "who doeth all  
things well."  
She was the lovely star whose light around my  
pathway shone,  
Amid this darksome vale of tears thro' which  
I journey on;  
Its radiance had obscured the light which round  
His throne doth dwell,  
And I wandered far away from Him "who doeth  
all things well."  
That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth  
sweetly now,  
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks  
the Saviour's brow;  
She bowed to the Destroyer, whose shafts none  
may repel,  
But we know, for God hath told us, "He doeth  
all things well."  
I remember well my sorrow as I stood beside  
her bed,  
And my deep and heartfelt anguish when they  
told me she was dead,  
And oh that cup of bitterness—let not my heart  
rebel:  
God gave—he took—he will restore—"He doeth  
all things well."

## A Plain Discourse.

### The Prophet Jeremiah Upholding the Higher Law.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, who is one of the few city clergymen who believe in and practice the faithful and searching application of Divine injunctions and eternal principles of Right to existing wrongs and evils, no matter how respectable supported, lately preached a sermon based on the prophet Jeremiah's denunciation of lawless statutes which has been repeated to a crowded and deeply interested auditory. We print below the substance of this sermon and commend it to the attention of those who hold the Christian religion to be the natural and implacable avenger of every firm and shade of injustice and evil. We rejoice that men of such unquestioned and trenchant orthodoxy as Dr. Cheever, are thus instant in the application of Divine truth, since thereby is hastened "the good time coming" wherein a man may be inflexibly faithful to Humanity without being therefore accused of infidelity to God. If the truths set forth in this sermon should be found applicable to current institutions, that only invests them with additional importance and value. Dr. C says:

"The indictment of God against the Jewish government was for the inquiry of unrighteous statutes compelling the people into sin. The indictment against the people was for obeying such statutes instead of obeying God. The voice of every peal of accusing thunder, and the sentence taught by every flash of lightning, is the same dreadful accusation, *Thou hast made my people Israel to sin!* But how could any wicked monarch or government thus carry all Israel with them in their wickedness? Their example could not have done it, bribes could not have done it, nor persuasion nor the inherent tendencies of Devil worship. No! But in league with all these influences *unrighteous laws* could do it; the State power could forcibly persuade, and if the people would yield up their conscience, then the government would find no opposition to its most impious enactments. "The statutes of Ours are kept and we walk in their counsel." Ephraim is broken in judgment, because he willingly walked after the commandment."

"It was thus that the king, the princes, the government, by their unconstitutional and infamous legislation, by new enactments, framed on purpose, made Israel to sin. It was a usurpation, under color of law, forced upon the people; and because they willingly walked after the commandment, renouncing their allegiance to God, they must ascribe all their liberties. They

should have resisted at the outset; but there are never wanting those who affirm, that law is to be obeyed at all hazards, the moment it is law, no matter how unconstitutional or wicked in its character. So, by the power and majesty of *unrighteous laws*, which is as when starry angels, first in heaven's ranks, brightest of the sons of the morning, drew after him the third part of heaven in his rebellion, the king and the government compelled the people—First because of the original majesty the awfulness, the reverential glory, the transcendent importance of law as God has established it, *even its errors on bears the semblance of its authority*, even bad law, wicked law, appears in many minds not less than archangelic, and men bow down to it, and worship it, and range themselves under its banners, especially when popular and profitable sins are protected by it. Sometimes, under its pressure men must have the firmness of Abdiel to stand up against it, and nothing but God's Word, and His righteousness in their hearts, will enable them to do it.

"Now, it is impossible to find anything in all history more terribly instructive than all this. It shows among other things, that wicked laws are no excuse for personal wickedness, nor any apology for disobedience to God. They are not to be obeyed, but, on the contrary, denounced and rejected; and only by being thus faithful to God can a people keep their freedom. And, while it shows that a people are on the high road to ruin who will suffer and obey wicked statutes, it also shows the terrific responsibility and wickedness of those who enact and endeavor to enforce such statutes, and who set the example of such iniquity. If there be a lower deep in hell than any other deep, such men will, beyond all question occupy it, along with those who have put out or concealed the lights of God's Word, and have put up false lights to lure men to perdition. It is such as these, whom God gives judicially over to a reprobate mind, to be filled with all unrighteousness, who, knowing the judgment of God, that they who commit such things are worthy of death not only do the same but have pleasure in them that do them.

"Nothing can go beyond this wickedness. It is a fountain sin, a germinating sin, an accumulating and multiplying sin, a sin that causes and compels others to sin, a sin that enlarges from generation to generation all the way to the eternal world. If it brings a million under its power this year, it may bring two millions next; this generation ten, the next generation twenty. Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way, and all the people shall say amen! But he that strikes out the eye-sight of a whole nation; that obliterates the law of justice and humanity; and sets in its place statutes of injustice and inhumanity, and thus compels a nation so blinded, to wander in iniquity, what shall be said of such a monster? What course is heavy enough for such an incarnation of malice, or what curse can measure in retribution the dreadful consequences of such a crime? Of all evil things, law that embodies in itself the example of wrong; the instruction, the authority, sanction, justification and command of injustice and oppression, in principle and in act, is the highest and the worst. It is worse than arsenic in the fountain; it is poison for the souls of men, poison for the great heart of society—running through all the veins and corrupting the whole system. Well did Edwin Burke say, that of all bad things bad laws are the very worst, and that they derive a particular malignity from the good laws in their company, under which they take shelter.

If a system of wicked laws be deliberately contrived, and fastened on a people for the purpose of consolidating and rendering immovable the governmental despotism, and if, under those laws, a system of immorality and cruelty is inaugurated as the central fountain of the country's policy, to enter into both the domestic and civil life of the people, to regulate all their institutions, to impose conditions on the Gospel itself; to compel men in every sphere of society, every branch of commerce, every agency of active business, to swear faithfulness to that immortal in error; and if the Word of God itself for the sake of shielding all this iniquity is either suppressed or perverted, what really is the attitude of such a people toward God, and what their character in his sight? Can anything cover up this wickedness? Can professions of religion induce him to wink at it, or to connive at the prostitution of religion itself for its support? God's own voice shall answer; you shall have his own judgment from the prophets.

"Wee unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, that write grievousness which they have prescribed, to turn aside

from judgment, and so take away the right from the poor of my people. Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which flourisheth and flourisheth by a law?" If a man could take the ointment of God's thunder in his hand and could flash the lightning right into the face of a tyrannical, usurping legislator, there could not be anything more direct than this. And is not this to be prophesied? And if the government of any nation be guilty of this sin, is it not to be charged upon them? Is not the country where this wickedness is perpetrated, the very place, and the generation in which, and against which it is perpetrated, the very time to rebuke it, and in the name of God to declare his testimony against it! And on whom rests the responsibility of doing this, and who have the right and authority from God to do it, but His own appointed preachers of the word? And will any man dare to call this political preaching? It is indeed the bringing of religion into politics, according to God's command, and the application of the instructions and principles of God's word to the conduct of the nation and the people. And such application the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah were commanded to make, and our Lord Jesus enjoined upon the preachers of the gospel the same faithfulness. Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.

"In the 54th chapter of Jeremiah, the deliberate establishment of Slavery in the nation is shown to have been the one characteristic cause and occasion of the wrath of God coming down upon the whole land and people without remedy. And if God sees a single merchant in this city, with whom the reason, for example, why he is unwilling that any mention of the sin of Slavery should resound from the pulpit, or that any agitation in regard to its wickedness should be kept up, is a regard to his own interests, or a fear of revolution and disturbance distressing to the prosperous course and current of commercial affairs, that concealment and opposition of the light, and the motive for it, are as bad, in his case, with his increased knowledge, in the blaze of the whole Word of God, as the idolatry of the Israelites. It is the golden calves still, and still there is the worship of them, and Dan and Bethel are in this city with their Dags and their altars and their priests, not among the lowest merely, but the highest of the people.

"And the forced concealment of truth on this subject; the voice to the seers, See not, and to the prophets, Prophecy not; the ban upon the light, the ostracism of opinion, the repression of freedom in the pulpit, the accusation and the out cry of political preaching if the light of God be turned upon it, extreme fastidiousness and fear in our fashionable congregations, six like a nightmare on the genius of the Gospel, it is a mountain of despotism, and of the fear of man thrown upon the truth.

The peacock is like the fabled giant under his volcano. If the giant will be quiet, the mountain will be quiet, and some green things may grow upon it in peace and freshness. But the moment he turns in his anguish or strives to free himself of his load, the mountain heaves forth its fire and fury, and rolls down streams of lava, and the poor be-mountained giant is the cause of it. The giant cannot stir neither hand or foot with the least suspicion of regaining his freedom but Etna rages. Again and again faithful and beloved pastors have been driven from their pulpits, just barely for giving a single utterance of God's word against the sin of Slavery. At the South a man has been driven from his church simply for refusing to add his name to a commendation of the desecrated and murderous outrage in the Senate of the United States. In Washington, a pastor has been recently dismissed for one single sermon against Slavery; in Philadelphia, so, he has demanded the resignation of a pastor for the same offence. Everywhere, almost, there is this attempt to muzzle the pulpit, this injurious refusal to listen to God's word on this sin. Now this cannot be right in the sight of God; and God, perhaps, has suffered us to come to our present crisis in the affairs of this nation, on purpose, in part, to deliver the pulpit from such bondage. There is a point where the life is reached, and men feel it, and now they begin to speak out, whether men will hear or forbear. And if we would be faithful we must speak out; for we know that this God's truth, and that whatever plausible motives of expediency may induce either us to refrain from uttering it, or you to shrink from hearing it, it can not be right in God's sight to hearken unto men more than unto God.

"The conservatism that would prevent the utterance of God on this subject is a conservatism that stands in the way of righteousness, and yet makes great pretensions to sobriety and uprightness. It reminds one of Jeremiah's satirical description. They are a right as the palm tree, but speak not. It preserves a sober and dignified silence, when God commands a fearless, outspoken rebuke of cherubim sins. It imputes the violence of men's passions in defence of such sins to the rashness and impetuosity of those who have dared to rebuke them. It is always saying to those who open the batteries of truth, when noise and fury follow the cannonading, Had you kept silence there would have been nothing of all this agitation; you are stirring up nothing but contention and wrath. This was the very accusation brought against Jeremiah himself when he proclaimed the Word of God in Jerusalem and Judea against sins which the Government commanded and which the people declared they would defend and practice, and which not a few among prophets and priests themselves affirmed were no sins at all, but a justifying policy. 'Who is me, for I am become a man of contention and strife. I love peace, and I love my people, and I love my country, and out of love I speak to them this Word of the Lord! I have neither lent on usury, nor have I lent to me on usury, yet every one of them doth curse me. Ah, Jeremiah, there are other ways to touch men's pockets, and invite their avarice, beside charging twenty per cent. for your money. Lay the tax of the Word of God upon their profitable, legalized and cherished sins, and instantly they cry out violence and spoil, and the Word of God itself will be made a reproach unto you, and a derision, daily. Then said they, Come and let us devise devices against Jeremiah; for the law shall not perish from the priest, nor counsel from the wise, nor the word from the prophet—Come and let us smite him with the tongue and let us not give heed to any of his words. So I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my saying, saying, peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge against him, and all for what? Had he injured them, betrayed them, slandered them, or defrauded them?"

Simply and solely because he had delivered unto them the words of the Lord against their sins of oppression and idolatry. Well, fall the Lord's prophet's had been faithful and true, like Jeremiah, they would have conquered and God's Word in them.

and when the pecuniary interest of any wicked system becomes vast, there are prophets enough to justify Ephraim in its preservation. Now, then, let such deal as these bury their dead, but the Gospel is not to walk as a mourner, at the grave digger's bidding. Preach then the kingdom of God. Undertakers for the dead; preachers for the living. Let not the first presume to give instructions to the last. It is a different process, that of nailing up truth in coffins, and putting it five feet underground, lest it be a stench in the nostrils of great merchants, and that of revealing its grand and noble forms, as glorious living messengers from the Lord Almighty. We walk with angels not with dead men; we take counsel of living beating hearts, not dead bones and pulses. To those who counsel or sell the truth for a present expediency, and handle God's Word by profit and loss God gives in receipt, a whirlwind. Ye shall be ashamed of your revenues, says he, because of the fierce anger of the Lord. And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter, should not a people seek unto their God? Will they dare to seek for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony! If your readers speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

## Miscellany.

Variety's the very spice of Life.

### REMARKABLE CASES.

#### Criminals who have Returned to Life after Execution.

The following singular circumstance is recorded by Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire:— In the year 1650, Anne Green, a servant of Sir Thomas Row, was tied for murder of her new born child, and found guilty. She was executed in the Court yard at Oxford, where she hung about half an hour. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin, and brought away to a house to be dissected, where when they opened the coffin, notwithstanding the rope remained in, and straightway her neck, they perceived her breast to rise, whereupon one Mason, a tailor, in taking only an act of charity, set his foot upon her, and, as some say, one Orum a soldier, struck her again with the butt of his musket. Notwithstanding all which when the learned and eminent Sir William Perry, ancestor of the present Viceroy of Lancaire, then Antony Prætor of the University, Dr. Willis and Dr. Clark, then President of Magdalen College, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived some small rattling in her throat; hereupon desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery by opening a vein, giving her a warm bed, and also using divers remedies respecting her senseless, in so much, that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and the next day talked and prayed very heartily. During the time of this her recovering, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have completed it by the mediation of the worthy doctors, and some other friends with the then governor of the city, Col. Kelsey, there was a great deal put upon her from all further disturbance until they had sued out her pardon from the government. Much doubt indeed arose as to her actual guilt. Crods of people in the meantime came to see her and many asserted that it must be the providence of God, who would thus assert her innocence.

After some time, Dr. Perry hearing she discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the woman might suggest unto her to relate something of strange visions and apparitions he had seen during the time she seemed to be dead, (which they already had begun to do, telling that she said she had been in a fine green meadow, having a river running round it, and all things there glittered like silver and gold;) he caused all to depart from the room but the gentlemen of the faculty who were to have been at the dissection and asked her concerning her sense and apprehensions during the time that she was hanged. To which she answered, that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off; how she went out of prison when she was turned off the ladder; whether any palm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of any pains that she could remember. She came to herself as if she had awakened out of a sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left on the gallows.

### THE SCENE WITWIFE.—A Song for the Guitars.

Die poety little widdler, vat ve doest n' wish to name, is sticht leben on zat little street, doin' alwes tshust to zame. Die glerks apoud' der korners, sometimes goes down to see how die tarlin little vitchy is, and ax her how she pe. Dey loves her very good looks, dey loves ter leetle paby, but dey loves die viddler more. To dalk mit dat sweet viddler, when she hands der lager round, vill make dat schap dat does it, pe happy, I'll pe pound—dat ish, iv ve can vell believe, de glerks vat drinks das peer, who goes in dare for nuthin' elsh, but zimply for to see her.

Oh, die wunderschone Wittwe, mit eyes so pright and prawn, she is die aller-schone Wittwe, vot leaves in dis here town. In her plack silk gown—mine kracious!—all puttouned to de neck, and a poety leetle collar mitout a shpot or sheep. Ho, clear der track, you ouder fraus, you can't peg in to shine, ven te lofely viddler comes along. I vish dat she was mine!

Ho, clear de trak, you Yankee tshaps, you Englishers and such; you can't peg in to cut me out, mitout you dalks in Dutch.—Ich hab' die schone Wittwe schon lange nicht gesehn; Ich sah si' gestern Abend wohl bei dem Caunter stehn; die Wangen rein wie Milch und Blut, die Augen hell und klar. Ioh hab' sie sechmal auch gekneest, postausend daz ist wahr!

I came thus at length perfectly recovered, if thanks given to God, and the persons instrumental in bringing her to life, and procuring her an immunity from further punishment, she returned into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton where she was afterwards married, lived in good repute amongst her neighbors, having three children, and not dying till 1659.

The following account of the case of a girl who was wrongly executed in 1766, is given by a celebrated French author, as an instance of the injustice which was often committed by the equivocal mode of trial then used in France.

About seventeen years since, a young peasant girl was placed at Paris in the service of a man, who, smitten with her beauty, tried to entice her; but she was virtuous, and resisted. The prudence of this girl irritated the master, and he determined on revenge. He secretly conveyed into her box many things belonging to him, marked with his name. He then exclaimed that he was robbed, called in a commissaire, (a ministerial officer of justice,) and made his deposition. The girl's box was searched and the things were discovered. The unhappy servant was imprisoned.

She defended herself only by her tears; she had no evidence to prove that she did not put the property in her box; and her only answer to the interrogatories was, that she was innocent. The judges had no suspicion of the depravity of the accuser, whose station was respectable, and they administered the law in all its rigor. The innocent girl was condemned to be hanged. The dreadful office was ineffectually performed, as it was the first attempt of the son of the chief executioner. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was conveyed to his house.

On the evening being about to open the head, he perceived a gentle warmth about the body. The dissecting knife fell from his hand and placed in a bed her whom he was about to dissect.

His efforts to restore her to life were effectual, and at the same time he sent for a clergyman on whose discretion and experience he could depend, in order to consult with him on this strange event as well as to have him for a witness to his conduct. The moment the unfortunate girl opened her eyes she believed herself in the other world, and perceiving the figure of a priest, who had a marked and majestic countenance, she joined her hands tremblingly exclaimed "Eternal Father, you know my innocence, have pity on me!" In this manner she continued to invoke the mercies of heaven in her simplicity that she beheld her God. They were long in persuading her that she was not dead—so much had the idea of the punishment and of death possessed her imagination.

The girl having returned to life and health, she retired to hide herself in a distant village, fearing to meet the judges or officers, who with the dreadful tree continually haunted her imagination. The accuser remained unpunished, because his crime, although manifested by two individual witnesses was not clear to the eye of the law. The people subsequently became acquainted with the resurrection of the girl, and loaded with reproaches the author of her misery.

From a Cope of Good Hope paper. FRIGHTFUL DEATH BY A LION. On Friday morning several wagons for mining a part of the second division of the command, left Mooi River Durp for the lager at Mariko. They rode the first evening as far as Riet Spruit, a noted place for lions. Mr. Philip Van Coler and his brother wishing to proceed, inspected their wagons about midnight, although they were strongly advised by their companions not to ride before morning. They had scarcely ridden an hour, when the oxen were suddenly frightened. Philip Van Coler jumped off his wagon and endeavored to turn them, but not succeeding in doing so, sprang upon the wagon trap, from which he must have been immediately dragged by a large lion with such force as to break one of the traprails. He was heard to cry out twice for help, but in the confusion of the moment was not missed, his brother Adolphe being busy at the time on horseback endeavoring to stop the oxen, which were going at a fearful rate through the veld. With much difficulty he succeeded in doing so, and then returned to look for his missing brother, whose body he found about daylight, and the lion crouching about twelve yards from it. With a feeling of desperation, he fired at his gun and fired at the animal.

The aim was good, and, as the ball passed through its head, it fell down on the spot. The poor man to his brother's body the coming man was sadly shocked at its mutilated condition, the lion having carried it a long distance, and then devouring the greater portion. The remains were hastily conveyed to town, and upwards of eighty persons attended the funeral. Poor Philip Van Coler leaves a widow and several children to deplore their loss, and his melancholy end.

P. S.—We have since learned that previous to the oxen becoming frightened, the lion first attacked, without provocation, Adolphe Van Coler and three other men who were riding on horseback some distance in front of the wagon. Having unfortunately no guns with them, they jumped off their horses and stood between them and the lion. The lion, however, appeared more anxious to attack them than their horses, on which they shouted and threw their hats at him, and afterwards fired the grass, when he left them and went to the wagon. The surrounding country being all occupied, the lions appear to have concentrated themselves at this spot, where they are extremely bold.

They tell us that we are fanatical! A kind of drone that seeks an occupation in which to live from others' hard exertion; That all our solemn protestations are To flood the eye of foolish sympathy. But let me tell you, friends, if I have any Here in this audience,—I have pure motives. To here appear in this misruled station;— For such have been my wretched scenes of life, My constant prayer, no others may excuse these I do not come with staid tables of table, Reality my own, my sole example, Which truly shows why I'm fanatical.

## Temperance.

### SPEECH OF THE TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

A parent branded as a "bankrupt sot," And in his wild delirium cruelty, Abuse and curse a fond and doating mother, Her fond affection changed to constant sorrow, Heart-broke she left for that eternal world,— A little cause to be fanatical. My father died the drunkard's death—alone, Without a friend to soften death's cold pillow. The devilish visions of delirium Howling his spirit to another world. That morning's dawn, told such a woful tale, You well may say,—I am fanatical!

Should I relate the record of a brother— The blasted energy of early youth, The purple tints of midnight dissipation, The sickly, rayless eye, the swollen brow, The bloated form, the drowsy intellect, Degeneration of the gifts of God;—(I fear!) And when the quick disease spread through, How soon it drank his scanty span of life! You'd still proclaim, I am fanatical!

That christened brother of our family, The sacred purchase of a sister's hand, Intemperate; destroyed a princely fortune. Necessity with socket-sunken eye, And With ghastly brow, and hollow cheek, soon straddled Him in the face; a growing family. In want, what keener curse can pierce the heart, And he befriended it with a fatal dagger, And fell a victim, branded suicide.

And yet 'tis strange I am fanatical! A sister, broken hearted, in despair; For her protector, self torn thus away; With frantic violence destroyed her child, The only remnant of maternal joy; And then, alike self victimized, sought her grave, And I am left, to be fanatical! Climb from the ditch, to be fanatical! Have left the bowl, to be fanatical! And have appear to you—fanatical!

And I am left, to be fanatical! Climb from the ditch, to be fanatical! Have left the bowl, to be fanatical! And have appear to you—fanatical!