

THE MINERS' JOURNAL

THE WEATHER.
A LAY OF THE LAST SEASON
Dedicated to the Ladies.
I really w^t—I almost swear!
(But that won't do for ladies.)
But seriously I do declare!

The weather now too bad is.
Now do we think, for two whole weeks;
(My conscience what an age.)
The elements seem conspired to wreak

On us poor girls their rage.

Since Tuesday week, (unlucky day.)

It's nothing done but rain:

"Suppose it has, what then?" you say,

"Why should the girls complain?"

"Because we ladies love to roam—

How well, we've no conception—

And now two weeks I've staid at home,

With but one day's exception.

I started out the other day,

(I hate to think upon it.)

To go a shopping and display

My new and handsome bonnet;

Before I went, I searched the sky

To find a cloud, in vain;

An hour after, coming home,

Was fairly drenched in rain!

And that is the weather goes;

Alternate shine and shower:

And when 'tis clearest, no one knows

But 'twill rain within an hour.

Thus when at morn, you wake, and find

The sky is clear and bright,

You always may be certain

'That 'twill rain before 'tis night!

From the Columbus Journal:

O YES! I TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY GEORGE C. WALLACE.

Oh yes, I take the papers—
Their trifling god is never missed,
Although I've stood for forty years
Upon the printer's list.

Talk not of warrior's—Faint released
Earth from the terrors of her king,—
He twirled his stick and darkness ceased,
And morning streamed along the East,
On Freedom's burned wings.

Oh yes, I take the papers,
And sons and daughters—all tall and small—
For they have been, through thick and thin,
The pastime of us all.

'Twas nobly said that should a star,
Be stricken from the dome of Night,
A printing press—it stationed there—
Would fill the vacuum to a hair,
And shed a broader light.

That man who takes no paper,

Or taking, pays not when they're read,
Would sell his corn to buy a "horn,"
And live on borrowed bread.

The printer opens the wide domains
Of Science—scatters Education
All o'er the land, like April rains:
And yet his labors and his pains
Are half his compensation.
Printing Office, May, 1838.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS.

We forgot in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was at any rate so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasants assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man, (the son of a small land proprietor, who had no pretensions to wealth, though sons to nobility,) stood, respectful-looking but confident, reflecting in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain considering who it was he was to carry. If he tried for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport, as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respecting heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality endears and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her; nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless she saw not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence, the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fear of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, girl put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure

and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other.

The spectators gave a great shout. The baron with an air of indifference bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall.

Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See! he is almost at the top; he stops, he staggers, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot everytime close to the other.

Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level, he staggers, but it is forward!—Yes! every limb in the multitudine makes a movement as if it would assist him! See! at last, he is on the top; and down he falls flat with his burden.

An enormous shout! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way, he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised thisfeat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind; "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look closer; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they can never be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—"Sir, they are dead!"

"How vain is the pride of ancestry!—We are all descended from one parent, and that parent, was a working gardener."

The boast of such an ancestry would have been very tolerable, if it were not susceptible of proof that the working gardener was only a tenant, and neglected his duty so much that a writ of ejectment was served upon him.—U. S. Gaz.

Fatal Bridal Tour.—The Chillicothe Advertiser relates a most heart rending occurrence which happened to a mother and her only daughter, while on a bridal excursion in the country adjacent to the Alleghany mountains. The younger of the two ladies had been married two days previous to the accident, and she with her husband and mother set off in a wagon for a week's jaunt; all the party being very fond of angling, they determined to pass a day or two on the bank of a very romantic stream, fitted for its excellent trout. While the gentleman had gone into an adjoining wood to search for bait, the elder of the two ladies fell into the stream, and in her final anxiety to rescue her mother, the wife of two days, unfortunately got beyond her depth, and both were swept down by the current. The unhappy husband just returned to the water as they both sank for the last time.

Arrestive Astartorans.—Shades of the departed heroes of the drama, could you but speak from your tombs, what would you say?

Answer. Let us out.

A northern paper, discussing the subject of polygamy, says:—"Solomon himself had three hundred wives and six hundred porcupines!"—Boston.

The Picayune says:—"The practice of carrying deadly weapons is continually preceding the most bloody and repulsive scenes." If such be the effect of only carrying the articles, what awful consequences must result from using them?

Rumor.—It is said on good authority, that Louis Wilkes has resigned, or will resign, the command of the Exploring Squadron. Who next?

A Righteous Verdict.—A Mr. Sharkey, a Justice of the peace in Yazoo Circuit, Mississippi, has recovered fifteen thousand dollars against certain individuals who undertook to play the part of Judge Lynch with him a year or two ago

A Genius.—Bulwer, in his play, "The Lady of Lyons," gives the following definition of a genius: "A man who can do every thing in life except any thing that's useful."

There are 12,714,963 acres of Public Lands remaining unclaimed in Illinois, and 12,000 unmarried women wanted for housewives.

The Family Circle.

From the New York Mirror.

BELSHAZZAR.

It is a day of revelry. The king is feasting with his nobles; arrogant and unbound in power, and madly flushed with the swift circling of the wine. A thought of profligation flashes on his brain; and he commands to bring the cups of gold.

To drown the board of revels, they fill high And pledge from them. Courtesies and courtesans

Defile the vessels of the living God.

At that same hour, a hand came forth upon

The wall, and wrote, Belshazzar's countenance

Gleamed with a ghastly paleness, and his eye

Glared like a death-fier; his joints were touched

With dissolving weakness, and his knees

Smet one against the other. Darkly, there

The unknown letters stood; nor could the seer,

Wise in Chaldean lore, nor cunning priest,

With all his sacred learning, nor the sage,

Who knew the many mysteries of the stars,

Divine their hidden meaning. When a man,

In spirit holy, spotless in his life,

A son of the earth, of Israel of Judah,

Stood calmly to interpret them. He spoke

Boldly their awful import, pronouncing,

Doom to the empire.—Mene, Mene, Tekel."

The stars of midnight glimmer fearfully

Over the fated city, chained in sleep;

And buried in excess. The lofty towers

Are left without defence. The two leaved gates

Swing heavily upon their yielding hinges,

And files of warriors, with aullen tramp,

March thro' the empty streets. The solemn hour

Of death and desolation is at hand!

This night, Belshazzar falls! His cold remains

Cumber the earth, denied the holy rite

Of burial with his fathers. Beating winds

Shall bleach his bones, and strew his whitened dust

Over the ocean and the sterile plain.

SENTENCES FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

REPROVATION OR REPROACH.

How much of injury has been done to the cause of true religion, by the austerities and gloomy associations which have been connected with it by bigots and enthusiasts! How often do we see children brought up to discover nothing but what is harsh and repulsive in a faith, which is essentially the source of a divine and constant cheerfulness. Is it not natural that, under such circumstances, they should imbibe a distaste for what, rightly understood, would be their joy and their refuge? Instead of teaching us to regard our Creator as that benignant and gracious being, which natural and revealed religion assures us that he is, how many would set up the phantom of their own disease, or frightened fancy, and have us down to it as to the only true God! Oh, human frailty and human inconsistency! that, professing to hate idolatry, art, subjects unconsciously, to a more degrading idolatry; that which prostrates itself before images of wood and stone!

LIFE TOO SHORT, YET WASTED.

Pliny makes a striking computation in regard to the shortness of life. I never recall it without being powerfully impressed by its truth. "Consider," he says, "the time spent in sleep, and you will find that a man actually lives only half his space. The other half passes in a state resembling death. You do not take into the account the years of infancy, which are destitute of reason, nor the many diseases and the many cares of old age, those penalties of longevity. The sense grows dull, the limbs are racked, the sight, the hearing, the power of walking, the teeth also, die before us; and yet all this time is reckoned in the period of a life." But, short as life is at the best, those who complain of its brevity let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden moments. How much time do we waste in decision, in vain regrets, deliberate hopes and ungrounded fears! What a vast portion of our precious existence is wasted in mere waiting—waiting for something that seems necessary for our happiness, and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour.

EXACTOR, A MORAL DUTY.

The facilities with which our Creator has endowed us, both physical and intellectual, are no dependent upon exercise for their proper development, that action and industry must be regarded as among the primary duties of accountable man. An old dramatist says, that "The chiefest action of a man of great spirit, is never to be out of action. We should think, the soul was never put into the body which has so many rare and curious pieces of mathematical motion, to stand still. Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds—

IN THE TRENCHES FOR THE SOLDIER; IN THE WAKEFUL STUDY.

FOR THE SCHOLAR—OF ALL OF WHICH

ARISE AND SPRING UP HONOUR."

In all our conceptions," says an ingenious writer, "exercise is connected with success and renown." A triumph, without an enemy combated, and a victory won; a prize, where no course is marked out and no competitor starts with us in the race, are notions which do not find a ready admission into our imagination. Such is our constitution, that according to our usual train of thinking, where there is no exertion, there can be neither honour nor reward. Progress in moral and intellectual excellence is made by the exertion of our own efforts. We come into the world, feeble in body and in mind, but with the seeds of improvement in both; and these seeds grow, according to the cultivation they receive from exercise. The body grows in stature and in strength, and the mind gradually expands. But exercise is requisite to the development both of our corporeal and mental capacities. In the course of years, indeed, the body grows; but without exercise, it is languid, feeble and inactive; and the mind, weakly undisciplined remains in a weak and infantile state. That exercise which is requisite in order to bodily health and vigor, and to the evolution of our intellectual and moral powers, is not only the chief means of our improvement, but also the main source of our happiness. Without exercise of body and mind, there can be no happiness.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Barry Cornwall puts into the mouth of Julian the Apostate, the following beautiful argument in favor of the immortality of the soul:—

"I cannot think that the great soul of man,

With its accumulated wisdom, too,

Must perish—why, the words he utters live,