HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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THE GARLAND.

——"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THAT LITTLE SONG.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

SING me again that little song,
Oh! sing it once again!
A thousand buried memories rise,
Before its simple strain.

I heard it when a happy child,
Amid a merry throng,
From gleesome voices long since hush'd:
Oh! sing that little song!

I see again the bright green sward,
Whereon we gladly play'd,
I hear again the echoing sound
Their little footsteps made.

Their voices, like a ringing shell,
Are murmuring in mine ears,
And not a single eye is dim
With sorrow or with tears.

Hither they come, the rose-lip'd ones,
In many a sister pair,
While the rich music of their hearts,
Swell out upon the air.

Oh! thro' the long, long lapse of years,
They greet me once again,
Those young companions of my mirth,
Waked by that simple strain.

Heed not the tears within mine eyes,
While the quick memories throng
Of other days upon my heart,
Oh! sing that little song.

THE BIBLE.

AIR—"*Woodman spare that tree.*"

Sceptic spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eye of unbelief;
'Twas my forefather's stay
In the hour of agony;
Sceptic, go thy way,
And let that old book be.

That good old book of life,
For centuries has stood,
Unharm'd amid the strife.
When earth was drunk with blood;
And would'st thou harm it now,
And have its truth forgot?
Sceptic, forbear thy blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not.

Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When in my grandsire's halls
I heard its tales of truth:
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er that volume as he read;—
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.

My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy,
I've seen her eye of blue
Weep o'er it tears of joy;
Their traces linger still,
And dear they are to me,
Sceptic, forgo thy will,
Go, let that old book be.

SPRING AND POETRY.—The editor of the Cincinnata News has had his imagination exalted by the poetic influence of spring, and thus pours out the tide of song:—

"And now the merry ploughboy
Whistles his morning song
Along the dale, and through the vale
'Tis echoed loud and long.
The farmer's flocks are roving free,
And on the budding shrubbery,
His spouse's
Cowses
Browzes,
And the martins have returned and found
A welcome to our houses:
And the little niggers run around
Divested of their trouses."

Miscellaneous.

[From the Cincinnati News.]

LOVES FANTASIES.

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

I had travelled far, and was now within a few hour's journey of the scenes of my juvenile pleasures and pastimes. As night was fast setting in, and being considerably fatigued with a hard days travel, I determined to remain at the first stopping place, until the following morning, when I should resume my journey, and hurry on the place of destination. I had been absent some years, but had never ceased to remember the joyous hours I had passed there; my early playmates were still retained in lively recollection; and one particularly, a lively, bright eyed lass, of nearly my own age, who had almost invariably been the sharer of my pristine joys and sorrows. I had always entertained an unsophisticated regard for her, and I looked forward with rapture to the period of rejoining her, with a love matured by long absence, and an affection enhanced by seperation.

I soon entered a small town, and immediately drove up to the hotel. Giving my horse into the hands of the hostler, I ordered supper and a bed. Having partaken heartily of a good meal, and being much fatigued; I was shortly after shown to my room, and threw myself down completely "tired out." While courting sleep, all the former scenes of my life passed vividly through my imagination, and I pictured to myself my sweet cousin, just budding into womanhood, with all the rosate freshness of nature blooming on her cheek, and her accustomed vivacity sparkling in her dark, lusterious eye. Then I imagined the tender embrace, the burning kiss, the still, soft voice, breathing into my enraptured ear the words of love and affection. I felt that I could no longer endure a moments seperation. I resolved to set out immediately for the accomplishment of my journey.

It was but a few hours' ride. How my heart fondly palpitated as I passad the portal and entered the garden of her whom I adored above aught else on earth.

The sun was high in the heavens and shed a golden lustre on all around. The little songsters of nature were chirping merily—the atmosphere was perfumed with the various scented flowers that were clustered with profusion on each side of me. I wreathed a beautiful garland from among them, resolved to surprise my dear cousin with an unlooked for act of gallantry. I hastened up the path which led towards the house, and when about half way, was met by a smiling little curley haired cherub, hurrying along with a tiny basket upon her arm. I accosted her—

"Whither go you my pretty one, in such haste?"

She seemed somewhat startled at my sudden appearance, but readily answered, "Oh, sir, to gather some flowers for mama; she is very fond of flowers," and tripped off.

The features of the child made a deep impression upon my mind—they so strongly resembled those of my fair cousin.

Striding on, a flower-encircled bower, situated at the extremity of a cross-path, met my eyes. In it I faintly perceived the outlines of a female figure. Might it not be Mary's? I resolved to obtain a glimpse at her countenance to be certain—and for this purpose changed my course. Stepping lightly through the intervening shrubbery, I was soon in the immediate vicinage of the occupant of the bower. Through the embrasure I beheld her form. She was sitting with her back towards me, and seemed an exquisitely proportioned creature. She was apparently engaged in some absorbing occupation. With a desire to gain a full view of her countenance, I noiselessly changed my position. At the first glance, I recognized the features of my much adored cousin. She was busily occupied with her needle, and heeded not the little noise I made in regaining my former situation. Stealthily walking up, I tenderly placed the boquet I held in my hand upon her beautiful brow. She started—

'What new freak is this, dear William?' (That was not *my* name!)

'Do you forget me, sweet coz?' I said laying my finger on her shoulder.

She turned round—and gazed on me with a livid, unearthly stare—the color forsook her cheeks—her but now gushing lips were changed in a moment to an ashy paleness—her whole system appeared violently agitated. My first impulse was to clasp her to my bosom—but the palid hue of her countenance filled me with the utmost awe.

"She seemed a very statue of surprise—
As if a lightning's blast had dried her up,
And not left her moisture for a tear."

She still remained unmoved; beautiful as she looked, there was something so strictly awful in her apperance that I dare not approach her. Her respiration seemed suspended; her vitality fled; and she, a type of loveliness and awe; lovely to behold, but painful to contemplate.

I could not withtsand the shock; it was so unexpected; and sank down overpowered upon a couch, my spirit stifled with contending emotions. At length I gained a mastery over my feelings.

'Speak; dear Mary; if you ever entertained the least affection for me, acquaint me with the meaning of this dreadful apathy.' She moved; her color came and went at intervals; and with a convulsive effort she threw herself into my arms—and wept! I implanted a soul-stirring kiss upon her still cold lip; but the pressure was not returned!

At this moment the little girl I had met in the garden came in, with her basket filled with the choisest nosegays.

"Mama see what a fine lot of flowers I have gathered."

A dreadful thought now flashed through my mind. I first gazed upon the features of the child, and then upon those of the sweet being in my arms! The likeness was still more palpable; there must be some affiinty between them. Perhaps it was *her* child.

My burning thoughts were now affiliated with a desire to know the *whole* truth.

"Mary, I implore you—nay, command you to explain!"

My cousin slowly revived, I carefully placed her upon a seat, and eagerly awaited the issue. The shadow of a noble looking man now darkened the dor-way.

"Henry!" cried my cousin, as if her whole soul was required for the effort. "Henry! there is my——"

"Och! bad luck to it! may the devil blow me if you don't slape your sivin sinsis away, and here the sun is an hour and a half high! Up, up! Misther Worthy!

It was even so; the scenes I have attempted to describe were but the illusory evidences of a excited and heated immagination.

I was quickly on the road to the ultimatum of my desires, and I soon took sweet revenge from those delicious lips which had but a few hours before excited in me the sensations of a votary of the 'green eyed monster.'

It is now a good length of time since the occurrance of the above. There was however, more prognostication in the dream, than I at first imagined. The lovely urchin, pictured to my sleeping senses, now gilds the fleeting moments of my present felicity by her innocent prattle and gambols.

[From the Boston Mercantile Journal.]

THE THIRTEEN VOTES, OR THE WAGER.

A TRUE STORY.

In a town in the interior of the Granite State, not many years since, a *gentleman* of some property, and no little political consideration, resided, whose name we shall call Martyn. He was a great stickler for party principle, insomuch that he was sometimes induced by party zeal to violate his moral duties. On one occasion in particular, when a very important election was taking place, upon the result of which, perhaps, the very existence of his party depended, he was so carried away by his party feelings, as to deposite thirteen votes for one individual at the same time in the ballot box; in defiance of the law which provides that no man to whichsoever party he may belong, or however worthy may be his favorite candidate, shall deposite more than one ballot for any one individual, for one office!

Wattie Martyn was unfortunately detected in this equivolentact; & although no legal action was had in relation to the subject, yet there were those in the town in which he resided who were unwilling to admit that excess of party zeal was a sufficient apology for his dereliction from moral duty—and the simple act of depositing thirteen votes for one candidate at one time in the ballot box, although palliated and excused by some of his warm political friends, was severely censured by others. This occurance furnished a subject of coversation among the worthy citizens of the town for several weeks—at the end of which time, it gradually and partialy died away, but was not forgotten. For Mr. Martyn was doomed to hear the words *thirteen votes* occasionally repeated by his political foes in a most insignificant manner—e vidently with the desig- of disturbing the equanimity of his feelings. In this they succeeded but too well. These words, so harmless in themselves, or when applied to others, if addressed to Mr Martyn, or ever uttered in his hearing, seemed to possess the power of a magic cabla, so wonderful and so instantaneous was the effect which they produced on the appearance and conduct of that gentleman. The moment thirteen votes reached his ear, his features were clouded with a frown of indignation—his eyes were lighted up with the most unholy fire—his hands involuntarily grasped the weapon of offence within his reach, and his voice naturally clear and sonorous, was changed into deep and unearthly mutterings, resembling the sound of distant thunder, or the rumblings of the pent up volcano. Indeed, the effect produced on Sir Percie Shafton, by the sight of the bodkin, as related in the Monastery of Sir Walter Scott, was not more sudden and terrible than the effect produced on Wattie Martin, be repeating the simple words 'thirteen votes.' His weakness on this point was proverbial and a wicked youth of the village, now a very worthy legal practitioner in the city of Boston, once made Martyn's infirmity the means of playing off a mischievous and cruel practical joke, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

Mr. Smith, the young gentleman to whom we allude, being one day at the village tavern, entered into conversation with a genteel looking stranger, while the landlady was preparing some refreshment, with which to recruit the exhausted frame and spirits of her guest. The conversation turned on the difficulty of pronouncing some of the names of places of Indian origin, which are so frequently met with in the New England States. In the midst of the colloquy, Mr Smith saw his politicle opponent, Wattie Martyn, coming down the road. He was certain that Wattie would pop into the tavern, and in the spur of the moment laid his plan accordingly.

"What you say, sir," said Mr Smith, "respecting those jaw-breaking names, is perfectly correct—I agree with you entirely, and am much gratified to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of so much taste. But, my dear sir, there are familiar English words, and combinations of words, which, although they may not be very difficult to pronounce are exceedingly difficult to repeat. For instance, it is almost impossible for any one not familiar with the practice, to pronounce the words *thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes,* for any length of time, without making the most ludicrous mistakes."

"Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!" repeated the stranger. "I see no difficulty in that. I could go on repeating thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes! until to-morow morning."

"It is far more difficult, my dear sir, than you imagine," replied Mr Smith, in his blandest manner. "I am not much in the habit of betting, but for the curiosity of the thing, I am willing to bet you the price of a dinner for yourself and horse, that you cannot repeat in rapid sucession the words 'thirteen votes, thirteen votes,' fifteen minutes, without makeing some egregious blunders."

"Done," said the traveller—who rejoiced at the idea of paying the land-lords charges so easily—"and I will begin at once." So saying he took out his watch and noted the time—then planting himself firmly against the wall, with his face toward the door, he assumed a look of great determintation, as if he had undertaken an unpleasnnt job, but was resolved to go through with it at all hazards—and commenced pronouncing in a loud, clear, voice, with due emphasis and discretion, the cablistic words, "Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

In the mean time, Mr Martyn, not dreaming of the insult which awaited him bent his steps, as he was wont, towards the tavern. As he reached the threshold of the door, he heard the offensive words, "Thirteen votes, thirteen votes," pronounced—and with a frame trembling with passion, and with fury strongly implanted on his rubicond visage, he abruptly entered the bar room, to confront the man who dared to trifle with his feelings and attempt to overwhelm him with insult.

His eye, beaming with wrath, fell upon the stranger, who regarded his withering glances with the most provokeing indifference—and who paused not a moment in in his recitation, but continued to say, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

The indignant Martyn next caught a sight of Mr Smith's countenance, convulsed with laughter. "What is the meaning hf this, sir," said he in a voice of thunder. But the only reply he received was from the mouth of the stranger, who, with the most irritating pertinancy, continued to bawl, even louder than before, "thirteen vote, thirteen votes."

Martyn then advanced towards the stranger, his frame absolutely quivering with rage. "Who are you, scoundrel?" demanded he in the most imperious manner. "and how dare you insult me in this way?"

The stranger thought the rage of Martyn was counterfeited, and a *ruse* of Smith's to win the wager; and the answer to his question, shouted out louder than before, was, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

"I will not put up with the insult," screamed Martyn, doubling his fist and putting himself in attitude.

"Thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes," vociferated the stranger at the top of his lungs.

"If you repeat those words again, I will knock you down, you rascal," said the infuriated Martyn with a howl of desperation.

The stranger felt somewhat indignant at being addressed in this rude and unceremonious manner, but was determined to win the wager, and raising his voice bawled out with the lungs of a stentor, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

"Take that then for your insolence," shrieked Martyn, suiting the action to the word, and giving the luckless traveller a box on the ear which laid him prostrate on the floor.

But as the stranger fell, his yell of surprise, anger and agony, took the sound of "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

Highly exasperated at what he conceived to be a base and unfair contrivance to cheat him out of his wager, the stranger rose in great dudgeon, still exclaiming in a voice which a boatswain in a hurricane might have envied, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes," and fell pell mell upon poor Martyn, pounding him without mercy, and bellowing between every blow, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

The traveller finally kicked Martyn out of the room, and closed the door on the unlucky illegal voter, he looked at his watch—saw that the fifteen minutes had already expired—gave a loud and exulting shout of *"thirteen votes!* THIRTEEN VOTES! THIRTEEN VOTES!" which made the welkin ring again—sank exhausted in a chair, and claimed the wager.

From the Evangelical Magazine.

MEMORY.

BY WM. R. BIDDLECOM.

Memory, the beacon of despair, the talisman of human felicity, the pole-star of genius' mystic flight, how mysterious in its power—how ethereal in its origin, how enrapturing in its influence! It dissipates the dusky twilight of sorrow's nighty reign, disrobes the feelings of the gloomy mantle of mourning, disperses the murky clouds of disappointments, and plants in their stead, the holy joy of youthful association, enkindled into life anew. Like the attraction that pervades all matter, its influence is felt throughout each link of "being's glorious chain," and its power is realized and acknowledged in all the various parts of animated nature.

Association and Hope, the shrines before which the devotee of pleasure offers his most frequent solicitations, at once rush back to it, as the fountain from whence they derive their celestial power. The loftiest enjoyments to be deduced from the depths of science, the benefits and pleasures drawn from the historic page, the treasures of art, and the truths of philosophic lore—all owe their strongest impression to the inspiration of Memory. The exalted dictates of morality, the sublime truths and holy precepts of religion, may be sterlny impressed upon the youthful mind; but how much more indelible is the image of those impressions when remembered in close connection with a father's love, and a mother's undying affection; when in fond recollection they are associated with a lovely home, the domestic circle, and the fireside joys, which ever cluster around the family altar. Man, destitute of its godlike sway, is but the hapless victim of sorrow's barbed shafts; a sportive plaything for the vampire of delusion and folly; without it, he sleeps in the hopeless reverie of grief. *It* is memory that lights up within the soul, the glowing radiance of '*Hope's* brilliant day star.' *It* is the recollection of other and holier seasons, that first infuses into the mind the crystal purity which prevades the fountain of anticipation. Unlike the pleasure of anticipation, they are undying, fadeless, and perennial. They are not visionary fantasies, that fade away like the dew, or perish like a rosebud of an hour. When reason once again assumes her throne, the gay frostwork of fancy melts into an airy void. But, can the whole deception of artful man—can the unholy grasp for dominion's trembling power.

'Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour'

No; these remain until the trembling soul flies; these throw around the parting hour the pellucid stream of calm resignation, and even rise to guide the sapphire courts of heaven. It is Memory that lends to association its richest charms; it first points to that season of life when the young heart was buoyant, and the brow gleamed with heavenly innocence. *It* is the remembrance of former events, that first opens the flowry field where it plays in all its wonted gambols.

The hours of memory, like the poetic inspiration of the Welsh harp, thrill the whole soul with the electric flashes of joy. *It* is at such seasons, the mind soars aloft on seraphic wings, and holds converse with the departed spirits of other days. Low sweet, in 'memory's mellowing glass' to view the treasured scenes of by-gone days, to rest the mind's eye in pleasing thought, on the lucid pleasures which once shed a halo of rapture over the troubled soul; to roam, an imagination, among the scenes where whilome we spent our halcyon hours. What subject of reflection sheds such hallowed gleams of triumph to the soul, as

"The sweet remembrance of unblemished
youth,
The still inspiring voice of innocence and
truth."

Such thoughts as these fall upon the soul like the tremulous vibrations of an evening song upon the listening ear. Yes, the holy thoughts of such an hour, rise like the matin orisons of the sainted monastic, to heaven's only courts, and fill the heart like the rich tones of life's first music.

*W*ithout memory, what is friendship? *It* is but an airy sound; the offspring of an idle imagination; and oblivion steals over the consecrated word friend, ere the echo dies away on the ear. The world with its cares and anxieties is but an imperfect sphere for the action of memory, it gives at once an impulse, which partakes too much of the dull monotony of business, and it ever will remain an exotic in the soil of din and tumult. Solitude is the province where it displays its most resplendent beauties. *It* is at her pensive hour, that contemplation roams free and unrestrained; that the mind wanders back through the dim vista of past time, and gathers the unfading treasures of decayed worth. *It* is memory alone can seize the keys of knowledge, unlocks the portals of renown, and waves on fame's proud heights the magic wand of mind. Mounted on the wing of elevated thought it is memory can pluck the glittering diadem from science's sublimest tops, and touch the cloud capt regions of unfading honor. Musing alone among the wrecks of fallen grandure and ruined ambition, it is memory can recal the refinement of art, witness the soul-subduing might of eloquence, rouse the hidden charmes of intellect, and catch the lustrous rays which sprang round the vestal lamp of genius. Or roaming adown the records of the historian, it is memory can catch the last glimmerings of fading excellence, banquet on the treasures of departed time and hold converse with the spirit of evanseent glory.

What is the alleviating balsm it conveys to man? Go ask the maniac, immured in yonder lonely cell, the silent victim of haggard wo. Few are the gleams of pleasure which visit the latice of his solitary prison. He who once struck the thrilling chords of pleasing thought, now tunes on sorrow's plaintive lute, the death-tones of affliction. Of him who once played the harp of posey, and swept with magic hand the ravished soul, naught remains save a shatterred remnant of mental ruin. As he was about to wreathe the fancied garland of fame, the woful voice of penury pealed through his anxious brain the freezing notes of wretchedness. Hope's enchanting minstrelsy died into an echo, and all that is now left, is

"A gloomy wilderness of dying thought."

But has his sun of joy forever set? No—the memory of what he once was—the thought that brighter prospects were once his—will entrance his phrenzied soul, like the expiring notes of an evening, and bind around his brow the armaranth of content.

The memory of Washington! how sacred to every American heart. When Mount Vernon's 'Mecca shrine' shall be no more, his virtues will be cherished in love and admiration. When the marble slab shall have mouldered in lonelines away; when the proud mosoleum erected to commemorate a nations gratitude and sorrow, shall have tumbled to the earth, his name will live, fadeless and pure, engraven on the entablature of every grateful bosom. Whether cast upon Arabia's arid sands, he pines in lonely wretchedness among her brutal fiends, or doomed on Norway's rugged cliff to spend a life colder than the ice-bergs which hang on her brunal rocks, its influence is the same? The bright reflection of better days, will shine through his darkened soul, like the silver beams which steal through the loop-holes of his curtained cell. The fond remembrance of his former lovely home; the friends with whom he chatted away the social hour; the brook that murmered by in babling music recall the wanted sports of youth, rendered doubly pleasing by memory's mycroscopic power.

Supernal gift! When creation's sons shouted for joyous existence—when yonder circling spheres first sounded the anthem of time—thy reign began. But shall it close? No! When yonder stars shall no longer gild the vaulted welkin of heaven—when the solar fires shall be but a smoky mass, and all the sister planets but the wreck of chaotic substance—when the last trump shall sound the disolution