

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. VI, No. 22.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1841.

[WHOLE No. 282

## TERMS

OF THE

**HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.**  
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid with- in, two dollars and a half. Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS.

**The Huntingdon Journal.**  
Daniel Toague, Orbisonia; David Blair, Esq. Shade Gap; Benjamin Lease, Shirleysburg; Eliel Smith, Esq. Chilcotsstown; Jas. Enriken, jr. Coffee Run; Hugh Maaden, Esq. Springfield; Dr. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnace; John Siler, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq. West township; D. H. Moore, Esq. Frankstown; Eph. Gabbeath, Esq. Hollidaysburg; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Burns, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wm. Reed, Esq. Morris township; Solomon Hamer, Neff's Mill; James Dysart, Mouth Spruce Creek; Wm. Murray, Esq. Graysville; John Crum, Manor Hill; Jas. E. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Kessler, Mill Creek.



## POETRY.

### THE VIGIL OF LOVE.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

CALMLY within its cradle-bed  
A gentle babe lay sleeping,  
And silently beside it there  
A sister, watch was keeping.

She gazed on it with tender pride—  
Its curls of amber brightness—  
The morning's blush upon its cheek,  
And its brow of pearly whiteness.

She marked the line of azure light  
Beneath the shadowing lashes,  
And knew not if 'twas loveliest so,  
Or lit with mirthful flashes.

She was a fair and gentle girl  
Who watched the baby sleeping,  
But oh! a brighter one than she  
A holier watch was keeping.

Softer than moonlight was the ray  
Upon those features shining,  
And radiant as the stars, a crown  
That angel brow entwining.

And earthly eyes have never worn  
Looks so intensely beaming—  
So soft with love—so bright with joy,  
With heaven's own beauty gleaming.

Nor ever lips of mortal maid  
Parted with smiles so tender,  
Or ever mortal form be seen  
So dazzling in its splendor.

Far floating was her glorious hair—  
Her hair of sunny brightness—  
And half-unfolded were her wings  
Of more than snowy whiteness.

Fair, blessed mother! guarding still  
Her infant's happy dreaming,  
Unseen by others, round his couch  
Her robes were ever streaming.

But well the favoured sleeper knew  
And smiled at her caressing,  
And listened to her spirit-tones  
That ever spoke in blessing.

At last about its little bed  
Were sounds of bitter sorrow,  
And throbbing hearts that feared to think,  
Upon the weary morrow.

But lo! a more ecstatic smile  
The angel watcher wreath—  
A lovelier glory than before  
Upon her face appeared,

A dimming of the half-shut eye,  
A cry, half pain, half gladness,  
A shudder o'er the lovely limbs,  
And he hath done with sadness.

A spirit toward the glorious gate  
Of paradise is wedding—  
A cherub in her arms she bears  
To share her bliss ascending.

Its shrine of clay is deck'd with flowers,  
Tears down their leaves are stealing,  
But at the throne of God on high  
Mother and child are kneeling.

From the London Literary Museum.

## MARRIED LIFE.

A TALE OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS, DEDICATED TO THE WHOLE BACHELOR TRIBE.  
The treasures of the deep are not so precious, As are the concealed comforts of man Lock'd up in woman's love. I sent the air Of blessings, when I come but near the house, What a delicious breath marriage sends forth The violet bed's not sweeter.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortune with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intripid elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trial of roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterness of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riddled by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children." "If you are prosperous, they are there to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you. And indeed I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch; whereas a single man is apt ruin to waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend Leslie had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination. He was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast—she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall and manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortune in large speculations, and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony, and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife, for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived

by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness, but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day and related his whole situation in the tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through I enquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later. You can't keep it long from her and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than it imparted by yourself; for the scenes of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy, and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that keeps hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind, and true love will not brook reserve; it feels under valued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"O, my friend, but to think what a blow I am to give all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity. To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant admiration—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart. How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinement of opulence. How can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. O, it will break my heart—it will reach her heart!"

I saw grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow, for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and I urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively said,

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps necessary to the alteration of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a poverty! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust—I could—I could—God bless her! God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her, it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature, for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and sears and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is; no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife. I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt a little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"  
"Like an angel. It seemed rather to

be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation—she suffers no less of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come particularly to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then will be the trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying, but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it in anticipation every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence that harrasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had dispensed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country a few miles from town. He had busied himself all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required but a few articles of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold except his wife's piano. That, he said, was too closely associated with himself—it belonged to the little story of their loves—for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a dotting husband.

He was now going to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had been strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I, "has anything happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this patty situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort."

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend, you never were rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience. She has been introduced into a humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging her miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of being obliged to do domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant—almost of every thing convenient and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine over-ran one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it, and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a foot path that wound through some shrubbery at the door. Just as we approached we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm. We paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in the style of most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His steps made a noise on the gravel ed walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished; a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white. A few wild flow-

ers were twisted in her fine hair. A fresh bloom was on her cheek. Her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come. I have been watching and watching for you, and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I have set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage, and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them; and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here—Oh! said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "O, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her; he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; he has often assured me that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

## THE BACHELOR RECLAIMED.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"Nature is fine in love."—SHAKESPEARE.

"You are determined not to marry?"

"Absolutely."

"And why?"

"In the first place, I never expect to be able to support a wife according to my ideas of comfort. In the second place, I have no hope of meeting a woman who will sympathize sufficiently with my feelings and views, to be a congenial companion. Thirdly, I cannot bear the idea of adopting as constant associates the relations of her I may love; and fourthly, I consider housekeeping, and all the details of domestic arrangements, the greatest bore in existence."

This colloquy took place between two young men, in the garden of one of the fashionable hotels at Saratoga. It was a sultry afternoon, and they had retired under the shade of an apple-tree, to digest their dinner, which process they were facilitating by occasionally puffing some very mild light brown Havana cigars. The last remarks were uttered in a very calm and positive tone, by McNeil, a philosophical and quiet gentleman, who had a most sensible theory for every thing in life. Among other things, he took great pleasure in the conviction that he thoroughly understood himself. The first time his interest was truly excited by a member of the gentler sex, he had acted in the most extravagant manner, and barely escaped with honor from forming a most injudicious connection. To guard against similar mishaps, he had adopted a very ingenious plan. Being uncommonly susceptible of female attractions, he made it a rule when charmed by a sweet face, or thrilled by a winning voice, to seek some personal defect or weakness of character, in the fair creature, and obstinately dwell upon these defects, until they cast a shade over the redeeming traits, and dissolved the spell he feined. When this course failed, he had but one resource. With Falstaff, he thought discretion the better part of valor, and deliberately fled from the attentments that threatened his peace. Thus he managed not to allow love to take permanent possession, and after various false alarms and exciting vigils, came to the conclusion that no longer seize or sudden attack would ever subdue the citadel of his affections.

But McNeil had so braced himself in a spirit of resistance, that he had not made any provisions against the unconscious lures of beauty. He could chat for hours with a celebrated belle, and leave her without a sigh; he could smile at the captivating manners which overcame his fellows. Regarding society as a battlefield, he went thither armed in all points, resolved to maintain self-possession, and be on the watch against the wiles of woman. He had seen lovely girls in the drawing-room, followed their graceful movements in the dance, heard them breathe songs of sentiment at the piano, and walked beside them on the promenade. On these occasions, he coolly formed an estimate of their several graces, perfectly appreciated every finely chiselled nose and tempting lip, noted with care the hue and expression of the eye, but walked away at parting, murmuring to himself, "all this I see yet am not in love."

But who shall anticipate the weapon that shall lay him low, or make adequate provisions against the inexhaustible resources of love? McNeil had sat for a week at table, opposite an invalid widow and her daughter. He had passed them potatoes not less than a dozen times, and helped the young lady twice to cherry pie.

The only impression he had derived from their demeanor and appearance, was, that they were very genteel and quiet. On the morning after his conversation in the garden, he awoke just before sunrise, and found himself lying with his face to the wall, in one of the diminutive chambers in which visitors at the Springs are so unceremoniously packed. His eyes opened within six inches of the plaster, and he amused himself for some minutes, in conjuring the cracks and veins it displayed, into imaginary forms of warriors and animals. At length his mind reverted to himself, and his present quarters. "Well, I have been here just a fortnight," thus he mused, "and a pretty dull time I've had of it. Day after day the same stupid routine. In the morning I swallowed six glasses of Congress water at the spring, with the hollow eyes of that sick minister from Connecticut glaring on me like a serpent, and the die-away tone of that nervous lady from Philadelphia, sounding like a knell in my ears. I cannot drink in peace for these everlasting Misses Hill who all three chatter at once, and expect me to be entertaining and talkative so early in the morning, with my stomach full of cold liquid, and a long dull day in perspective! Then comes breakfast. The clatter of plates, the murmur of voices, the rushing of the black waiters, the variety of steams, make me glad to retreat. I find a still corner of the piazza, and begin to read, but the flies, a draught of air, or the instructive gable of my acquaintances, utterly prevent me from becoming absorbed in a book. It has now grown too warm to walk, and I look in vain for Dr Clayton, who is the only man here whose conversation interest me. I avoid the billiard-room, because I know who I shall meet there. The swing is occupied. The thrumming on the piano of that old maid from Providence, makes the saloon uninhabitable. They are talking politics in the barroom. The very sight of the newspapers gives me a qualm. I involuntarily begin to doze, when that infernal gong sounds the hour to dress. No matter; anything for a relief. Dinner is insufferable, more show and noise, than relish and comfort. How gladly I escape to the garden and smoke! That reminds me of what I told Jones, yesterday, about matrimony. He laughed at me. But there's no mistake about it. Catch me to give up my freedom, and provide for a family—be pestered with a whole string of new connections, when I can't bear those I have now—never have a moment to myself—be obliged to get up at night for a doctor—have to pay for a boy's schooling, and be plagued to death by him for my pains—be bothered constantly with bad servants—see my wife lose her beauty, in a twelvemonth from care—my goddess become a mere household drudge—give up cigars—keep precise hours—take care of sick children—go to market I never, never, never!"

As his reverie thus emphatically terminated, McNeil slowly raised himself to a sitting posture, in order to ascertain the state of the weather, when a sight presented itself which at once put his philosophy to flight and startled him from his composure. He did not cry out, but hushed his very breath. Beside him lay a female form in profound slumber. Her hair had escaped from its confinement, and lay in the richest profusion around her face. There was a delicate glow upon the cheeks. The lips were scarcely parted. The brow was perfectly serene. One arm was thrust under her head, the other lay stretched upon the coverlid. It was one of those accidental attitudes which sculptors love to embody. The bosom heaved regularly. One felt that it was the slumber of an innocent creature, and that beneath that calm breast beat a kindly and pure heart. McNeil bent over this vision, for so at first it seemed to him, as did Narcissus over the crystal water. The peaceful beauty of that face entered his very soul. He trembled at the still regularity of the long dark eye-lashes, as if it were death personified. Recovering himself, all at once something familiar struck him in the countenance. He thought awhile, and the whole mystery was solved. They occupied the adjoining chamber; she had gone down stairs in the night to procure something for the invalid, and returning, entered in the darkness, the wrong room, and fancying her mother asleep, had very quietly taken her place beside her, and was soon lost in slumber. No sooner did this idea take possession of McNeil, than with the utmost caution and noiseless movement, he stole away and removed every vestige of his presence into a vacant apartment opposite leaving the fair intruder to suppose she alone had occupied the room. At breakfast, he observed the mother and daughter whisper and smile together, and soon ascertained that they had no suspicion of the actual state of the case. With the delicacy that belonged to his character, McNeil inwardly vowed to keep the secret forever in his own breast. Meantime, with much apparent hilarity, he prepared to accompany Jones to Lake George. His companion