

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

Vol. VII, No. 10.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1842.

[Whole No. 322.]

PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty five cents. 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.



POETRY.

From the Saturday Courier.

The Home of my Childhood.

I stood beside the sunny spot
Of childhood's happy home,
And viewed each favorite hill and dale,
Where I was wont to roam.

I sought the gentle winding stream,
Where often, when a child,
I listened to its melody,
Which many an hour beguiled

No more its gentle murmurs fell
Like music on my ear;
For sad remembrance in my heart
Called forth a sigh and tear.

And there's the bower where oft I strayed
At the still hour of even,
And gazed upon the twinkling gems
That stud the vault of Heaven.

The garden spot I called my own,
Where flourished many a flower,
The rose-tree, planted by my care,
Hard by the woodbine bower,

Seem strangely, sadly altered now,
With weeds all overgrown,
And sadness o'er my spirit steals,
For I am all alone.

No tender mother's voice I hear,
No gentle form I see;
No father's care, or sister's smile,
Beloved, but lost to me.

And where are ye? I call in vain;
Faint echo answers where?
And to my heart a voice responds—
"The loved ones are not here."

For stranger forms now cluster round
The home I called my own;
Adieu, loved home, no longer mine,
'Tis now a stranger's home.

But here's a withered rose I'll keep,
Memento of the past;
No longer beautiful—but still
A fragrance round it lasts.

Thus o'er my heart, after life,
When youthful hopes are fled,
And years but bring a weight of care,
Shall Memory's sweets be shed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FIRST OFFER.

BY MISS WINGHESTER.

Susan Willis was a sprightly, cherry-cheeked girl of seventeen, when she made her conquests. Edward Littleton loved her with all the sincerity of a young and ardent soul, and made her honorable proposals; she was pleased with his preference, allowed his visits, because she loved to be admired; she rode with him to show the world she had made a conquest; but when, after having frequently urged her on the subject of marriage, he told her he would have a decided answer, she laughed, and told him she hoped he did not think that one so young and so much admired as herself would become the wife of a poor mechanic. He blushed deeply, then fixing his eyes on her face with a determined look, he asked her if she was in earnest—"never more so," she earnestly replied. "Susan," continued he, "you ought to have told me so before—why have you received my attention so long, and by your conduct taught me to hope that my warm affection was reciprocated?" "Ha! you trust every smile, then?" she sneeringly replied. Edward felt his heart breaking—and, after wishing her a long and happy life, he hurried from her presence. He had no sooner left her than he felt himself released from a dangerous snare; he consoled himself by reflecting that she was unworthy of his love—and, if he was not altogether so happy as he might be, he was not so unhappy as he expected to be. He applied himself closely to business, and in the course of a few

months married an amiable woman, who brought him not only much personal worth but a handsome estate.

In the mean time Susan, proud of her conquest, and dreaming herself as much admired by all as she had been by the faithful Edward, thought herself entitled to select such a husband as she should prefer from among the village beaux; but her vanity soon became obvious to every one, and the young men were so disgusted with her airs of coquetry that they all forsook her; it was also known that she had ill treated Edward Littleton—and, as he was beloved by all for his steady and amiable disposition, no one, either old or young, thought any better of her on that account.

Time rolled rapidly along, and Susan found herself twenty-two years of age, without having had the second offer. It is true that a narrow faced bachelor of fifty once asked her father's consent to address her, and she fretted a whole week and would not go to meeting, because her prudent father gave her a negative answer without consulting her. There was, also, some stranger in the village who would perchance, bow politely, it not significantly, to her as she passed her window, and even sometimes ask her to take a morning ride in his carriage—but what of that? No one professed what Edward had, and she began to reflect a little sorrowfully, on the unkind treatment she had given him. He was now in easy circumstances, and might sometimes be seen riding in his own carriage, with his wife and two blooming children. Three years passed away, and Susan began to think in good earnest that she would be under the sad necessity of living a life of "single blessedness," when a new personage came to pass a few months in the village. He wore a gold watch, rode in an elegantly gilt chaise, and what was more than all, he came directly from the city. The villagers looked upon him almost as a superior being, and no one spoke higher in his praise than Susan Willis, for he passed her window every day, and always took particular pains to make her a fashionable

what was her ecstasy of delight when, after having shown her much attention during the evening, he very politely offered to escort her home. This was indeed a moment of triumph to the neglected Susan. She had caught the city beau; and the disdainful looks she cast on those around her as he conducted her through the crowded room, were such as could not easily be misunderstood; the fine gilt chaise was waiting at the door, and when she found herself seated within it, and the wheels running merrily around, she almost thought she was in another world, and fancied herself an angel. From this evening the stranger was an almost constant visitor at the house of Mr. Willis—and Susan was often heard to draw comparisons between the manners and equipage of the city beau and those of the rustic youth of her own village. She was seen frequently riding in the gilt chaise, and then she would pass the neat white mansion of Edward Littleton, who was now a widower, and dwell on the splendors which her new lover promised her when he should take her to the city. She thought much on the difference between her first and second offer, and very gravely said she had always believed it best for girls to wait until they had some sense, before they should choose a companion for life.

Splendid preparations were now making at the house of Mr. Willis for the accommodation of a large party. Susan's lover had sent to the city to purchase a suit of apparel, which he declared would out rival the very sun itself; he also gave orders to have a maid accompany it, who should be capable of waiting on the soon-to-be new bride, in a fashionable style.—The young people began to say among themselves—"Miss Willis is about leaving us, and why should we part with unfriendly feelings? 'Tis true she has some faults, and who among us has not? Yet I confess I always thought her a fine girl on the whole, and it is a downright shame that we have so long neglected her; it is no more than just for us now to make amends for our past conduct." It was, therefore, unanimously agreed upon among the young villagers to go, on a particular day, and make Miss Willis a formal visit—the ladies in the afternoon and the gentlemen in the evening. The custom of sending complements, cards, &c., had not yet reached this rural hamlet—and so, all of a sudden full fifteen or twenty belles stood at the door of Mr. Willis, knocking for admission. After waiting for the usual salutation of "come in," the door was suddenly opened, and the city beau stood before them. After many ceremonies he introduced them into the parlor where Mr. Willis was sitting, and immediately retired. At the expiration of half an hour he returned, with Susan leaning on his arm, who, when she had courted very ceremoniously to the ladies, informed them that she was going to take an airing and would not return until late in

the evening, but her father would entertain them. They all instantly rose without replying, and hurried from the house, each secretly promising herself never to bestow her attention on one whom she knew to be unworthy of it.

Mr. Willis was a plain honest man, and did not altogether like the proceedings of the day—but his daughter was old enough to act for herself—as she used to tell him when he essayed to give her advice.

About this time a covered carriage arrived in the village, and three strangers alighted from it. They were seen conversing with some of the inhabitants, when they proceeded to the house of Mr. Willis, and returned, having the city beau in close custody. They conveyed him to the jail for safe keeping until they should depart. It appeared that he was not only a married man and a bankrupt, but had put his hand on other goods, for which crime he was now arrested. This was a mighty blow to Miss Susan. The village girls, of course, laughed a little about the wedding party which was to come from the city, and they also hinted about the waiting maid and the dress like the sun; but all this did not harm poor Susan—she had other and heavier troubles. Many weeks passed away, and she was seen by no one except her kindred, and she spoke doubtfully of her recovery from the dreadful shock she had received. At length, however, she appeared again—but it was with such a look of humbled pride that not even her direct enemy felt a disposition to upbraid her, or laugh at her misfortune. Now she remembered with agony the first offer, and thought she was pursued by the just judgment of heaven for her treatment of the faithful Edward. She had loved him, and had not her pride and love of admiration been so great, she certainly would have married him in preference to all the world beside.

Her mind was occupied with these thoughts one day, when who should enter the parlor but Edward himself. A faint ray of hope crossed her bosom at the sight of him; but when she remembered the scenes that had occurred since she there parted from him, she again felt a pang of tears. He approached and seated himself near her—inquired in a voice, not of reproach but pity, how she had enjoyed herself since they had last conversed together. She freely confessed all her folly, and acknowledged she had felt deeply condemned for her conduct towards him. "Then," replied he, with a bitter smile, "you have learned that the sincere affection of a poor mechanic is not to be despised!" His words cut her to the heart, and she entreated him to forbear.—"I have ever prayed for your happiness, Susan," he said, looking in her face with an expression of tenderness that induced her for a moment to believe that he would forget her faults, and his former affection would return. But, when the heart's fervent hope has been broken, and its best and most intense feelings suddenly wrecked, it is like a blasted tree, seared with the high lightning of heaven, and can never again be verdant! Edward felt sensible of this, and although he could freely pity and forgive the repenting fair one, he could never love or trust her more. After giving her some salutary advice he left her to the bitterest reflection, that it is easier to lose than regain a lover, and some months after he married again, and his second choice was not inferior to his first. Susan's cup of disappointment was now full, for she had all along secretly indulged the hope that she should yet win him back to her love.

She lived a solitary being in her father's house until she had gained the hopeless age thirty-five, when, rather than bear the stigma of an old maid, good nature, or anything to recommend him, except an ugly person and a large family of small children. It was now that the unhappy Susan began to feel in reality the consequences of her first errors, poverty and the unkindness of her sorrows; yet she sometimes thought if she could forget the past, she should be comparatively happy. Frequently when the carriage of Edward Littleton passed, she would retire and weep, until the faculties of life seemed almost suspended.

At length she left her husband and returned to her father's house, where she passed the remainder of her days. Ever after, when conversing with young people on the subject of matrimony, she would say to them with a heavy look—"Look well to the first offer!"

"NOT EXACTLY."—"Have you ever been much at sea?"
"Why no, not exactly; but my brother married a commodore's daughter."
"Were you ever abroad?"
"No, not exactly; but my mother's maid's name was 'French.'"

Jabe says he knows a family, who are in the habit of having nothing for breakfast, and warming it up for dinner. He thinks the boys would make good printers.

The Proud Man.

The proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumor and inflammation of self conceit, that renders him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image—though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favorite, and advances himself, not only above his own merit, but above mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crosny above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has receives a value in being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than the common market. He is so proud, that it is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, and admits of no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others, and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer.

A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep quiet stream glides quietly on; so a vain glorious, insolent, proud man, swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows its bounds, and when he sinks leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty, as if he advanced on men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads like Knipperdoling. He fancies himself a Colossus, and on his high pedestal of elevation is less than his upper stories.—We can naturally take no view of ourselves, unless we look downwards, to teach us what humble admirers we ought to be of our own value. The sliether and less solid his materials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger, as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more solid parts.—Bulter.

Swear Not at All.

In a suit for a divorce recently tried in New Haven, a Mrs. Leonard Tuttle, was called to give testimony. She declined swearing or affirming. The Judge told her to wait until afternoon and think of it. But she said she had thought of it. The New Haven Herald says:

Mr. Joel Hinman, counsel for the petitioner, now rose and stated to the Court that he wished the testimony of Mrs. Leonard Tuttle. Judge Church asked if the counsel on both sides could not agree that the lady might tell her story without either oath or affirmation.—To this they agreed. His Honor then requested Mrs. Tuttle to tell what she saw, without going through the formality of oath or affirmation. To this she replied, "I do not feel at liberty to do so."

Judge—"Do you refuse?"
Mrs. Tuttle—"I do."

Judge—"I see no way to avoid a commitment; and if I do it, I shall do it with more regret than I have felt in any official act I have ever done. Mr. Clerk make out a warrant of commitment for contempt of Court, till she give evidence in this case, or until further order of the Court, and predicate it upon her refusal to give evidence either upon oath or affirmation or in any manner whatsoever."

The lady was then taken into custody. Mr. Hinman asked his Honor if the husband of the lady might go to jail with her? His Honor answered that he certainly had no objections, if the jailer had none.

The cause remains *in statu quo*, and unless the lady gives in or the petitioner gives in, must remain so to all eternity. The lady's husband, it is understood, is like his wife, a perfectionist and non-resisting, recognising no human institution.—The lady expressed great satisfaction at the comfortable accommodations of Sheriff Curtiss, and said they were much better than those her Saviour had. She is determined to be a martyr of the 19th century, and is no doubt now highly enjoying her martyrdom in her quiet way. And who shall gainsay her right to the crown? Is she not suffering for conscience sake, as truly as ever did the pilgrim fathers?

A feller passed through town, a few days since, so all fired green, that a cow jumped from its enclosure, and followed him for several miles, thinking him a vegetable production.

Popping the Question.

To us, gentlemen, this popping the question is often no easy matter. It drives, I verily believe, a bashful man almost into hysterics. Many a cold sweat, many a choking in the throat, many a knocking of the knees together, have these poor rascals before they summon courage to ask a girl to have them. But it isn't so, egad, with all—some do it with easy impudence—some do it in a set speech—some do it because they can't help it—and some never do it at all, but get married as if it were by instinct. Only give two lovers fair play, kick your match-making aunts to the deuce, and my life for it, the most demure will find a way of being understood, even if like old Sir Isaac Newton, they have to make love with their foot. As they get cozier, they will sit gazing in each other's eyes, until at last when they least expect it, perhaps the question will pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle. It will pop itself. It's all nonsense this lending young folks a helping hand—take my word for it all they wish is to be left alone—and if there be any confounded youngsters about let them be put to bed or drowned, it don't matter a fig which. If lovers have no tongues, hay'n't they eyes, egad! and where is the simpleton, that can't tell whether a girl loves him without a word on her part? No one adores modesty more than I do; but the most delicate angel of them all won't disguise her little heart when you are alone with her. A blush, a sigh, a studied avoidance of you in company, and a low, thrilling, trembling of the voice at times when no one else is by, tell more the smiles of a thousand coquetries. Ah! you needn't, Amy, shake your head—you'll no doubt be soon enough—but if you fall in love, as you will, my word on it—the very echo of one footstep will make your heart flutter like a fringed bird.

JEREMY SHORT.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The Utica Observer states that when the bridge across the Mohawk, was swept away in the late freshet, John M. G. was on it, and was off and thus escaped. Unfortunately, Mr. George Woodford was upon the sinking end of the bridge, and in imminent danger of being crushed. With great presence of mind, in an instant he tore off his overcoat and dove deep into the water, passing entirely beneath the timbers, and not rising to the surface until he had passed both bridges. Not having been able to free himself from his boots and other garments, he became much exhausted by this wonderful feat; but at this moment he secured floating planks, and placing himself upon them, was carried down the stream at a rapid rate, near half a mile, when his raft struck upon a quantity of lodged brush and floodwood. On this pile he endeavored to save himself; but in getting upon it he lost his planks. The horror of this situation may be imagined. Midnight darkness prevailed—he was in the midst of a rapid current, surrounded by floating ice, and a heavy rain was beating on his bare head; he feels the pile beneath him giving away; in a moment all is dissolved, and again he is compelled to swim for life. Becoming greatly chilled, he finds his strength fast failing him; he is borne down by the flood; one effort more, he makes for a tree; with the utmost difficulty he reached it, and climbs into its branches. Here he commenced calling loudly for assistance and fortunately he was heard by Mr. Rogers and others who were in search. Lights and a boat were procured and Mr. W. was released from his perilous situation. Seldom is recorded so remarkable an escape from death.

LAWFUL REVENGE.—Many years since, a gentleman of Newington, a parish of Westfield Conn., who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill natured and troublesome women which could be found in the vicinity.—This occasioned a universal surprise wherever he was known; and one of his neighbors ventured to ask him the reason which governed his choice. He replied, that having had but little trouble in the world he was fearful of becoming too much attached to things of sense, and he thought by experiencing some affliction, he should become more weaned from the world, and he married such a woman as he thought would accomplish this object. The best part of the story is, that the wife, hearing the reason why he married her, was offended, and, out of revenge, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in the town; declaring that she was not going to be made a pack-horse to carry her husband to Heaven.

PRETTY GOOD.—The Picayune tells a story of an old horse so far gone that he was not able to die. He used to lean on the sunny side of the barn, without strength enough to wink the flies from his eyelids, and his owner was finally compelled to get another horse to help the poor animal to draw his last breath!

EARLY RISING.—The late Chief Baron O'Grady, who like the matutine planets, was generally up before the sun, was always in the same predicament with reference to his own son, Dennis, whose slumbers were often prolonged far in the morning. Once, when the Baron was on circuit, and knew that his son was engaged as barrister in the first cause, he hurried into his bedroom, and waking him up without much ceremony, exclaimed, "Up with you, Dennis! remember it's the early bird that catches the worm." "Serves the worm right for being up still earlier than the bird," replied the sluggish, rubbing his eyes.

Good Counsel.

No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily his part in life without a fair moral character. The basis of such a character is a virtuous fixed principle; or a deep fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained or invigorated by the fear and love of God. The youth who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, truth, benevolence and justice, are not with him words without meaning; he knows and he feels their sacred import, and aims in the tenor of his life, to exemplify the virtues they express. Such a man has independence of character; he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool to serve the purpose of party. Such a man has a true worth of character; and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to society, and to the world.

Aim, then, my friends, to attain this character; aim at virtue and moral excellence. This is the first, the indispensable qualification of a good citizen. It imparts life and strength and beauty, not only to individual character, but to all the institutions and interests in society. It is indeed the dew and rain that nourish the vine and fig tree, by which we are shaded and refreshed.

REPUTATION.—"Good mornin', Cuff Links—I cum for to see you for a while, you hands of little nigga Bill?"
"Sambo Sunks, I had de honor to deform you dat I had received dat account, and dat I acknowledge de beb; but, sah, let me also deform you dat a change hab come ober de state of tings, and dat I solemnly repudiate de account, and will nebbber pay it, so help me Mrs. Sippi!"
"Cuff, you is a dishonest nigger!"
"No, you brack African, I does but follow de fashion ob de times—I always was a fashionable darcy."

Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition; a heart that can sympathise with distress, and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or flowing tresses, or snowy hands, or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped on for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of time; but these ever enduring qualities of the heart will outlive the reign of those, and grow brighter and fresher, as the ages of eternity roll away.

A CAUTION TO LADIES.—On Thursday afternoon, says the Baltimore Clipper, as two ladies were passing down Baltimore street on the side walk, near Harrison, one wearing a red shawl, a large ox, one of a drove that was passing in the same direction, attracted by the color of the shawl, made furiously at her, and she was only preserved from injury by the animal slipping upon the pavement, when the ladies ran into a store near. After being driven from there to the street, he made an attempt to attack a colored woman who was crossing before the drove with a red handkerchief on her head, but was prevented by the boy who accompanied the drove. Such is the antipathy of these animals to any thing red.

SECRET OF DOMESTIC ENJOYMENT.—One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked; it lies in bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants. Wants will always be ahead of means and there will be an end to the race, if you set the latter to chasing the former. Put the yoke of self denial to desire, apply the spur of industry to energy, and if the latter does not overtake the former, it will at least keep in sight of it.

RIDICULOUS.—Some silly down east girls sent to Boz to obtain a lock of his hair. He declined, saying that if he complied with all such requests he should be bald. If Boz does not find some ludicrous ninnies among those who dance attendance on him, whom he can take off in his future Pickwickian pictures, it will be strange.