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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.
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POETRY.

The History of Life.

I saw an Infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping: [charms,
Years passed—I saw a Girl, with woman's
In sorrow weeping.

Years passed—I saw a Mother with a child,
And o'er it languish: [smil'd
Years brought me back; yet thro' her tears she
In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished; I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless Widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her!

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again, in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother—
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus met a brother!

And thus we met on earth, and thus we part
To meet—oh! never
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever!

A Parody on the 'Troubadour'

BY A LADY.
Sadly the Drunken Man
Turns to his home,
When his last sixpence for
Liquor had gone;
Cold blows the wintry wind,
Wild is its moan—
Drunken Man, Drunken Man,
Haste to thy home!

ONE for the Drunken Man
Hopelessly wept,
Fondly she watched for him
While others slept;
Sighing "in search of him
Fain would I roam—
Drunken Man, Drunken Man,
Come to thy home!"

Hark! 'tis the Drunken Man,
Heard ye his cry?
Cursing in his tongue,
Wrath in his eye!
Woe to the stricken one,
Heart-broke and lone—
Drunken Man, Drunken Man,
Sad is thy home!

Joy's in the drunkard's home,
Sorrow hath fled!
Heart-beaming happiness
Smiles in its stead;
There the "tee-total pledge"
Conquering hath come—
Drunken Man, Drunken Man,
Glad is thy home!

Giving and Taking.

FROM THE SPANISH.
Since for kissing you, my mother
Blames and scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly—quickly
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

Do—she keeps so great a tumult,
Chides so sharply—looks so grave—
Do my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you—out upon you—
One you give, but two you take;
Give me back the two, my darling,
Give them for my mother's sake.

AGONY.—Nothing is more sublime in nature than a war horse half frightened to death, and a village poet laboring under a vision.

To Sally.

BY ZEPHANIAH STALING.
Sally Dumplings are the gal
Wat I doo most add mire,
I kol her my sweet charmin Sal,
And imc hur Zephernaire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Phila. Saturday Chronicle.

The Rose of Florence.

A TALE OF THE CARNIVAL.

BY J. E. DOW, ESQ.

Author of "Old Ironsides on a Lee Shore."

Florence! beautiful Florence! with thy fountains and palaces, thy convents and ivy-crowned towers, with thy silver Arno and thy groves of orange trees; who can forget thee, who has beheld thee, who has seen anything who has not seen thee?

It was the last day of the Carnival, in that magnificent city, where art has gathered together her most beautiful specimens, and piled them up in high and splendid columns around the tomb of antiquity.

Night began to creep along the eastern plains, and a dusky mantle gradually enveloped the city until the tolling of the vesper bell; when ten thousands lights glided from the temples, towers, and bridges, and flashing along the ever murmuring stream.

"Hark the Vesper Hymn is pealing
O'er the waters soft and clear,
Nearer yet, and nearer stealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear."

It was a gorgeous spectacle, the palaces on each side of the Arno glittered in light,—the four bridges that spanned the river were also hung with lamps, from the water's edge to the railing; and a city of fire seemed to rise from amid the surrounding gloom, while the pure bosom of the stream reflected the arches that stretched in brightness across it.

The boats that danced upon the water to the sound of thrilling music, seemed wreathed in flames, and the glare of torches marked the thousand companies of mirthful masquers, as they moved along the illuminated streets. Far in the distance the frosty peaks of the Appenines, sent back the ruddy glow, and above the city, the clouds hung fringed with colours, fainter but not less beautiful than the tints of summer eve.

As the night advanced, one by one, the lights went out, leaving ruined palaces, sunken domes and broken arches flickering over the waves. At 'twelve' and the last lamp expired in its socket. Silence, deep and death-like settled upon the late noisy city, as a large barge glided along the Arno, and after shooting past the upper bridge, stopped at a marble water gate in front of a stately palace.

"It is hardly the hour appointed," said a tall figure, enveloped in a Spanish cloak, as he sprang upon the quay, "Shew the signal Pedro."

A light with two small tapers now gleamed from the window of the barge nearest the shore, and was quickly answered by a light from the centre window of the palace. "He is prompt," said the speaker, as he bade the boatman haul in nearer to the steps, "we must be ready for a long pull."

A figure wrapped in a large sea-cloak now moved swiftly down the quay, and as he approached, said, "the Carnival is over," "Aye," responded the bargeman, "and the roses of Florence are fair."

"Ah, Angelo," said the new comer, "thou art ever ready," and throwing a handful of gold to the oarsmen, sprang on board the barge, followed by the leader.

Gently the light vessel now moved from the sleeping shore, and having reached the centre of the river, was suffered to float down its gloomy tide in a solemn silence.

As the barge left the quay, a tall figure sprang from behind a marble statue, and gave a shrill whistle, which was answered near at hand, and immediately three persons came forth from the gloom of the forest trees that had been suffered to remain as a shade to that princely garden.

"Let us dog that fellow," said the first speaker to his party, as they approached him; "there must be some foul play designed. We will rob the villain in the midst of his crime, and aid Heaven and our own purses at the same moment." "Well spoken," said his followers, in the same breath, and launching a light skiff that had been concealed amid the flowers, they jumped into it, followed by their leader, and proceeded in the wake of the heavy barge.

The leader of the party in the skiff after leaving the shore, opened his dark lantern and inspected the arms of his companions. This enabled his form and feature to be seen; his countenance noble and commanding, and his full, dark eye, flashed with eagle brightness as he grasped his carbine and stood forth a Bandit amid his fellows. The lantern was immediately closed, and the skiff keeping a respectful distance from the barge, pursued her course, unchallenged and unseen.

It was but a short time past the middle hour of night, when the barge of Angelo pulled into a little basin and landed its princely passenger, at the landing stairs of one of the wealthiest cities of Florence. "Wait until the cathedral bell tolls the second hour," said the mysterious masque,

as he turned on his heel and walked along the covered way. The house, though seemingly dark on the outside, was filled with a blaze of light, and countless beings of extraordinary beauty, were seen through its corridors, leaning on the arms of, and joining in the dance with, the proudest signors of Tuscany.

As the stranger entered the grand saloon, unattended, the bright eyes that were cast upon him from behind the masques of the lovely ones of earth, were numerous and encouraging, yet still he retained his disguise, nor did he give any evidence of his knowledge of the fact, that he had attracted the notice of so fair a company.

Apart from the rest, and leaning upon the arm of a Florentine gentleman of great age, stood the presiding angel of that beautiful assemblage; her dress was of the richest velvet, and around her neck hung carelessly a circlet of diamonds and emeralds set in gold. Her dark hair waived in rich profusion around her alabaster neck, and her eye of unusual brilliancy flashed from beneath a forehead of noble shape. A white rose peeped out from her glossy curls, and a pearl pin fastened her veil to the side of her head; her cheeks were tipped with the blush of the carnation, and her rich, ruby lips, as they half unclosed and showed a set of pearly teeth,—seemed formed to tempt a saint to sin.

She was the Rose of Florence! As the stranger masque drew nigh her, a bright blush mantled her cheek, and a tremulous motion moved her lips; it was but for a moment, however, and then collecting her energies, she stood apparently as cold and unconcerned as she had previous to his entrance.

"May I be permitted to join you in the waltz, Signora?" said the masque to the beautiful girl.

"Certainly, Signor," said she, and whispering something to the ear of her aged attendant, she took the proffered arm and was soon in the midst of the lively dance. After the dance was over, the stranger led the wearied girl to a little alcove, that overlooked the garden of the palace, and there told out his tale of long unburthened love. "I may not listen to you Signor," said Rose, rising to depart, "a stranger must remove his masque, and proclaim his name and rank, before he can be permitted to offer love to the daughter of a noble of Florence."

The stranger turned toward a lamp that flashed at the entrance of the alcove, and removed his masque, discovered his countenance to the curious girl.

"The Grand Duke!" said she, with a thrill of horror; "the last scion of a noble house is not a fit object for your mockery. I leave you, my prince—we must not be seen together." As she turned upon her heel to enter the saloon, the enamoured prince threw his silken sash over her head, and fastened it about her arms in such a manner as to drown her cries, and render her struggles of no avail. He then seized her in his arms, and springing out of the window of the alcove, which was but a short distance from the garden walk, ran to the steps at the river's side. So sudden & well, or rather ill timed were his motions, that not a sound had betrayed his violence to the company in the saloon.

After reaching the steps, he gave a shrill whistle, and the barge of Angelo pulled alongside. In a few minutes the barge glided down the Arno, bearing the prince and his beautiful prize, while a smaller craft followed after at such a distance, as not to be perceived by the titled scoundrel or his elated followers.

"Where is the Rose of Florence?" shrieked the venerable old man, as he rushed from alcove to alcove, and from saloon to saloon, at the hour when the company prepared to depart, from the hospitable mansion before alluded to.

"And where the stranger masque that danced with her?" said a young nobleman who had asked her to dance with him, and had been denied, at an earlier hour of the evening; all was now alarm and confusion, parties searched the halls and corridors of that vast mansion, while others scoured along the garden walks and penetrated the solitude of the groves; but all in vain, the beautiful maiden was not to be found, and she could not have departed only by water. "The masque must have robbed me," said the old man. "Hasten down the Arno—Oh! my poor Rose—Merciful God strike me not dead with the conviction of such a reality—my child—bring me back my child—save her from shame and the taint of pollution—Oh, noble Florentines! bring me my daughter and receive an old man's blessing." An ashy paleness now spread over his face, and he fell lifeless upon the marble pavement.

Having removed him to a safe place, and left him in the charge of skilful nurses, the nobles of Florence joined in the search without delay.

Boats set off in every direction; muskets were fired, shouts were heard in the distance, and torches flashed along the Arno; but still when morning burst its splendor upon the city of Florence, nothing

had been heard of the Lost Rose of Florence.

The barge of Angelo with its noble freight, had hardly reached the open country, before the sound of hasty oars was heard in its wake, and as it drew near to a cross, that marked the scene of foul murder, on the river's bank, a light was seen glimmering astern, which was answered by boats ahead. Presently a hoarse hail struck upon the ears of the watchful prince. "It is the Custom house boat," said the sleepy Angelo, and then raising his voice shouted, "The Grand Duke," "The Grand Duke, or Graad Devil," said the leader of the Bandits from his little skiff—all the same to me, Signors surrender at discretion, or by Heaven I'll sink you." Angelo not to be taken by surprise, and feeling the importance of the trust confided to him, ordered his men to fire at the intruders, a volley of small arms now rang upon the night air, the light of which discovered to the astonished bargemen the presence of three boats, manned with armed banditti.

A volley was now returned by the bandits, which wounded several bargemen, and then at a signal from the leader in the skiff, the assailant ran alongside of the barge and carried her sword in hand. After securing the prisoners, and booty, the leader of the bandits cried out in a voice of thunder, "Beach the boats," and running his skiff upon a shoal landing was promptly followed by the other boats, and soon the whole party mustered upon a lonely shore. The leader then gave a long low whistle, which was answered immediately, and a train of saddled asses with their drivers came tinkling from the ravine that yawned below them. Having mounted all hands, the bandits surrounded their prisoners, and proceeded at a sharp trot towards the interior; and before the sun peeped over the Eastern plains, the cavalcade entered one of the wild gorges of the Appenines, and was hidden from view.

The sun was setting in matchless splendor behind the tall peaks of the mountains when the inmates of an encampment left their tents on the side of an eminence, and drew near to a clump of mighty chestnuts whose appearance was aged and venerable as the temples and pillars that glittered on the plains below. A table had been spread, beneath the shade by some mountain Syph, and seats of dry moss arranged in proper order, awaited the company.

The party consisted of the Bandit leader, the Grand Duke, Angelo, and the fair though apparently withering Rose of the distant city.

"Most worthy Cousin," said the Grand Duke in an ironical tone of voice, "how long do you propose detaining me from my subjects?"

"No longer than you please," said the Bandit, in a careless manner.

"I will depart this morning then," said the Grand Duke, with a satisfactory smile. "I suppose I can carry the maiden whom I forced to accompany me back to her agonized father?"

"Never," said the Bandit, striking his clenched fist on the table, "I will not trust the Rose of Florence to your tender mercies again."

"Alberto," said the beautiful girl, "when will you restore me to my kindred?"

"When you say that Alberto is no longer your affianced husband," said the leader with a frown.

"Nay Alberto," said the girl, blushing deeply, "you must not claim the broken troth."

"In troth I will," said the Bandit, "accident has placed you in my hands and fate whispers that the Rose of the city shall bloom amid the daisies of the mountain."

"Listen," said the Grand Duke, as he rose from his seat and approached the captain, "are you Count Alberto of Naples the banished nobleman?"

"I am, at your service" said the captain, with a fierce look.

"And were you betrothed to this angel in your better days?"

"I was," said the Bandit.

"Then," said the Grand Duke, "kneel down my much wronged subject, and let me restore you to that society from which you were driven for too slight a cause." The truth beamed from the eye of the Grand Duke as he repeated his command; Rose started upon her feet to catch the words that might drop from his lips, for she felt that her own happiness was interwoven with their import.

The Captain of the Banditti seeing his old master was in earnest, and feeling a desire to know what would be the result of the proceeding, knelt as commanded.

The Grand Duke took the sword that lay upon the table, and striking the kneeler with the flat side of it, said: "Rise up Count Alberto of Naples, thy former honors and privileges are restored to thee, and thou art taken into favor; upon one condition."

"And what is that my prince?" said Alberto with a frown.

"That you shall return with me this night, and restore the Rose of Florence to her anxious friends."

"Noble and generous Prince," said the Count as he sprang upon his feet after kissing the extended hand, "I will gladly perform the condition, and whatever else you may require of me." In a moment Rose was pressed to his beating breast.

In the course of an hour, the captain of the Banditti parted from his old companions, and accompanied by the prince and his betrothed, left the mountain pass, and ere the purple dawn, tipped the eastern plains, the little cavalcade entered the almost silent city of Florence and repaired to the palace of the Tuscan Dukes.

It was evening and hundreds of carriages were seen hurrying to the Ducal palace, laden with beautiful ones glittering with pearls and diamonds, and rich in rosette smiles and beaming eyes.—Upon the throne of the Tuscan, sat the Duke Alphonso clothed in robes of royalty, and around him stood the high officers and nobles of his court. All was magnificence and splendor. After numerous presentations had been gone through with, and the last straggler had made his appearance, the Duke bade his Chamberlain summon to his presence Count Alberto and the Rose of Florence. As they advanced to the foot of the throne and knelt in homage, the whole court could hardly refrain from acknowledging aloud the superior beauty and grace of the affianced pair.

"Count Alberto" said the Duke in a loud and stern voice, "there is one thing remaining for me to perform; and that is, to administer to thee suitable punishment for running counter to the prince in an affair of love. And as for thee, fair Rose, a punishment is also prepared, that will cause thee to remember thy opposition to our will, throughout thy pilgrimage on earth. Holy Bishop we need thy aid—Rise up Count Alberto of Naples and lead the affianced bride to the altar—Come Sir, time wastes—let us to the wedding." So saying the Grand Duke repaired to the Court Chapel, followed by his courtiers, and upon his arrival gave away the bride with his own hands—torches flashed, jewels glittered, plumes waved, and sweet music died away in the distance, as the Holy Father pronounced Count Alberto of Naples, to be the husband of the Rose of Florence.

When the news of the marriage reached the streets of the beautiful city, joy seemed to beam from every countenance, and the populace amid the chiming of bells, the strains of music, and pealing of cannon, cried out "God save Count Alberto and the Rose of Florence."

Count Alberto lived to see a scion of his house and then slept with his fathers—the Grand Duke Alphonso married in an evil hour a high Dutch wife, and was forced by the vixen to stay at home not only on carnival nights, but during every night in the year, until death kindly relieved him. Angelo was hung on a gallows as high as Haman's for he was hung on a pine tree in the mountains—and the father of the beautiful Rose became a maniac, and was finally found floating down the Arno, with his throat severed from ear to ear.

Many years have rolled away since the incidents above related have transpired, and now when evening closes on the last day of the carnival, and the river flashes with its bridges of fire, and the Heavens glow with the brightness of the illuminated city, the Countess Alberto, who, by the way, is a little withered old woman, looks herself up in her bed chamber, lest another Grand Duke should take into his royal head, to give her another midnight barge-ride, upon the bosom of the Arno.

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Modern Definitions.

DISINTERESTEDNESS—Accepting a lucrative office at the particular and urgent request of the people.

FASHION—The voluntary slavery which leads us to think, act and dress according to the judgment of fools and the caprices of coxcombs.

FOOL—What the fop sees in the looking-glass.

GENTLEMAN—The filling of a coat.

LADY—An appendage to a bonnet.

GOLD—Dead earth, for which men sacrifice life, and lose heaven.

Many choose their friends for the sake of their full purse, rather than their full hearts; and value them less for their exalted stations. They forget that a full purse may soon be exhausted by frequent demands upon it; while the more a full heart gives away its treasures, the oftener it is replenished. We shall find the strings of the heart, and the strings of the purse, both tightened in the hour of adversity; the former around us—the latter around itself.—N. Y. Aurora.

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.—A New York paper says: "There is a woman living in Chesham who has two husbands, and one of these husbands has three wives."

From the New York Atlas.

Cousining.

AN AMUSING STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

A short time ago a gentleman went into the coach office at Utica, and booked himself for a residence near Oswego. In the coach office was a beautiful girl. The gentleman thought of all persons in the world, he should like her for a travelling companion. To his great delight as the coach drove up to the door, he found that she was a passenger. Upon being asked, where she would like to sit, she said "by the gentleman," alluding to our hero. He felt much flattered, and thanked heaven that his personal appearance had captivated so charming a female.

Snack went the whip, round went the wheels. The gentleman conversed with the lady, he found her free and easy, and from her agreeable manner felt as if he had known her all his life. Evening closed in upon them. With evening came twilight, and very shortly afterwards, darkness. On rumbled the coach, jolting and jerking in the most remarkable manner.—It was an act of politeness, doubtless, on the part of the gentleman, to encircle the waist of his fair companion with his arm, just to keep her free from the jolting to which she might be otherwise subjected. He did this with some timidity. To his surprise no objection was made to it.—Encouraged by the freedom allowed, as darkness had spread her sable veil over that portion of the earth on which the coach was rumbling, he drew her to him, and imprinted a kiss on her nectarian lips.

The coach did not travel very quickly, when he found himself on the following day within a few rods of his uncle's house. He told his fair companion that they must shortly separate, and became poetical upon the occasion. Spoke of "here we meet too soon to part," and made use of many other romantic speeches, expressive of his deep regret at being compelled to sever so soon from one who had been as a bright and glorious sunbeam on his earthly pilgrimage, one whose memory would live forever, and a day after, in his bosom.—To his exceeding surprise, the young lady declared he had been so exceedingly kind that she could not think of parting with him, that she would go with him to his uncle's house.

He told her that he dare not take such a liberty. That he had been in Europe for some years, and that himself a stranger, comparatively, to his uncle, he could not introduce a lady, who was a stranger to him and his relations.

The lady evinced hysterical symptoms; his arm again encircled her waist, and their lips again owned a secret communion. The coach stopped. The gentleman had arrived at the end of his journey. He bade the lady farewell. It was no go. She insisted upon his protecting her. She got out of the coach with him and followed him into his uncle's house.

He was in a dreadful state of mind.—However pleasant a kiss in the dark was on the previous night, the incubrince of a petticoat on such an occasion, was anything but satisfactory. He walked into the parlor, and with what he conceived to be unblushing impudence, the lady followed. While he was thinking how he could possibly explain the affair, he was welcomed by his uncle, and the young lady was welcomed too, and kissed by all the family. She was his cousin.

On his entering the coach office at Utica, and booking his name and place of destination, she knew at once that he was her relative, and resolved to have a laugh at his expense; and perhaps she did when she told her stage coach adventure, and the fright to which she put her cousin!—What liberties they take. The gentleman was laughed at pretty considerably; but let those laugh that win. He won his fair cousin, and they are bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh.

AN INDIAN RETORT.—An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hoghead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied, "May he drink as much water, but he not eat as much hay."

FASHIONABLE GAIT.—The Sunday Mercury says, "We like to see a young lady walk as though a flea was biting her on each hip; it is so fascinating. She is just the match for the dandy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling over a bed of hot ashes."

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, when she has in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behaviour modesty, and in her life virtue.

A PENMAN.—On a recent occasion, a witness before one of the London Police Offices, described himself as a "penman," but on being asked on what species of "penmanship" he was employed, he replied that he penned sheep in Smithfield market.