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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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POETRY.

Spring.

Sunny Spring is opening,
Birds are mounting on the wing;
Little leaves are sprouting now,
Buds are peeping from the bough;
And, among the branches seen,
Smile the little spots of green,
Now the infant blade is peeping,
Now the farmer speeds the plough,
Sunny Spring is smiling now.

Solemn Winter speeds away,
Fading like the morning mist,
By the early beam of day,
Caught, and into waking kiss'd.
Now the sad days of the year
With their shadows disappear;
Heavy storm and whistling blast;
Many weary hours are past,
And the spring time pioneers,
Merry smiling Spring is here.

Not as in the frozen North,
Comes it like a lion forth,
Tearing them from day to day,
'Till a lamb it glides away;
But a few mild dews are shed
And then marches Spring along,
Even like an olden song,
Telling how life's pulses range
As the rolling seasons change.

Now the laugh of health and joy,
Bursting from the gleesome boy,
As he, all unconscious why,
Shouts in gladness to the sky;—
He with heart and pulses warm,
Feels a new born rapture swelling;
'Who's the buoyant spring-time charm
Boyhood has no tongue for telling;
Nor can even manhood write
Half the happy boy's delight.

From the New York American.

The Flower.

Alone across a foreign plain
The exile slowly wanders,
And on his isle beyond the main,
With saddened spirit ponders.

This lonely isle beyond the sea,
With all its household treasures—
Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
And all its rural pleasures;

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
Its moors and purple heather—
Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars,
Her childhood loved to gather.

When, lo! he starts with glad surprise,
Home joys come rushing o'er him,
For "modest wee and crimson tipped,"
He spies a flower before him!

With eager haste he stoops him down—
His eyes with moisture hazy,
And as he plucks the simple bloom,
He murmurs "Lark-a-daisy."

THE SONG OF THE SWISS IN A STRANGE LAND.

Oh, when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?

Oh when shall I dance on the daisy white
mead,
In the shade of an elm to the sound of a reed?
When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet?
The lambs and the heifer that follow my
call,

My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all!
Oh when shall I visit the land of my birth?
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Burial of the Pastor's Daughter.

BY WILLIAM BACON.

"Thou wast too poor to dwell with clay,
For sin too poor, for earth too bright!
And death who called thee hence away,
Placed on his brow a gem of light."

The town of _____ is beautifully situated in one of the western counties of Massachusetts. Its population somewhat sparse for a New England town of the present day, is pretty equally scattered over its lovely territory, hemmed in by mountains on the east and west, and the health and longevity of the inhabitants had, from the earliest settlement of the place, been a subject of great notoriety. True, the church-yard inscriptions gave assurance that those of every age had sought refuge from a turbulent world in the holy sanctuary of the tomb, but their number were greatly in favor of the aged, who, like shocks of corn, had been gathered in their proper season, or, like the ripe fruit of autumn, "had fallen maturely to the earth." Consumption and most of the diseases that "flesh is heir to," had had their victims; intemperance, "like a strong man armed," had overpowered the young and the robust, or with the flattering song of Delilah, had robbed them of their strength by enticing motives, and hurried them prematurely from earthly usefulness, and the warm embrace of affection to the unreturning land of forgetfulness and silence; yet, in an unusual number of instances, man having lived his appointed time upon the earth, had given up the ghost, and gone home to a better and more enduring inheritance.

But the early part of the autumn of 1841 introduced a new era in the history of disease and death in that beautiful valley, through which the balmy mountain air, as it passed along, had hitherto imparted health and elasticity of spirit to the inhabitants and awoke new hopes in the bosom of the invalid who came to woo its healthful breezes and partake of their salubrious influence. The pestilence that goes in darkness and destruction, that hitherto valed health, Typhus fever, with its malignant, scorching influence, commenced its insidious workings and rapidly prostrated the aged and young; here, after long and anxious watching, tearing the kind and affectionate father and husband from the embrace of those whose lives were bound to his and ushering him to the land of spirits; there, in spite of the cries of infancy and the pleadings of affection, strong as life, calling the young mother from the circle where her life was the soul and centre of present enjoyment and much future hope, and consigning her to the place of dreamless silence, where sorrow's voice cannot penetrate, or wearied solicitude extended her influence. Buoyant youth too, whose claims on life were guaranteed by rosy health and unshaken firmness, (alas what are youth and health when the power of disease comes upon them) the stay and support of aged widowhood felt the withering grasp, and shrinking back, fell into the grave.

It is often the case that when malignant disease passes through a region of country, its recurrence the following year may be calculated upon, with some degree of certainty, especially when natural causes, if such in any way exist, may be supposed, under like circumstances, to produce a similar effect. And how an inveterate fever can break out in a region which for more than half a century, had been characterized for its healthfulness, without some natural cause, is a matter on which we shall not risk a speculation.

It might have arisen from a severe draught and sultry sunshine acting in concert upon the extensive swampy regions of those parts, and bringing up by their united influence, miasma from a depth which their decomposing power had never before penetrated. At any rate, the season succeeding that whose events we have glanced at, so far as the operations of nature were concerned, claimed close affinity with it, and scarcely had the heat of summer attained its climax, before events kindred to those of the preceding year, began to develop themselves.

Among the earliest victims was Mary S., the daughter of the pastor.—She and an older sister, had just returned from the Seminary, where the last year had been spent, with all the buoyancy of youthful spirits, again to gladden the inmates of the paternal roof with their cheering presence, and to spread joy and festivity through the circles who had long anticipated their return with eagerness and solicitude. With what doating fondness had the father looked to the day when he should again fold his long absent ones to his bosom, and listen to the sweet song of his singing birds, whose notes always awakened the raptures of pure devotion in

his heaven? With what expectancy he hailed the time when he should behold the bright blossoming and maturing of mind which it had, from their infancy, been his favorite care to cultivate and train for the richer perfection of the brighter world to which he was looking forward? How bright in fancy's glass was the picture which the prospective of future years brought up, when, in his declining days, the warm expression of youthful ardor, ripened into womanhood, should reciprocate his assiduous and watch the warning of life's sun, with care and gentleness, as he hailed its rising, and finally, when "life's fearful fever closed," by their prayers and songs waver his spirit upward to the heaven of bright realities for which his life had been a scene of preparation, and to which he had so earnestly pointed them as a final home?

Alas, for the frailty of human expectation! As in the natural world the bright morning sun is frequently obscured by angry clouds—as the fair flower soon withers and is gone—the ripe fruit drops earliest from the stem, so it is with human expectation. The rosy cheek nurtures and conceals the worm which is to destroy its healthful hue; the firmest constitution often yields most rapidly to disease which hurries its victim to the tomb, while the feeble and infirm live on; those who promise the greatest usefulness on the earth are frequently called the earliest to the skies. Mary returned to her parents the picture of health; elasticity was in all her motions, and the buoyancy of spirit which characterizes energy of soul was remarkably broad. Life, apparently, spread its prospect broad and fair before her.—Her dreams of future usefulness seemed almost positive realities. But her work was well nigh done. In one short month after her return, the workings of disease were visible in her system. Solicitude manifested itself in the long and anxious watchings of her friends, and their sorrowful countenances told of the fears they too truly cherished, that death would soon blight their fondest prospects with regard to one on whom they had doated so fondly. Medical skill united its strongest energies, the fervent prayers of the righteous were offered by many yielding hearts for

"She died!" "I was like the setting of some star,
Or like the fading of a flower, or like
The passing of some breeze, or falling of
Some pearly dew-drop from its resting place
Amidst its fragile leaves." "She died!" "I was
like
The melting of the snow, or some sound
Dissolving into silence, or some dream
Passing away in beauty, leaving but
The memory of its loveliness."

And during the last conflicts of nature she was not insensible to her fate. She felt that the cold hand of death was pressing the life blood from the vitals, and that the wasting of disease was to terminate only with her mortal existence.—And, as she felt the life stream ebbing in her system, she spoke to her sorrowing sister of the pure notes of praise in which their voices would ere long blend in the bright world to which her submissive spirit must soon pass away, and of the green fields and flowery mountains and streams which engage their attention in their heavenly home. She comforted her afflicted parents with the kind assurance that their assiduous care for her on the earth would not be lost to her in a heavenly inheritance, for which their pious care had formed the mind.

So calm and easy was her transition from earth to heaven, that not a muscle of her features was disquieted by the act of separation. Her countenance, exhibited only the paleness, none of the agonies of death. The smile she was accustomed to wear while in health, yet rested on her lips, and her eyes were closed as calmly as in peaceful slumber.

For three days they kept that precious clay, which, while the spirit which inhabited it was there, was so precious, and still it altered not. Whenever the afflicted father removed the cloth to view the cold remains, her countenance met him in its native loveliness, only the spirit was not there. Yet as he looked upon the broken vessel of disappointed hopes he felt the assured consciousness, that though her earthly tabernacle had fallen, still

"She lived!
The breeze had gently winged its way to
heaven;
The dew drop was exhaled from earth; the
snow
Could vie not with her robes of purity;
Her name is now a sound that seraps love."

The time had arrived when the dust he had cherished with so much fondness, was no longer to be his; but must be consigned to the cold damp earth, to hold communion with the worms and moulder with its original. It was an hour to test the philosophy of the religion he had long proclaimed to his fellow men. He had been with them in their hour of sorrow and anguish, when they must separate from the dear objects of their affection,

and had pointed them through the bright avenues of hope, to the world where sorrow and parting will be known no more. His day of trial had now come, and those who had received sweet sounds of sympathy from his lips, were gathered in a mournful group, to reciprocate the kind feelings he had generously extended to them. There, too, were the blooming associates of Mary. But a few weeks had passed since they met to welcome her return, and receive greetings from her lips, which were closed forever. Then, she recounted to them her past pleasures, and together they dwelt in future anticipations. Then they joined with her in the sweet lays of music—walked with her over the fields of velvet, rich in the emerald of summer—plucked the ripe berry from the bramble, gathered the beautiful flower from the mossy bank of the woodland dell, or listened to the accordant notes of the forest songster. Now, impressed with the consciousness that all these harmless enjoyments were forever at an end, they spake with faltering tongue and moistened eye: and as the venerable pastor saw their sorrow, thoughts of the past, in contrast with the present, rushed upon his memory. The retrospect of years was before him, as he bowed his head in meek submission.

At length the remains were removed from the dwelling through which she had so lately moved with youthful vigor, and one by one the sorrowing concourse passed to give the last offering of affection, the farewell look to their common friend; and as their tears fell upon the face they should "see not again till the heavens are no more," many an eye unused to weeping, let fall the sorrowing tribute of a tear.—Nor did man alone, nor lovely woman, hold solitary communion with sorrow in that hour. The skies were shadowed with weeping clouds, the hoarse autumn winds sighed along the mountains, and "the sere and yellow leaves" of autumn fell, rustling from their branches on that mourning day. And amid all these scenes of bitterness and grief, the man of God led his weeping family to the lowly bier, to bid his sleeping dust farewell. All eyes rested upon him, and the triumphs of his faith were perceptible in his countenance. He spake of the resurrection and the life, and of the assurance that those who sleep in Jesus upon the earth in his latter day glory—"of the new heaven and earth" to be prepared for his faithful followers, in which parting and death and sorrow shall be known no more.

In consequence of the expected arrival of an only brother, who was absent, the final interment of Mary's remains were deferred. However, as all hopes of his reaching his afflicted friends for the present, vanished with the setting sun, it was thought expedient to delay the burial service no longer; and again the mourning family, accompanied by a few friends, moved slowly and solemnly towards the grave, which had already received its trust, but upon which the seal of final rest had not been placed. And what more appropriate time than evening could have been chosen to bury one so lovely! Then, the world is shut from observation. Men have forsaken their busy haunts. Curiosity has, in a measure, ceased its promptings. There is a quietude in the evening hour which gives it a sacredness above common time. There is solemnity in it, especially when mournful rites are to be performed, for which no other part of day is equal.—The sympathizing stars, looking from their far off orbits on the earth—the moon shining in her paleness, and the universal stillness which broods over the earth, impart to mild evening many a charm, which is sweet, though tinged with sadness.

Few were the words which were spoken as we again looked down into the dark sepulchre, and for the last time surveyed the narrow house that contained the mortal part of the lovely youth, whose early fate we all deplored; and as we looked and thought of her excellence and present glory—of the bright change through which she had passed, the rattling earth upon the coffin broke the reverie; and as we raised the little mound and placed the turf, which must remain the future guardians of the sacred spot, the full moon, from behind the folding clouds, sent her peerless ray to add sanctity to the scene.

Again the aged and sorrow stricken pastor spoke of the resurrection and the life, and told his sorrowing ones that though the separation which they had endured was full of bitterness and anguish, yet the hour of reunion in a better world was as sure as the sacredness of the word of God.

Too bad.—An Exchange paper states that a boy having got his father's snuff box, indulged so immoderately in the titillating dust, that he sneezed himself to pieces. His remains having been gathered up, a coroner's inquest was held over them, when the enlightened jury returned a verdict of "snuffed out."

The Children of the Rich and Poor.

We sometimes hear parents regret their inability to bequeath to their cherished offspring, the means of abundant independence. Indeed, if we look through society, we shall not fail to discover hundreds, who toil from day to day and from year to year, not for the means of immediate independence, not because they apprehend poverty—but from a desire to accumulate large fortunes, and to leave behind them immense estates. And yet, the experience of all times shows that in four cases out of five, the children of the poor man, or at least of the citizen in moderate circumstances, are more likely to live uprightly, and to enjoy a fair portion of earthly happiness, than those of the rich. The truth is, the son of the poor man is taught to depend upon his own efforts. He knows that on arriving at the age of 21, he will be compelled to enter the arena of a world where money is the chief object of the multitude—that unless he possesses industry, energy and activity, his chance of independence will be exceedingly meagre. Thus he fits himself at least for the trials and vicissitudes of life. He enters into competition with his fellow-men with a stout heart and keen spirit, determined if possible, to win his way to something like fortune. He understands some business, and therefore the means of employing his time. He feels that reputation is all essential to his success, and he therefore controls his passions, respects the laws, and endeavours to act with propriety. He is bound not only by self-interest, but by all the ordinary obligations of man, to pursue a course which shall win for him, not only the esteem of his fellow-creatures, but a due degree of contentment and earthly happiness.

But how is it with the rich man's son? He soon ascends the wealth of his parents, and his probable condition of pecuniary independence arising out of that wealth: The incentive to industry is at once taken away. He perhaps thinks that he may defy the world, inasmuch as his expected fortune will place him beyond the necessity of industry. Habits of idleness and extravagance are thus formed, and at the decease of the parent, and the possession of the fortune—how frequently does it happen that a race of gaiety, fashion and profligacy commences, which is not checked, until the misguided and mis-educated man finds himself plunged in all the horrors of dissipation, with neither the mental nor the moral energy to retrace his footsteps. The rich fathers, we contend, do not educate their children, except in rare instances, under a system to suit them for the possession and management of wealth. It seems to us, that this is indeed the most difficult task that could be imposed upon a parent. The most advisable mode we will not attempt to describe. The position of a parent possessing an immense fortune, with boys on whom he doats with all a father's fondness, and the consciousness, at the same time, that his sons are not suited to the management of money, and their possession of it is as likely to lead to their ruin as any thing else, is one indeed pregnant with difficulty.

Look through the community of Philadelphia at the present time, and our meaning will be fully illustrated. How many of the poor men of the present day, the dissolute and the objects of sympathy—are the same sons of the rich of former times! How few, on the other hand, of the rich men of the present day, become so by the estates left them by their fathers! On the contrary, property is constantly changing hands in this country—the children of the honest, the industrious and the enterprising, take their places in the ranks of wealth. Who were our Ridgways and Girards in early life? Thus, then, we argue, that altho' it may sometimes be a source of anxiety that we cannot leave our children abundance of wealth—the habits of industry, activity, perseverance and integrity, are far more likely to render them happier, better, wiser, and in the end more prosperous than if they had been brought up to the use of purple and fine linen, horses and costly vehicles, gay society and extravagant expectations.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE.—The following, which we clip from the Knickerbocker of the past month, is the neatest thing of the kind we have seen for many a day: "I knew Deacon T. well. He was the guardian of my early years, and I resided with him for a considerable period. There is some mistake, I think, concerning his charity. My grand-father must have confounded the acts of some other individual with those of Deacon T. He was never known to give money in charity but once, and that was a bad fourpence-halfpenny which had come back to him some twenty times in the way of trade, and which he at last gave away in a fit of desperation. He always said, when applied to for charity;

"Go to Hannah, (his wife,) she always attends to such things." She was a woman in whose economy and discretion in matters of benevolence he could place the most implicit confidence—and he knew it. On one special occasion, a birth-day, I believe, the good lady made up a batch of extra-nice custard pies; so nice, in fact, that after they were done, she had n't the courage to eat them; but hoarded them up until they became sour and mouldy, and then endeavored to thrust them down the throats of her family.

But they "wouldn't go down." She then mixed them all over again into a pudding, hoping to disguise the taste by the addition of pearl-ash and other culinary arts. This was a failure. The parlor folk quietly declined being helped to it, and the kitchen girls turned up their noses over it. But the old lady's ingenuity was not exhausted. She had a sick neighbor, a poor woman, who had been languishing for months in a consumption, and with characteristic benevolence she determined to administer the rejected pudding to her. It was accordingly again dressed over and served up in the shape of cup custard, and carried to the sick woman by the lady herself. But she was too ill to eat them; and the next and the next passed away, and they still remained untouched. At last the nurse, who had looked at the nice little things with a longing eye, ventured to taste one. She thought it was sour; she tasted again and was sure of it. The whole was then consigned to the pig sty; and its occupant, "who came in immediately after"—thrust his snout in the trough, and then upset it; and the custards were lost beyond redemption. But the Deacon enjoyed the credit of the good; and months after, I heard the poor sick woman lamenting the loss of her custards: "If she could only have eaten them when they were first brought."

From the Locoming Gazette.

A Ramble.

We had a touch of summer on Wednesday last. We took a ramble by the river side in the morning, and our heart had hopes beat high. Never did the face of nature wear a more bright, a more glorious, or a more happy appearance. The fields looked green and smiling—the Susquehanna flowed on in a swift yet placid manner; its broad bosom rippled with the gentle breeze. Buds and blossoms were bursting forth in all directions—and the sweet songsters of the wood and field made vocal with notes as pure, as tender, and as thrilling as lover's vows. We met with a fine, bouncing girl in our stroll.—One of her shoe strings was untied, and the ends were trailing in the dust. It looked slatternly; besides, if the careless and lovely creature had trod on the said strings, the catastrophe might have been awful. We cautioned her—the danger was imminent, and there was no time to be lost.

"Miss, your shoe strings are untied."
"Sir!" "Your—"
"Excuse me—your—ah—shoe—strings—ah—and I thought—ah—"
"You're impert—"

She did not finish the word. Her native goodness of heart prevailed, and as she repaired damages unaided, she smiled forgiveness, and we parted company. She scudded before the wind as gracefully as a Baltimore clipper, until she was lost in the distance; and we hauled to the leeward, like some crippled privateer. We had boarded what we thought was a fair prize, and had been suddenly and unexpectedly repulsed. Strange world!

ONLY A MECHANIC.—This expression is often in the mouths of some of our fashionable, who would give an infinity of faint screams should they be brought in contact with any one who had ever earned an honest livelihood.

Two young ladies, who now move in the upper circles, though one assumes a higher range than the other has yet aspired to, met not long since at a ball. The most lofty of the two misses took no pains to conceal from the other her idea of her superiority, and the other had no idea of submitting to be snubbed by one whose origin she well knew was no better than her own.

Very coolly, therefore, though with that concentrated bitterness that a woman of the world knows so well how to sugar over with smiles of winning sweetness, the indignant lady walked up to the haughty one.

"Good evening, Miss Mason," said Miss Taylor, very prettily. Miss Mason curtisied so formally.

"I have been thinking my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names," said Miss Taylor so smilingly.

"Why so, pray?"

"Why, my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason; while your name is Mason, and your father was a tailor."

Miss Mason said nothing, but took the first opportunity of treading on Miss Taylor's toes; she gave two parties directly afterwards, on purpose not to invite her.