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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Christian World.
The Summer Birds.

By MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Sweet warblers of the sunny hours,
Forever on the wing—
I love them as I love the flowers,
The sunlight and the spring.
They come like pleasant memories,
In Summer's joyous time,
And sing their gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places
Where the golden sunlight falls,
We sit with smiling faces,
To list their silver calls;
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our heart leaps forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew—
Amidst the mists of even—
They warble on as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven.
How sweetly sounds each mellow note,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
When dying zephyrs rise and float,
Like lovers' sighs, away!

Like the shadowy spirits seen at eve,
Among the tombs they glide;
Where sweet pale forms for which we grieve,
Lie sleeping side by side.
They break with song the solemn hush
Which peace reclines her head,
And link their lays with mournful thoughts
That cluster round the dead;

For never can my soul forget
The loves of other years;
Their memories fill my spirit yet—
I've kept them green with tears;
And their singing greets my heart at times,
As in the days of yore,
Though their music and their loveliness
Is o'er—forever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night
Comes with a low, sweet tune,
And sets a star on every height,
And one beside the moon—
When not a sound of wind or wave
The holy stillness mars,
I look above and try to trace
Their dwellings in the stars.

The birds! the birds of summer hours—
They bring a gush of glee,
To a child among the fragrant flowers—
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

In the stillness of the starlight hours,
When I am with the dead,
Oh! may they flutter mid the flowers
That blossom o'er my head.
And pour their songs of gladness forth
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips whose broken melody
Shall never sing again.

MOTHER.

Of all the words in language there's no other
Equal in gentle influence to MOTHER!
It is the first name that we learn to love—
It is the first star shining from above;
It is a light that has a softer ray
Than aught we find in evening or day!
MOTHER!—It back to childhood brings the
man,
And forth to womanhood leads the maiden.
MOTHER!—'Tis with the name all things
began,
That are with love and sympathy full laden.
O! 'tis the fairest thing in Nature's plan,
That all life's cares may not affection smother
While lives within the yearning heart of
man,
Melting remembrance of a gentle MOTHER!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies Companion.
Light Reading, and the Embroidered Cape.

A SKETCH.

By MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"AUNT MORTON will be absent about two hours, and I can spare one of them for reading," thought Emily Ashton, as she looked at the cambric handkerchief which her aunt had expressed a wish she would finish hem-stitching by the time she returned. It was a warm afternoon in July, but the windows of the apartment were so delightfully shaded with rose-bushes, sweet-briars, and honey-suckles, that only now and then a stray sunbeam quivered upon the carpet, while the fresh breeze that seemed cooler for rustling the green leaves as it passed, had free admission. This air of quiet, shady seclusion, made it a most charming retreat for reading, and Emily abandoned herself to the fascinating pages of the book she had selected, with an interest those only can feel who have a great fondness for reading with comparatively but few opportunities of indulging. Mr. Norton, Emily's uncle, who had a taste for reading, had a small, but well chosen library, and frequently deposited a few volumes of the lighter literature of the day, upon the centre-table; besides which, Emily, from her allowance of spending-money, furnished with several of the periodicals and annuals. Mrs. Norton was not fond of reading, and few things made her so restless and fidgety as to see her niece with a book in her hand, it being almost sure to remind her of some half a dozen pieces of work, which she wished to have finished. It was therefore, only when her aunt was out, or when her uncle had an evening to spend at home, when he frequently requested her to read aloud, that she attempted to look into a book. She had, consequently, been unable to finish "Master Humphrey's Clock," although it had been lying upon the table for several weeks. Five minutes of the hour had passed, and little Nell had just gone forth in the still evening, to watch with yearning heart, the meeting of the two sisters, and to hold communion with the orbs of heaven, that seemed gazing down upon her with looks full of gentleness and love, when Augusta Wingfield, a girl about her own age, entered with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Always reading," said Augusta— "pray what have you that so deeply interests you?"

"Master Humphrey's Clock—have you read it?"

"No, I hope not—I don't approve of light reading."

As she spoke she unrolled a muslin cape, which she was working from a beautiful and elaborate pattern. Having taken one or two stitches, "do oblige me with your emery-ball," said she, "I forgot to take mine, and this warm weather is so very annoying, when one has such fine work to do."

"Why don't you rest a few minutes; you are now flushed from walking in the sun."

"I know I am, but I am in such a hurry I have not a moment to spare. I could hardly spend time to come in to see you this afternoon, but I saw your aunt pass, and I thought you would be so lonesome. I told mother I would run in and sit with you a little while."

"You were very considerate," replied Emily, as with a sigh she again consigned the book to the table."

"I should not have come as it was," resumed Augusta, "only I know that you can keep a secret. I would not have Matilda Thompson and Louisa Lomas know that I am working this cape for any thing, for I wish them to think it is French work, and they will never detect the difference, if they are not told. I am working it like cousin Isabel's which is the most elegant and expensive one I have ever seen."

After sitting silently a few minutes, "Do Emily," said she, "if not too much trouble, favor me with a little rose water to bathe my eyes. This fine work is so trying to the eyes, and I sat so very late last night, for I was determined to work a hundred leaves after I had went to my chamber, if it took me till morning."

"Surely, Augusta, there can be no necessity for you to risk impairing your eyesight, and endangering your health, on account of this beautiful cape," said Emily, handing her the rose-water.

"I hope that I shall not seriously injure either, but I am determined, at any rate, to have it done before I go to the Springs, for Matilda Thompson, who is going at the same time, has bought one, which she supposes will outdo any thing of the kind, which I am able to purchase, and it will do me much good to see how surprised and envious she will be, when she finds I have one superior to hers."

"Uncle and Aunt Norton talk of going to the Springs, and wish me to accompany

them, but I suspect that I have no article of dress that will excite any person's surprise."

"But you might have, did you not spend all your money in purchasing books, and your leisure in reading them. Now what you pay a year for the 'Ladies' Companion,' which I see upon your table, would more than procure the materials for a cape like this, and the time you spend in reading that and other frivolous books would be amply sufficient to work it.—Expense me, Emily, but I must say you spend quite too much money and time upon light reading."

"You class all works of the imagination, whether poetry or prose, under the head of light reading, I suppose?"

"To be sure I do."

"And as such, you of course, condemn them?"

"I do."

"I have several reasons. My first objection to novels and tales, is because they are not true."

"The incidents may not be, but the spirit of them is, if the writer be equal to the subject."

"I care nothing about the spirit—I take a plain, literal view of the matter. If I tell a falsehood, however I trick it out in the seductive colors of the imagination, it is falsehood still, and I see but little difference between speaking and writing one."

"Or in acting one, you might add," thought Emily, as the little ruse of Augusta with regard to the cape, suggested itself to her mind. She however repressed the momentary inclination, which she felt to express what she thought, and requested her to name her principal objection to poetry."

"It gives," she replied, "too much scope to the imagination—a faculty, which, in my opinion, should be checked instead of being indulged, and this objection may be added to the one I have already given against novels and tales."

Mr. Norton, who had entered, some minutes before, unperceived by the girls, when Emily ceased speaking, came forward. "If you will permit me to take share in this conversation," said he, "I would remark that if the imagination be properly regulated, there are few evils to be apprehended from its indulgence. On the contrary, much good may, in many instances accrue from it, as I might easily point out, were I not fearful of too severely taxing your patience, I will content myself with observing, that it abundantly multiplies the sources of enjoyment, especially to cultivated minds. I think, when I entered, that you were expressing your disapprobation of light reading or rather that part which is fictitious."

"I was," replied Augusta, "although, for my own part, I don't pretend to rely altogether upon my own judgment. I have heard very worthy and sensible persons remark, that the time spent in reading the tales, novels, and even poetry, with which we are at present flooded was worse than thrown away."

"They object to them, I suppose, on the ground that they instil romantic notions into the minds of young persons, which can never be realized, but many of the more recent works of fiction are not in the least objectionable in that respect. A tale may be, and is frequently, made an agreeable vehicle for reproving folly and vice. It is true that many of the earlier novels represent the principal character as models of perfection. It is supposed therefore, that a young lady, given to reading them, should she chance to have a suitor, would invest him of the same exalted qualities, and that, as the bright veil woven by Fancy, is gradually withdrawn, she would experience disappointment and even disgust."

"Do you think, uncle," said Emily, "that such instances are of very frequent occurrence?"

"I think not," he replied, "so frequent as has been imagined. I once heard a young girl, by no means remarkable for her personal or mental endowments, declare that if ever she married, the person whom she honored with her choice, must be a 'Thaddeus.' Three months afterwards, she accepted of an offer—the first she ever had—from a man, who, although worthy and industrious, was plain in person, and coarse in manners. The match was considered a very eligible one, and I never could find that she made herself unhappy by drawing comparisons between her husband and Thaddeus of Warsaw. Do not suppose, however, that I would have light reading, especially works of fiction, supercede that which is more solid. I would have it resorted to as a relaxation, instead of the foolish tittle tattle with which many fill up their vacant hours, who have no fondness for reading. Emily, go get Humboldt's Travels, and Cunningham's Lives of the Painters and Sculptors. As they are true as well as interesting, I think Augusta will be pleased with them."

"I believe I lent you the Lives of the Painters and Sculptors, last winter, did I not, Augusta?"

"Yes, I believe you did."

"And did you not find them interesting?" said Mr. Norton.

A slight color suffused her cheek as she replied, "I have not read much of them yet—I have not had time. But to change the subject, have you heard what is said about Mary Wheatley?"

"I have heard nothing except that she has gone to a celebrated seminary to finish her education."

"Yes, that is what her friends gave out, but most people think that she has eloped with young Waterbury, as it is known that he left town the same day that she did, and some person saw them take seats in the same car."

"It can be nothing more than an idle report," said Emily, "for I am intimately acquainted with Mary, and received a letter from her yesterday, in which she wrote me very particularly respecting the seminary, and the studies she was pursuing."

"And I," said Mr. Norton, "can bear testimony in favor of Mr. Waterbury, of whose character and conduct I have had the best opportunities of judging, and I esteem him as being one of the most worthy and honorable young men I ever knew."

Augusta smiled in that peculiar manner, which is expressive of incredulity, and the subject was dropped.

By working early and late, she succeeded in finishing her cape in season for the proposed excursion to the Springs. Being in the same party with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and their daughter, Matilda, she managed so as to ascertain when the latter intended to wear her cape, that she might exhibit her own at the same time.—Matilda, as Augusta had anticipated, was certainly surprised at the sight of so elegant an article, which fairly out did her's, but she contented herself with passing a few encomiums upon its beauty. Not so, Mrs. Thompson, whose curiosity led her to pry to the bottom of all such important matters.

"That cape of yours is very handsome," said she; "may I ask where you purchased it?"

"At Mr. Wilson's," replied Augusta, and she did purchase the muslin there.

"You don't say so—that's where Matilda bought hers, and Mrs. Wilson wouldn't own that she had any that were more elegant. What price did you give?"

"You know the price of Cousin Isabel Waldron's," replied Augusta, evasively, "and mine is, as you may see, just like her's."

"So it is, but I did not mind that it was at first, her's cost more than twice as much as Matilda's."

"Did you say that you purchased your cape of Mrs. Wilson?" said Louisa Lomas, who a few minutes before had joined the group.

"Yes," replied Augusta.

"What could Mrs. Wilson mean," said Miss Lomas. "I called at her shop when she was opening her fancy goods, for the express purpose of selecting a cape, and there was not a single one to be compared with this. She assured me, for I inquired particularly, that she had reserved none for a favorite customer. She will hear from me when I return."

Augusta, desirous to put a stop to a disagreeable subject, could think of nothing better to resort to, than the rumor respecting the elopement of Mary Wheatley with young Waterbury, forgetting that Mary was Mrs. Thompson's niece. The annoyance she had suffered from having been so closely questioned, caused her to infuse a good deal of bitterness into her remarks, while she became so absorbed in the subject, that Waterbury and Emily Ashton, who had just returned from a walk, approached near enough to hear all she said without her perceiving them. A peculiar and significant look, which she saw Mrs. Thompson direct to Miss Lomas, as an animadversion more severe than any of the preceding escaped her lips, induced her to look round, when she encountered the full gaze of Waterbury. Shame and vexation suffused her face with crimson, and after standing a moment with eyes fixed on the floor, she precipitately withdrew to her own room. Emily Ashton, from motives of commiseration followed her.

"She found her in a paroxysm of tears.—'What will Mr. Waterbury think of me?'" said she. "What did he say?"

"He merely remarked that he was sorry that Miss Wingfield should take the trouble to repeat such an idle rumor, for, as some might set it down as true, it might be the means of injuring Mary Wheatley. For my own part," added Emily, "I thought his presence at the Springs, was of itself a sufficient contradiction to such an idle report."

"That was his own course—so I have heard it remarked—to rise a mist before people's eyes," said Augusta, with vivacity, for the moment forgetful of her vexation. A faint smile that flitted over the features of Emily, recalled it.

"Well," said she "I suppose I have Waterbury my enemy, as well as Mary Wheatley, for there will be enough to repeat to her what I have said. This odious

cape, too, that has nearly cost me my eyes, I wish it were in the Red Sea. I am sure that I can never think of wearing it again."

Emily ventured to suggest that an ingenious explanation respecting it, was the only means by which she could escape the meshes which subterfuge had already woven around her. Augusta was the more readily induced to listen to this hint, from being fully persuaded that Miss Lomas, according to her promise would let Mrs. Wilson hear from her about it, which could hardly fail to awaken conjectures that would give worse color to the affair, than if she anticipated the intended investigation by a voluntary explanation.

We will only add that the lesson which Miss Wingfield received while at the Springs, had subsequently a salutary effect, and that Emily Ashton returned home as the affianced bride of Waterbury, who, in his future intercourse with the world, proved himself to be influenced by those high-toned moral principles, ascribed to him by Mr. Norton.

Jim Joyce.

Who tried to be a Temperance Man, but could not come it.

An individual who rejoices in the name of Jim Joyce, was lecturing the lamp post on the mutability of matter, at the corner of Lafayette Square, on Sunday night. His remarks, which were delivered in a loud voice, brought the watchman on his legs, as they say in parliamentary phrase; for he had just, by the way of showing his extraordinary vigilance, had taken a comfortable snooze—or to speak more respectfully, he had been indulging in the luxuriance of an hour's somnolency.

"Keep silent!" said Joyce to the lamp post, as the watchman approached him. "and I'll explain the matter to you."

"What's the matter with you?" said the watchman. "Who are you?—eh! Let me see. Why, I'm blowed if you ain't Jim Joyce! What! Jim, my old conveyer, not taken the pledge yet!—Ah, Jim! you must be elected president of the Unreformed Drunkards—you can go the anti-Washingtonian ticket strong!"

"Charley, old feller," said Jim, "I's not what I used to be—I ain't myself I ain't nobody—I ain't nothing—I wish I was. I have wound up my affairs, and am in a state of liquor-dation!"

"Yes, I guess as how you have accepted a great many draughts lately," said the watchman—"you seem to like it."

"You're right, hoss—I has," said Jim, "but dang it, the Legislature won't come to my relief. Don't you see, I hain't got no 'movement,' and I'm used up with 'dead weight.'"

"Well come—move along," said Charley. "You hain't been out of prison three days. I'll refer you to a committee of one composed of Recorder Baldwin; I guess he'll move for your amendment!"

"Yes," says Jim; "but the temperance Society has had me under consideration, I find I can't be amended—I didn't take nothing for three days; but I could stand it no longer, and was obliged to resume my drinks. O! it's an awful state Charley, for a feller to be without his bittern when he's used to them!"

"Well, come along," said the watchman: "Thirty days in the new workhouse may have more virtue in bringing out reformation than a Father Mathew medal. We'll try it."

"Well, I ain't ago in" to go," said Jim "I never keeps low company, and you is so cussedly vulgar that they say you have to strike the curbstones, to force them to keep your society!"

This was touching Charley in a tender point; it was a personal aspersion—a misdemeanor of no common magnitude, inasmuch as it was calculated to bring the officers of the law, and, per-consequence, the law itself into disrepute. There was, therefore, no further parley between the parties, and Charley's stave, applied direct and sundry times to Jim Joyce's ribs operated as motive power to his locomotion until they arrived at the Baronnee-street watch house.

He is now developing the resources of the State in the new workhouse.

GOOD.—A poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain grogery, being one day faint and feeble and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply. "I never make a practice of doing such things. The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, 'Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?' 'Certainly' was the reply.—The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him. He took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it and replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, he turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence, and said—Here; Sir, is the sixpence I owe you; I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money, before I pay my grog bill.

WOMAN'S LOVE—Romantic and Painful Case.

A distressing case—one of those instances of deep devotion which woman's faithful bosom only can show—has occurred in this city within the past few days. It gives another proof of how little even those who mean kindness for a loved child can direct or decide where the affections have already given allegiance to another. It seems that a young lady of beauty and most amiable disposition had, in all the truth of her young heart, given her love to a young man, by whom her feelings were reciprocated. They were engaged to be married, and even the wedding clothes were prepared, when, on Christmas day, her father, no doubt for what he thought good reasons, told her she must give him up, upon whom she had poured out the rich treasure of her deep and confiding love. It was a hard struggle; one that shook the strong cords of life itself. She mourned in silence—a deep melancholy came over her—and gradually, but silently, she sunk, until a few nights since her true, grieving heart broke, and her young spirit passed to that clime where peace and unshadowed joy live forever. And those who fulfilled the last sad offices of affection, laid out the cold form in its bridal robes, the same as she had hoped to have been dressed in a happy hour. She lay a lovely bride of death, and a sad, a fearless witness of that intense love which forms the ever redeeming beauty of woman. And who could stand over that youthful victim, and not feel a mysterious sympathy as they gazed, with a tearful eye, upon her form, so early, so sorrowfully cut down? And who that reads this, shall hereafter say to a dear child, your love *must* go to this one, or it shall go to that? The affections are tender plants, and no rude hand should hastily pluck them from their native soil.—*Richmond Star.*

TEARS.—There is a sadness in tears.—They are not the mark of weakness but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and tears are gushing forth in chrysalis streams. Oh, speak not hastily of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive foot-steps. Despire not a woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Soothe not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—I love to see melts of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears, an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread over you a little. In other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like skies in the month of April—sometimes cloudy, sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since in the common course of things she may be sturdily expected to smile again.

PRETTY MEN!—The editor of the Arkansas Telegraph is a most sensible person, and notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, we'll bet that he's as ugly as Erebus. Hear how he gives it to those whom the ladies style "Nice Young Men."—*Reading Gazette.*

"Bah!—talk of a pretty woman if you choose, but a pretty man—the idea is preposterous. We never saw one to whom this term could be applied, who was worth a pinch of snuff. He is always too much engaged about his complexion, and his flowing locks, to have any mind of his own about anything—and when he smiles—ye whales and little fishes! he says as plainly as smiles can—how pretty I am! He'd look nice up a sapling with a mad bear gnawing at the root of it. No—no—if you have anything of importance which you wish well done, give it to a fellow with a long nose, and a rough hewn sort of a face, and you will be likely to have it done to your notion. Perhaps you think we are influenced in our remarks by selfish motives. But you are, unfortunately, mistaken, for we are tolerably good looking, having looked in a glass every morning for twelve months past without breaking it."

Roosters' tails are now a days called "fowls' bustles."