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POETRY.

The Home-Bound Bark.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea tows sweep
Afar o'er the gloomy tide,
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's lash,
Where the foamy tempests ride.

And dark and drear,
On the seamen's ear,
Hang the vulture's raving cry;
Like the startled breath,
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for the souls that die.

The spails are rent—
The stout mast's bent—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
'Mid the howling war,
The foundering bark drives on.

The shriek and prayer,
And the wan despair,
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard,
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.

Oh, many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of wo,
For those who sleep,
'Neath the surges deep,
Ten thousand fathoms low.

And many a maid,
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love will mourn;
And watch and wait,
For the home-bound sail,
That will never more return!

Mourn not for the dead,
On their sandy bed,
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
Who weep for evermore.

It is not always May.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

The sun is bright—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elm I hear
The blue bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest;
And 'e'en the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight;
And learn from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest!
For time will teach thee soon the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

Hidden Grief.

A grief that hidden lies
Within the tortured breast,
Is oft revealed by weeping eyes,
When all seems bright and blest.

When laughter loudest rings,
And mirth and gladness play,
The tell-tale tear too often springs,
To chase delight away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected by a Lady for the Journal, and
published at her request.

Hints to Young Ladies.

HABITS OF CONVERSATION.

Our habits of conversation are sometimes understood to embrace our entire intercourse with one another. This is a very natural application of the term, since our whole intercourse is held and conducted through the medium of speech. The powerful influence we exert on one another, is a sufficient reason for all the cautions expressed in the word of God on this subject, and may well justify the place we now assign it in these hints.

But it may be asked—"Why address young ladies particularly on such a subject as this?" They are at liberty, then, to presume that I would say nothing to them, which I would not also say to all others. Yet I will claim the special attention of young ladies for one reason, which conveys a compliment:—their controlling influence, and their acknowledged powers of conversation, impose a weight of responsibility on them, which attaches to no other class. These very circumstances, too, surround them with peculiar temptations as well as responsibilities. A sword may be harmless when kept under bolts and bars, or when wielded by a man of prudence and peace. But in the hands of a maniac, or of unprincipled ambition, who would not fear it? Without a figure, young ladies can kill with their tongues; and the cavalry, which would resent a rude affront, yields its feelings, and even truth and life itself to gallantry. Weapons capable of such a use, you will say, ought always to be true, and controlled by stern principle and prudence.

By an inspired apostle, the tongue among our members is compared to the helm, which, although comparatively small, gives direction to a mighty ship.—When ungoverned, it is "a world of iniquity, that defileth the whole body; a fire, that setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell." Indeed, a licentious tongue is represented by the same apostle as a sure evidence of an unsanctified heart. But the wise man has said—"The tongue of the wise is as choice as silver;"—"it is health;"—"it is a tree of life;"—"whoso keepeth his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble."

The wise, then, will use the tongue with the prudence they would use a two-edged, sharp-pointed sword. "Death and life," says Solomon, "are in the power of the tongue." They will set a guard on it as on a fire. They will regard it, when well kept, as choice silver,—as health,—as a tree of life. Such, says divine inspiration, is "the tongue among our members." "Therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men." It is the instrument of praise and of blasphemy. It represents the mind, the heart, the immortal spirit within. It is the herald of our thoughts, the pencil which spreads out on canvass the images of our inward and moral visions, seen and read of all men. It is the seal, too, of our principles, at once exposing and giving them durable form in the soul.

How much we are influenced by conversation, all can testify. What we hear makes a direct impression on the mind. We carry it home, think of it, repeat it, converse upon it. We do not readily expel the image it has formed in the mind, whether of pleasure or of pain. We attend a social party. What was said there forms the object of attention which we carry with us: what we have said is carried away by others. We hear of it again. It is ours. It must be maintained. It decides our course, and controls our character. If it be wrong, we try to persuade ourselves it is right. It is right in our premises. We cannot recede. If it be a sword, which has entered deeply into the reputation of our neighbor, we hold the hilt, and our reputation becomes involved also. If it be a fire kindled on our neighbor's dwelling, we have struck the spark, and must justify the deed.

Passions become flagrant by indulgence. Speech is one of the channels of gratification. Bad tempers, restrained, are more easily controlled than after they have been permitted to express themselves and come abroad through the organs of speech.—They have pervaded another portion of the body, and claim all the territory they thus acquire. Malignant passion may be stifled in the bosom; but, like combustible gases, they explode when exposed to atmospheric air, and in contact with the fire of the tongue. Such is our experience; and hence it is not, perhaps, without a reason in the constitution of human nature that the sin, which has no forgiveness, employs the tongue to reach its transcendent enormity. Our words are our own only while they remain unexpressed. When published, they are common property. They present our character, and we must be judged by it. An eminent Roman, surnamed Silentius, condemned himself to

silence for nine years, because he had been imprudent in speech. Better thus to be silent forever; yes, better to cut out the tongue as well as to pluck out a right eye, than to make them the instrument of condemnation to hell.

If our conversation, in the entire influence it exerts on character, and the extensive and remote consequences always attending it, be fully considered, it can hardly fail to receive the attention, which will avail to rectify its originating principle, and to give it direction. This attention is due, first to the source whence, as from a fountain, all conversation flows, and to the regulation of it in detail. As the heart is the seat of the moral feeling and affections, from which thought itself originates, so it is alone the source of all speech and action, since these are but the same feelings, affections, or thoughts embodied.—"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts and all uncleanness;"—"and 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'" Attention should be directed first of all, then, to the heart. Let that be right, and all its streams, whether they flow in thoughts, words, or deeds, will be pure. But let its bitterness and hate begin to flow, and its very action will generate a deadly poison which shall pervade all the fountains of moral life. The principle and fruitful source of evil lie deep rooted in the heart. Extricate that, and the bud, blossom, and fruit must wither too. But when that is vigorous and cherished, the tree will become strong and productive, as the fruit is left to ripen and luxuriate.

Another important, though secondary means of treating a corrupt tree is, to suppress the fruit as it begins to appear in the bud, and prevent its perfection. It will then not be exposed to the fatal taste of others, and the tree may be stunted in its growth, if not killed at the root. Thus, if we cut off the words, which are coming to the expression of an evil thought, or suppress the thoughts that are springing up from native principles of depravity, the soul will be disciplined and reformed like a luxuriant soil under the hand of diligent culture. If not thus entirely subdued and limited to a wholesome vegetation, it is reclaimed from the wilderness, and becomes a moral garden, fenced and fruitful.

This discipline must be the result of much labor and effort in the practice of wholesome restraints. Law must be rigidly applied to the mind, vagrant and always exposed to the influence of depraved and long-cherished desires, or its native depravity will control the conversation in spite of conviction, and all our lessons of morality.

The first rule we should prescribe to ourselves will teach us not to talk too much. The mind is strengthened by reflection. But great talkers are rarely deep thinkers. They advance shallow opinions diluted by a flood of words. As words are the signs of ideas, a tongue that can never be silent must use thoughts as they rise, without selection or maturity. Such is the language of the maniac, between whom and a perpetual talker the resemblance is too striking not to have been remarked by all.

Much talking, also, leads to exaggeration, and often to falsehood. Confidence is not readily extended to great talkers, and this without any personal feelings of dislike or prejudice. The tongue that cannot rest, naturally goes from its exhausted store of things, known to airy fields of imagination and invention. The moral sense cannot abide the issue, and is soon violated, if not utterly deranged.—Let your thoughts always go before your tongue. Whoever reverses this order will soon find a fire kindled by this "world of iniquity," which is truly represented in the Scripture as "set on fire of hell." Who can tame the tongue when thus let loose upon better reason?

Avoid all profaneness in conversation. Profane expressions are too common even among ladies, where profanity, as that term is commonly understood, is excluded. All is profane, which weakens in the mind a reverence for God, and which, either in word or sentiment, associates unworthy thoughts of Him. How often do we hear from a thoughtless tongue the exclamation, "O Lord!" If it be not used malignantly or profanely, yet it borders on profanity, and indicates the absence of that high reverence, which should always be associated with every name we apply to Jehovah. Such expressions cannot be used without an injury to that high moral sense, which is the only defence of principles. Of a similar effect is the habit of quoting scriptural expressions for any but serious purposes. They are the word of God, and should never be brought in aid of sport or ridicule.

Our conversation should be true, serious, and instructive. This is urged upon us by the brevity of life, and the solemn consequences depending on the manner in which we spend it. A cheerful temper is entirely consistent with the habit now recommended. Indeed it is appropiate to a life of duty and a consciousness of rec-

titude. We may smile at what is pleasing; we may laugh and be playful without profaneness, levity, or thoughtlessness. But when we consider the effect of jesting and foolish talking on the interests of truth and the entire moral feelings, how easily justice is perverted and equity turned aside by ridicule, or a trifling turn of conversation, we cannot be too much on our guard, nor wonder that the Saviour prescribed that, for every idle word, we should be called to give an account in the day of judgment.

Not only the conversation which is pernicious and profane, but that which is merely unprofitable, should be excluded from our social intercourse. Our powers of speech were given us, not only to tempt us to sin, not only to be wasted in unprofitable pursuits, but also to bring a large revenue to our improvement and happiness. Mere unprofitableness, therefore, in the use of this talent will produce our condemnation. Where, more than in a circle of gay and sprightly youth, can God be honored in praise, and excitements be furnished to love and good works?—"Is any afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." Is this dull and condemnatory? Folly and ignorance and an evil heart may say, yes. But conscience, and experience, and sober reason, and divine wisdom say, no. The history of the world says, no. A voice from heaven says, no. A response from hell cries, no. Let youth say, no. Let all that hear and reflect say, no. Our voices are educated here for the expression of only two states of feeling hereafter, either high-sounding joy in heaven, or deep-toned woe in hell. This single reference is a conclusive argument against foolish, vain, unprofitable and sinful conversation.

The selection of proper subjects of conversation is an important means of rectifying it. They should be proper and instructive as well as entertaining. Some are always talking about persons. These are slanders. They embitter their own feelings by constant personalities, and make enemies of others. They render themselves unhappy, unprofitable, and a dread of their neighbors. Others make principles and things the subject of their conversation. These avoid the bitterness and enmities which the others excite.—They, moreover, gain and impart knowledge that is profitable, and suited to a wide and practical application; while those who are discussing the character of their neighbors, never fail to spend their principal strength on trifles, and die in the pursuit of small game. We need never be at a loss for profitable subjects of conversation. Principles, science, religion, public charities, benevolent enterprise, history, present and past, philosophy, with hundreds of other subjects, may be ever at hand to exclude slander, fashion and folly. We do not always, however, find a profitable subject entertained by the company, nor a suitable opportunity to introduce it. There is one remedy left, and always available,—silence.

There are yet two or three practical rules which belong to this subject, and which my limits only allow me to allude to. First, let me say, never interrupt others while speaking. To do it, is the height of impoliteness. A true gentleman, you may have observed, never does it. A real lady will not do it. If she does, her character is yet incomplete. When I see two young ladies talking at the same time, and in the same circle, and on the same subject, in a contest of words to see which shall outrun the other, I say to myself, There has been some mistake in their education. Do you know any such young ladies? Let your answer to this question furnish you with a rule for your own direction.

Another rule, which good sense and propriety will dictate, is not to talk too long. This error naturally leads to the former. After stating our opinion, common civility requires that we should wait for the opinions of others. When the subject has been suitably discussed, or is exhausted, dismiss it. The introduction of a new one, will impart the charm of novelty, and awaken fresh interest. Never monopolize the conversation, especially if others are engaged in it. After they have heard you, listen to them without impatience. Even if their conversation is not as interesting to you as your own has been, it is a gross self-compliment and a breach of good manners to yawn through their reply, or be inattentive to it.

Talk not to loud. This is rude, and nothing but endurance, sometimes extended towards it too far, prevents it from being despicable. It certainly is inconsistent with true modesty; it offends delicacy; it is an annoyance to all sober thinkers, and is very bad taste. You never heard a lady talk on a sober subject, nor make a sensible remark, in a loud over-reaching, or boisterous tone. A subdued manner is suited to rational conversation. Gentlemen may be amused by a great talker and forward manner, but they will reserve their affections for the modest and

sensible young lady, who speaks in an under tone, with the confidence which knowledge inspires, and amid the blushes of that natural modesty so absolutely necessary to female influence and dignity.

Let it be observed, that these rules and instructions refer to the formation of habits; and they neither are designed to invade the whole circle of subjects which concern us in every relation we sustain, nor to exclude the pleasanties which are suited to create the smile or the laugh. Under proper rules, our amusements are as innocent as our prayers. But our habits form the great lines of character, with which we go to the awards of eternity. With this prospect in view, and under the judgment of sober reason, I am sure the principles here inculcated will be approved. Beyond this, I cannot hope to gain attention.—*Mother's Magazine.*

The Lieutenant's Bride.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the annual ball at West Point. The room was elegantly decorated with flags hung in festoons, sabres formed into stars, and all the other paraphernalia of military glory. The floor was crowded with officers of the army and navy, of every rank, from the midshipman and cadet upward. The military band of the post occupied the orchestra. Never, perhaps, has there been assembled at West Point a prouder assemblage of beauty, than that which then entranced the beholder. There were dark brunettes from Baltimore; golden-haired Hebes from Charleston; tall, stately beauties from Philadelphia; gay belles from the more ostentatious New York; and even the fair blonde daughters of New England, with their blue eyes, their clear complexions, their proud dignity of mien. But among that brilliant array there was one pre-eminently beautiful. Tall and shapely in her figure, she moved through the room with the stately motion of a swan, eliciting admiration from every beholder. Her dress was simple, yet costly and beautiful. It was evident that the severest taste presided over the toilette of the fascinating Ellen Belvoir; for fascinating every one left her to be who had listened, though but for a moment, to her gay sallies, or her subdued sentiment. Her every look, word and motion was grace itself. She possessed that rare combination of qualities which constitutes the lady, in contra-distinction to the mere pretender. But it was not her manners alone that rendered her so. Her politeness was that of the heart. She was no mere automaton; she would have been equally as affable and kind had she been born in a cottage. But alas! it was the misfortune of Ellen Belvoir to have been born of a noble family, and she had been brought up with high notions of the superiority of blood. In this originated a trait of her character which is shared by too many of her sex—a scorn for all who could not trace their lineage to an equally noble origin with hers. But now, surrounded by admirers, and excited by the gay scene around, even Ellen Belvoir had for the moment forgotten her prejudices.

"Who is that elegant man?" she said to her cousin, during an intermission between the sets, glancing towards a noble-looking officer in the uniform of a captain in the army, "he has been in the room a full half hour, and yet he has not asked to be introduced to me. I declare."

"Ah! coz, you will make him repent of it yet," laughingly replied her cousin, "or I mistake your sex. But see, he is coming this way. He is an old messmate of mine, and I will introduce him—ah! Captain Stanley—glad to see you," and advancing from Ellen's side, her cousin grasped the hand of the approaching officer. The salutation was warmly returned, and for a while the two friends were engaged in talking of the events that had transpired to each since they last met. At length Stanley's eyes happened to fall on the spiritual face of Miss Belvoir, and from their look of admiration her cousin knew at once that an introduction would be considered a favor. He accordingly presented the young officer to Ellen, and after a few remarks, sauntered across the room, leaving his cousin and Stanley together.

What is so favorable to love as a gay ball-room? and what ball-room is so dangerous as that of West Point? Both Ellen and Stanley were soon lost to every thing except each other. They danced together and promenaded in company, until they became the objects of whispered general remark. Before the festivities of the evening had terminated, it was universally gossiped about that the beautiful Miss Belvoir, and the hitherto heart-free Captain Stanley, had fallen mutually in love. Some affected to sneer at it, some wondered how it did happen; but all agreed that the two were the finest couple in the room, and were admirably fitted for each other.

The gossip of a ball-room was, for once, right. Ellen Belvoir had passed three winter since her coming out, without

meeting with any one to subdue her virgin heart; but from the first moment she saw Stanley she felt a strange interest in him. His gallant bearing, his polished manners, his fine conversational powers, and above all a certain frankness of deportment toward her, so different from the sickening flattery daily poured into her ears, appealed at once to her fancy, and soon subdued her judgment. She felt that Stanley was one to whom she could look up, and she knew that only such a character could possess her love. His eloquent tones vibrated in her ears long after they had parted for the night, and even in her dreams she saw his manly form bending admirably over her.

Stanley had been equally charmed with his partner. Years had elapsed since he had been appointed to one of the stations on the far west, and during that period he had been completely excluded from refined female society. He occupied the time in picturing to himself the beau ideal of a being such as he could choose for a wife. On his return to the east he had met many lovely beings, whose attractions his friends thought him incapable of resisting; but many a year had passed, and he appeared even less susceptible than on his return. He had sought in vain to realize his romantic dreams, and finding it impossible, was content to enjoy the reputation of a confirmed bachelor. Now, however, he thought he had met the divinity which he had long adored in secret, for, in Ellen Belvoir, he fancied he saw every trait which he sought to have in a wife. As he became more intimate with the lovely girl, he grew more confirmed in his first impression; and, after a fortnight's sojourn at West Point, where Miss Belvoir had been passing the summer, Stanley became completely in love. Nor was Ellen less enamoured of the young officer whose gallant bearing attracted every eye, and whose service in the field had already won for him an enviable name. When, therefore, Stanley proposed for her hand, Ellen accepted it, for she was an orphan, an heiress, and already in possession of her property. It was arranged that the marriage should take place the ensuing winter.

The lovers at length parted, but only for two short months, preparatory to their marriage. Business called the lieutenant to Washington, while his affianced bride, accompanied by her cousin, returned to Boston, by the way of Albany.

It was at the close of a hot, sultry day, that the carriage in which they travelled drew up at a quiet public house, in one of the most quiet villages which are scattered through Massachusetts. They had journeyed the whole day through the mountains, and the sight of the white inn, with its green venetian shutters, and its pretty garden in the rear, all betokening the tidiness of the owner, was peculiarly refreshing to the travellers. The pleasant looking widow lady who met them at the door, increased their delight with the place.

"A sweet village, you have here," said the gentleman on alighting, as he followed the landlady to a small but exquisitely neat parlor.

"Yes sir, although it is small," answered the landlady—"it is rarely that we have many strangers visiting here, and so the place is much as it was in the days of our fathers."

There was something in the low, sweet modulated tone of the speaker, which made the interrogator start. Surely that voice belonged to no common innkeeper's widow. There was that finish in the tones which is the surest evidence of a refined mind. His cousin seemed to notice this also, for when the landlady had retired, she said,

"Our hostess is certainly above the common order—one would almost think she had been born a lady, and transformed by some malignant genius into a common innkeeper's widow."

"She is obviously a woman of education—perhaps some one whom distress has driven to this business for a livelihood.—She has not always kept an inn be assured, coz."

"Still, nothing ought to have induced her to stoop to so degrading an occupation," said his fair cousin, her prejudices at once taking the alarm, "there are ways enough in which an impoverished lady can obtain a livelihood, without resorting to the trade of an innkeeper. Pshaw! coz, you are wrong, after all—the fact of her having adopted this business is a sufficient proof that she is no lady," and she gave a somewhat haughty toss of her head as she spoke.

When after an hour's rest they met at supper, they were ushered into a neat room, a door from which opened into an apartment beyond, apparently a bed room. This door was ajar, disclosing a portrait hanging on an opposite wall. The light in this inner apartment was somewhat dim, but Ellen could distinguish that the picture represented a young man in uniform, a second glance assured her that the portrait was that of her affianced lover. She started, and looked again. But she could not be deceived. The broad brow, the searching eye, the whole cast of coun-