

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### The Carrier Dove.

Fly away to my native land sweet dove,  
Fly away to my native land,  
And bear these lines to my lady love,  
Which I've traced with a trembling hand.  
She marvels much at my long delay;  
A rumor of death has she heard,  
Or she thinks perhaps I have falsely strayed:  
Then fly to her bower sweet dove.

Oh fly to her bower and say the chain  
Of the tyrant is over me now,  
I never shall mount my steed again,  
With a helmet upon my brow;  
I shall miss thy visits at dawn, sweet dove,  
I shall miss thy visits at eve,  
But bear these lines to my lady love,  
And then I shall cease to grieve.

No voice to my lattice a solace brings,  
Except when your voice has been heard,  
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings,  
Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.  
I could bear in a dungeon to waste away youth,  
I could fall by the conqueror's sword,  
But I could not endure she should doubt my truth,  
Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.

From the New York American.

### The Dead.

The dead. The dead are with us;  
And they throng around our way,  
And the greenness of their memory  
In our hearts can ne'er decay.  
When round the hearth we gather,  
We know that they are there;  
With them our spirits worship  
The holy place of prayer.

Our couch at midnight,  
Forms fit slowly by,  
Denotes they speak to us,  
By fade into the sky.  
At, when the dew falls,  
Walk with us and sing,  
Voice is like the murmuring  
Lows on the wing.

Pure dial circle  
Bright cherry band,  
Survivor of sorrow  
So sad in hand,  
That sit beside us,  
And pour eyes;  
Those dear voices then,  
Unwilling mute surprise.  
So rich, as  
He dips aparted,  
Some time now,  
Some time of light of peace  
Been much  
able to  
Was glad; his  
To match the  
trife of life,

### The Light.

Air—  
When first I  
Of Temp'rance  
I watch'd it till its  
illum'd the world  
It rose in glory, and its rays  
Shone bright at morn and eved look, and eyes flashing fire, stood be-  
And promise gave of happier days.  
On Earth—and hopes of Heaven's

I marked its glory-beaming light,  
As up the heav'ns it sprung,  
While o'er the Earth the clouds of night,  
No longer darkly hung;  
And these bright rays of heavenly birth,  
And these bright rays were given;  
To erring man were given;  
To wean his spirit from the Earth,  
And point his way to Heaven.

Oh! may that bright and shining light  
Still beam the wild world o'er,  
To guide man's wand'ring footsteps right,  
'Till Time shall be no more.  
And then when Death the light of Life  
From this dull clay has riven,  
The soul may soar in glad relief,  
To your bright home in Heaven.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies Gazette.  
**The Rose of St. Cecile.**

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

There lived, in the year 1800, in the village of Majorada, a Spanish mulcteer and a young girl, whose situation in life was not more elevated than his, she being a servant in an inn, called the Golden Fountain. These two young people had been children together, and when they reached what is called in England the years of discretion, had loved and told their love, and the day on which our story commences the vows of eternal fidelity had passed between them. The time was fixed for the nuptials. In the mean time, Napoleon had sent a French army into Spain. Although favorably received at first, it was not long ere it met with resistance. The mulcteer, Francisco, was not the last to arm in defence of his country. In vain did Inezella entreat her lover not to leave her. Determined to perform his duty to his country, Francisco was inexorable. When the day of separation arrived, and the guerilla went to pay his last visit to Inezella, he found her upon her knees before a little Madonna. He knelt at her side, and, after uttering a short prayer, handed her a white artificial rose. "Arise!" said he. "This is the rose of St. Cecile. The Bishop of Barcelona gave it to my mother, the day of her marriage. Keep it in remembrance of the poor mulcteer; it will bring happiness to us both."

With these words the young Spaniard tore himself from the arms of his mistress, and rushed from the apartment. Oppressed with the weight of her grief, she fell upon her knees, pressing against her breast the sacred emblem of their love; and when Francisco turned his head to take a last look, he saw the afflicted girl already praying for his return.

After the siege of Saragossa, the bands of guerillas scattered through the mountains, were broken up, and Francisco took the road to Majorada, and arrived the 2d October, 1801, at the little village of Alcovendas. It was late when he reached the inn, at which fatigues compelled him to halt for the night. When he entered the "posada," he found it occupied by two officers of French dragoons, who, with their legs stretched out upon chairs, were silently smoking their pipes. The guerilla frowned, as he recognized the detested uniform, and carefully wrapping himself up in his cloak, took a seat at the further end of the room.

The youngest of the two officers laid his pipe upon the table. "Here we are at last," said he, "in this Spain, that our university dreams clothed in so much poetry. Well, well, I must confess the women are beautiful."

"Yes," replied the other, "but you will confess that you have been deceived in them. It is hard that a rose, with so much skill as you possess, should be made to capitulate before the virtue of the servant of a Spanish inn."

The guerilla became more attentive. "Not so, my friend," said the one who had commenced the conversation, "the fortress was well defended, but it was, it is not I, that capitulated. However, upon my honor, that servant should have been entitled to the crown of white roses at Majorada."

The glass that Francisco held, cracked between his fingers. He stretched his hand over the table next to him, and taking up a knife, carefully examined its point.

"Have you a proof of your victory?" asked the other dragoon.

"A proof!" muttered Francisco, between his teeth.

The officer turned his head towards the guerilla; when he saw his pale and disordered face, his flashing eyes, and trembling lips, he hesitated a moment. It seemed to him that the presence of Francisco foreboded ill.

"Here it is," said he at length, drawing from the folds of his cloak a white rose. Francisco, with a single bound, leaped the place which separated him from the table of the two officers, and with a threat-ning look, and eyes flashing fire, stood before him. "Here it is," said he at length, drawing from the folds of his cloak a white rose. Francisco, with a single bound, leaped the place which separated him from the table of the two officers, and with a threat-ning look, and eyes flashing fire, stood before him. "Here it is," said he at length, drawing from the folds of his cloak a white rose. Francisco, with a single bound, leaped the place which separated him from the table of the two officers, and with a threat-ning look, and eyes flashing fire, stood before him.

Six o'clock had just struck. A young girl, who seemed exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, traversed Madrid from the Convent of San Lorenzo to the gates of Buren Retiro. The officer of the guard, when he saw the distracted air of the poor girl, was moved with compassion, and had not the time to forbid her entrance into the palace. But scarcely had she taken twenty steps in the court, when a file of grenadiers crossed her path. In the centre of the soldiers walked Francisco; his head erect and his arms crossed over his chest. Inezella recognized her lover—Breathless—her hair dishevelled—she threw herself upon her knees before the Frenchmen, who halted, moved at the sight of such deep despair.

"Oh! pardon, pardon Francisco!" cried the poor girl, stretching her hands supplicatingly towards the condemned; "I am more unfortunate than guilty. Violence alone made me faithful."

Then seeing the file moving forward, she rushed after her lover, and entwining his body within her arms, exclaimed, "One word of pardon, Francisco! Oh! say that you feel neither hatred nor anger!"

The guerilla looked at her with sorrow. "Neither hatred nor anger," he replied, drawing from his bosom the white rose of St. Cecile. "There is thy rose, Inezella. It is faded, like thy virtue; it is withered, like my heart. Now," added he to the soldiers, "do your duty. Vive L'Espagne!"

Of the fate of the betrothed of Francisco we are ignorant. As to the officer, he recovered from his wounds, and a short time after the incidents we have just related, gained the epaulette of a captain of cavalry at the siege of Saragossa. Now, he bitterly reproaches himself for what he calls the follies of his youth, and it is from his own lips we heard this story.

### Obedying Instructions.

"Well, Julia, suppose I ask your father; his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present? Suspense, Julia, is the cause of the most miserable feelings."

"We must not be hasty, Robert, our situation requires caution, by a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospects seemed to be. Now don't say any thing to Pa about it, yet—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way for us to accomplish our wishes, is not to advance too soon."

"Too soon—too soon, Julia! Have we not waited two long years and more! and have you not been all the while preaching the same doctrine, 'too soon! too soon indeed!'"

"Well, now, don't be angry; throw that frown from your countenance and look pleasant, and we will immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you so much desire. Come, smile away your anger—the skies of love are sometimes clear."

Robert Moultrie loved Julia Hallowell and she loved him; two years and more had passed since they had agreed—come weal, come woe—they would trudge thro' life together. Two long, long years!—Two years seemed an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss, and to delay a happy consummation.

Julia's father was a wealthy shipper of the port of Charleston, S. C. Some old inhabitants remember the firm of Hallowell and Haddington. He was an upright and highly honourable man; but whose *ipse dixit* was law supreme wherever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in the counting room, and his salary, which was his sole dependence, though far above the pittance usually allowed to young men similarly situated, and amply sufficient to warrant his assuming the expenses of a family, did not elevate him to that importance in society which would justify him in presuming upon the hand and heart of the daughter of a wealthy shipper.

The character of this young gentleman was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents as he was for his correct deportment; (but, is a wicked word) the curse of Gehaza was upon him—he was poor.

Robert had been in the counting room of Mr. Hallowell since he was fourteen years of age; he had grown up in his family, and by the side of his lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show. That thing was in the Indies, amassing riches to lay at the feet of his bride, but his soul had on it the stain of dishonor, and Julia had vowed before God she never would be his wife. Mr. Hallowell knew that Robert generally

attended his daughter to church, and thinking the joke too good a one not to be enjoyed, sent out for some of the neighbors. Midnight still found the jovial assembly destroying the good things the aunt had provided, and laughing over the trick so successfully played upon the wealthiest shipper at the South. Early in the morning, Robert and Mrs. Moultrie were attended by their uncle and

"Do tell me, Robert what is the matter with you. I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance, until I have grown melancholy myself. What's the matter, boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hallowell, one day when he and Robert were in the counting room alone, and if any individual has ever passed through a like fiery trial, he can have an idea of Robert's feelings when the man whose daughter he had loved, was contriving the best plan to get from him the secret cause of his downcast looks and addressed him in such kind and affectionate language. It went too deep, however, in the recesses of Robert's bosom for him to return a quick reply.—Mr. Hallowell plainly saw that something was working upon his mind that made him unhappy, and he wished if possible, to remove the cause; and he urged a candid revelation of all that affected his feelings, and promised his assistance to relieve him, whatever it required. Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off that time, and trembled at the thought when at their next meeting he related the matter to Julia.

"I thought," said she, laughing, "you were not so anxious to ask the old gentleman as you appeared to be. Now that was a stumper Robert. Why did you not tell him? Why did you not? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Julia, to you think he suspects?"

"Not a whit more than he does the King of the French!"

"Well, Julia, do tell the truth about the matter, I left this morning with the intention of telling him all about our affection for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to act for myself, without further advice: but when I came before him, I felt something in my throat choking me, and I could hardly talk to him about business, much less about love affairs."

The lovers met often, and the voyage from the Indies being threatened, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that seemed to await them. In short Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to ascertain the cause of his clerk's unhappiness, more for the good of the young man than because he cared for the unimportant mistakes made by him in his accounts. The next opportunity that offered, he repeated his former question, and insisted upon an immediate reply.

Robert stammered and stammered a great deal, and at last came out with it—"I am attached to a young lady of this city, sir, and have reason to believe that she is much attached to me, but there is an obstacle in the way, and—"

"Ah, indeed. And does the obstacle amount to over a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not want it. I'll fill up a check now. Have all the parties consented?"

"Why sir, the cause of my—the reason—she—that is—the cause of my uneasiness, is, I am afraid her father will not consent!"

"Why who is he? refer him to me; I'll settle the matter."

"He is a rich man, sir, and I am not rich."

"His daughter loves you, does she?"

"I think—ah—yes, sir."

"She says so, any how, don't she?"

"Why—I—yes—she—she—yes, sir, she has said as much."

"Is the old fellow very rich?"

"I believe, sir, he is tolerably well off?"

"And he won't consent? By the powers of love he must be an old Turk—the won't he? Here give me his name—I'll soon settle the matter. But stop, has he any thing against you? Does he know me?"

Here the old gentleman went over a string of questions which Robert felt no disposition to answer, and which it is not worth our while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in the possession of a check for a thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterian church, and the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in perspective. He was to run away with the girl, to use Mr. Hallowell's carriage, and George, his black waiter, was to drive and so forth. Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given; and before dark the parties were before Parson Green, whose scruples of conscience were quieted by the introductory letter. They were soon pronounced husband and wife, and jumped into the carriage, followed by the blessing of Parson Green, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check; George was directed to drive to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's who lived about five miles from the city, and to whom the secret was told. The old man, thinking the joke too good a one not to be enjoyed, sent out for some of the neighbors. Midnight still found the jovial assembly destroying the good things the aunt had provided, and laughing over the trick so successfully played upon the wealthiest shipper at the South. Early in the morning, Robert and Mrs. Moultrie were attended by their uncle and

ant to the house of Mr. Hallowell; the young couple anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair to witness the reception and act as moderator on the question. They were met in the parlor by Mr. Hallowell whose first words were—

"You young rogue, you, little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. Well Robert," he added, laughing heartily, "you caught me that time; and you deserve to be rewarded for the Generalship you have displayed. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say, here are deeds for property worth eleven thousand dollars, and henceforth you are my partner in business."

### Moonshine.

We sometimes recur to the days of our childhood with a pleasing recollection of events which then transpired, and contrast them with the troubles, cares, perplexities and responsibilities which after life brings upon us: When young, we think all is to be fair weather. We hardly can imagine that clouds and storms can arise to disturb or trouble us; every thing is sunshine, but there is no moonshine. Every thing will turn out just as we expected. There will be no disappointments, no hopes blighted, no disasters to interrupt our career of prosperity. But these fond anticipations are, alas! too often, proved to be all moonshine! What we confidently anticipated in our days of youthful buoyancy, would "lead us on to fortune," brings us nothing but sorrow, disappointment and regret.

An anecdote may serve to illustrate these remarks. A little boy was walking out with his grandmother in the country, among a grove of trees, one moonlight evening. He had not gone far before the old lady perceived something on the ground that appeared like a white handkerchief, and as she stooped, intent to pick it up, he perceived that it was but the light of the moon shining through the branches above them, and called out, "la gramma, it's moonshine!" "Its but moonshine, truly," said she, rubbing her fingers in evident disappointment, "but many people grasp at moonshine."

We have since often witnessed the truth of our remark.

When we see a young man pursuing a gay butterfly of a girl because she is beautiful, though she possesses none of the qualifications necessary to make a good wife, a good housekeeper, or a good mother, it brings to our mind the old story; depend upon it he is grasping at the old phantom; it is all moonshine.

When we see pleasure hunters and those who are seeking after happiness plunge into dissipation, or seek gay and giddy company, we know the disappointment that awaits them; these are not pearls of price that bring with them peace and content; they are worthless; they are nothing but moonshine.

When we see a gambler forever at the billiard table with eager hopes of making money thereby, carrying with him the means by which alone his family can be supported, to squander it there, we think with a sigh, how sadly that poor man mistakes the path of wisdom, and labors after that which is all moonshine.

He is grasping at moonshine who strives to raise his consequence in the world by a suit of fine clothes, or an unpaid seaboard; and so is he who is aiming to build a foundation upon which to elevate himself in the estimation of the world, consisting of a few thousand dollars; for as Burns says:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold for all that.

And none can ever become truly great but those whom nature has fitted to be so.

These are plain, palpable cases. We have sometimes thought men were grasping at moonshine, who attempted to live by literature, or make money by printing newspapers; or dreamed of collecting their debts, or receiving legacies in these times; yet as these may be doubtful, we will not persist in them.—Boston Transcript.

THE WESTERN ERSKINE.—The following sublime burst of eloquence astonished the natives in Arkansas (classical, Rackensack) some few weeks since. An overseer had killed a negro named Daniel.—The Advocate wound up his defence thus:

"Gentlemen of the jury—I know that Daniel will no longer pick the white cotton ball from the cotton stalk—no more enliven the midnight crowd with the patting of the romantic jawbone, and the playing of the sentimental jewsharp—will never again cast his angling line into the broad, superfluous, majestic and outrageous bosom of the eternal Mississippi.—Yes, I know that he now reposes 'alone in his glory,' on the north corner of a bleak hill-side, with his eyes turned towards the cerulean heavens, and his big toe sticking out a foot! Yet, is that any reason why my client should be hung? I think not! I rather suppose not!—Rochester Dem.

### Married in spite of their Teeth.

A CHOICE ANECDOTE.—Old Gov. Saltonstall of Connecticut, who flourished some years since, was a man of some humor as well as perseverance, in effecting the ends he desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided, is the following.

Of the various sects which have flourished for their day and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogersites, so called from their founder; a John or Tom or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the good town aforesaid.

The distinguishing tenet of the sect; was their denial of the propriety, and "scripturality" of form of marriage. "It is not good for man to be alone." This they believed and also that one wife only should "cleave to her husband." But then this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together and live as man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers, and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John or Sarah would give up the argument.

It was a matter of conscience with them; they were very happy together as they were—of what use then could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal; were they not bound "to take up the cross," and live according to the rules they professed? The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him accepted an invitation to dine with him. The conversation as usual turned upon the old subject.

Now, John, says the Governor, after a long discussion of the point, "why will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?"

Yes, certainly, replied John, but my conscience will not permit me to marry her, in the forms of the world's people. Very well. But you love her?

Yes. And cherish her, as bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh?

Yes, certainly, I do!

And you love him, and obey him, and respect him, and cherish him?

Certainly, I do!

Then, cried the Governor, rising, in the name of the laws of God, and of the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be husband and wife!

The raving and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority of the State.

### Existence of Deity.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, "There is no God."

Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east.

By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shade of evening, re-appear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noon-day, setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can best present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity.—Chataubriand.

Bow-wow!—The dog law has gone into operation in New Orleans. The editors of the Picayune say in connection with the announcement, "We do not mean to make any insinuation, but if sausages should become cheap, folks may attribute it just to whatever they have a mind to."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A friend of ours lately kissed his wife's maid, and didn't discover his error till the girl cried out, "mistress is a coming."