

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### How Sweet!

How sweet it is at close of day,  
To turn our thoughts to Heaven  
To lift our hearts to God and pray  
Our sins may be forgiven.

How sweet it is at early light,  
A thankful song to raise,  
For the soft slumbers of the night,  
And health of bye gone days.

How sweet to ask of God,  
His guidance and His care;  
His strengthening, His sustaining rod,  
While we are toiling here.

How sweet it is to turn aside  
From all the ills of life—  
Forgetting vanity, and pride,  
And every worldly strife.

How sweet it is when storms arise,  
And darkness pals the air;  
To turn aloft our fearful eyes,  
While bow'd in humble prayer.

How sweet it is in every hour—  
At morning, noon, or night,  
To own the Lord's protecting power,  
And triumph in His might.

And oh! how sweet 'twill be at last,  
When Pleasure's fount is dry,  
The burdened soul on Christ to cast—  
Who intercedes on high.

But purer still will be our joy,  
When life's vain scenes are o'er,  
Upward to fly from earth's alloy  
To Canaan's peaceful shore.

Of such pure joy may we partake,  
When our short race is run—  
May we loud hallelujahs wake  
To God—the Father—Son.

### The Stolen Pearl.

Suggested from a Tableau from Real Life.

On the soft lashes of an eye  
Of heaven's blue, there stood a fly,  
Enraptured with the sight he gazed  
Within that eye, and seemed amazed  
To think he saw so bright a thing,  
And feel it did not scorch its wing.  
At length there came a glistening tear,  
Pure from the soul: within the clear  
Bright fountain, like Narcissus, he  
Survey'd himself, and smiled to see  
So strange a form therein, until  
That beautiful eye began to fill,  
And down a check of tintless snow  
Those drops of pearl did vainly flow,  
Unwilling then to lose a prize,  
So rich, and from such beaming eyes,  
He dip'd his tiny wing and stole  
One precious drop—Oh! then his soul  
Was glad; he bore the gem away,  
To match the rainbow tints of day.

### The Light of Temperance.

AIR—“Twilight Dews.”  
When first I saw the gleaming crest  
Of Temperance' silver star,  
I watch'd it till its radiance blest  
Illum'd the world afar:  
It rose in glory, and its rays  
Shone bright at morn and even,  
And promise gave of happier days  
On Earth;—and hopes of Heaven.

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,  
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 you bright home in Heaven.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker.

### THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Among my early recollections of the primitive days of Stockeville, the Village School is the most vivid. It was buried in a walnut grove that skirted the western border of the town, and it was an old brown building carved and slushed from end to end. In the spring of the year the whole grove was sweet with the bursting buds, and vocal with the songs of birds. In midsummer we used to find shelter in it from the rays of heat that steeped its canopy. In autumn, its long shadows pointed far eastward into the village, while its western border was kindled into a living flame. I see the old school-house now, as it was when I trudged to it a boy. But it is swept away!

Such was our school-house—the only one within three miles. It was to this spot that all Stockeville was driven to knowledge and power—for “knowledge is power.” We hired our school-master then; nine dollars a month and boarded; and such specimens of intellectual humanity as fell upon us were never before or since paralleled.

Mr. Ephraim Mills, from Connecticut “strait,” was the first gentleman who took the urchins of Stockeville in hand, “for better or for worse.” I am not about to inflict upon the reader a minute account of Mr. Mill's inauguration, nor of the “gang” over whom he had been called to preside. We had Bill Jones, a red-headed, freckled faced boy, who swore he would whip the master before the week was out; Jack Jones, a tall loose-jointed, long-limbed fellow, who “didn't care how many rules the master made—he should not obey 'em;” Pete Pierce, who prided himself on his tricks never being found out; and Bob Boles, and Ned Hawkes, and a score of “Hanks,” and “Dicks,” and “Johns;” all together as wicked and perverse a generation as ever tried the temper of man.

Monday morning, bright and early, the school was to “begin.” All the children in Stockeville had white collars and clean aprons that morning at least. There was a great strife among mothers, and a greater pride among their offspring.

I well recollect the pay on which Ephraim Mills took the boys of Stockeville in hand. I was at my post at nine o'clock precisely. The “master” made his appearance at half-past nine. He was a short, portly little man, with a head as big and green as a pumpkin. His little round eyes started to the right and left, as wild as an owl's, as he waddled along in to take his throne. He wore a white hat upon a head which was covered with a profusion of red hair; a bandanna handkerchief was about his neck; and he sported a checked vest, and a pair of corduroy pantaloons.

Mr. Mills hung his hat upon a peg—He then turned slowly around, and calmly surveyed the field before him. The school sank at once into profound silence. He walked across the floor and back again, and after taking a second survey, addressed us as follows:

“Boys I have come here to teach school. Now, every one on you has got to behave yourselves. I have taught school afore, now I tell you; and if you behave yourselves, all will go well; but if you don't there will be trouble. I whip terribly when I do whip; but I am a good master when you behave. Now mind what I tell you; you must all on you behave yourselves.”

There was a subdued “snicker” from one end of the school-room to the other, when Ephraim concluded. “The next thing I shall do,” continued Mills, “is to divide all on you into classes. There is nothing like system in schools. And first I must have your names.”

Mr. Mills then began at one end of the school room and asked the name of every scholar in order; in the course of which duty a laughable colloquy occurred.

“What's your name?” said he to a lank Yankee boy.

“Aaron.”

“Spell it, if you please,” said Ephraim.

“Great A, little a, r-o-n,” answered the pupil promptly.

“Dutch Honnes,” as he was called, a thick-headed urchin, came next.

“Well, what's your name?” inquired Mr. Mills.

“My name's Honnes,” he answered.

“Well, how do you spell it? See now if you can do it as slick as Aaron did.”

“Great Honnes, little Honnes, r-o-n!”

The laugh was decidedly against the master.

“Now,” said Mr. Mills, when the confusion had a little subsided, “as I said before, I'll divide all on you into classes. All on you who study the grammar, go together; all on you who cypher, go together; all on you who are learning to read, go together.”

The school wheeled into divisions as suddenly as a military company; and the “master” seemed to look upon us with

as intense an air of self-superiority as Bonaparte would have done upon an army of new recruited soldiers.

“Very well, very well,” said Ephraim. “Now all on the grammar class take the high benches on the east; all on the geography class, the high benches on the west; and all o' the reading scholars take the low benches. SCHOOL'S COMMENCED!”

“School's commenced!” was uttered by Ephraim with infinite authority, accompanied by a stamp of the foot, and a whirling of the ruler, which was absolutely terrific. It had the desired effect. Every boy was as whist and silent as though he had suddenly been changed to stone.

An hour passed, when the voice of Ephraim was again heard. “Third class, that is reading class, come up to read.—Bring you books; form a line; stand up straight, and talk plain.”

The class struggled along up, some coughing, some blowing their noses, some grinning and some leering.

“Fine healthy-looking lot of boys,” said Ephraim, as he surveyed them. “Turn to your places.” Every boy wet his thumb, and turned to the place selected in the “English Reader,” which chanced to be that beautiful paraphrase of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, commencing, “The Lord my pasture shall prepare.”

“Now begin,” said Ephraim. The boy at the head commenced in a whining tone, taking care not to make a pause, or catch a breath, until he had reached the end of the verse, when he drew one that might have been heard far out in the grove, looking up at the same time for a word of praise.

“You do well,” said Ephraim; you read quick and smart, and that's what I like to see. Now the next thing I want to know,” said he “is, do you understand what you read? Everything depends on that. Now,” he added, abstractedly, “what is understood by the first line you have read, ‘The Lord my pasture shall prepare?’ Can you tell me, Jack Jones?” Jack looked on the floor, and seemed sadly puzzled. Hesitating for some time in this position, he at length broke out:

“I don't know sir.”

“Don't know, sir!” repeated Ephraim; “why, I am thunder-struck at your ignorance! Why, it is as old as Greece and Rome, and used to be spoken by Cicero and Demosthenes. Can't you tell, Bill Jones what that line means?”

Bill Jones was about as much troubled as Jack Jones. He couldn't tell, and so it went on to the foot of the class.

“Well, now every boy pay attention, while I explain, and don't none of you forget what I say. This sentence, as I said before, has reference to the Greeks and Romans, who were a great people living in Africa, about four thousand years ago; but I don't recollect the exact period. They were a roving race of people, and lived pretty much as many folks, in New England do, by their pasture land, and the manufacture of butter, cheese, and such like; and as they were all believers in the Christian religion, and somewhat superstitious, they used to sing this hymn at the beginning of each year; ‘The Lord my pasture shall prepare.’ That's it—Will you all recollect?”

Every child nodded his head, and muttered “Umph.”

“Now,” said Ephraim, “you can all take your seats; and be sure to understand your reading lesson next time.”

The bustle of the reading-class returning to their seats had not subsided, before the master's voice was again heard.

“Class in astronomy and geography—Recite.”

The astronomy and geography class formed with more dignity than the junior class which had preceded it. Mr. Mills seemed to look upon its members also with an increased degree of respect. After they were collected in order, Ephraim told them that geography was a great study—that “he himself didn't know nothing of the world only what he got from this;” that his grandfather had studied a great deal of it, and once visited Lake Erie in person. He said he hoped we would all meet his expectations in this sublimest of all sciences. He would now proceed to ask some questions.

“William Dobbs, how is the state of Maine bounded?”

“On the north by the Gulf of Mexico, east by Arkansas, south by the Potomac, and west by Massachusetts.”

“Very well, sir. The next—Nicholas Rice; What is the principal river in Maine?”

“The Sabine.”

“Very well. The next—Joseph Mills; What is its capital?”

“St. Augustine.”

“That's right. The next—Henry Dobbin; What is its produce?”

“Hemp and Beeswax.”

“Right. The next—Israel Booth; How many parts of the earth are covered with water?”

“Europe and Asia.”

“How many with land?”

“Africa and North America.”

“What is the shape of the world, Nicholas Rice?”

“Partly round and partly flat.”

“Which part is flat?”

“That part near the equator.”

“Very well said, indeed. The next—Joseph Mills; What is an equator?”

“An equator is a large brass ring put around the earth, which holds it together while it turns upon its axis.”

“Answered well. The next; What are the poles?”

“The poles are large irons run through the world, on which it turns round a thousand miles a minute.”

“Or rather,” said Ephraim, “nine hundred and ninety miles a minute. The next; How many miles is the sun from the earth?”

“A hundred millions.”

“It is supposed to be that,” said Ephraim—but we have no certain means of knowing. The next: Is the sun inhabited?”

“No sir—but the moon is.”

“Who inhabits the moon?”

“The man in the moon.”

“That is very well—very well. We can all see the man in the moon,” said Ephraim, “and therefore we know the moon is inhabited. You all pass good examinations in astronomy. Let us put a few more questions in geography. Which is the largest city in the world?”

“China.”

“Which is the largest river?”

“The Mississippi.”

“The largest island?”

“Long Island.”

“Very well. Now take your seats and go on with your lessons.”

This is a brief sketch of Ephraim Mills and his class in its first recitation in what he called astronomy and geography.—There was quite a pause after this searching examination. Nothing was heard but the murmur of boys conning their books. Ephraim retired to a chair, where he stretched back in a state of exhaustion, fanning himself, and brushing the big flies from his flaming face.

In the other departments of his school, Ephraim exhibited the same kind and degree of talent. The instances just mentioned. Yet he was a school-master, and taught Stockeville school, and received therefor the sum of nine dollars per month, and “boarded round!”

I am not going to inflict upon the reader the history of Ephraim's entire administration as “Knight of the Ferule.” The history of one day is the history of another. In his capacity, there was “neither variation nor shadow of turning.” All Stockeville was pleased with him, because they were ignorant of him, and all the children were compelled to submit to his authority. It must be borne in mind that the Inspectors of Common Schools in Stockeville, at this period, were about as competent for their office as our schoolmaster was for his. They were all matched; and take them altogether, the way in which education, literature, and the fine arts thrived, was truly astonishing. Every scholar, of course, was soon on the high road to distinction.

For the first five years of my boyhood, during the early days of Stockeville, such were our instructors. The good people thought that so long as they had a “master,” and the “school” went on, all was well. Whether he was capable or incapable, was of no sort of consequence. They thought it a duty to send children to school, and it mattered little whether they learned or not. Learning, in fact, was decidedly unpopular. The old people reasoned thus: “They had but three months schooling, yet they were well off in the world, and as capable of carrying on business as some of their neighbors who had been at college.” This argument, strengthened by what they called “practical illustration,” was of course invincible. How many Stockevilles, Stockeville schools, and Stockeville schoolmasters are there in existence yet!

WHO SHALL HAVE THE PRIZE?—There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award a prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful.—

“Who shall have the prize?” said the rose, stalking forward in all consciousness of beauty. “Who shall have the prize?” said the other flowers, advancing, each filled with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. “I will take a peep at those beauties,” thought the violet, as she lay in her humble bed, not presuming to attend the meeting.—“I will see them as they pass,” but as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

The greatest case of love is that of a blade of Kentucky, who got into a hollow tree where he lived a whole week peeping through a knot hole at his true love, as she sat sewing bear skin petticoats at her window.

## Light Hints on Weighty Matters.

The important but puzzling science of “Popping the Question” is thus dispassionately and philosophically treated upon by “An Old Bachelor,” (in Frazer's Magazine) who, it will be seen, speaks as one having the authority of long and perplexing experience, as well as possessing a profound theoretical knowledge of the “art built on principles.” Whether this be so or not, however, those who have “been thro' the mill,” best can tell.—Now—young bachelors and old—please “read, mark, learn and inwardly digest” the counsels of age. Those who have “come off conquerors,” may read or “skip” it—just as they please.

Though it is impossible to say any thing very much to the purpose about refusals generally, a little tact and observation will all tell you whether the girl who refused you would have been worth having, had she accepted. I am speaking of verbal communications only; as nobody ever writes who can speak. It is usual in all cases of refusal, for the lady to say that she is deeply grateful for the honor you have done her, but, feeling only friendship for you, she regrets that she cannot accept your proposal, &c. &c. I have heard the words so often, that I know them by heart. The words, however varied, signify little; it is the tone and manner in which they are pronounced that must guide you in forming your estimate of the cruel one. If they are pronounced with evident marks of sorrow, instead of triumph, showing unfeigned regret for having caused pain which she could not alleviate—if her voice is soft, unbroken and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a half-formed tear, which it requires even an effort to subdue—then, I say, you may share in her sorrow, for you have probably lost a prize worth gaining; but though you grieve you may also hope, if you are a man of any pretension, for there is evident good feeling to build upon.

Do not, therefore, fly out and make an idiot of yourself, on receiving your refusal; submit with a good grace, and with a ready acquiescence, to support you under the heart-crushing affliction you have sustained. Take her hand at parting; kiss it frequently, but quietly; no outer conduct of any kind—just a little at the expense of your own failure, without, however, attempting to deprive her of the honor of the victory. Rise in her estimation by the manner in which you receive your sentence; let her sorrow be mingled with admiration, and there is no knowing how soon things will change. These instructions, you will perceive are not intended for every one, as they all require skill, tact, quickness, and feeling, in order to be appreciated and acted upon. If you want these qualities, just make love pursue in hand; it is a safe mode of proceeding and will answer admirably with all ranks, from Almack's to the Borough. There is only one class with whom it will not answer, that is the very class worth having.

If, on the other hand, the lady refuses you in a ready and well delivered speech, which had evidently been prepared and kept waiting for you, then make your bow, and thank your stars for your lucky escape. If she admonishes your inconsiderate conduct, bids you calm your excited feelings and support affliction—if she triumphs, in fact, and is condescendingly polite—then cut a caper for joy, and come down in the attitude of John of Bulogana's flying Mercury, for you have cause to rejoice. If the lady snaps at you, as much as to say, “You are an impudent fellow”—which may be sometimes true, though it should not exactly be told—then reply with a few stanzas of Miss Landon's song:

“There is in southern climes a breeze,  
That sweeps with changeless course the seas;  
Fixed to one point—oh, faithful gale!  
Thou art not for my wandering sail.”

If she bursts out into a loud fit of laughter, as I once knew a lady to do, then join her by all means; for you may be sure she is an ill-bred hyden, or a downright idiot. But if, unable to speak, grief at having caused you pain makes her burst into tears—as a little Swedish girl once did when such a proposal was made to her—then join her if you like, for the chances are that you have lost one worth weeping for.

IDLENESS.—Up and be a doing, my friends; up and be a doing! Idleness is a sad thing. What? have we feet, and shall we not walk? Have we hands, and shall we not work? Have we more to do than we shall ever accomplish if we are indolent, how, then, shall we get through it if we are idle? Every bird building her nest, every spider weaving her web, every ant laying up for the winter, is a reproach to an idle man. Up and be a doing, I say; and do not expect the pot to boil while you let the fire go out. We must climb the hill to view the prospect; we must sow the seed to reap the harvest; we must crack the nut to get the kernel. I cannot bear your tattling, talking, interfering,

busy-bodies, attending to affairs of others, and leaving their own duties undone; but yet, it is a sad failing to go to sleep when we ought to be wide awake; to be creeping and crawling like snails, when we ought to be bounding forward like grayhounds. It is a sad thing, I say, and we ought to be ashamed of it. I have known blind men and lame men, who, without an eye to see with, or a foot to stand upon, have done more for the good of their neighbors than many of us who have the use of all our faculties. Then, up and be doing, and let not the grass grow under your feet! Though the flesh be weak, if the spirit be willing you will not be happy in standing still. If you cannot preach in public, you can pray in private, and be striving to enter in, rather than waiting to be carried through, the strait gate that leadeth unto life. Let us not complain of poverty, with a mine of gold under our feet; let us not die of thirst, with a fountain of living waters, within our reach. If we have health and strength, let us work for the bread that perishes; and having the means of grace, let us be diligent to obtain that bread that is eternal.

## A Polish Heroine.

The young Countess Planter was imbued with that devoted love of Freedom which inspires noble actions. She could not, woman as she was, remain an inglorious and unresisting victim of wrongs inflicted upon her country. High born, accomplished and beloved, her hand was sought by a Russian General. We extract this incident in her life;

“Mademoiselle, I come to offer you my hand.”

“Sir, I refuse it,” dryly answered Emily.

He was far from expecting such an answer and felt somewhat abashed. He did not, however, give up, but returning to the subject continued:

“But think of my rank, Countess, and the favor which I enjoy with the Emperor.”

“I am fully aware of the honour you condescend to bestow upon your choice, but—”

“Well—but—”

“The thing is impossible.”

“Impossible!” muttered the disappointed General. Am I so unfortunate as to have incurred your aversion?”

“I do not hate you personally.”

“Is the disproportion in our ages an objection?”

“The husband should always be older than the wife!”

“It is exactly what I think myself.—Perhaps your heart—”

“It is perfectly free.”

“You can never find a better choice.”

“I do not deny it.”

“Then nothing is in the way—”

“I am a daughter of Poland.”

Before the revolution broke out, the Countess travelled much for the purpose of fanning the embers of patriotism and kindling the fire of Liberty. When the shock of war came, raising a troop of her kinsmen and tenants, she repaired to the frontier and was soon gallantly engaged with the hosts of Russia. Overborne by numbers at one point, she sought other fields of danger. And finally, when all was lost, after passing through many perils and during every privation, Emily Planter died in the 26th year of her age, at the cottage of a peasant, where she was secretly protected from the vengeance of Russia.—*Albany Journal.*

THE BEST STORY OF THE SEASON.—It is from the Palmyrene Gazette:

“It is generally the case with editors, that when giving accounts of the destruction of lives and property by fire, they first mention the particulars about the loss of property, and then merely allude to the loss of life. This always reminds us of an accident that happened to a neighbor of ours down east.

Deacon Sweet, was an even tempered good-hearted sort of a man, and Mrs. S., as ditto, loved her husband and was very economical in habits. The Deacon took a candle and a two quart pitcher that Mrs. Sweet had kept whole minus the nose, for ten years, one cold night and started to go down to the cellar to draw some cider. The old gentleman's foot slipped at the top of the stone, and he went down head first. Mrs. Sweet heard the noise and ran very much alarmed, to see what had happened. The Deacon in the meantime, had gathered himself up, and was rubbing his shins.

“Lord! Gustus!” exclaimed, Mrs. Sweet, “what's the matter!—have you broke the pitcher?”

“No!” replied the old man, grunting, and then growing furious—“I haint yet, but dod darn if I don't do it now though!” and he smashed the long-cherished pitcher against the wall.

When you see a girl buying lacin' strings, say—quit that.