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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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**TERMS.**

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**POETRY.**

## The Stars of Night.

Whence are your glorious goings forth,  
Ye children of the sky,  
In whose bright silence seems the power  
Of all eternity?  
For time hath let his shadow fall  
O'er many an ancient light;  
But ye walk above in brightness still—  
Oh, glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fame  
Hath faded long ago;  
On Persia's hill the worshipped flame  
Hath lost its ancient glow;  
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,  
With Salem's temple bright;  
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,  
Oh, changeless stars of night!

Long have ye looked upon the earth,  
O'er vale and mountain brow;  
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,  
And gild the ruins now:  
Ye beam upon the cottage home,  
The conqueror's path of might,  
And shed your light alike on all,  
Oh, priceless stars of night!

But where are they who learned from you  
The fates of coming time,  
Ere yet the pyramids arose  
Amid the desert clime?  
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,  
Ye bless the watcher's sight,  
And shine where bark hath never been,  
Oh, lovely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,  
Of human hope and love;  
And fearful deeds of darkness too,  
Ye witness above!  
Say, will that blackening record live  
Forever in your sight;  
Watching for judgment on the earth,  
Oh, sleepless stars of night!

Yet glorious was your song that rose  
With the fresh morning's dawn,  
And still amid our summer sky  
Its echo lingers on:  
Though ye have shone on many a grave,  
Since Eden's early blight,  
Ye tell of hope and glory still,  
Oh, deathless stars of night!

## Machine Poetry.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to see a flock of sheep  
All feeding on the mountain;  
I love to see a drunkard drink  
From out the living fountain;  
At first upon his knees he gets,  
And then he sticks his nose in,  
But soon he slips, and then, ker-souse,  
His head and shoulders goes in.

I love to see, with all my heart,  
The sun shine while 'tis raining;  
I love to see a row kicked up  
At a militia training;  
I love to see a table watched  
By civil, careful waiters;  
I love to see them *foch* along  
The biggest kind of taters.

I love to see th' industrious bees  
All busy making honey;  
I love to see a man contrive  
All ways to lay up money;  
I love to see a lot of chaps  
Engaged in midnight revel;  
I love to see them let out loose,  
And go it like the devil!

I love to hear old women talk—  
They do some lofty talking;  
I love to see defaulters walk—  
They do some tallish walking;  
I love to hear at dead of night  
A glorious caterwauling,  
And O, I love to hear at church  
A lot of babies squalling.

I love to see two colored gents  
Call one another "niggers";  
I love to see the ladies run,  
They cut such curious figures!  
I love my Betsy more than all—  
I love her, Oh, most dearly!  
I love to hug and kiss her—Oh,  
It makes me feel so queerly!

Spoons, O. G.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**ESTELLE:**

Or, "Reformed Rakes make the best Husbands"—Illustrated.

NO FICTION.

"ESTELLE, what can you be thinking about? you have set a full hour in the same posture, with your head reclining on your hand, looking not at all like my jovial sister. Come, now, I think it will require no prophet's vision to divine the current of your thoughts. Tell me, Estelle, are you not this moment asking your heart if it can yield its affection to Morris?"

"Dear Louise, I am far from thinking you possessed of the power of prescience, but for once you have suggested right."

"Well, Estelle, what is the result of your meditations? for I should think they had been sufficiently lengthy to have terminated in resolves. I hope—"

"Nay, Louise, no more lectures, I am wearied with your preaching. It is not more than a week since I sat, with all due reverence, at your ladyship's feet, and listened to a discourse full two hours long. You failed, then, with all your logic to convince me, and I presume you have no more powerful or convincing reasons to offer now. Indeed Louise, I am resolved at present not to discourage the attentions of so accomplished a man as Morris; so do dismiss that lengthy phiz, and appear more cheerful."

"This, then, is your conclusion. I had hoped that my dear sister was beginning to view this important subject in its true light."

"Yes: in its true light, I do, sis—for I half believe the old adage, 'a reformed rake makes the best husband.' The grand secret is how to reform him, and I am willing to make the experiment; for to tell you the truth, Louise, Morris is coming this evening to receive his answer whether your wayward sister will become his bride or not; and he declares forsooth, that if I say to him nay, he will turn recluse, and society will never know Frederick Morris again."

"Ah, Estelle—my sister, my companion—you will not sacrifice yourself! Have you forgotten the engagement to Edward Barnes? Can you blot from your heart all his devotedness? Can you bestow your hand upon another, when you are already affianced to him? Believe me, if you do, you will never have peace of mind again—God's blessing will not rest upon you."

"Oh, Louise, as to my engagement to Edward B., you know it is a mere child's affair. I have always told him when he found any one that he could love better, I would release him."

"And did he allow you the same privilege?"

"Oh, no, he is self-confident, he supposes my heart is inaccessible to all mankind but his own dear self. But to be serious, Louise, I wonder he could not have placed his affection upon you instead of me. He is so learned, so dignified, and so moralizing, that I wonder he should fancy me, who loves nothing better than to trip the light fantastic toe 'in the merry dance,' or read the 'last novel.' But I do not fear for him; he will soon find another better calculated than myself to make him happy, and it requires no prophet's vision to divine who that one will be. Ah, ha—that bluish, Louise!"

"Estelle, hush! I will not listen to your levity longer. You wrong yourself—you wrong him to whom you have plighted your love."

"Well, Louise, I will be serious, and now what is the sum total of your objections to Morris? You can't but acknowledge that he is very accomplished, and a perfect Adonis. There is not a young lady of all my acquaintance who does not think herself a fortunate girl to be the object of his affections—and even you my demure sister, I believe pure jealousy is the cause of your dislike. But come—his faults! what are they?"

"Estelle, you know them; I have told you, and others have warned you. Is he not a professional gambler? and have not even you, blinded as you are, seen him when there was an unwonted flush upon his countenance, and an unnatural excitement of spirits?"

"Well, allowing all that to be true, (though the last charge I do think is false,) think you not his love for me will deter him from doing any thing that will make me unhappy? Louise, you know little of his devotedness."

"Estelle! Estelle! that is the rock on which thousands split; shun it, I beseech you. Oh, could we call back the spirits of those who have been drawn into this maelstrom by that deluded hope, could we ask them what induced them so unworthily to give away their hearts, they would answer, with the hope of a reformation."

"Well, Louise, I do not wish you to

conjure up the spirits of the departed to favor your cause—I can support mine by living testimony, I will refer you to our dear father. I have been told he was a wild youth, and was addicted to gambling; but you know, Louise, he is one of the very best of fathers."

"Estelle, it becomes me not to speak of the failings of our father; but never till the death of our sainted mother, has our father been what you now see him to be; and sister if this evening is to decide your fate, I have an errand to you from our dying mother."

"From our mother! what can it mean?"

"Listen, and I will tell you: you know that she was long ill—that she bore all her suffering with meekness; and you must have been only a casual observer, if you have not witnessed her hours of sadness, even when she was well. I have seen her gaze on us with a look of untold affection, while tears streamed down her pale cheeks, and I have often wondered at her emotion. A few weeks previous to her death, she called me to her side and gave me this manuscript. She said it had been her intention to carry the secret of her sorrows to the grave; but with the hope that it might benefit us she entrusted it to me, as the eldest, with a strict injunction not to reveal it even to you, unless I saw you about to take a step in life, which would cause unavailing repentance. And now, Estelle, I have closed. In these papers you will learn your mother's history, and her last counsel: if these will not move you, no argument of mine can."

For once the gay Estelle looked sad, and sat down with a throbbing heart to peruse the manuscript, but she had hardly time to finish it, before a servant announced Morris. Louise could have wished him annihilated, for he seemed to possess a serpent's fascination over Estelle, and to drive from her mind all sober thought. That evening Morris urged his suit with so much apparent earnestness, and made such oaths of eternal constancy, that he won the consent of fair Estelle to become his bride in a few weeks.

Louise and Estelle Lawrence were the daughters of Mr. Lawrence, a lawyer of some celebrity and great wealth, in a beautiful village in New England. Mr. Lawrence was young. Although possessed of every attraction to make a home a paradise, Mrs. L. failed to secure the company of her husband. The gambling table and wine cup possessed more attractions for him than his lovely wife, whose affectionate heart withered away with the consciousness of unrequited love. After her death, Mr. L. seemed an altered man; he forsook all his vices, and tried by his affection for his daughters to atone for his neglect of their mother. These sisters were opposites in their characters as the antipodes. Louise possessed all those qualities of mind which are the result of virtues and principles, and that intuitive discrimination of character which so few of our sex have the credit of possessing, but which is so requisite to distinguish the really virtuous from those who "steal the liveliest of the court of heaven to serve the devil in."

Estelle was a sunny girl—no cloud dimmed her vision—all was joy and glee with her. She was sure to laugh the loudest when others looked the saddest; but she had a most affectionate heart, and manners so bland and winning, that she was welcomed wherever she went. She had spent some time in New York, and there became acquainted with Morris, a gentleman who she often said was the "beau ideal" of her fancy. He had by his insinuating address and handsome face, won the confiding heart of Estelle, and he was now on a visit to N. to obtain her consent for their immediate union.—Louise had never liked Morris, and had often tried to reason with her infatuated sister, but with little success. Mr. L. never hinted his objections, if he had them; and his wife (for, unhappily, for his second wife he chosen a young lady, was but a little the senior of his daughters, and from whose tyranny the high minded Estelle longed to be free,) favored Estelle's marriage with Morris. Jealous alike of her beauty and accomplishments, and the place she held in her father's heart, she wished her away. But Estelle could not consent to become the bride of Morris without some terrible conflicts with her heart and conscience; for he to whom she was already plighted, now (ignorant that his heart's best treasure was about to be torn from him,) was pursuing his studies in the State of Maine. Vacation was at hand, and Edward Barnes was expected home in a short time. Estelle knew this; she knew all his worth; his undying love for her, and sometimes would relent, and wish she had never seen the fascinating Morris. Morris was well aware that his hold upon her affections was not strong, for he had more than once found her weeping with letters in her hand, which he supposed were from Edward;—for this reason he hastened the performance of the ceremony which would make her his forever.

"Well, sister," said Estelle, on the morning of her wedding day, "in a few hours I shall be wedded to Morris. I am going to try the fearful experiment, as you are pleased to call it. If he proves to be a good husband, I shall have the satisfaction of triumphing over you; if he does not, then my history will serve as a beacon light to warn others not to shipwreck their happiness in the same manner;—so you see I shall do my fair friends a service in this way, if no other."

Louise sighed as she saw her bright and happy sister so unconsciously sacrificing herself; but she only remarked that a few years would decide the question.

In a few weeks, Morris with his wife, were settled in New York. For two years all was well with Estelle. Morris was apparently a reformed man, and even Louise began to think her fears would not be realized. His evenings were spent in the society of his wife, and he began to feel a relish for domestic pleasures. At this period, one of his old associates, who had just returned from a tour in Europe, called to congratulate him, and to revive old friendships.

"Well, Fred," said he familiarly, "admire your wife and situation, and even your little babe looks like a cherub, but faith, friend, you don't intend to bury yourself here, do you? How fare our old friends P. and M? you meet at our old haunts I presume?"

"Indeed I have not been there of late, neither have I seen our old friends but once or twice these two years."

"Well, then we will go and hunt them up this evening."

That was a long evening for Estelle.—The clock told the midnight hour before Morris returned, and when he saw her anxious countenance, his heart smote him, but with a slight excuse he quieted the fears of his too confiding wife. From that evening must be dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

"A cloud slowly and heavily came over her; ofills, we mention not, enough to say, 'Twas cold and dead impenetrable gloom, she saw its dark approach; and saw her One after one, put out as nearer still. It drew her soul, but tainted not at first; Fainted not soon."

One night as her husband returned home unusually late, Estelle was struck with his haggard look and almost maniac laugh when he roughly said, "well Estelle, now we are off for the west—I am worth barely enough to buy us a log hut, and we will go and hide ourselves in the prairies of Illinois. That—knows has done the work for me to night;—Oh! I wish I had shot him!" and he gnashed his teeth in rage. Estelle was shocked, confounded, and crushed; but she questioned him not, nor offered one word of expostulation. With a sad heart she packed her things, and in a week they were on their way to Illinois. Here years of constant suffering awaited Estelle. Her friends hearing of her destitute situation sent her pecuniary aid; but what could bind up the wounds of that broken heart? Who could gather up those young affections again?

"When thus she lay,  
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,  
As leaf of autumn, when the wolfish winds,  
Selecting from its falling sisters, chase  
Far from its native grave, to lifeless wastes  
And leave it there alone, to be forgotten  
Eternally. God passed in mercy by,  
His praise be ever new! and on her breathed,  
And bade her live!"

"Oh Ma, how I wish you had been at the meeting to day; we had a new minister. He looked so much like the miniature you have of uncle William, I wish you could see him. Old Margaret says he is to be our minister for a few months, till Mr. Gray has returned from his journey—for Ma, he has gone to the east to bring his wife and children here."

"Well, Louise, did you tell him you had a dying mother who wished to see him?"

"Ma, he was a stranger, and I dare not speak to him; but I asked old Margaret's husband to do it, and he is coming here to-morrow."

"Mother" said the same sweet-faced little girl the next morning, "the minister is at the door, and wishes to know if I am the little girl whose mother wished to see him; and there is another gentleman with him."

"Ask them in," said a feeble voice.

Estelle, unaccustomed to the sight of strangers, was abashed when the two gentlemen entered her hut; but a slight flush came to her colorless face as she eyed the stranger who first entered, and thought she had seen one who resembled him—but before she had time for further scrutiny, she found herself encircled in the arms of her only brother. Neither could speak, but gushing tears more than words relieved their full hearts; but when she recognised the other stranger, who was no other than Edward Barnes, she swooned.

"William, dear William, have you come at length?" sobbed Estelle; "come to see your sister die: come to soothe her dying hours: come to my beloved Louise? God has indeed answered my prayers!—Oh William, it was a fearful experiment, but it is all over!"

William Lawrence, who was at college at the time of his sister's marriage, and who subsequently fitted for the ministry, resolved as soon as his studies were finished, to go and take his sister back to her native village. But while he was preparing to start, news came that Estelle was no more, and that Morris was roving about, an object of commiseration and disgust. Still he longed to go and learn more of his sister's fate, and to take the little Louise home. His friend Edward Barnes accompanied him, with a view of settling in the west. They had stopped to spend the Sabbath at a village about a mile from Estelle's house, entirely unconscious of their affinity to her. Finding the minister of the place absent, he proposed to preach the following day, which was gladly accepted. On Sunday morning, a little band collected in a building used as a church. Estelle had always met with this little band, but feeling her strength rapidly declining, she sent her little daughter to request the minister to visit her. The little Louise had her eyes riveted upon the preacher during all the service; and as he passed her, she tried to summon courage to her errand, but her heart failed her. The next morning, William and his friend started for Estelle's abode; and on their way, encountering the old man who had made the request they asked to be directed to her hut. But what was their surprise on hearing from the old man such an account of her as induced them to believe that it was indeed their friend (over whose supposed death they had often wept) they were now called to visit. They learned, also, that Morris had some months previous, in a fit of intoxication, committed suicide; and for nearly a year that poor destitute woman had lived with her little daughter in extreme poverty. William tried to soothe her with the hope that she would yet be happy; that she would return with him, and in the midst of her former felicity, she would die marked her for its victim! Crushed and broken hearted, she was even now on the shore of eternity.—"And even brother," she would say, "were I able to endure the journey, I never could endure the sight of my old home—of my injured sister. Oh! why did I not listen to her kind advice? No, brother, here I must die! But even that thought has lost half its gloom, since I know my Louise is provided with home and friends."

"Will you allow me to adopt your child as my own?" said Edward B.

Estelle hesitated. It was the man she had slighted and injured. "I should rather," said she, "that she would be under the tuition of her aunt Louise." "Then will your wish be gratified," said William. "Louise is the wife of Edward Barnes—and you can confide your child to none with more assurance that she will receive all a mother's care and instruction."

The color went and came in poor Estelle's cheek at this intelligence, but after a moment's struggle with her feelings, " 'Tis as it should be," said she, "I dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, and I have been made to drain the cup of affliction to the very dregs."

In a week from this time, Estelle Morris was a dweller in eternity. But she died not without hope. Her sufferings had led her to the fountain of consolation—a Saviour's love, and she realized the fulfillment of the promise, "A bruised reed he will not break."

In one of the neatest houses in the village of N——, is seen a lovely girl, who often with a look of sadness says, "Uncle Edward, how I wish my dear Ma had lived to come here, why did you not find us sooner? I wonder if you are the same Edward B. I heard Papa talk about? He told Ma he supposed she wished she had married Edward Barnes instead of him, and with a dreadful oath he left the house, saying he would be in the way no longer; and he never did come back—but the next day four men brought him \*\*\*\*\* Oh Uncle I cannot tell you, it makes me tremble to think of it. Poor Ma was so ill, I thought she would have died, and I should be left alone."

Edward B. could not refrain from mingling his tears with those of his little niece—nor can you, fair readers withhold your sympathy. But let none say or think, that a "reformed rake makes the best husband."

MARY.

A recent philosopher discloses a method to avoid being dunned? "How!—how!—how!" we hear every body asking—*Never run in debt!*

"Please exchange," as the printer said when he offered his heart to a nice little girl.

A GEN.—We never read the following without feeling 20 per cent improved by it: "Two neighbors met, one of them was exceedingly rich, and the other in moderate circumstances. The latter began to congratulate the former on his great possessions, and the happiness which he must enjoy, and ended in contrasting it with his own condition."

"My friend," said the rich man, "will you allow me to ask you one question?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Would you be willing to take my property and take the whole care of it for your boarding and clothing?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, that's all I get."

PATRIOTIC.—"Feller Rogers," said a newly elected lieutenant of Militia, away down in Maine. "I'm affixed obliged to you for this shove up in the ranks you have given me. Fellow Rogers, I'm not a gain to forget your kindness soon—not by a darn'd sight; and I tell you what it is; I'll stick to my post like pitch to a pine board, so long as there's peace; but as I go in for rotation in office, if we should come to blows with the Britishers, I'll be darn'd if I don't resign right off, and give every feller a fair shake for fame and glory, and all that ere."

"Tom," said an impudent wag to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful creature who wishes to make your acquaintance."

"Demmed glad to hear it—fine girl—struck with my appearance, I suppose, eh?"

"Yes—very much so. She thinks you'd make a capital playmate for her poodle dog."

COOL IMPUDENCE.—We were told yesterday of a piece of the coolest and most audacious nonsense that ever was played off since the days when Tom King worried poor old Monsieur Tonson. A chap sadly in want of amusement, as he strolled out of the St. Charles bar-room at midnight, during last week, was suddenly moved by a brilliant conception. He

walked in the first door he came across, away with a vigor and fury that alarmed the whole neighborhood. Up went a second story window—a head was popped out and in again—and down instantly to the door came a man in his night-gear shivering between fright and the chilly evening. The man was speechless when he opened the door to see alarming a summons, and stared in mute inquiry upon our hero. There they stood for some seconds, when the audacious disturber of the night coolly inquired of the man in the night cap—

"Well now, my friend, what the d—l do you want?"

"Any body about there at that time may have heard a street door slam to, and have seen a chap walk off, whistling."

"Oft in the stilly night!"

[Picayune.

GRAMMATICAL.—"What! at you—a student so early Miss Angelina!" said the foppish, frippery Damon Darlington, as he entered the boudoir of a lady acquaintance living in St.—street yesterday; and crossing over the carpeted floor to the sofa on which she sat, he added "augh! what is that attracts your attention? Bulwar's last, Lanoni, I have no doubt."

"No, sir," said Angelina, coolly: "I am studying my grammar."

"Awh, capital, glorious!" said Damon rubbing his kid-glove-cased hands in affected rapture. "New commence, my dear, and conjugate for me the verb 'to love.'"

"No, sir," said the spirited Angelina, "but I will decline the pronoun *you*," and walking into the next room she rang the bell, and when the negro servant attended the summons, she ordered him to conduct Mr. Damon Darlington to the hall door.

The negro instantly obeyed the commands of his young mistress, and but a few minutes elapsed ere the accomplished Mr. Darlington was an illustration of the pre-ter-perfect tense of the verb "to go"—he was gone!

"My dear friend, that woman has been talking about you so, again! She has been telling the awfulest lies you ever heard; why, she railed away about you for a whole hour!"

"And you heard it all, did you?"

"Yes."

"Well, after this, just bear in mind that it takes two to make a slander; one to tell it, and one to listen to it."

"Pa, do they plow the prisoners up at Sing-Sing?" "No, my son, what made you ask that question?" "Cause it says here that one of their faces was *furrowed*."

"Go to bed, Sammy, go to bed, and don't go out of the house, somebody might steal you."—Iron City.