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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### On the Death of a Child.

Dead! dead! that child I loved so well!  
Transported to the world above!  
I need no more my heart conceal:  
I never dared indulge my love:  
But may I not indulge my grief,  
And seek in tears a sad relief?

My earthly happiness is fled,  
His mother's joy, his father's hope,  
(O had I died in Isaac's stead!)  
He should have closed his father's eyes,  
And followed me to paradise.

But hath not Heaven, who first bestowed,  
A right to take his gift away?  
I bow me to the sovereign God,  
Who snatched him from the evil day!  
Yet nature will repeat her moan,  
And fondly cry, "My son! my son!"

Turn from him, turn, officious thought!  
Officious thought presents again  
The thousand little acts he wrought, [pain,  
Which wounds my heart with soothing  
His looks, his winning gestures, rise,  
His waving hands, and laughing eyes!

Those waving hands no more shall move,  
Those laughing eyes shall smile no more,  
He cannot now engage our love,  
With sweet insinuating power  
Our weak, unguarded hearts ensnare,  
And rival his Creator there.

Farewell, (since Heaven ordains it so,)  
Farewell, my yearning heart's desire!  
Stunned with the providential blow,  
And scarce beginning to respire,  
I own, and bow me in the dust,  
My God is good, and wise, and just.

He justly claims the first-born son,  
Accepts my costly sacrifice,  
Dearest of all his gifts, but one,  
At his command the victim dies!  
He but resumes what he had given,  
He takes my sacrifice to heaven.

His wisdom timed the lingering stroke,  
The mother first resolved to save;  
The mother left the child he took,  
Nor let them share a common grave;  
And still my better-half survives,  
Joseph is dead, but Rachel lives.

The Searcher of my heart can tell  
How oft its fondness I withstood;  
When forced a father's joy to feel,  
I shrank from the suspected good,  
Refused the perilous delight,  
And hid me from the pleasing sight.

The labor of an aching breast,  
The racking fears, to God are known;  
I could not in his danger rest:  
I trembled for my helpless son:  
But all my fears forever cease,  
My son has gained the port of peace!

### Lights and Shadows.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

In Life's Spring time the glad earth seems  
With sunlight thick bestrown—  
Carressing bird, and leaf, and flower,  
But the shadow is unknown.

We see the warm light where it rests,  
On stream and mountain shewn,  
Unmindful of the valley left  
In shadows dim between.

And when the moon-shine hushingly  
Glides down on hill and vale,  
She hides from us the shadow clasped  
Unto her bosom pale.

Alas! for the coming change that will  
The sunshine chase away,  
And leave on hill, and stream, and flower,  
Dim shadows, cold and gray.

Alas! for the eye will turn aside,  
Where gladness dwelt of yore,  
And mark the shadows chase the light  
From us, for ever more.

The forest and the mountain top,  
May gleam as bright as ever;  
But childhood's eyes, and childhood's heart,  
Return to us, oh, never.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE HUMBLE LOVERS.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

In humblest, simplest habits clad,  
Nor wealth, nor pain had he—  
A constant heart was all he had,  
And that was all to me.

GOLDSMITH.

Several years since, a young Southerner was walking down Broadway with his bride. As the throng was great, and this couple were engaged in pleasing conversation, they did not immediately perceive they were followed by a young man, who took every occasion to approach the lady and touch her with his elbow. At length, however, they were surprised by the sound of a strange voice near them.

"Let that woman alone—she is a married woman—I know her well. Drop her at once. You ought to be ashamed to play your pranks with that married woman!"

Both turned and saw the intruder, who had by this time placed himself at the side of the lady, and offering his arm, continued:

"Let go of him, my good woman, and come with me, I'll take you to your family."

Surprised and irritated, the young husband was on the point of felling the officious meddler to the earth with a blow of the fist, when the idea occurred to him that the lad must be either an idiot or a bedlamite; and upon a close survey of his countenance, he was convinced that the offender was irresponsible for his actions. The same high sense of honor that had once induced the Southerner to risk his life in single combat with the asperser of his reputation, now checked his anger and unnered his arm. He scorned to offer violence to a man whose mind had lost the guidance of reason. He commanded the youth to desist—but it was not attended to. The young man persisted in following the couple, offering the lady his arm, and bidding her husband release her and give her into his custody.

This singular scene began to attract the notice of others. Men and women stopped to gaze, and as the Southerner lifted his eyes, he saw a chimney sweep grinning from ear to ear, while surveying the group below from his lofty perch on the top of a chimney on the other side of the street. The situation of the gentleman was peculiar. He was on the point of releasing the lady and permitting her to enter a store while he should deal alone with the intruder, when another individual joined the group. This was a middle aged man, in the dress of an ordinary mechanic, who laid his hand upon the shoulder of the youth, and sternly bade him go home. The unfortunate obeyed, but not until he had repeated his demand that the "married woman" should be released. The stranger, who proved to be the father of the offender, then approaching the Southerner for moderation and apologized on behalf of the youth, with more grace than could have been expected from a man in a green jacket. The Southerner became interested in the conversation of the other—and when he reached the hotel he invited him into his room, where the following story of the unfortunate youth was given by the father.

"My unhappy boy does not always behave in so rude a manner. In order to alleviate his distress of mind, he occasionally swallows a glass of liquor. It takes but a small quantity to upset his reason, then he is a prey to vain imaginings. When free from the influence of ardent spirits, he is perfectly sane and behaves discreetly. I have already hinted that he is suffering from disappointed love. Several years ago I procured him a situation in a mercantile house of this city. He was an under clerk, and gave great satisfaction to his employer, who boarded him in his own family. It was generally supposed that he would make an excellent accountant and salesman. The merchant had several daughters. The youngest was near the age of my son, and was very beautiful. She was just ripening into womanhood, and her graces made an impression upon the heart of the lad which never can be defaced. But I am a little before my story, for I should have told you that Edward, for that is my son's name, was always remarkable for his candor and sincerity. He knew nothing of art or disguise, and even in childhood he never had recourse to dissimulation to hide a fault. It seemed impossible for him to swerve from the truth on any occasion. It was this peculiar disposition which led him to take every thing for go-pel which was told him, as he had no conception of fraud or deceit. I was pleased with this simplicity of character which so strongly marked my son, and forbade any one to jest in his presence, lest he might gradually lose his regard for the truth. You may well believe that my son's unwavering integrity recommended him to the merchant. He was indeed very much attached to the boy, and treated him more like a son than a

hireling. I am sorry to say the young ladies did not seem to admire this simplicity of character in my son. They were rather inclined to take advantage of it, and appeared to imagine that his want of duplicity was evidence of a shallow intellect. But sir, my son was not a fool. He was ignorant concerning evil, but wise in that which is good. Undeviating truth is not always adapted to the furtherance of worldly purposes. The foundation is too broad for petty schemes of worldly policy, and its superintendence pierces the shadow of death and is lighted with the glories of eternity. The strictly honest and sincere man is therefore thought a fool for his pains. The beginning and the end of the work cannot be taken in a glance, like those works of human wisdom which are completed on earth.

My son frequently paid us a visit, and he at length began to speak of the merchant's youngest daughter in terms of praise which led us into his secret. I candidly told him that he was laying up sorrow for himself, as it could not be supposed that the proud daughter of a merchant would condescend to smile upon the son of poverty and dependence. He replied with sparkling in his eyes, that the young lady gave him every reason to believe that his passion was returned.

When he was detained at the store on any emergency she would defer eating until his arrival, in order that she might dine alone with him; and when she had an errand to the shop in the evening, she would always accept his company with pleasure. When he praised her she cast down her eyes, and a glow of happiness overspread her countenance. In short there were a thousand proofs that her love was equal to his. I was myself deceived by these accounts of her conduct, and no longer cautioned Edward against presumption. He seemed to live in a perfect delirium of joy. His sparkling countenance told the happiness that dwelt within his heart. He seemed to live upon love, for although he ate little, his appearance improved. His cheeks bloomed with roses, and his eyes sparkled like stars. He saved his scanty earnings, denying himself many necessities which his condition required, until he had amassed a considerable sum of money, all of which he expended for a costly jewel. The young lady accepted the present very graciously, and he was in raptures.

A few days after presenting the jewel, Edward was sent by his employer, to call the young ladies to tea. As he approached the boudoir in which they were, he heard the sound of immoderate laughter, and soon distinguished the voice of the young lady herself. She was speaking of Edward. She was ridiculing his love, and describing in a graphic manner, the awkwardness which he exhibited in presenting the jewel which had cost him the fruits of six months' toil in the counting house. When he knocked at the door, and it was opened by the young lady, who at once assumed a modest and even a timid demeanor, while Edward observed that her sisters winked slyly at each other. Other developments soon took place which left no doubt on the mind of Edward that the young lady had been trifling with an ardent passion, and had even secreted her sisters in an adjoining apartment, in order that they might listen, unperceived, to his declarations—when Edward retired, the young lady would join her sisters, and they would make merry at his expense.

I well recollect the time that my son made these discoveries. He entered the house while we were at supper. He spoke not a word, but sunk, like one exhausted by toil into a chair. His face was as pale as death—his lips quivered, and his eyes assumed the glassy appearance of a person in the last agonies. We were alarmed, and inquired if he was ill. He frankly told us what had happened, and then begged me to help him to his chamber. That chamber he never left, until ten days had expired, and when he came forth he resembled a skeleton. He has never smiled since—although his intellect remains unimpaired, save when in moments that he is unable to endure the torturing reflections which harassed his true heart, he will swallow a glass of spirits, and then he raves incoherently as you have observed this day. The merchant called at my house several days, to inquire after Edward's health, as he was very desirous to have his services; but Edward could never be induced to see him, and we on our part never revealed to the merchant the cause of his malady.

Here ended the narration, but not the acquaintance between the southerner and the mechanic. The former called several times at the house of the latter, and evinced real sympathy for the young man, who had so harassed him while walking with the lady in Broadway.

While the southerner was preparing to return to his native State, he had occasion to call at a pawnbroker's shop. A friend of his, while on a visit N. York had lost some valuable article which he supposed to have been pawned. He had requested

this gentleman to make some inquiry respecting it. On entering the pawnbroker's office, the southerner observed several persons at the counter. One of them was about pawning some articles, which she could redeem in a few days, and wanted to be very sure that it would be taken care of, for she said it was the gift of one very dear to her.

Our gentleman was interested and took pains to see the article, which proved to be a valuable jewel. The young lady was also very beautiful. He despatched his business as soon as possible and hurried after the maiden. He courteously begged her to listen to him. He told her that he would give her the money to redeem the jewel immediately if she wished. She hesitated—but on fixing her eyes on the southerner's countenance, she read nothing there but high honor and disinterested sympathy. She accepted the offer, for she could not refuse, so urgent was her benefactor. On their way to the office she told the southerner that she had been, recently the child of affluence—but that during the tremendous crash in the mercantile world that had occurred but a short time before, her father had failed—had been utterly ruined. This disaster sent him to the grave, and her mother's death soon followed. She was now very poor, and nothing but the most pressing want could have induced her to pawn that jewel, for alas! said she, it was presented to me by one whom I have since learned to prize—but whose constant heart I trampled upon, and whose devoted affection I treated as a matter of jest and merriment. Too dearly have I learned how to prize true friendship, and to despise low hollow hearted insincerity.

The southerner evinced great emotion—but he accompanied the lady to the door of the pawnbroker's office. When she came out he was waiting for her.

Pray, madam, said he, would you have any objection to act as governess in a very respectable family?

I should be glad of the opportunity, said she, with a look of gratitude which went to his heart.

Then come with me, I will introduce you at once.

They walked about half a mile together when they reached the house of Edward's father. He ushered her in without ceremony. The parents of Edward were seated before the fire. Both rose on the entrance of the southerner, and he called for Edward who immediately came out from another apartment. In the moment that the lady beheld him, she exclaimed—

"Merciful Providence! It is he—the lost adored Edward!"

The youth rushed forward and caught her in his arms, as she was sinking to the floor, completely overpowered by the shock which this sudden introduction occasioned her.

"Maria! Maria!" cried Edward, "can this be you! Awake! Look up and tell me it is!"

"Amazement!" exclaimed the father—"this must be Miss De Forest!"

"Maria De Forest!" cried the southerner, now surprised in his turn, and he smote his hands together joyfully.

By this time Maria had recovered her consciousness. When the first transports had, in some degree subsided, the southerner stepped forward and took the hand of the young lady.

"Miss De Forest," said he, "I have looked for you in every genteel part of the city. You had an uncle in South Carolina, by the name of William De Forest.—You were a great favorite of his when a child. He has recently died, and left you the handsome sum of fifty thousand dollars. I am his executor, and can therefore pay you the amount immediately."

"Happy am I then," cried Maria, as she turned again to Edward, to be able to throw at the feet of my constant and injured lover, a treasure which, however, turns to dross when compared with his sincerity, and his generous forgiveness of my former folly."

"Then I alone am unhappy," said the southerner. "This hand separated a tender and devoted couple—this hand made a young and beautiful wife a widow. I saw her destruction as she flew to the bloody field where lay the victim of false honor, the friend and playmate of youth. Yet, in joining together two willing hearts I feel relieved of half my burden. My heart will beat less oppressively when I hear his name, and my brain will burn less feverishly, when I hear the plaintive tones of his desponding widow."

SWEET.—A Western Editor says that nothing is sweeter than the warm and ardent kiss from one we love unless it is molasses.

NOT A BAD PUN.—"Be-care," as the Potter said to the lump of clay. "I'll be burnt first," responded the mud.

WORK OF MERCY.—Unhooking a young lady's frock to enable her to sneeze.

## Journeys to Heaven.

The Boston Post gives the following examination of a pious young lady in that city who has trances and goes to heaven in every trance. She has created quite a sensation, and already numbers at least one pious clergyman among her disciples. The following is her last examination after having wakened from a trance:

"Where have you been?" "To heaven." "One eternal day." Did you see God? "Yes." "What kind of a looking being is he?" "I cannot describe him, he was so glorious." "Was he sitting or standing?" "Standing." (Here the clergyman raised his eyes to the ceiling, and waving his hand with a deep tremulous voice said, "Seek to know no more! Heaven will not be trifled with!") The lady, after a momentary pause, resumed her inquiries. "Who did you see there besides God?" "Myriads of angels and spirits of saints, all young and beautiful." "Did they ask you any questions?" "Yes, they asked me if I was fond of music, and I told them I was. Well, said they, you shall have plenty of it here, but you must first go back, and come to us through the grave, but I was not frightened; and they told me I must now go back, and I began to cry bitterly." "Did you see any person there whom you knew to be wicked while on earth?" (Here she faltered a little.) "I do not recollect, but I think not." "What did they say to you when they sent you back?" "They told me that they would call for me at twelve o'clock, and then they would tell me when I was to come home. I hope they will let me live to tell all that I have seen." The dialogue was brought to a close by the interference of the clergyman, who appeared deeply interested. At 12 o'clock she again fell into a trance, from which she had not awoken at last accounts. She experienced religion a few weeks since, was baptized, and admitted as a member of the church. She is said to be very pious.

—Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
And not excite our special wonder.

WOMAN vs. "LADY."—We have several times in conversation been corrected by the fastidiously refined for using the word "woman" instead of lady. "Woman," say they, "is a coarse and common word." It is no such thing. It's the best word in the English language.—Suppose Scott, in his noble tribute to the sex, for their devoted tenderness to us when under affliction, had written—

Oh! ladies! in our hours of ease, &c.  
would he not have destroyed the richness of the passage? We think so. "Ladies" are to our mind, creatures of education, fashion and refinement; made up by the school mistress, the dancing master and the dress maker—things of elegance and grace, which we may admire without feeling a warmer sentiment.—Accomplished and lovely "women," however, are beings with warm, true hearts, and pure, holy and gushing affections, whom to know is not only to admire, but to revere and love. We would tax all our powers of pleasing for a lady—we would, if need be, pour out our blood like water for a woman.—*Memphis Inquirer.*

A QUAKER ANSWER.—"Martha, does this love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up.

"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Ay, Martha, but does this regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

We remember being at a "Conference Meeting," once in Yankee land, when one of the deacons came around asking the people if they wanted salvation.—Near us sat a butcher's boy, of nineteen years old, about as amenable to salvation as a lamb in his hands would have been to mercy.

"Do you want salvation?" said the Deacon, looking into his brutal face.

"No! darn you—I want *Sal Skinner*, and the sexton won't let me take her out till meeting's over."

Then was the time we roared "some,"—*N. O. Crescent City.*

HUMILITY.—We very much admire the church-warden's wife who went to church, for the first time in her life, when her husband was church-warden; and being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she said with a sweetly condescending smile, "Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself now than I did before."

## Rich and Poor.

Without reflecting on the many cares and perplexities attendant upon wealth, mankind are continually sighing for great riches. It is agreeable to reflect upon the possession of hordes of gold, elegant seats and the thousand enjoyments which would be attendant on wealth. While these thoughts engross the heart, we seldom examine the other side of the picture. The fears, the anxieties, the cares, the vexations, which follow in the train of wealth, are more than sufficient to counterbalance its conveniences and its pleasures. The social affections, as a general fact, are less lively in the breast of the rich man. He does not so often sympathize with the affection of others, and his charity is less warm, while his disposition is morose and unscissible. Yet the daily earnest prayer of multitudes is, to possess wealth. To this object all the faculties of the mind are bent—all their energies tend. How different would be their condition—how great comparatively their happiness—if they were contented with their lot—and their ambition rose no higher than the enjoyment of a simple competence.

When a friend or neighbor, by the death of others, comes in possession of property, how often do we envy his lot, and secretly inquire why we were not the favorites of fortune? If we were to look upon our neighbors with the eyes of philosophers, such a passion as envy would never be felt in our bosoms.

If one or two young men of equal talents, and of similar disposition and habits, should suddenly come into the possession of wealth,—the chances of success, happiness and long life, would be in favor of the poor man—and of the situation of the two, a man of sterling virtue, would choose the latter. There are but few instances on record, where property which was easily obtained, did not prove the ruin of the possessors. But wealth acquired by honest industry and unbending integrity, frequently yields peace of mind, happiness and contentment.

The wealthiest men our country has produced had but little to commence life with, and acquired their property by hard labor. Girard, who died a few years since, worth fifteen millions, commenced his career with not a dollar. Barlett, of Newburyport, whose liberality to the Andover Institution is every where known, was once a poor shoemaker. He died a year or two since immensely rich. Astor, of New York, whose income is four thousand dollars a day, commenced life a poor boy—and so with most the wealthy throughout the country. The richest man in this city once labored for a support—and another, whose income is several thousands yearly, was the son of a poor ferryman, who commenced life by rowing his boat between Portland and Cape Elizabeth at three cents a passenger.—Wealth acquired in this way is almost certain of being retained—while that which is sudden in its fall, departs almost as soon as it came, leaving its possessor as miserable as a wretch can be.

To all our young men who are dreaming of golden prospects—who are waiting for the death of friends, and lounging and rusting away their years, laying the "flattering unction to their souls," that riches will be soon poured into their laps—we would say, trust not to uncertainties—labor to acquire your own independence without the aid of others and if your prospects fail, you will have better riches in your own efforts, which will never prove delusive. Let no one be ambitious for the possession of great wealth, so that in its acquisition he neglects the most important duties of life. Better be poor forever. Strive not so much for the things which perish, as for a good character, and a name that is above all reproach. Then, whether steeped in poverty, or flushed with gold, all the blessings of life will attend your steps, and peace and joy will crown latter days.—*Portland Tribune.*

SINGULAR.—All nature was hushed in a gloomy silence; the sun was absorbed by a black massive cloud which was rising from the west, throwing its lurid glare from the forked lightning upon the bosom of the dark sleeping waters of Lake Huron—a lone stranger from the far east stood upon the over hanging banks of the deep, his ear ever and anon catching the distant moan of the rising tempest—the lightnings played nearer and nearer; the booming of the dreadful thunder were distinctly over his head—the pupils of his eyes might be seen to dilate, and the contortions of his face express the agony of his soul, when he was heard to exclaim: "W-o-a-h! how that flea bites my back."

Were we to point out a person as he passes, and say, "There goes a man, one who has not a vice," he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "That man is worth \$500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight.