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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

Hurrah for Laughing Love!

Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!
There's care enough to darken still
Life's path where'er we roam;
Though melancholy brood not o'er
The festive board at home.
Hurrah! hurrah!
The stately form, the haughty brow,
And the cold majestic air,
May awe the slaves who worship them—
The pomp they cannot share,
But the smile that parts the rosy lips,
And the look of artless glee,
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart,
O, that's the love for me!
Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh;
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!

SELECT TALE.

From the Lady's Companion.

THE MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

The shadows of twilight were creeping over the streets of a large city. Amid the busy throng that crowded one of the principal thoroughfares, two little boys going in different directions, met, and stopped, as if by mutual consent, in front of a book store, to gaze admiringly upon the fine prints and elegantly bound volumes that decorated the newly-lighted window. There was a striking contrast in the appearance of the two children; one was about ten years of age, tall and well formed, with the hue of health on his cheek, and the light of happiness in his eye. His face, however, was unpleasing, for its general expression was harsh and selfish. He was richly dressed, and the elaborate care evidently bestowed upon his whole person, from his curled locks to his neatly covered foot, proclaimed him the petted favorite of fortune. His companion, though in reality one or two years older, was much smaller in stature, and, but for the mature expression of his countenance, might have been thought considerably younger. It was easy to see by his scant and humble attire, that he was the child of poverty.—His face was beautiful, and its every feature lighted with intelligence beyond his years, but alas his body was delicate and deformed, and he was incurably a cripple. One glance upon his high pale brow, where premature care seemed already seated, and one look into the depths of his eloquent eye, which thus eagerly glowed with the light of lofty thought, was sufficient to assure the observer that the knowledge of his misfortune was a weight that rested heavily upon the boy's spirit, and a cloud that darkened the beautiful spring time of his life. He seemed a fitting subject for the sympathy of every heart, as he stood there gazing so earnestly and wishfully at treasures which it was evident he could not hope to obtain.

"Don't you wish," said the larger boy, interpreting the thoughts of the other, and glancing, at the same time, at his coarse attire, "don't you wish your father was rich enough to buy you some of those elegant books?"

"I have no father," replied the deformed, and even the sound of his voice, as he uttered these few but touching words, was eloquently expressive of the sadness that had settled upon his heart; it had nothing upon the lightness and cheerfulness of childhood, but its tones were low, soft and subdued, like the accents of one who has long been acquainted with grief.

"Ah, this is a pity," carelessly said the other; "my father buys me many such books—more than I know what to do with. I don't read half of them, for I don't like reading."

"But what do you do with them, then?" asked the deformed.

"Oh, I look at the pictures, if they have pictures, and then throw them aside; sometimes I tear them up, just for sport."

"Don't you think it wrong and wicked

to do that?" mildly asked the deformed. There was a look of mingled astonishment and indignation on the face of the spoiled boy, which plainly told that he was not accustomed to such questions, as he said, or rather shouted—

"How dare you ask me such an impertinent question, you poverty-stricken fellow? One would think that hump on your back, and that lame leg, would teach you better manners."

At this coarse and unfeeling speech, the poor deformed seemed ready to sink to the earth. His face grew deadly pale, his breast heaved, and his limbs trembled as if they would no longer support him. For an instant he darted an angry glance at the speaker, but the insult was too keen to awaken any feelings save those of anguish, and, spite of himself, the tears started to his eyes, and he was forced to turn away to conceal them. With a tortured spirit and trembling steps, he left his unfeeling companion, and sought his home. It was a lowly and humble one—scarcely containing the necessities of life, and barely affording a shelter from the "pelting of the pitiless storm"—yet was it to the stricken child, who now sought its precincts, a heaven of rest, and a sanctuary of holy joy; for there he was ever greeted by the look of kindness, and gladdened by the music tone of love; and there, despite the gloom that had gathered over his spirit, the flowers of hope and happiness would spring up in his heart, and blossom beneath the genial influence of a mother's approving smile.

That mother was a widow, and he her only son. According to the peculiar nature of maternal tenderness, her's was more lavishly bestowed upon her boy, in consequence of his infirmities; but there were many other reasons to render him unutterably dear to her heart. She had once been better and happier days—she had dwelt amid the comforts of affluence—she had been blessed with the love of a kind and noble husband—she had been the mother of many children: rosy, smiling, lovely children, whose presence filled their home with light, and her soul with bliss—but one by one these many blessings had been taken away. First, reverses came, and surrounded her with the chill atmosphere and rude storms of poverty. Then Death, the spoiler, approached, and the chosen of her youth—the beloved partner of her days—the revered father of her children, fell beneath that all-conquering hand. Then one after another of her beautiful band was snatched away by the same relentless power, until she was left with no hope and no solace but her poor, delicate and deformed boy, who was then to her heart, what the oasis is to the desert, the one green and fertile spot in a wide waste of desolation. Then he became the precious link that united her spirit to the holy and happy past—the sole and sacred tie that bound her to life. She had mourned her losses deeply, and almost despairingly; but the bitterness of grief had at length passed away, and her heart now rested peacefully, if not happily, upon its last and only hope. She now had but one earthly wish, and that was, to see her poor boy happy. For this she would have made any sacrifice, or endured any suffering; for this, so all absorbing was her love, she would willingly and cheerfully have perished her life.

The hapless, heart-stricken child reached his home. There were the bare walls, the uncovered floor, the dying fire, the scanty food, and all the cheerless accompaniments of poverty; but there, to compensate for the want of every other comfort, was such a smile of love as might light the face of an angel, and such words of greeting as might welcome a repentant spirit to Heaven.

The mother, with the quick eye of affection, discovered that something unusual had pained her son, and the kisses she imprinted on his pale forehead were fonder than ever, as she drew him towards her, and folded him to her bosom; there was such a holy tenderness in her manner that the poor boy's heart was comforted. But it was only a transient gleam of peace, shooting athwart his mind, like a flitting sunbeam on a stormy landscape, for soon the remembrance of the bitter words he had heard, came back to darken every hope, and burying his face in his mother's bosom to hide the tears that would come, he sobbed—

"Mother, mother, I would like to die. What right has such a maimed and miserable wretch in this perfect and beautiful world? Even now I am looked at with contempt, and spoken to with scorn. If I live to grow up to manhood, nobody will love me, and I shall have none to love.—Some will pity, and some despise, but all will dread my presence, and shudder at my approach. Oh, mother, what has life for me?"

Who shall describe the agony of that lone widow, as she listened to these words? For years, long and weary years, she had striven to keep the knowledge of his misfortune from poisoning the mind of her son. For this she had, whenever she looked up

on the blemishes which wrung her heart, checked every rising sigh, and repelled each bursting tear. For this she had labored, to gain the means of educating him, that, in the enjoyments of mind, he might forget the infirmities of the body. For this she had toiled beyond her feeble strength, and spent the hours of needful rest in fervent prayer. She knew that her boy was growing up a sorrowful being; she knew that his misfortune had burdened the light heartedness of the child, and brought the premature thoughtfulness of manhood; but she did not know, until that miserable moment, how deeply and despairingly the fearful knowledge had fastened upon his heart. She had ever feared some cruel lip would taunt him with his infirmities; and now that she knew it had been so, she felt she had not anticipated half the misery the event would awaken.

How was she to answer that passionate appeal? How reply to those burning words which proclaimed her son in feeling, if not in years, a man? She paused and pondered well: she raised her sorrowful eyes to heaven; she breathed an inaudible but fervent prayer; she sought the aid of a wiser being than man ere she spoke the words which she felt were to exercise a mighty influence. Oh, that mothers would thus pause and ponder ere they give the counsel that may colour a whole existence! How many a young heart has been led to good or evil by a few words heard in the moments of deep and uncontrollable feeling. How many a life has been guided and governed by the influence of a single lesson acquired in the season of a passionate thought. Oh, ye, to whom is entrusted the glorious task of forming and directing the youthful mind, reflect well upon the serious importance of your charge, and let not the innocent eye of childhood look up to you in vain for that example and that teaching which is to lead it unharmed and unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the world!

They from a fine picture, the mother and her son, standing together in the shadowy light of that dim and dreary room—she with her pale brow and imploring eye raised to heaven, and he with his earnest and asking gaze fixed upon the face that was ever a heaven to him. The widow's prayer was ended, the light she sought had dawned upon her spirit, and she moved her lips to speak.

"My son," and her voice was low and solemn, as if burdened with intensity of feeling, "my son, kneel this moment and ask forgiveness of thy Father in Heaven for the wrong thou hast this night done.—Thou hast despised the great and glorious gifts which He has granted thee; thou hast counted as nought the priceless attributes of mind, and sighed for the perishing beauties of the body. Thou hast said 'what is there in life for me?' Oh, my child, there is much. Look round upon the visible world; have you not an eye to admire its beauties—a heart to feel its power, and a mind to comprehend its magnificence? Go with me, at morn, away to the pleasant places of nature, and listen to her perpetual hymn of praise. Have you not an ear to drink in this melody, and a voice to join in the universal song? Never, again, my dear boy, ask what is there in life for thee. Thou art gifted with mind and understanding far beyond thy years; turn then to the fount of knowledge, and obtain there, that which will make thee forget thy infirmities, and value the body only for the imperishable gem it enshrines. Seek the aid of Virtue, and she will arm thy spirit with strength to bear the ills of life. Use well the noble gifts which God has given thee, and despite thy misfortunes, the glance of pity and the tone of scorn shall be changed into the look of approval and the word of praise."

The mother spake with the serious earnestness of a priestess uttering a solemn prophecy, and the boy listening with an interest as intense as if life hung on every word. By degrees his tears ceased, his brow became calm, and his eye beamed with the holy light of peace. When the admonition, which though so lofty in its character had been perfectly comprehended by the mature mind of the child, was ended, his face was radiant with a lofty resolution, and kissing the speaker fondly, he said,

"Mother, dear mother, I am happy, I will live to follow thy teaching, to honor thy name and to comfort thy days. Forget that I ever complained, and I will give thee a promise, which I pray to God to help me to keep, that I never more will murmur at my misfortunes, never pain thy heart with useless regrets, but seek to follow the glorious path you have this night marked out."

And the boy, child as he was in years, kept his promise with a resolute firmness that would have done honor to manhood. Never, after that memorable eve, was he heard to utter a complaining word. Never again, at least in presence of his mother, did his brow wear the cloud or his eye the shadow of gloom. He went forth among

his companions wrapt in an armour of determination that defied all malice, and turned away all reproach. This change in his feelings was productive of the most beneficial and happy results. Day by day he began to acquire a strength of constitution and elevation of character which could never have been his if despondency had continued to exercise its blighting influence over his young and tender spirit. His fond mother marked the change with delighted eye; and when at length, by the aid of a small legacy left her by a distant relative, and her own unparalleled industry and economy, she was enabled to gratify the dearest wish of her heart, that of giving her boy a classical education, she felt herself blest indeed beyond her most sanguine expectations.

Her son passed his collegiate term with honor to himself and his teachers, and left the institution with the admiration and respect of all who had been his associates.—He chose the profession of the law, and though for the time he had to struggle with many disadvantages and difficulties, he never despaired of obtaining the need he sought—an honorable and useful station in society. The excellent counsels of the mother guided the man as they had governed the boy, and led him with unerring step to the position he desired. Gifted with a mind of the highest order and a heart filled with noble and generous emotions it is not surprising that he at length emerged from the obscurity which had darkened his earlier years. Those who know him in his friendless, needy and afflicted boyhood, and who only looked upon the "outer man," watched his progress with a doubtful eye and wondered at his ambitious dreams. But those who looked deeper into the inner world of his mind, and marked its lofty aspirations, its noble aims and untiring exertions, deemed that success would crown his efforts, and believed that the smiles of fortune, the adulation of friends, and the overflowing tears of fame would be his well merited reward.

Many years after the first meeting, the deformed and chance companion of his boyhood stood together again in a different scene and under far different circumstances. One of these two was arraigned at the bar of justice for the fearful crime of murder; the other was there as counsel for the accused. Need we say which was the criminal? The evil passions which had so early manifested itself in one of the children had grown "with his growth and strengthened with his strength," until they had gained complete mastery over his heart. In youth had led him into many a situation of shame and sorrow, and now in manhood, they had brought him before men, charged with a deed of the darkest dye.

From some circumstances connected with the transaction it was fair to suppose that the prisoner was innocent of the actual crime of murder; but his unfortunate disposition militated strongly against him, for, as he was universally known as a man of ungovernable temper, it was generally thought that he had, in one of his fits of rage, when he seemed capable of any excess, committed the dreadful deed. The public voice was loud against him, and many hearts had already condemned.—These knew not how many minute circumstances had combined to place him in the light of a criminal, and they reflected not how much their own judgments were biased and swayed by the prejudices which his former faults had awakened in their minds. The belief of his guilt had gone forth to the world—it had circulated widely; it had poisoned almost every and fastened upon almost every heart. Before he had passed the ordeal which was to establish his guilt or innocence, the prisoner had been unfairly condemned, and his advocate, whose duty it was to see justice properly awarded, felt that it must be a mighty effort which could avert the doom which seemed almost inevitable.

To the young lawyer this was a case of peculiar interest. It was of more moment than any he had ever tried. He had always considered punishment by death a tragedy that should seldom or never be performed, and he was now placed in a situation where his efforts might have some influence to prevent it. He felt that the culprit, however guilty in the eyes of the world, did not merit the severest penalty of the law. Added to this, the prisoner was one who had been the indirect means of his own prosperity, and he felt towards him a sentiment of gratitude which would have prompted him, had there been no other consideration, to use every exertion, to strain every nerve, and to toil with almost super-human energy in his behalf.

The last day of the trial had come; hundreds of people, curious or interested in the result assembled to witness the proceedings. The prisoner had in early life, as we have shown, been a favorite of fortune, but ere he grew to manhood, the smiles of the faithless dame were withdrawn, and he who had been reared in the expectation of a proud inheritance was compelled to go forth and seek sub-

sistence by his own exertions. The change which followed this event—the necessity of mingling with those whom he once despised—the falling off one by one of his "summer friends," tended to embitter a disposition naturally so violent, and goaded his haughty spirit almost to madness. The added bitterness of his temper had driven away the few remaining friends whom adversity had not alienated, and now, in his trying hour, he was unsoothed and unstayed by all save two persons connected to him by the nearest ties of kindred.

But these two were powerful pleaders in his behalf. They were his young wife and aged mother. The former was a pretty and interesting young creature, with her pale cheek and sunken eye telling a tale of the mental agony she had lately endured. The latter seemed a fine subject for a painter, as she stood with a time-worn brow and her dim eye lifted up to heaven, as if she sought there the only consolation that could be found for grief so poignant as hers. Her mind seemed nerved with heroic firmness to hear the worst, for her manner was dignified and calm, but despite all the resolution she could call to her aid her heart would send some signs to the face to speak more eloquently than words of its intensity of suffering. The muscles of her mouth would often twitch convulsively, her brow contract like one in pain, and a large tear would gather every few moments and roll unchecked and unfeeling down her furrowed cheek. Many an eye of that assembly looked tearfully upon that picture of woe, and many a heart that had before condemned the prisoner, now beat with an ardent wish for his acquittal.

During the previous day of the trial the testimony had closed, and the assembled multitude awaited now with deep interest the summing up of counsel. After a few preliminaries the prisoner's advocate presented an interesting and touching case, and all eyes were instantly riveted upon him. He had outgrown in one respect his early deformity, and there was nothing now save his lameness to detract from his personal appearance. He was dressed in a plain suit of the deepest black, which formed a fine contrast to his pale and almost marble like complexion. His face, ever remarkable for its intellectual beauty, was now rendered strikingly elegant by its lofty and spirited expression. He seemed deeply sensible of the important consequences attached to his endeavors, and his manner was dignified, solemn, and impressive. He looked calmly around the expectant audience and then began in a low, serious and subdued tone—"He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." He then paused until the last lingering sound of his strangely musical voice died away, and then, amid the thrilling silence that ensued, he resumed in a louder tone—"These words of holy writ are not to be mistaken in import, they tell us as plain as words can tell that a murderer shall not go unpunished—but these very words impose upon us a solemn obligation to look well and wisely ere we perform that fearful act of punishing by death. Life is a glorious gift—it is a spark of divinity—a portion of God. Should we not tremble to quench the taper lighted by an Almighty hand? Even when we look upon one whom we are told has stained his soul with the blood of a brother, should we not ponder deeply and consider wisely ere we condemn the accused. He stands before us, erect and in the pride and glory of manhood; his brow lifted to heaven, his form fashioned in the likeness of his divine creator, and his mind a portion of God-like intelligence! It is hard to think a being thus created would forget his lofty birthright and degrade himself below the brutes that perish. It is hard to think a being thus endowed and thus blessed should turn from his high destiny to a deed which humanity shudders to contemplate. And yet the prisoner at the bar is charged with such a deed! Oh, if there is a doubt of his guilt, should we not admit that no doubt, and if there is a hope of his innocence should we not turn to that hope and let its blessed light lead us to mercy?"

He then proceeded to comment upon that portion of the evidence which favored the belief of the prisoner's innocence.—He made good use of it, and placed every favorable circumstance in the best possible light. He came at length to speak of the relatives of the accused—of the young wife, with the sweet and trusting love of woman, with her dependence for comfort, her hopes of happiness, and every thought and dream, and wish centered in the one dear object whom she had chosen as her protector.

He pictured the pleasant home, the cheerful fire side, the happy wife listening with smiling face for the sound of approaching steps. He described the change that would come over these scenes, if he who stood at the bar of justice, pleading for mercy should be condemned. The wife's utter desolation of heart—the destruction

of her every joy—the wreck and ruin of every hope. The desolate home, the darkened hearth, the ceaseless tears, and all the gloomy accompaniments of woe.—He called attention to the aged parent, and then his own soul responded to the same emotions that thrilled the hearts of his auditors. Oh, how touchingly and feelingly did he paint the holy love of a mother for her son! Her sufferings in giving him life; her tender and untiring care over his helpless infancy, her unwearied watches by his cradle bed in his hours of sickness, and her holy teaching in his days of health; her constant prayers for his happiness and her ceaseless affliction through every change. Then he asked if such prayers and such love were all in vain—if, despite their sacred influence, their beloved object should sink to eternal infamy, and the gray hairs of that aged mother go down in shame and sorrow to the grave. And then he conjured those who heard him, by every generous feeling of their hearts, by every blessing that they held dear, by every hallowed tie that bound them to parents, wife and child, to shut from their minds all belief of the prisoner's guilt.

There was a magic charm about that oratory which fascinated every hearer.—Old age forgot his weary thoughts and listened with the enthusiastic feelings of youth. Manhood laid aside his busy cares of ambitious schemes to give his undivided attention to the speaker; and youth turned from his brilliant dreams of the future to fix every thought on the present. But what were the feelings of the accused as he drank in every eloquent word! The speaker seemed to him a blessed being invested with power to snatch him from eternal woe, and give him a new existence. Fate hung upon the sound of his voice, and he pleaded so eloquently, so powerfully, so convincingly, the wretch who once despised could have knelt and worshipped him as a superior being.

When the thrilling speech was ended, there was one deep drawn breath from the multitude, who had been so long motionless, statues, and then arose a tumult and confusion of applause, which shook the stately building to its foundation, long continued and oft repeated was that burst of admiration and the speaker hailed it as an omen of success. The trial went on; the prosecuting attorney made his plea. He spake ably and powerfully, but he spake to ears that heard him not, or to hearts that had already decided against him. The Judge's charge was favorable for the prisoner, and the jury retired amid faces bright with the hope of an acquittal. A few moments of suspense passed, and then the men upon whose lips hung the fiat of life and death, returned with a verdict of "not guilty!" The shouts of applause that pealed from the dispersing crowd told how satisfactorily that decision was received.

The prisoner was pressed in the arms of his delighted relatives; and then the aged mother and the young wife and the bewildered acquitted knelt, and with tears of gratitude called down blessings on the head of him who had exerted himself so nobly in their behalf. It were hard to say who was the happiest of the group—the man released so unexpectedly from a noisome cell and the fears of an ignominious death—the relatives lifted so suddenly from the depth of shame and sorrow to the pinnacle of hope and happiness—or the advocate whose benevolent heart exulted in the reflection of the good deed it had done.

That evening the widow and her son communed together again in their home. It was no longer a lowly and cheerless one, but lofty and spacious, and surrounded with all the comforts and elegancies of life. As for the mother, words may not seek to describe nor thought endeavor to imagine the holy joy and gratitude that revelled in her heart. Suffice it to say her griefs were all forgotten, her years of care and anxiety, her countless tears, toils and troubles all recompensed, more than recompensed by her newly acquired bliss. And her son, her glorious son—glorious despite the doubtful promise of his spring time;—had not his ambitious dreams and lofty aspiration been, that, abundantly gratified.

After many moments indulgence of a happiness too deep for words, the mother spake—"Said I not, my dear boy, that the glance of pity and the tone of scorn would be changed to the look of approval and the word of praise? Has not the experience of this day proved that I told thee aright?"

"It had indeed, dear mother—to thee I owe this triumph. But for thee and thy blessed counsel I should have been a miserable wretch, despised by society and detested by my own heart. Thy excellent teachings have made me what I am, and to thee my eternal gratitude is due."

"Not so, my son, not to me, but to thy Father in Heaven be all praise awarded. Let us kneel, my dear child, and pray for a fitting spirit to bear this excess of joy."