

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

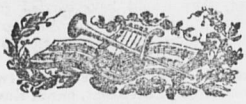
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POETRY.

Published by Request.

To my Sister.

Has't thou learnt to love—has't thou learnt to love
Another being thyself above?
Has't thou singled from earth's frail creatures one
To rest thy trusting heart upon?
Hath he come to thee in angels' guise,
And hast thou learnt to prize
His look, and voice, and footsteps' sound,
With a thrill unmet for the rest around?

Doth his tone speak gladness to thy heart,
Bidding each troubled thought depart?
Is all around thee dark and drear
Unless his smiles and words are near?
Then, sister, hath thy heart become
An idol's altar; and the home
Of all thy hopes and all thy fears
Is centred in thy future years.

And thou hast freely given up
Each feeling to one blissful hope—
Each pure, high feeling, and each thought,
Whose priceless wealth has now been bought,
Beautiful confidant! hope on!
Thy heaven is in the heart thou'st won;
And may thy own heart ever find
Its love within his spirit shrined.

And he who hath wooed, with love's soft lay,
Thy heart from its childhood home away—
May he deepen that love which has ever
Smiled

Around thy pathway, thou gentle child!
May he watch thy footsteps, and guard thy
rest;
May he shield thee from ills on a faithful
breast,
And till eye be closed, and heart be dust,
May he remember his holy trust!

CHARLOTTE.

From the U. S. Gazette.

Death of Children.

BY JOHN Q. ADAMS.

I.
Sure, to the mansions of the blest,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

II.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
'Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

III.
There, at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

IV.
That unextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Shed a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.

V.
Closed in the dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns,
Nor unobscured the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

VI.
But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decreases his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds the infant to the tomb,—

VII.
No passion fierce, no low desire
Has quenched the radiance of the flames;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns, unscathed, as it came.

Nor BAD.—The Philadelphia Gazette perpetrates the following:
"Peter Saubase says that his daddy told him many a time, that in old times there was a comet that had a tail so long that it reached half way across the sky, and on the end was written in Greek, to be continued."

Cicero says, "that it does not so much matter what an orator says, as how he says it."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Counsels to the Young.

BY HORACE GREELY.

Three millions of youth, between the ages of six and twenty-one, now rapidly coming forward, to take rank as the future husbands and fathers, legislators and divines, instructors and governors, politicians and voters, capitalists and laborers, artizans and cultivators, of this vast country, whose destinies are even yet so faintly imagined, much less developed.—No one is so humble that he will not certainly exert an influence—it may be an immense and imperishable influence on the happiness and elevation of his country and his race. The humblest cottage maiden, now toiling thankfully as the household servant of some proud family by whom she is regarded as nobody, may yet be the mother of a future President—or, nobler still, of some unassuming but God-directed man, who as a teacher of righteousness, an ameliorator of human suffering, a successful reprobator of wrong, sensuality or selfishness, may leave his impress on the annals of the world as a lover and server of his race. Nearly all our now eminent men, politically—Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, etc., were not merely of poor and humble parentage, but left orphans in early life, and thus deprived of the support and counsel which seems most eminently necessary to success in the world's rugged ways.

In the higher walks of genuine usefulness, the proportion of those enjoying no advantages of family influence or hereditary wealth, who attain the loftiest eminence, is very great. Call to mind the first twenty names that occur to you of men distinguished for ability, energy, philanthropy, or lofty achievements, and generally three fourths of them will be those of men born in obscurity and dependence.

All literature is full of anecdotes illustrative of those encouraging truths: a single fact now occurs to me which I have never seen recorded. I have often worshipped in a Baptist meeting-house in Vermont, whereon at its construction some thirty years since a studious and exemplary young man was for some time employed as a carpenter, who afterward qualified himself and entered upon the responsibilities of the christian Ministry. That young man was Jared Sparks, since Editor of the North American Review, of Washington's voluminous Writings, &c., and now recognized as one of the foremost scholars, historians and critics in America.

I propose here to set forth a few important maxims for the guidance and encouragement of those youth who will hearken to me—maxims based upon my own immature experience and observation, but which has doubtless in substance been propounded and enforced by elder and wiser men long ago and often. Still they do not yet appear to have exerted their full and proper effect on the ripening intellect of the country—and as thousands on thousands are toilsomely, painfully struggling forward in the race for position and knowledge, in palpable defiance of their scope and spirit—I will hope that their presentation at this time cannot be without some effect on at least a few expanding minds. They are as follows:—

1. Avoid the common error of esteeming a college education necessary to usefulness or eminence in life. Such an education may be desirable and beneficial—to many it doubtless is so. But Greek and Latin are not real knowledge; there have been great and wise, and surpassing useful men in all ages who knew no language but their mother tongue. Beside, in our day the treasures of ancient and contemporary foreign literature are brought home to every man's door by translations, which embody the substance if they do not exhibit all the beauties of the originals. If your circumstances in life enable you to enjoy the advantage of a college education, do not neglect them—above all, do not misimprove them. But if your lot be different, waste no time in idle repining, in humiliating beggary. The stern, self-respecting independence of your own soul is worth whole shelves of classics. All men cannot and need not be college bred—not even those who are born to instruct and improve their kind. You can never be justly deemed ignorant, or your acquirements contemptible, if you embrace and fully improve the opportunities which are fairly offered you.

2. Avoid likewise the kindred and equally pernicious error that you must have a profession—must be a Clergyman, Lawyer, Doctor, or something of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respected—or, to state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love Knowledge, Wisdom, Virtue for themselves—you will grow in them, whether you earn your

bread by a profession, a trade, or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted whether the Farmer or Mechanic who devotes his leisure hours to intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them has not some advantage therein, over the professional man. He comes to his book at evening with his head clear and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labor, taxing lightly the spirit or brain; while the lawyer, who has been roning over dry old books for precedents, the doctor, who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or the divine who, immersed in his closet, has been busy preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume with senses, dulled and palled. There are few men, and perhaps fewer women, who do not spend uselessly in sleep, or play, or frivolous employments, more time than would be required to render them at thirty well versed in History, Philosophy, Ethics, as well as Physical Sciences, &c.

3. Neither is an advantageous location essential to the prosecution of ennobling studies, or to an intellectual life; on this point misapprehension is very prevalent and very pernicious. A youth born in some rural or thinly settled district, where books are few and unfit and the means of intellectual culture apparently scanty, feels within him the stirrings of a spirit of inquiry, a craving to acquire and to know aspirations for an intellectual condition above the dead level around him. At once he jumps to the conclusion that a change of place is necessary to the satisfaction of his desires—that he must resort, if not to the university or the seminary, at least to the City or Village. He fancies he must alter his whole manner of life—that a persistence in manual labor is unsuited to, if not absolutely inconsistent with the aspirations awakened within him—that he must become if not an author, a professor, a lawyer, at least a merchant or follower of some calling unlike that of his fathers. Wrapped in this delusion, he betakes himself to the City's dusty way, where sooner or later the nature and extent of his mistake breaks upon him. If he finds satisfactory employment and is prospered in the way of life which he prefers, the cares and demands of business almost constrain him to relinquish those pursuits for which he abandoned his more quiet and natural life. If he is less fortunate, anxieties for the morrow, a constant and difficult struggle for the means of creditable subsistence, and to avoid becoming a burthen or detriment to others who have trusted or endeavored to sustain him, these crowd out of being the thought or the hope of mental culture and advancement. Nay, more, and are worse—in the tumultuous strife of business and money-getting, whether successful or otherwise, the very desire of intellectual elevation is too often stifled or greatly enfeebled, and that death of the soul ensues in which satisfaction of the physical appetite becomes the aim of life—the man is sunk in the capitalist or trader, and the gathering of shining dust made the great end of his being.

But what shall the youth do who finds his means of intellectual culture inadequate to his wants? I hesitate not to say that he should create more and better just where he is. Not that I would have him reject any real opportunity or proffer of increased facilities which may open before him. I will not say that he should not accept a university education, the means of studying for a profession, if such should come fairly in his way, and be seconded by his own inclination. But I do insist that nothing of this sort is essential to the great end he has or should have in view—namely, Self-Culture. To this end it is only needful that he should put forth fully the powers by which he is surrounded. Are the books within reach few and faulty? Let him purchase a few of the very best, and study them intently and thoroughly. He who is truly acquainted with the writings of a very few of the world's master spirits can never be deemed ignorant or undeveloped. To know intimately the Bible, and Shakespeare, and the elements of History and the Physical Sciences, is to have imbibed the substance of all human knowledge. That knowledge may be presented in a thousand varied, graceful and attractive forms, and the variations may be highly agreeable and useful—nay, they are so. But, though they may improve, refine and fertilize, (so to speak) they do not MAKE THE MAN. If he has the elements within him, no future hour of solitude can be lonely, or tiresome, or profitless. The mild moon and the calm high stars are companionship and instruction, eloquent, of deep significance, and more impressive than the profoundest volumes.

But grant that greater or more varied means of culture than the individual's narrow means can supply are desirable, has he not still modes of procuring them? Is he a solitary, and our goodly land his Isle of Juan Fernandez? Are there not

others all around him, if not already of kindred tastes and aspirations, at least in whom kindred aspirations may be awakened? May he not gather around him in the rudest township or vicinity some dozen or more of young men in whom the celestial spark, if not already glowing, may be kindled to warmth and radiance. And by the union of these, may not all their mutual wants be abundantly supplied?

And herein is found one of the pervading advantages of the cause I would commend. The awakened youth who has withdrawn so the seminary or the city may have secured his own advancement; but he who has remained constant to his childhood's home, its duties and associates, will probably have attracted others to enter with him on the true pathway of life. The good thus accomplished, time may not measure. Doubtless many a Village Lyceum, many a township Library, owes its existence to the impulse given by some poor and humble youth inspired by the love of Knowledge and of Wisdom.

4. The great central truth which I would impress on the minds of my readers is this—premiing a genuine energy and singleness of purpose—the circumstances are nothing, the Man is all. We may be the slaves or toys of circumstances if we will; most men perhaps are so; and to these all circumstances are alike evil—that is rendered so if not by rugged Difficulty, then by soft Temptation. But that man who truly ruleth his own spirit,—and such there is among us—readily defies all material influences, or bends them to his will. Be hopeful, be confident, then, O friend! if thou has achieved this great conquest, and believe that all else shall follow in due season.

From the Zanesville Gazette.

From an unpublished "Tour of Travels in the United States."

Visit to the Tomb of Washington.

BY JOHN DILLON SMITH.

Sated with the dull routine of political debate, during a late sojourn in our National Metropolis, on a beautiful autumn day, I determined to indulge a long entertained desire of visiting the spot, where lie entombed the hallowed dust of Washington. And accordingly, our party, which consisted of J. R. A. of the District of Columbia, and W. T. B. and lady of New York, and myself, embarked on board of a steamboat for Alexandria, about eight miles below Washington city. We procured a coach at Alexandria, and travelled over a picturesque road for nine or ten miles on the Western side of the Potomac river, and arrived at the gate of the far-famed MOUNT VERNON! After passing the main entrance of this renowned enclosure of our American soil, we rode half a mile through a shady grove which brought us to the family residence of the father of his country. On viewing this old mansion, with its antiquated cupola, piazza, balustrade, &c., and particularly the time-worn steps, where the illustrious owner oftentimes stood in meditation, or to extend a welcome hand to all, whether friend or stranger, whether opulent or wretched, whether the lowliest or most gifted intellect, who sought shelter beneath his hospitable roof—we felt truly sensible of realizing our youthful pictorial impressions of this honored dwelling place of Columbia's favorite son.

We entered the halls of the mansion, and were politely admitted into the various apartments of this patriotic shrine, which were once occupied by the good statesman and gallant chieftain, who defended "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Every thing in the rooms reminds one of olden time.—The Bastille-key presented to Washington by Lafayette—the carved Italian marble mantel-piece in the spacious dining-room—the heraldic emblems of the Washington family wrought above the oval mirrors—the famous enameled "Pictet" likeness of Washington in a gilt frame—the sacred paintings of the descent of our Saviour from the cross and the blessed Virgin—together with a number of superb portraits of members of the Washington family—all combined to make us feel that we were in the presence of him, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." But, thought I, he still dwells in the hearts of a free people.—His country, and his name even, are now gratefully adopted by millions of those who were once destitute of a name and place among the nations of the earth.—He left this happy retreat to secure a home for the homeless.—But he departed from these cultivated walks of life for the purpose of giving freedom, and restoring peace and plenty to an oppressed and forlorn people in the wilderness of a mighty land.

We departed from the mansion of the living, and proceeded along a winding pathway for about two hundred yards in the direction of the river, in the midst of

a vale of scenery drooping in sorrow, and withering in neglect, for the want of the original guardian spirit of the place, until we reached a cluster of oak and cedar, near the vaulted receptacle of Washington's remains. The original vault, in which Washington's dust first reposed, is situated under the shade of a small grove of forest trees, near the brow of a precipitous bank of the silvery Potomac.—Small and unadorned, this humble sepulchre stood in a most romantic spot, and could be distinctly seen by voyagers passing up and down the river. About eighty years ago, the ashes of the Father of his country were removed from that place, to one erected upon a spot, selected by himself, where the river is concealed from view. In the presence of a natural grove which shaded the distant tomb, and beneath the clear blue arch of Heaven, we instinctively took off our hats, before our arrival at the obituary mansion of Mount Vernon, under an impulse of reverence, like that which prompts the soul of man, when he approaches the sanctuary of the living God with profound awe and veneration. Our footsteps could not be heard by ourselves, for we advanced toward the iron gate-way of the new vault, more like winged spirits, than beings of mortality. Above the sable railing of the tomb, and upon a cornice of white marble, are the following lines in gilded letters:—

"WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENL. GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Beneath a highly finished roof of zinc, and in the centre of an open sepulchre, appeared the bright marble Sarcophagus, which contains the embalmed body of our first Chief Magistrate. Upon its adamantine lid is sculptured the coat of Arms of the United States of America, together with this brief, but expressive epitaph, "WASHINGTON."

On the right of Washington's tomb, rest the remains of his benign lady, in a corresponding Sarcophagus near the centre of the vault, bearing the following brief inscription:—

"MARTHA, CONSORT OF WASHINGTON."

Like weeping vigils, we arrayed ourselves in peace, before the ever-during Sarcophagus, which

"Preserves the relics of the greatest man, That ever freemen mourn'd since time began."

The stillness of the tomb, broken only by the tears of a weeping few,—tears of heartfelt gratitude, which fell among the Autumnal leaves beneath our feet, like dew drops of patriotism, in commemoration of the glorious triumphs achieved for us and for our posterity by the energies, the intellect, the prudence, the bravery, of that hero of human liberty, now slumbering before us:—

"Let each breeze be a sigh—each dew-drop a tear—
Each wave be a whispering monitor near,
To remind the sad shore of his story;
And darker, and sadder, and sadder the gloom,
Of that evergreen mourner that bends o'er the tomb,
Where Washington sleeps in his glory."

Gretna Green Marriages.

A species of marriage, so called from its being usually celebrated at that place.—The following statement, which we have borrowed from the Geographical Dictionary, conveys so full and accurate particulars of these far-famed marriages, that we have taken the liberty of transferring it to our columns.

"The marriage ceremony merely amounts to an admission before witnesses that certain persons are man and wife; such acknowledgment being sufficient, provided it be followed or preceded by cohabitation, according to the law of Scotland, to constitute a valid marriage. A certificate to this effect being signed by the officiating priest, (who has never been above the rank of a tradesman,) and by two witnesses, the union, under the above condition, becomes indissoluble. The marriage service of the Church of England is sometimes read, in order to please the parties. The marriages of this sort celebrated at Gretna Green are estimated at between three hundred and four hundred a year; but as similar marriages are celebrated at Springfield, Annan, Coldstream, and other places along the border, their total number is said to amount to five hundred a year! The parties are generally from England, and of the lowest ranks; though there are not a few instances of persons of the highest ranks, and even of Lord Chancellors, having had recourse to the services of the *soi-disant* persons of Gretna Green. A trip to Gretna, or the presence of a self-dubbed parson, is not, however, at all necessary. Parties crossing the Scottish border, and declaring before witnesses that they are man and wife, are, under the previously mentioned conditions, married according to the law of Scotland. This law has been much objected to, but we are inclined to think

with no good reason. It would, indeed, be no difficult matter to show that it is, on the whole, productive of numerous advantages. No where, perhaps, are there so few rash or improvident marriages as in Scotland; and the retrospective effect of the existing law, or its influence in legitimizing the children born before marriage, is perhaps its most valuable feature. But it is necessary to observe, that though legitimated in Scotland, children born previously to a Scotch marriage are not legitimated in England, and do not succeed, except by special bequest, to heritable property in that part of the United Kingdom. In all respects, however, Scotch marriages convey the same rights and privileges in England as English marriages. The practice began at Gretna Green about ninety years ago by a person named Paisley, a tobaccoist, who died so lately as 1814. It is now carried on by various individuals: indeed each inn has its rival priest, in addition to others who carry on the business on their own account; and so far has competition reduced the fees, that though large sums, (forty or fifty pounds,) have been received, the solatium, in some instances, is now so low as half-a-crown. One of these functionaries, who breaks stones daily on the verge of England, has the best chance of succeeding, for he accosts every party as they pass, and tries to strike the best bargain."

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermon.

The following words by Mrs. Singourney, will compose my text for this occasion.

Ah! what evils, with great power
To wrest the trophies of an hour;
One moment write, with sparkling eye;
Our name on castle turrets high,
And yield, the next, a broken trust,
To earth, to ashes, and to dust.

MY HEARERS—It makes a person's supper sit cold and heavy on his stomach, and sinks the thermometer of his spirits below zero, to reflect upon what we have all got to come to at last; to think that when the strings of vitality are snapped, and life's contents spilled upon the ground, what a pretty mess we shall make of it! Earth amalgamated with earth, dust mingled with dust, and ashes identified with ashes, compose the mound of mouldering mortality, in which the purest virtues and the filthiest vices are compounded together, without regard to the value of the one or the worthlessness of the other. It is melancholy, my friends, to meditate upon this paltry pile of dirt, from which we mortals were moulded, and to which we must finally return; and it is fit that we should now and then squander a few thoughts on this subject in order that haughty pride may sometimes look downwards towards the tomb, and climbing Ambition measure the distance it has to fall from the towering steeple of fame to the sepulchre that yawns at its base.

Ah! my dear friends! you have all got to come to the scratch at last. The grave is the common receptacle for all that mass of corruption which the soul is destined to drag about for a time, over the hills and the rocks, through the mud and the storms of a precarious existence; and into this repository for the refuse of humanity you must all be dumped, sooner or later, by that dirt cart of Death, which we so often have seen standing at the doors of relatives, friends and acquaintances; and we know not how soon it may halt to receive a shovel full or two of dust that has once been alive in our mansions.

At the further extremity of life's wandering vale, is a dark secluded spot, surrounded by the drooping umbrage of the weeping willow and the mourning cypress, with small apertures to admit a few cheering rays from the sun of immortality.—Here is written upon a slab of marble, and in legible characters, "Death bed of Vanity and the end of Ambition;" and at this forbidding spot every poor mortal must eventually be robbed of all he ever possessed, save that bright jewel of Hope which he is permitted to carry with him into the kingdom of everlasting glory.—What else, I ask, is corporeal proportion good for, when the soul, that preservative principle, has forsaken it forever? It is doomed to decay and return to its original dust; and dust, after all, is nothing more than dust—no matter how holy and sacred are the associations that connect it with that which is now living in collocation with mind and feeling. And I advise you, my friends, not to expend too much money, not to sacrifice a great amount of morality for the sake of bodily appearance; for, depend upon it, there is something in man, which like an oyster, is a great deal better than it looks to be; and all the outward attractions you can bestow upon it will prove to be of no more value in the end than an application of gold to the shell of said oysters.

What then, my friends, can human exertions avail? Nothing at all, I answer for the want of an echo.—The night dew of the grave are sure to take out all the