

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### Sabbath Evening.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!  
Yet twilight lingers still,  
And beautiful as dreams of heaven,  
It slumbers on the hill.  
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,  
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,  
And rendering back the hues above,  
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rock the forest trees,  
In shadowy groups recline,  
Like nuns at evening bowed in prayer,  
Around the holy shrine.  
And through their leaves the night winds blow,  
So calm and still—their music low,  
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,  
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,  
Retiring from the sky,  
So calm and soft, as fancy glow,  
They seem to fancy's eye,  
Bright creatures of a better sphere  
Come down at noon to worship here,  
And from their sacrifice of love,  
Returning to their homes above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,  
The night arch floating high,  
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,  
The bright streams leaping by,  
Are living with religion—deep  
On earth and sea its glories sleep,  
And mingle with the star-light rays,  
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve  
Comes through the silent air,  
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes  
A gush of music there.  
And the fair depths of ether beam  
So passing fair, we almost dream  
That we can rise and wander through  
The open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,  
Each pulse is beating wild,  
And thought is soaring to the shrine  
Of glory undefiled.  
And holy aspirations start  
Like blessed angels from the heart,  
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—  
Our spirits to the gates of Heaven.

### The Farmer's Song.

I envy not the mighty king  
Upon his splendid throne,  
Nor claim his glittering diadem,  
Nor wish his power my own—  
For though his wealth and power be great,  
And around him thousands bow  
With reverence in my low estate,  
More solid peace I know.

I envy not the miser—he  
May tell his treasures o'er,  
May heaps on heaps around him see,  
And toil and sigh for more—  
I'd scorn his narrow, sordid soul,  
Rapacious and unjust—  
Nor bow beneath the base control  
Of empty, gilded dust.

Let warriors mount fame's giddy height—  
Gain glory's gallant meed—  
Be calm, collected in the fight,  
While thousands round them bleed—  
I envy not their victor wreath,  
Their prowess or their fame;  
Their glory is an empty breath,  
Their triumph but a name.

My wants are few and well supplied  
By my productive fields;  
I count no luxury beside,  
Save what contentment yields.  
More real pleasure labor gives,  
Than wealth or fame can bring—  
And he is happier far who lives  
A farmer, than a king.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Judge and the Criminal.

During the period when Henry Blackmore was a brilliant barrister, he became acquainted with Emily Benson: her father had been an opulent city merchant, but in one of the vicissitudes of fortune, to which persons of that profession are lamentably subject, he sustained so severe a loss as to compel him to retire, and live upon the interest of the small sum of money he had been provident enough to accumulate during the days of his prosperity. With this reduced income he quitted London, and the circle of which he had formed a part, and retired to Clemsford in Essex, with his wife and only child, a daughter now seventeen years of age. In the education of Emily Benson neither pains or expense had been spared. Gifted with the great beauty and natural talents, discrimination and judgment, as far as the latter qualities are compatible with "sweet seventeen," she had grown up lovely in mind and person, and the darling of her parents, she amply repaid them for their anxious and well-directed efforts for her improvement. But there was one species of knowledge which Emily lacked, namely, the knowledge of mankind. Her father had been snatched away ere she had completed her sixteenth year, who would have been the guide of her intercourse with the world, who would have taught her that true but veracious adage, "truth lies in a veil," who would have warned her of the little faith we must permit ourselves to put in appearance; of how often we are deceived where we have most confided—that friend and natural adviser was departed, and Emily left to the sole guardianship of her doating mother, one little more versed than herself in the science that was wanting to her accomplishment. Henry Blackmore possessed the talent to render himself a favorite with all classes; with the melancholy, he was quite calm and kind; the gay immediately inoculated him with vivacity; he had acquisitions and information sufficient for the society of philosophers and blues, and with the moral and religious he could show a grave face and patient bearing. It is not then to be wondered at, that, with all these agreeable qualities, and the reputation of being the most honorable and high minded of men, he should have been welcome to every society and in every sphere; nor was it other than the most natural thing in the world, that Emily, the simple, the gay, the unsuspecting, should be forcibly attracted by one so superior to all those with whom she had hitherto been intimate; excellent city gentlemen, full of worth and honesty, but whose sterling qualities were not set off by the charms of refinement, or by that polish, which is not always to be found even in the highest class of society, rarely if ever, falls to the share of any other. The young and simple Emily, won by the arts of Blackmore, in an evil hour gave him her hand and heart, and little did she dream then that the husband of her choice, whose conversation had such charms for her, whose opinions on all essential subjects appeared to coincide with her own, to whose infinitely superior judgment she looked up to with awe, and reverence, was, nevertheless, a consummate despiser of that sex, for which in his manners he showed so much respect, and in whose society he appeared to find so much enjoyment, a gambler, a spendthrift, and a libertine.

A few short months sufficed to dissipate her illusions, and all hopes of happiness; and in a few short weeks, after giving birth to a lively little boy, she expired—a victim to brutality and ill-usage. For a short period Blackmore appeared to regret his wife's death, and became a moody and altered man; his sole delight seemed to be in the society of a child on whom he doated, and every moment that he could spare from the occupations of his fast increasing profession was devoted to his boy.

It was evening, and Henry Blackmore had but just concluded his dinner and was seated in the dining-room, with his darling son upon his knee, now about four years old, when a servant announced a stranger.

"Bid him up," said Blackmore, and a man of peculiar appearance entered the room—he was enveloped in a short threadbare cloak, trimmed with tarnished point lace, his closer garments were thus concealed, but from underneath appeared the end of his long sheathed rapier. He was a man above the middle height, strong built, and powerfully muscular, as far as his outward habiliments enabled one to judge, for his person was much hid by the cloak he wore; his skin was fair, his eyes grey and prominent, in which any one could plainly detect roguery and mischief, and these were set off by a profusion of long, lank, sandy hair; for the rest he was squalid and dirty, and one would have supposed from the leanness of his

cheek, that a series of good meals had long been foreign to his lips.

The servant lingered in the room as the stranger was ushered in, perhaps from curiosity.

"I have some communications to make," said the latter, "which do not admit of witnesses."

The servant was ordered to withdraw and take the child with him, which he did, and the boy screamed as the rough intruder eyed him steadfastly.

"I perceive," said he, "that you have forgotten me, Henry Blackmore."

Blackmore started back, for he now recognized a companion of his earlier years—a sharer in adventures which the ambitious lawyer would have wished concealed for ever.

"What Villiers?" exclaimed he, "I thought you died in Cuba."

"You see that I am 'alive and kicking,' as we used to say: but to the point," resumed Villiers, "I am a desperate man, and must have money."

"You get none from me, my friend," replied Blackmore.

"Yes I shall," calmly continued Villiers.

"Explain how then, for I must find it," said Blackmore.

"The Bull-dogs of the law are after me," rejoined Villiers and I must have the means to escape them, or some little circumstance may be revealed on my examination which may not be pleasant to my old friend Blackmore, who is now I understand, a rising man."

Now Henry Blackmore was a man of undoubted courage, and he at once took his course, determined that he would risk the malice of his old companion, rather than become his slave. He calmly arose from his chair, rung the bell, and his servant entered.

"Show this man the door," said he "and never again admit him: away, fellow, I do not know you," cried he, turning fiercely to Villiers: "dare again to darken my doors, and you visit another residence from which you escape may not be so easy—begone." Villiers stood for a moment irresolute, placed his hand to his sword, appeared suddenly to recollect himself, and walked to the door; he turned on going the threshold, and shook his clenched hand at Blackmore:

"Look out for my revenge," he said, "for by the sky above us, you shall not escape it," and he rushed hastily into the street.

Blackmore, although not exactly disregarding his threat, paid but little attention to it, but prepared himself to frustrate any attempt at annoyance. On his return home to dinner on the following day he found, however, he had fearful cause to remember the threat of Villiers, for his child had been snatched from its nurse's arms at his very door, and the robber, although pursued by the servants, had escaped by the assistance of two accomplices, who had offered a desperate resistance to their efforts. Large rewards were offered, every search and enquiry made; but days, weeks, and months passed away, and yet came no tidings of the lost one. That Villiers had fulfilled his threat no doubt remained, and Henry Blackmore at length abandoned all hope of recovering his child.

Twenty years from the period in which the child of Blackmore had been carried off, the bereaved father—not the stern and implacable judge, whom all criminals feared, and the terror of whose dark eye had made the most hardened quail before him, was seated on the judgment seat of the Old Bailey. The criminal was a young man of interesting appearance, a charge against him was one of robbery but qualified, with any circumstance of atrocity or cruelty, the evidence was clear and decisive, and the jury without withdrawing pronounced their fearful verdict "guilty." A slight tremor passed over the lips of the criminal as the deep voice of Blackmore pronounced his doom, with no hope of mercy. The ermined judge retired to his dinner and the criminal to his dungeon.

It was past ten o'clock at night, some time after the session had terminated, and judge Blackmore sat alone in his gorgeous room—age had but marked his features with the deep lines of thought—his hair was still coal black, and his eye bright as in boyhood—but yet his heart was withered, and honors failed to give comfort to its desolation. He had none to inherit his vast wealth, his child, the bright boy whom he had so fondly cherished, was lost to him forever, and ambition, his darling passion, shed no solace upon his eye; with no one to leave with his name which stood high in the praise of all, his desire he feared, as unpropitious as in early youth, and the sins of his boyhood seemed to rise up in judgment upon his age.

"A stranger, my lord," said an aged domestic, who entered hastily, "whom says he enters a moment's interview."

"Let him enter," said Blackmore for of late, although stern to all apparently, his heart had softened, and his heart was

open to all supplication of mercy. The door opened, and the dark outline of a man muffled in a cloak, might be discerned at the entrance. Come in," said Blackmore, "and what would you with me at this hour?" The stranger advanced, removed his hat, and his long grey locks fell to the ground, and he recognized the form of the long lost and dreaded Villiers.

"Villiers?" exclaimed Sir Henry Blackmore, "where is my son—my child you stole from me?"

"I bring you tidings of him," said Villiers, "he has run his course, and one as that of his father; he has roamed the wide sea, and gained a name upon land; he thanks you by me for the boon you bestowed upon him."

"What mean you, man or fiend?" cried Blackmore, "and what boon could I bestow upon one I have not seen these twenty years?"

"You have seen him at last," rejoined Villiers, "he stood before you in the dock of Newgate, the last of your victims—your returned son—and the boon of his father was death!"

Blackmore staggered back, and for an instant appeared fainting. "Hear me," continued Villiers, "for he must yet be saved—you have interest—I stole him for revenge, but I would save him with my best blood—I knew not of his fate until this moment—he dies at eight to-morrow—fly to the king, he is at Windsor; fleet horses will bear you there, and you have power to procure his pardon. I go to him, you will find me at his side at the last hour,"—so saying, he left the apartment, and in a few minutes, Judge Blackmore was on the road to Windsor.

It was night, and the criminal sat alone in his dungeon; a faint and dim light stole through the high-grated window.—It was the last night he was to pass on earth, to-morrow was to sever him forever from its ties—the bright sun was to shine on him no more—the green earth no more to bless him with its beauty. His life had been wild and stormy, but still it had its joys; and the hour of parting was bitter—all too had left him to its loneliness, and no one came to cheer the condemned and lost one. At this instant the bolts of the door were withdrawn, and Villiers entered the cell accompanied by the jailor.—"My father!" exclaimed the criminal, "you are come at last."

"I am come, I trust, to save you, my boy," replied Villiers, "and to restore you to one who has a better claim to that title. Twenty years ago, in his pride and power he wronged me—I swore to have revenge—I kept my word—but he has power and may yet save you—should it not be so, have you the courage to meet your fate with fortitude?"

"I have," replied the young man, "for life has now no charm for me, yet tell me who, and what my father is." With a calm tone, Villiers now recapitulated some passages of his early life, he spoke of Blackmore as the companion of scenes of violence and guilt, and recapitulated the particulars of the interview which had led to the abduction of his son and with horror the young criminal discovered that in the stern judge he had heard for the first time, to his knowledge, the deep voice of his father.

"Will he succeed," said he, "in obtaining my pardon? Oh! I feel life is sweet."

"Fear not his power and interest," replied Villiers, "I will be by your side in the morning, and may yet hope to redeem my errors by being at least the means of restoring a child to his father; now sleep, for you will need rest, and sleep in full confidence of a reprieve and pardon; for the king is at this moment interested by your parent in your behalf; he shook the shackled hand of the criminal and left the dungeon; in a few moments, despite all the uncertainty and horror of his fate, the wretched young man was in a deep and heavy slumber!

A loud call, and the unlocking of the iron door, awoke the criminal from his troubled rest.

"It is the time," said the voice of the ordinary, "that you must prepare for death."

"Is there no hope?" said he. "None that I am aware of," replied the clergyman, and he endeavored to prepare him for the worst. At this moment the proper officer arrived, and the sad procession passed through the long gloomy passage into the press yard; here his irons were knocked off, and placed in the fatal cart, guarded on all sides; the dismal array moved towards Tyburn. On arriving at the place of doom, the wretched prisoner caught the eye of Villiers—"fear nothing," said he, "it will yet arrive in time." The clergyman now unclosed his book, and engaged the criminal in prayer.

"On, for your life," cried the deep voice of Blackmore, thrusting his head from the window of a carriage, now rapidly approaching London, and as fast as four prancing horses could gallop. They are now mingled with the crowd which told of some excitement in the vicinity,—a dense mass now impede their progress—

"make way," cried the furious and maddened father—"I bring life to the criminal!" All made a passage for the carriage, which now dashed up to the very scaffold, whilst the cry of a "reprieve—a reprieve," rent the air. At that moment, a loud shout, mingled with the cry of pardon, which had arrived too late, for as Judge Blackmore leaped from the carriage, he perceived the dark form of his son swinging in the morning breeze above him. The body was instantly cut down, but life was extinct.

"My son!" cried the hapless father, losing all consideration for fame, as he fell upon the pale corpse of his long lost child—the blood gushed from his nostrils and his mouth—he had burst a blood vessel, and thus met and parted, the father and son—THE JUDGE AND THE CRIMINAL.

### The Hole in my Pocket.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "pray Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and turned my purse inside out, but all was space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "I've lost it my dear; positively there must be a hole in my pocket!" "I'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbins. "How did that ice-cream set?" said Tom. "It set," said I, "like the sun—gloriously." And just as he spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for the ice-creams; however I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift up my brow and say, "Ah isn't there, really?"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who like a dutiful helpmate as she is, always gave me her loose change to keep, called for a twenty-five cent piece that had been deposited in my sub treasury for safe keeping; "there was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she had promised it for so long." "Well wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other—but vacancy returned a horrid groan.

"On my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguy pocket is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater.

"Sure! ay, that I am; it's gone, totally gone!"

My wife dismissed her promise, and then in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons lest I went out; and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentleman of the species 'husband,' I was very loth to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, on each side, walked up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made my blood run cold. But do not think that Mrs. Slackwater is a tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrink from home. The fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her twenty-five cent piece, which I had invested in smoke—that is to say cigars; and I feared to think on her comments on my pantaloons pocket.

Thus things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or at any rate no richer fast.—Times grew worse and worse; my pockets looked worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted—the rag slipped from it in a manner almost incredible to relate. As an Irish song says:

"And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'Moore,  
As his purse had the more rents he had the fewer."

At length, one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan Asylum. I looked at it and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," she said "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied "he can't afford it; he can just scrape along any how, and in these times it ain't right for him to do it."

My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper to him that brought it. The next evening she asked me if I could go with her to see the Bowens, and as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about \$600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of house-keeping. We were admitted by Ned, and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal,

as they had been school-mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed somehow or other, though we had no refreshments—an article which we never have at home, but always want when elsewhere—and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied.

"But how can he, on six hundred dollars?" was my answer, "if he gives ten dollars to the charity and five dollars to that, and lives so snug and comfortable too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"Certainly if you can."

"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to go without twenty or thirty dollars worth of ribbons and laces as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to health, as is not to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice cream, or apples at one hundred per cent on market price, or oranges at twelve cents a piece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used; in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket."

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject; and it cut me to the quick. Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up—me and my pockets too; they have never been in holes since that evening!

**POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.**—Under this title the Georgia "Family Companion" relates a story which has by this time caused the loss of several "buttons." It is too long for our paper, but we give the closing scene. The Justice of the Peace called to marry the parties, was long on his way—got lost—stalled, and what not, and was so taken up after he arrived, in relating his impediments, that he forgot the marriage ceremony as prescribed by the church.

He thought over every thing he had ever learned by heart, even

"Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,"

but all in vain—he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in an agony of desperation he began;

"I know all men by these presents,  
That I—here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say, "He's drawing a deed for a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"In the name of God, Amen!"—he began a second time, only to hear a voice in a loud whisper say, "He's making his will now; I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so powerful bad."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord"

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, "He's not dead but sleazeth."

"O yes! O yes!" continued the squire. But the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying. His next effort was—

"To all and singular the sher"—

"Let's run! He's going to levy on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignity looked around at once, with self satisfaction, and in a grave and dignified manner said, "Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand. George Washington obeyed, and held up his hand. Miss Polly, hold up yours." Polly, in her confusion, held up her left hand. "The other hand Miss Peablossom." And the squire proceeded in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them.

"You, and each of you, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform all and singular the functions of a husband or wife, as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help your God!"

"Good as wheat," said Capt. Peablossom. "Polly, my gal, come kiss your father, I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out for home to see your mother."

**SHORT.**—A lady made a complaint Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.

"Your majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."

"That is none of my business,"

"But he speaks very ill of you."

"That is none of your business."

Six Ghosts and four Devils are advertised for sale in a German paper. They are part of the properties of a Theatre.