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POETRY.

Parting.

When friend from friend is parting,
And in each speaking eye
The silent tear is starting
To tell what words deny;
How could we bear the heavy load
Of such heart-anguish,
Could not we cast it all, our God,
Our gracious God, on thee;
And feel that thou kind watch will keep
When we are far away;
That thou wilt soothe us when we weep
And hear us when we pray.

Yet oft these hearts will whisper
That better 't would betide
If we were near the friends we love,
And watching by their side.
But sure thou'lt love them dearer, Lord,
For trusting thee alone!
But sure thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
The farther we are gone!
Then why be sad, since thou wilt keep
Watch o'er them, day by day,
Since thou wilt soothe them when they weep
And hear us when we pray!

The Psalm of Life.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returned,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Lives of great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sand of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate—
Still achieving—still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Home at Last.

A shivering child one winter's night,
(The snow was deep and cold the blast!)
Hugging her ragged mother tight,
"Mother," exclaimed "we're home at last!"
And as she spoke, poor little one,
A ruined hut she stood before,
Whence, ever since the morning sun,
They strayed to beg from door to door.

Ye're home at last! Sad home as this—
All lone without and cold within;
The adder here might lurk and hiss,
Her poisonous web the spider spin—
But there's no fire to warm, no light;
And crevices are yawning wide,
Through which the storm, this freezing night,
May lay you, stiffened, side by side.

And yet this wayward child has been
By many a gorgeous house—and past
Where mirth and music cheer the scene,
Nor envies—for she's home at last!
Thus may the heart be trained below
To love the lot wherein was cast
Its fare of poverty and woe,
Like her who cried "we're home at last!"

"Ah!" said a Dutchman, "ob all te
shell fish in te worldt, sour crout ish te
pest mit tem oll!" "Och ye fool," replied
Pat, "it's nothing to be compared to a
marley peraty."

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How do you like that Ann Stacy?" asked one girl of another, at a boarding-school, alluding to a new scholar that had been entered a day or two before.

"I don't like her at all," was the reply, accompanied by a slight expression of contempt.

"Neither do I," rejoined her companion, whose name was Martha Wild,—"She's the meanest looking girl in the whole house."

"And ugly as sin."

"Did you ever see such a bonnet as that she had on when she came?"

"O dear! Don't mention the thing. I thought I should have died laughing when I saw it. And then that outlandish dress with the waist under her arms. It looked as if it might have been made in the year one."

Just at that moment a plainly dressed, quiet looking girl with a face over thoughtful and subdued for one of her years, passed near the two misses, who so far forgot themselves at the moment as to laugh aloud, and throw upon her concealed glances of ridicule.

"Martha," said one of the teachers, coming up at the moment, and addressing the eldest of the two in a grave voice, "I am sorry to see you thus forgetting yourself."

"It is wrong I know," Martha replied, somewhat abashed at being detected in so unkind an unladylike act; "but then, how can I help laughing at her?"

"I am sure, Martha, that I can see nothing about Ann Stacy to excite feelings of mirth."

"Not in her old fashioned, hitched-up dress? ha! ha! The very thought of it makes me laugh!"

"Did you never see a short-waisted frock before in your life?" the teacher asked, still with a grave face.

"O yes. But not for five years or more."

"And wore them then, no doubt?"

"Of course. They were fashionable at that time."

"And now you so far forget yourselves, as to be guilty of the unladylike act of wounding the feelings of a strange young girl, because she happens to have on a frock cut in the very style of those you wore a few years ago, and no doubt thought very becoming."

"It is not only that, Miss Compton," said Martha with a more serious air,—"Take her all in all, she is one of the most disagreeable girls in the school, besides being not exactly of the right kind of company to introduce among young ladies of our standing."

"As to her being disagreeable," replied the teacher, "that, I presume, is a mere idea, the result of an unjust prejudice."

"No, indeed, Miss Compton! It is not. She is, certainly, the most unpleasant in her appearance, face, and manners of any girl I have ever met. Indeed, so much so is she to me, that I cannot feel or act at all kindly towards her."

"Do you know anything about her?"

"No."

"Did you ever see her before she came to this school?"

"Never."

"Of course, then, she has only been here for a few days, your prejudice against her is caused by some improper act on her part. Is it not so?"

"O! as to that, I've never seen anything particularly out of the way about her. She's good enough, no doubt, but I can't bear her."

"And the reason is, if I rightly understand you, because she is not handsome, and wears clothes not made in the height of the fashion."

"I didn't say so, Miss Compton."

"But all you have said convinces me that you have no better reason."

The two young ladies seemed half offended at this remark, which had in it more truth than they felt willing to hear. Miss Compton saw this, and said no more upon the subject.

About a week from that time, Martha Wild awoke one morning with a heavy chill, which passed off in the course of an hour, and was succeeded by a burning fever, accompanied by a most violent pain in the head, pain in the back, and sluggishness of the whole system. A physician was sent for, who said that she was very sick, and he feared would be ill for some time. His fears were too true. It was several weeks before she left her room, during which time she suffered much, both from the disease, and the violent action of the powerful remedies which her physician administered.

For the first few days of her sickness, her young companions gathered about her bed and vied with each other in their offices. But as the disease progressed, and she became more helpless, and the attendance on her more and more unpleasant, one by one they fell off in their attentions,

and at last she was left alone with the hired nurse of the institution. No, not alone either; for there was one young, unobtrusive, and gentle girl, for whom none seemed to feel any interest, who might often be seen going quietly to her room, and moving about the bed of the sick scholar with a stealthy step—now soothing, or re-adjusting a pillow, now holding a cooling draught to lips dry and parched with fever, and now looking down upon the face of the invalid with an expression of deep commiseration.

At last Martha became so ill that she could not be left alone, night nor day.— Every night some one or two of the young ladies of the school had to sit up with her. At first this was a kind of novelty, and there were several ready to offer themselves. But only a few days had passed before this one was not well, and that one had some other excuse, until the whole task of watching by the bedside of Martha Wild devolved upon the nurse and Ann Stacy, who performed the task night after night, alternately.

Skillful medical treatment and careful nursing, at length subdued the disease, and the sick girl began slowly to recover.— For several days during the height of the fever, she was but imperfectly conscious of anything that passed around her. But so soon as she did become able to notice, she observed that the gentle hand that was so busy about her, and soothed so often her pillow, and the tender voice that inquired daily how she felt, were the hand and voice of the very girl towards whom she had permitted herself to indulge unkind feelings—and these, too, without any real cause. At first her heart smote her severely, as she remembered how often she wantonly thrust at her feelings, and how often she had ridiculed her appearance and peculiarities of dress and manner; but as she gained strength to perceive more and more narrowly, and to feel the warmth of a pure heart going out unselfishly towards her, that emotion gave way to one of affection.

When Martha Wild had so far recovered as to be able to sit up in bed a little, and to feel an interest in what was going on around her, Ann would come to her room after her recitations in school, and read interesting books to her, and in other ways exert herself to beguile the tedious hours. Others were now ready to join in rendering the time less wearisome to Martha; but no face was so welcome, no voice so pleasant, as that of Ann Stacy.— She seemed no longer plain in her features; no longer singular in her appearance; no longer ungentle in her manners.

"You have been with the sick before, have you not, Ann?" she said to her one day, after she had begged an hour for her with some ingenious device.

"O! yes; for months—I might say for years," replied the gentle girl, looking up with an expression of interest into Martha's face, while her eyes became dimmed with tears. "I have been familiar with sickness since my earliest recollection. When a little girl I cannot remember how long, how very long my mother kept her room, and then her bed before she was taken away. Only a few years passed after that before my elder and only sister dropped about for a time with the same fatal, lingering disease with which our mother died, and then she was shut up in a room, and I became her nurse.— For two years I was with her night and day. It is now only a few months since we were separated, and her body buried out of my sight for ever."

The voice of the young girl had trembled as she told briefly the sad history of her bereavements. When she alluded to the recent death of her sister her feelings overcame her and she gave way to a gush of tears. Recovering herself soon, with an effort, she said, "I cannot tell how much I felt drawn towards you, Martha, the moment I saw you. You are the very image of that only sister of whom I have just spoken. Often and often, since you have been sick, have I bent over you, and gazed and gazed upon your pale face, scarcely able to convince myself that you were not really that dearly loved and lost one."

"Then it is because I resembled your sister so much that you have been to me so kind a nurse?"

"That may have influenced me some; but I trust not entirely. To those who need the attentions of a friend, whether in sickness or in health, we should ever be ready to offer these attentions."

"And young as you are, Ann, you are learning to act from such unselfish principles?" Martha said, in a tone of surprise and admiration.

"That dear sister, who so much resembled you," replied Ann, looking steadily in the face of the invalid, "taught me from my earliest years to regard others; to think of their comfort and happiness even more than my own. And those lessons, enforced by her steady example, I can never forget."

"Would that I were like her in spirit

as well as in features!" was the fervent, half-soliloquizing ejaculation of Martha Wild.

When she went out from that sick chamber, she went out a changed girl.— She saw with new eyes, and estimated others by a new and higher standard of estimation. For Ann Stacy she ever after entertained the warmest affection.

Millerism and Patent Sermons.

The great excitement and confusion among saints and sinners at the awful predictions of Parson Miller, that the end of the world is near at hand, has caused persons of all sects and colors to devote some attention to the subject. The last, and most amusing sermon we have read, is the following, which we copy from the N. Y. Herald, said to have been preached in that city by the Rev. Thomas Snobball, of Uncle Sam district:—

"Belubbed Bruddren—Dis day ob our Lord I pose to zammin de proofs ob de 'struction ob de world and massa Miller's day ob judgment. We take de text for dis evening at de seventy-leben chapter ob de gospel ob de apostle Judas:—"The proof de puddin' is eating it up." Dis 'lude to de fac dat you must sarch de scrip'tur to find out 'bout de eend of de world. In de fust place, de world have four corners, as de scrip'tur tell you; and den dare de eend ob de world. One eend is de beginnin' ob de world, and de odder eend is de finish ob de whole bizzness. Now I go for to prove dat de world is destroyed in 1843, and dat is de odder eend ob de world. In de fust place, Eve says to Adam, "if you eat dis apple you surely di." Now I spee dat apple was a punkin, according to scripture language—because you all knows dat de scrip'tur always means different from what it sez. Now when Adam eat dis apple, he find a worm in de core, and dat 'plain de ologory, which mean dat dare was somethin' in de apple dat would eat Adam after he was dead. Dis is de fust division ob our subject, and prove dat men shall die, for de scrip'tur tell you dat for sartin. Dis proves to you dat de world was created, because if dare was no world created, it couldn't be destroyed.

Den de sun and de moon was made to gib light by day and de stars by night.— Sometimes de stars don't shine in de night; dat is because de moon is not out; but you can see de stars on de bright moonlight; and dat is de proof dat dar is stars in de hebens, and tho' I wouldn't believe it if de scrip'tur din't tell us ob 'em. Dis is de proof dat dese tings were made; and dey was made to be pulled to pieces and destroyed; as de scrip'tur tell you. In de fust place dare is de rainbow dat was placed in de clouds arter de flood, and dat prove to you dat de world has been destroyed once and dat it will be destroyed again; like de hot corn dat is fust put in de water, and eat up afterward. Since de days of de flood it is just four thousand years, if you add de age ob your 'spected preacher, it will make up de 1843 years exactly. But we must go back and reckon from de beast of Daniel. Dis beast had feet dat was clay; dat is a prophecy ob dis berry age ob de world when Clay is de last president and de 'struction hit de feet ob Clay; it happen in his reign. De golden head ob de image show dat de gold currency of general Jackson happen fust, just before about de same time. Den de legs ob iron is de Tyler dot has been so obstinate and hard as iron to his old friends. De little stone is massa Miller dat nobly believe in, and he is so little dat he is 'jected by de builders; and when he prove true, den he find all de world believe in him, and de little stone will be a mountain. Den we come to de beast in de Rebellion dat hab seven horns, and ten heads on each horn.

Dis great beast 'spress dis age ob de world, and de tings dat happen now. It is de Croton water works, and dey spout out water out ob dare mouth, which is de fountain in de Park, and St. John's place, and de Blowing Green. De locusts dat swarm out so thick is de great Croton procession. Now de prophet Daniel and de prophet Nebuchadnezzar, and Julius Ceesar prophecy de 'struction ob de world in 1843. De lass prophet tell you 'member de ideas ob March. Now March means April in de scrip'tur, and one day means a year, and a year means a day, and when it say "resist not evil," it means dat you must 'ploy massa Colt's machine to blow up de enemy. Now put dat to dat, and you find dat de apostle Judas, de baker, prophecy de 'struction ob de world when he sell his massa for thirty pieces ob silver, for if you add thirty to de time dat you 'spectid preacher was thirteen years old, it will make it just 1843 years.

When St. George and St. Blue Beard turn de water into wine, it was a wedding. Now de total absence folks turn de wine

back again into water, and dat is a type ob de marriage ob Cain in Galilee, dat they should be married and giben in marriage, when de flood came and 'stroyed them all. In de old country dar was St. Peter, and St. Juggenot, de one kill two people to get dar money, and de odder drowned all de infants in de ribber Ganges. St. Herod kill all de babes of Beth-lehem, and St. Moses kill all de women and babes ob Cannon. Dis was all done to 'struct us 'bout de 'struction ob de world, and is de type what show dar what would come to pass in de last day.— When de hebbels enter into the swine dar was just 460 hogs, and each hog hab tree pigs, which makes 1840 hogs in all, and Peter, John, and James make up de 1843. Dis is de reckoning of massa Miller. De scarlet naughty woman in de rebellion 'lude to dat gal dat threatened to slap de chops ob your 'spectid preacher, in Sam Johnson's suiler tudder night."

Death and the Grave.

"I am hungry," said de Grave—"give me some food."

"I will send forth a minister of destruction," replied Death, "and you shall be satisfied."

"And what minister will you send forth?"

"I will send forth intemperance, and he shall carry alcohol for a weapon."

"It is well," said de Grave; "but how know you de people will fall into de snare?"

"I will demand the assistance of de tempter," replied Death, "and he shall disguise de snare under various seducing forms, such as food, and medicine, and pleasure, and hospitality, and benevolence. The people will then drink and die."

"I am content," said de Grave; so, I perceive that your scheme is skillful, and will succeed."

The church bells began to toll, and de mourners to walk through the streets, and de sexton to ply his maddock and his spade, for the minister of destruction had gone forth; and once more Death and de Grave met together to exult over the success of their schemes.

"And who is this they are bringing?" asked de Grave.

"This is an old man, who fancied that wine was necessary to recruit his wasted strength. He began with little at first, but gradually increased the quantity, and finally drank to excess and died."

"And who is this?"

"This is a young man who was fond of company, and thought liquor was necessary to convivial meetings. He contracted the habit of drinking and is now a corpse."

"And who are they now bringing, followed by a train of weeping children?"

"This is a broken hearted woman whose husband became a confirmed drunkard, and who left her children to pine in want, while he spent his time and money in the tavern. And now they are bringing the corpse of the husband himself, who has lost his life in a drunken brawl."

"Hush," said de Grave, "I hear a loud wail, and the sobs of grief that will not be silenced. What is the meaning of this?"

"Ah!" said Death, "they are bringing the body of a little infant, whose drunken father, aiming the blow at his wife, destroyed it at the breast; and the mother, like Rachel, 'refuseth to be comforted, because her child is not?'"

"And who are these?"

"These are the bodies of a female profligate and her still-born offspring. She was once fair and innocent; but liquor inflamed her seducer, and deprived her of caution. She was soon, however, deserted, and after pursuing a short career of crime, died."

"And these?"

"These are the bodies of a murderer and his victim; they were once bosom friends; but wine snapped the bonds of friendship; they quarreled over their cups, and one having died by the hand of his companion, the other suffered the felon's death. But here is the crowning incident of our scheme. Behold the corpse of a suicide! This man drank until his property was dissipated and his mind deranged; and so in his distraction he laid violent hands upon his own life."

Long did these dark associations thus converse, and loud was the cry that ascended to heaven from injured parents and friends, until at last Mercy was sent down to see what could be done to check the mischief. And Mercy instantly sent her healing minister, and she called it Total Abstinence; "for," said she "they cannot touch the evil without contamination. Like the poison of the Upas tree, its very smell is deadly, and no one is safe that comes within the reach of its influence."

The church bells were but seldom heard, and but few mourners were seen in the streets. The wailings of the widow and the orphan were succeeded by hymns of praise and thanksgiving; for Death and de Grave were despoiled of all their prey.

Crab and Snap Smith.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?"

"Which Mr. Smith? There are many of that name in these parts."

"The man I want, is a sour, crabbed chap, and they call him Crab Smith."

"O, the d—l, I 'spose I'm the man."

This Crab Smith resided at one time in Fairhaven. He was always finding fault with something.

"The Medusa brought in a fine cargo of oil," said I, "Yes," he would answer "but oil is low now." At another time the Quamphagen arrived. I met Smith—"Well says I oil is enormously high."

"Yes says he, "but the Quamphagen has but 2000 barrels." When the Medusa had again arrived, she brought 2500 barrels, and oil was high. I congratulated Mr. Smith. "Ah, said he, 'if it were not for the five hundred barrels of whale oil we might make something."

Crab Smith had a brother in Hyannis, who was indeed of the same kith and kin. They called him Snap Smith. He was the man who kept the tarrapin a year, expecting to hear it sing, under the impression that he had captured what he called a "turtle dove." A neighbor of Snap had killed and dressed a hog. "If I had half of that," said Snap, "I should think myself well off."

The neighbor was a good soul, and he wished to see Snap easy once in his life, so he sent Snap half the hog. I met Snap a day or two after, as I was crossing over from the Port. "A valuable present," said I, considering the hard times." "I don't know about that," said he—"come to cut it up there was a dreadful little mess of it. If I had 't'her half too, it might have been something worth while.— Boston Post.

WANTED—A few spruce young gentlemen to stand at the Church door at the assembling of the congregation, for the devout purpose of staring the ladies out of countenance.

No other qualification than a good share of impudence is requisite for this employment. If, however, to this should be added a complete destitution of a sense of propriety, or a talent for making polite remarks upon each lady as she passes, or even a capability of exciting a laugh among his comrades at her expense, the applicant will be considered as more eminently qualified for his station.

Persons desirous of engaging in this business, will please to take their stand at the ringing of the bell next Sabbath, for the purpose of giving a specimen of their powers.—C

PROVERBS.—Praise the sea, but keep on land.

Wolves lose their feet, but not their nature.

A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with.

Of all wild beasts the most dangerous is a slanderer: of all tame ones a flatterer. When a man's coat is threadbare, it is easy to pick a hole through it.

Never scald your lips in other people's broth.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

Drunkness is voluntary madness.

A foolish fellow went to the parson of the parish with a long face, and told him he had seen a ghost as he was passing the grave yard, moving along against the side of the wall. "In what shape did it appear?" "In the shape of an ass." Go home and hold your tongue about it," said the parson, "you have been frightened at your own shadow."

A GRAVE JOKE.—Some wags took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin with the lid left so that he could easily raise it, placed him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he burst off the lid, sat bolt upright, and, after looking around, exclaimed, "Well I'm the first that's riz! or else I'm d—lly belated!"

JOHN'S WIFE.—"John, how does it happen that you, who tried so hard to get a wife, through a long and hopeless courtship of four years, now that you have won the prize seem to care so little about her?"

"Why, Boss, I'll tell you, I've heard of a man who wanted to jump over a stone wall. He took a good start and run a mile, and when he got up to the wall he was so tired that he had to lie down and go to sleep by the side of it. Now I loved my wife so long and so hard before I could get her, that I found my love had run out when I had her fast."

These are first rate times for getting married. Where two persons are made one, of course half the expense of living is taken away.