THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

VOL. VII. No. 52.] HUNTINGDON, PENNSYVANIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1843. [WHOLE No. 364.

PUBLISHED BY

THEODORE H. CREMER.

[redacted]TS.

[redacted] be published every [redacted] dollars a year, [redacted]NCE, and if not paid within [redacted] two dollars and a half.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty five cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY FIRST LOVE.

We were cogitating the other evening on that very singular circumstance, that no one man out of a hundred marries his first love, and assigning some curious reasons therefor, when Fraser for September fell under our editorial vision, and to our mingled astonishment and gratification, we found that a sketch, built upon a similar foundation, had been furnished by one of its contributors. Well aware that the same feelings that in our nonage creates images of snow and weeps when they melt, would invest a narrow even a simple love story with interest we have been induced to give it in a concentrated form to our readers, and so without delaying them any longer from its perusal, here it is:—

"I was sixteen, just sixteen, when I first saw Sarah! She was somewhat older than myself, but we belonged to that glorious portion of our race—boys and girls. I had read Klopstock, and she had wept over Werter; and the world seemed in our eyes a blessed enigma! Sarah was the sister of one of my school fellows, a serious quiet lad, who loved those best who were most unlike himself; and as I was a noisy, racketty, over-head-and-heels sort of fellow, he used to listen to all my mad schemes and rapid elocution with placid patience sometimes expressing a wish 'that he had more, and that I had less, of the devil in our natures.' Jabez (alas! that any friend of mine should have been thus baptised) was, however, no dolt. He was at once an artist and a poet; but Moreland was the painter he studied as a painter, and Shenstone's silver rhymes were to him exquisite. Sarah was tall, graceful, and diffident, and often reminded me of a hart surprised at a fountain, scarcely able to decide whether to again drink, or instantly fly. Her blushes were so frequent that it was not easy to settle the point whether she was naturally pale or rosy; but her roses were of a hue the most delicate, and when she threw some life and soul into her conversation, and when her eyes were brightened by her thoughts and feelings, she was charming indeed. I first saw her during the summer holydays, on one of those long bright days during which the hours steal so winningly along, that there is always a confusion in one's mind whether it be morn, noon, or eve. When Sarah entered the room, she appeared to know me beforehand. My kind playmates had represented me in too glowing colours, and she came laughing towards me, as though she expected a joke or a pun in the first two minutes. She told me afterwards that I looked graver than she had anticipated, and then when I discoursed in a sort of prosing style, of music and the fine arts, she said within herself, 'Jabez has played us a trick,—this youth is a philosopher.' But she very speedily discovered her error, for my sighs told her that I was in 'love at first sight;' and as night approached, and it was time to retire, the conversation became momentarily so pensive, that I am by no means certain that our eyes were not moistened by tears.—I know mine were; perhaps hers were not.

What could those tears on my part amount to? They were not of apprehension that I should not meet her again; for her father had given me a general invitation to spend as much of my vacation as I could with his son. So we could meet, and talk, and laugh and love, as we pleased; and yet at least my eyes were dimmed as we exchanged the shake of the hand at the moment of departure. I suppose my emotions were a portion of the bliss of loving. There is such a difference between the joy which is represented by laughing, and the happiness which displays itself in tears. Yes—the tears of joy; the big heart so full of delight, as to seek for relief through the medium of the eyes; that voluptousness of feeling and adoration when two hearts feel they are but one, and that in that one is placed the other heart you have made your own. So I looked, so I felt, so I sighed, and so I wept—silently and stealthily; and then the next moment we had parted. Jabez would walk with me a portion of my pathway home; but even he found me so dull a companion, that he asked if I was tired or unwell. The shining moon, the brilliant heavens, the spangled fields, the sweet smelling flowers the voices of the birds, and the home of my affections, had in a few short hours all lost their charms, and whatever was bright, beautiful, and perfect, appeared concentrated in one being—Sarah! My sister rallied me in vain. She noticed my dullness—feared that I had fatigued myself—asked, I thought, with something of a rogueishness in her manner, "What I thought of Miss——?" and of course I extolled her to the skies.

To my pretty casement bedroom I soon retired, and with pen and paper passed the live-long night. First came stanzas,—then a sonnet,—then a declaration of love,—then an attempt at a love-letter,—then a sketch of my charmer,—and, last of all, written vows, to be registered in heaven,—that never would my heart consent to love, or to be loved by another. My pocket money I appropriated by anticipation, in presents to my fair one. My hair was to be worn in a locket; my portrait was to be concealed in the back of a broach; one of her ringlets, purchased by tears, entreaties, and kisses, was to be kept close to my heart; and when absent from each other, by pale Fingara's trembling light we were to meet in imagination, and contemplate that orb of night until our souls should be warmed, and even our hearts blended, by the knowledge that at that moment our thoughts were devoted exclusively to each other. This was my 'programme.' I think I must add, in justice to my enthusiasm, that although my academical pursuits were to be conducted many miles from Sarah's residence, yet that the wings of love were to carry me at least once a week to some spot we were to select for the meeting of but a few minutes; and my half holydays were to be consecrated, if not to such visits, at least to the effusions of poetry, or to the ardent and and oft-repeated declaration of a boundless and eternal sympathy and regard. The past had been my own; the future was to be hers. And it was to be hers, because I had ceased to think of, to appreciate, to care for, or to love myself. It was to be hers, because she was 'the only being who could respond to sympathies, answer to my heart's appeals, and satisfy the yearnings of my nature for a never dying love.' All this I wrote, and re-wrote, in one short night; and the next morning was even exhilarated by the depth of my emotions.

Charles Valentine, for such was the name of our good and gallant friend,—and a finer fellow for every sort of lark, from ringing gate-bells, and then running away, to poaching in spite of the game-keepers, and to kissing the young girls in the hay and cornfields, never existed on the face of the earth,—proposed a visit to a neighbouring village where a bowling-green and some forming cider would amuse and cheer us. Oh, what a mess I made of my bowling that day! I was ordinarily looked upon as a tolerably good hand, and rather sought for a partner than otherwise. But that day my young heart was bowling away in a very different direction; and played so much at random, that at length Charles and Jabez took to rating and railing at me. It was all of no use; and I had neither peace nor pleasure till, at the hour of four, I found myself seated by Sarah's side at the dinner table of her father. How it happened that I was so seated, I really connot tell; but I felt that I was the most favored of human beings to be placed so near her. She laughed, I thought rather more than usual, evidently sought to be gayer than was her custom, would not look melancholy or pensive to please me, and joked with Jabez and Charles Valentine, about their cider and their bowls. I forgot all about the dinner, except that it was short and sweet; and that I left the dinner-table when the ladies rose, avoiding the wine bottle, and every other temptation which could separate me and Sarah. Moore's Melodies were played and sung one after the other by my charmer, and her youngest sister; and though I was but a lad of sixteen, 'Lesbia hath a beaming eye,' gave me a pang, and much solicitude. How selfish is true love! I had never seen Sarah but two or three times in my life, and that at large mixed country parties, before the day I vowed to live for her—for ever.—But a few hours had transpired since I had allowed my heart to be made a captive to her charms; and now I envied the very servants their positions, and longed to be one of them, that I might at least see and gaze upon her at morn, at noon and at dewy eve. Her kindly smiles on Chartes were to me most withering. She kissed her father. I could not for the life of me even like those kisses. Her sister placed her arm around Sarah's waist. I would have given my existence at that moment to have enjoyed the same privilege. She played with her mother's hair, and called her 'dearest.' I could not love that word, even though it came from her lips, because it was applied to another than myself.—The evening was exquisite; and I was so subjugated by the power of 'first love,' that it is most probable I looked more silly than wise and more sentimental than gay and brilliant. I remember, however, that at "magical music" I was somewhat successful, and that at "charades" I made a hit or two, which no one applauded more heartily than Sarah. At last came the walk, the ramble, the roaming, all scattered, dispersed, independent. I found myself, however, very near my angel; and I expatiated on the beauties of nature, and I know not what besides, till Jabez told me I was "prosy;" when Sarah laughed at his joke, and began a gypsy song. But blushes after blushes prevented her from proceeding, for many eyes were fixed on her; and though she could warble delightfully when unnoticed, it seemed as if all her powers of captivation were stopped the moment she felt that she was the subject of attention. In the course of the long walk, there were many most unfortunate pauses. I often resolved to fill them up by repeating the declaration of the morning; but, "my heart was in my mouth," and I was much more eloquent by my signs than by my phrases. I was angry with myself for my cowardice, but my vanity said it was only timidy. Then why was I timid! I was young. That I thought a sufficient excuse one minute, and the next I tho't it was no excuse at all. The walk drew to a close, the next day and the day after I knew I was pledged to spend in a very different direction with cousins and aunts. How could I exist for twice twenty-four hours without a knowledge that I was beloved? I felt I could not. Again and again, as I walked by her side, the words once more were nearly escaping from my lips; but at length I gave utterance to the inquiry. "Do you love me!" "Don't talk nonsense!" was her only answer; and she then bounded along with the light step of a fawn to her father, who was before us. I could not say another word alone to her that night, for she did not leave his side till the walk was ended; and, as the shades of evening had drawn in upon us, "Good night," were the only words she pronounced when I took leave of her kind and amiable family. Jabez as usual, would accompany me during a portion of my walk, and, with that peculiar friendship which I "You seem very fond of my sister Sarah, and I think she likes you."

"Do you?" I inquired with palpitating anxiety. "Why do you think she likes me!"

"Because she said so," replied my open friend.

Here the conversation dropped. Did she mean liked or loved? I flattered myself the latter, and so I sank to rest on my fairy couch, and had blissful dreams. I saw a fairy troop of light and beauteous seraphims come dancing over pastures of flowers, and of shrubs without thorns. I saw them sprinkle around them the most exquisite exotics and small ripe fruit, such as I had never gazed on before. When the fruit reached the ground, each lilac-colored berry (for such was the fruit) suddenly opened, and from each rose a fairy, resembling in every respect my beloved, my adored one. The new fairies in their turn became seraphims too, and at last there were thousands upon thousands of whirling, dancing, gay, immortal creatures, all engaged in mazy circles, singing and smiling, blissful and ecstatic. Suddenly, however, they dis appeared, and but one single lilac berry could I preceive on the ground. I made many efforts in my dream to reach it, but some influence or other kept me back.—At length the lilac berry approached me, and I welcomed it with rapture, I touched it, and Sarah in all her charms and her loveliness issued forth. I woke; it was a dream! No; it was not a dream, for I metamorphosed it into reality. The fairy troop of light and beauteous seraphims were the pleasures of life; the flowers and the exotics were those from which I was to make *my* choice; the fairies and the berries were indications of the choice I should make; the single lilac berry left alone on the ground was Sarah herself; whilst the difficulties I had in reaching it were the emblems of the opposition which would be made to our supposed mutual love. But then I had the consolation of knowing, from the last feature in my dream, that *eventually* she would be mine!

The next two days my heart was pacified, though subdued, by this consolatory vision; but on the third I hastened to Jabez—nay, to his sister—to regale my ears by listening to her voice, and my eyes by feasting on her loveliness and her beauty. But where was Sarah? "She had just left," I was told coolly and with indifference, "in Mr. Flaxam's carriage to spend two or three weeks in his family circle." "*Just left!*"—"two or three weeks, as though the "*two*" or the "*three*" were the same things to me. O! how my heart hated Mr. Flaxam and his family at that moment. How I regretted that I had pursued my course through the woods that morning, looking at the wild flowers and musing by the rippling brook! If I had taken the highroad, and walked along nimbly, I should have seen her before her departure, and caught one more glimpse of my heart's only treasure.

"Oh! I forgot," said the youngest sister, as though it was a matter of no importance, "Sarah said that if you asked what had become of her, I was to say that she left a "*good by*" for you, and hoped you would be a "*good boy!*"

Was that message a rebuke, a proof of love, or a playful act of friendship? I tormented myself a good deal with this important controversy, and found a host of arguments in favor of each proposition. But self-love triumphed at last, and I arrived at the conclusion that she left the message because she loved me! When this decision was come to, I lived in a bright little world of my own creation the rest of the day, and only sighed for an opportunity of seeing her, or of communicating my gratitude and devotedness. How was this to be accomplished? I asked Jabez to let me know when he wrote, and save me room for a *post-scriptum*. This was at once good fortune and good management, and a few days afterwards the postscript was written, and was worded as follows:

"I think when young ladies run away from their friends they should remember how deep is the sorrow they inflict on those who remain behind, and should console the absent by letters both long and frequent, for

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid."

"The cottage, the fields, the ferry, and all look very sadly, and none more so than your most respectful and sincere friend! * * *"

Jabez thought this "*excellent fun*," and joked about it at dinner. But his mother betrayed some uneasiness, and said, in a mild but expressive manner, that "Sarah never wrote to any one but to her parents or her sister, and that I must not expect a reply."

"Oh! no, no!" I stammered out, in broken and singular accents adding, "I thought [illegible] manner to the already risk her daughter, young though I was, I cherished that love

"Which boys feel and poets feign."

Of Sarah I said no more, neither that day nor during any future visit in my long holidays. Sometimes, indeed, I had a long conversation about the bright one with my friend Jabez, but always alone and in the woods, where none but trees and birds could be witnesses of our confabulations.

Week after week passed away. Sarah prolonged her visit to the Flaxam's, and my vacation was nearly over, when my father received an invitation for himself and family to pass a few days at an archery-meeting in the very village where my goddess was spending very happy and joyous hours. I prevailed on my father to accept the invitation. I counted the hours previous to our departure; I resolved on trying my archery powers in the presence of Sarah herself, and young as I was, I carried off the third prize! That was a moment of exualtation I shall never forget. Sarah admitted my dexterity, applauded my success, and "thought my newly gained bows and arrows very pretty!" Many a beautiful girl and charming maiden did the same, but Sarah's was "the" praise for me, and I left the village of archery with a beating heart, but high expectations. When I took leave she shook my hand cordially. I pressed hers with emotion. I know not that the sentiments were widely different; but at that moment I believed they were the same. Six months rolled away, my private education was finished, I returned to my father's house to prepare for college; and once more the beloved—the adored object on whom was concentrated all my hopes of happiness, was before me. I had lost none of my enthusiasm for *her*. She never had any for *me*.

"My sister will soon be married," said Jabez, one day when it was quite dusk, and we were about separating for the night.

"What! Sarah?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," he replied.

"To whom, then—to whom?"

"To Cousin George, who has returned from India with lots of money, and all that sort of thing. He seems very good tempered. He is in London preparing the house."

There was nothing at that hour before me but the blackness of despair. The world, I thought, had no longer flowers or fruit, smiles or hopes, landscapes or happiness; and the noiseless inhabitants of the graves in the, churchyard were the only subjects of my envy. Not long after, my father received an invitation for our family to the marriage-breakfast. I affected indisposition as an excuse for absence. Shall I say affected? No. I was next to dead with sorrow and disappointment; and my young heart then felt its first griefs. Alas! they were only its *first*; for new years brought other griefs with them, and I found what all have discovered who know and study life, that roses are less plenteous than thorns, and that weeds are more common than flowers. Sarah lived in peace and prosperity; and I afterwards learned by happy and long experience, that there is a love which is more permanent, real and satisfactory, chastened, sweet, and abiding, than "the *first* love of sixteen."

'I say, Sam,' said a plough boy the other day to his companion, 'I know a new fashion mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What's that?" Why, if you eat a red herring for breakfast, you'll be *dry* all day.

MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Penn'a:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Having, in my former messages, entered very fully into the financial condition and other general interests of the state, I deem it unnecessary to repeat the views then submitted to the Legislature, but simply to refer to them, and say that they remain in all respects substantially the same as heretofore expressed. I shall proceed at once to call your attention to those matters of public policy, which seem to require, in the greatest degree, the attention of the Legislature. In common with every state in the union, and with all parts of the commercial world, the citizens of Pennsylvania are now undergoing the severe ordeal of pecuniary embarrassment. Business of all kinds is crippled and paralized; private and public enterprize has been arrested; the timid alarmed, and even the boldest staggered at impending evils.—But it is some consolation for us to reflect, that these difficulties are the bitter fruits, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned, of the rash and impolitic legislation of a single year, and that none of the responsi-

For upwards of [illegible] improving her condition, and enjoying all the advantages that can arise from a substantial currency, and the entire confidence of all parts of the world. At an unfortunate period, the banking capital, which had been, during this flourishing season, about twenty millions of dollars, was increased to near sixty; and, as one of the most fatal consequences, many unwise and impolitic public improvements undertaken,—corporations created for purposes far beyond their means to accomplish,—individuals contracted responsibilities and entered into speculations, which they were totally unable to bring to a successful close; and finally to render the catastrophe more destructive, the explosion of this enormous bank bubble has crushed all these enterprizes, public and private, and left in every quarter of the state some monument of blasted hope and public folly. It will require a little more time to recover from the panic, and to estimate, with precision, the extent of the mischief. It will probably be found far less than has been generally supposed. The vigor and industry of the community, sustained as they are by our immense natural resources, will soon overcome this temporary repulse, and go on, as if it never had happened.—Some will be unfortunately ruined, but the great mass of the community will in the end be little affected. That portion of the community engaged in agricultural pursuits is comparitively free from debt and embarrassment, and possessed of all the benefits that arise from favorable seasons and plentiful harvests.

I can myself see no just ground for that despondency which seems to pervade, so generally, the minds of the people. The injury of our credit abroad, although productive of much temporary inconvenience, will ultimately be serviceable to the community. It will teach us to rely on ourselves, to turn our attention to the developement of our own resources, and to obtain that, by our own labor, which we have hitherto bought upon trust. Whatever may be the fears of that portion of our community, who are always predicting ruin, and bemoaning the effects of the causes which they do not understand, will soon prove, that the resources of Pennsylvania, her ability to meet her engagements, and the respect of her citizens for the plighted faith of the state, have not been in the slightest degree shaken, by any of the misfortunes under which we are now suffering. In nearly all instances, these fears will be found to have had their origin in the croakings of unprincipled demagogues, who are willing to undervalue her means, and the integrity of her citizens, if they can thereby promote their own selfish ends. If there be any of our citizens, who honestly believe, that Pennsylvania will prove unable to perform all her engagements, they will be found to be neither very deep reasoners, nor very accurately acquainted with the abundance and nature of her resources.—If there be any of her citizens, who think that she will prove faithless and unwilling to discharge her obligations, we may safely say, they know little of her true character, and meet with no encouragement, or favor, from any considerable portion of the community. To do what she agrees to do, and to pay what she promises to pay, are two of her distinguishing characteristics; and he who would seek to induce her to forfeit either of them, will find, that he gains neither the confidence, nor respect, of her citizens by the attempt. She may be temporarily obliged to postpone the discharge of her engagements until a more convenient season; but to deny the obligation itself, or to refuse to comply with it, would be a reproach upon her integrity, which no public man dare advise or sanction.

However great her public debt may seem to be, a tax of a few cents per ton upon her coal and iron, which are scattered in every hill and valley throughout her borders, will at some future day not only pay the interest of her public debt, but the principal also, probably within the lifetime of many of those, who are now upon the stage of public action. This tax would be paid in a great measure by the consumers of these products in other states, and would be scarcely felt by her own citizens. Cut off as this country now is, and must continue to be, from the European supply of coal and iron, on which it has hitherto chiefly depended, the day is not far distant, when Pennsylvania will supply more than three-fourths of the other states of this union with coal, and a majority of them with iron. This is a position from which no legislation and no human power can remove her. Her geographical position, and the favorable relative locations of her coal and iron deposits, put Pennsylvania beyond the reach of all rivalry from any quarter. She seems to have been destined, by nature, to be the great work-shop of the American Union; and, if her citizens and her legislature are true to themselves, and will avoid catering to the views and interests of other states, they will have no cause to regret the construction of her public improvements, which have contributed to the developement of these advantages. This is not the language of sanguine hope, or blind confidence, but of clear-sighted, practical experience, of the truth of which every unprejudiced man must be convinced, who will carefully investigate the facts relating to her condition.

At the close of the last war, the pecuniary embarrassment and distress pervading our country, were far greater than they are now. We had just emerged from a protracted, expensive, and harrassing war. The national debt was nearly one hundred and thirty millions of dollars; business of all kinds was broken up; confidence was entirely destroyed, all classes of the community were in debt; our banks broken and worthless; public feeling weakened and shaken to a degree infinitely beyond what is now known; and, worse than all this, rankling political animosities against the then administration of the general government had created, or raised up, a powerful, unscrupulous, and violent party, under the plausible name of the "*Peace Party*," which threw in the way of the administration every possible obstacle, in the triumphant prosecution of that war, or the correction of the evils which it inevitably entailed upon the country. But, notwithstanding all these formidable discouragements, the good sense, the enterprize and the patriotism of the people, seconded those then entrusted with the administration of the government, who performed their duty with Roman firmness and integrity. Taxes were recommended, levied, and paid, to sustain the credit and honor of the government,—confidence was restored; business resumed its accustomed channels, and one of the most flourishing seasons in the history of our country succeeded. The enormous debt was, in the process of time entirely extinguished. Those who recommended the necessary measures to the attainment of this great end have been rewarded with respect and gratitude.—The same honest and fearless discharge of duty, will be attended with the same results now. Our history has never yet recorded a single instance, in which a public man, who stood by the honor of his country in critical emergencies, was not fully sustained in his efforts by his fellow-citizens. He may be traduced and villified, but a manly and faithful discharge of duty outlives the efforts of his traducers. The proudest monument that a public man can desire to leave his children, is one inscribed—he knew his duty—he dared perform it—he never flinched from his post.

The whole amount of the present funded debt of the state, exclusive of the deposite of the surplus revenue, is $37,937,788 24. This debt is reimbursable as follows: