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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

The following lines we copy from the Catholic Expositor. They are from the pen of J. Augustus Shea, the friend and fellow countryman of Thomas Moore. They are taken from a Poem of some length, entitled "Clontarf," which, with others from the same author, will shortly be given to the public. It is an address from an old Irish soldier to his son just about to enter the army of Ireland against the Dane. Mr. Shea is connected with the Tribune Office, New York, and contributes largely to some of the first Periodicals of our country.

Strong pulse of my bosom,
Fair light of my brow,
I never have lov'd thee
More fondly than now;
Than now that I give thee
To foe and to field,
To conquer or perish,
But never to yield,
Take the sword of thy father;
A field's to be won.
Let it flash o'er that field
Like the beams from the sun.
If sink, let it be
With the pride of its dawn;
As bright with its heaven
As when it was drawn.
By the skill of a freeman
For freedom 'twas made.
In the hand of a freeman
'T will not be betray'd.
I have lov'd it; how dearly
You heaven can see,
Almost with the love spell
That binds me to thee.
That sword once was light
As a rush in my hand,
But now I can scarcely
Its motion command.
No matter! come hither!
Come hither, my boy!
There! take it! Oh God,
What fulfilment of joy,
Go forth in young glory;
Go, vanquish the Dane,
And swell the proud story
Our land must retain.
Go! leave not a footprint
Of foes on our sod,
For Glory and Erin,
For freedom and God.

Spring.

There's a charm in spring when ev'ry thing
Is bursting from the ground—
When pleasant show'rs bring forth the
And all is life around.
In Summer day the fragrant hay
Most sweetly scents the breeze,
And all is still save murmur'ing rill,
Or sound of humming bees.
Old Autumn comes, with trusty guns
In quest of birds we roam;
Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.
A Winter's night has its delight,
Well warmed to bed we go;
A Winter's day, we're blithe and gay,
Skiipe shooting in the snow.

A country life, without the strife
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need,—I take no heed
Of splendor or renown.
And when I die, oh, let me lie
Where trees above me wave;
Let wild plants bloom around my tomb,
My quiet country grave.

Bachelors.

As lone clouds in Autumn eves,
As a tree without its leaves,
As a shirt without its sleeves—
Such are Bachelors.
As creatures of another sphere,
As things that have no business here,
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,
Such are Bachelors.
When lo, as souls in fabled bowers,
As beings born for happier hours,
As butterflies on favored flowers,
Such are married men.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY SEATON.

MARY was pronounced by all a most charming being; for independent of her natural beauty, there was a charm in her manner that won the esteem and gained her an interest in the bosoms of all who had obtained her acquaintance. Her parents having been unfortunate in losing several of their children, it was no wonder they doated upon her with all a parent's enthusiastic fondness; their Mary was the only hope of their declining years—the only solace of their bereaved hearts, for they had now but one fair supporting pillar to a tottering existence. Mary knew this; she felt deeply for their sorrows, and strove by every art in her power to mitigate them, and she saw too by the occasional smiles and looks of heartfelt satisfaction on the face of her parents that she was successful—her sweet voice warbled gaily and cheerfully through the house, and infused a gentle tranquility into their bosoms—she taught the honey suckle to twine luxuriantly over the porch, and the ivy to climb and mantle the chamber windows with its rich foliage; and while the aged couple saw her light and beautiful form glide actively before them, and her hands busily engaged in adorning their quiet habitation, they would ask a blessing on her head, and pour out their gratitude to Heaven for this dear and precious gift. Our visit was paid on what was generally termed a joyful occasion—at the request of Mary, we, being particular friends, attended in the afternoon, for the evening was set apart, with the consent of her parents, for the wedding of Mary, and a large concourse of friends and acquaintance were expected to attend.

Charles Seaton was a gay and handsome looking youth, and extremely prepossessing in his manners, but many who knew him well, saw there was a dark spot upon his heart; a growing canker that would eventually bring destruction and ruin upon his prospects, and the peace of her who was to be his partner forever. He was addicted to that vice of the mind, intemperance; but it had been carefully concealed from the family of Mary, and although an anonymous letter had been received by her, disclosing the fact, and warning her against encouraging the addresses of a person of such principles, she discountenanced it as a malicious interference of some bitter enemy, and showed the letter to Mr. Seaton. The effects to any other than the pure and devoted heart of Mary would have been convincing proof, for his actions were the boisterous declarations and manners of a madman; he passionately declared it a wicked falsehood, and would not be pacified until Mary assured him she did not credit it, and that her faith in him remained unaltered.

The evening closed in bright and beautiful on which Mary was to become united, and the party assembled at an early hour, but amid the mirth and hilarity that prevailed around me, I alone felt an aching heart, a secret foreboding that all would not be well, stole upon me, and it was in vain that I attempted to discourage it as a foolish illusion—an idle phantasy. I could not succeed—my imagination was still haunted with a vague idea of some dreadful result, so that when I approached to congratulate Mary on her happiness, my heart became full almost to bursting, and I turned away in silence to conceal my tears.

I was absent after the above mentioned event for several years from Mary, and the enchanting little spot where she resided—but imagination was ever carrying me back to the same beautiful and fairy haunts; I could still fancy the snow-white cottage, the rural and secluded walks, the winding stream—the ivy honey-suckle, and little wicket gate of my friend's habitation, and the sprightly grace and innocent simplicity of Mary herself; and tho' a doubt of her welfare and happiness would sometimes cross my mind, I could not for an instant harbor the idea; it made my heart sick, for I felt then that if the pretty little picture of human life had faded, I cared not for any other—all romance was at an end, and existence had lost its greatest charm.

But a few years brought me back to this little spot. It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of June; the birds were chirping and bounding gaily among the leafy boughs, and the beauties of nature, like inspiration stole upon my senses and locked them to a sweet retrospect, a dreamy forgetfulness of every thing but Mary, as when I last saw her, and every little incident connected with her and her happy home, until I unconsciously found myself on the little winding footpath almost at the very threshold of the sweet cot. But my dream was at an end—Mary, I exclaimed mentally, has become neglectful—nature still exerts herself, but she is no longer aided by the delicate and pruning hand of art. The honeysuckle hangs from the porch, broken and withered,

and the ivy has died away upon the windows. I approached and knocked at the door, and a light step was quickly moving along the entry in answer to the summons. Was it Mary? the dear youthful friend I had parted from in real sorrow four years ago? This idea of meeting again was delightful, and I was prepared to clasp her in my arms, when the door opened, but the unwelcome face of a stranger intruded itself. I was disappointed. "Where is Mary Seaton?" I enquired with some anxiety. The elderly female I addressed informed me that she had come to administer the last comforts to Mary, who was then lying at the point of death. "Come in," said she, "if you are a friend, and see her for the last time; I fear the vital spark is almost extinct." Her words sunk like a blight into my heart, and I followed her trembling and in silence. Mary lay pale and emaciated on a wretched pallet in a corner of the room, apparently in the last stage of life. She turned her head languidly towards me, as I approached, and I in an agony of feelings called upon her name, and a faint smile of recognition passed across her features. She seemed glad of my presence, and requested I would stay with her until the messenger of Death came to summon her to a world of spirits. I accordingly remained with her the two succeeding days in which life flickered in the socket, as they were the last moments of poor Mary. She gave me, as the intervals of weakness would permit, the particulars of her sad story. Her husband, Charles Seaton, had become an habitual drunkard and a gambler; their little property was sacrificed, and he was then imprisoned for debt—She did not disguise from me that his treatment was the cause of her death, but she still spoke affectionately and forgivingly of him, and prayed the God of mercy would also pardon his transgressions. Her parents were both dead—sorrow and disease had combined to terminate lives whose only hope of happiness rested on the basis of a blessed immortality.

Such was the fate of the interesting and beautiful Mary Seaton, and the pernicious influence of vice when it is permitted to rear its serpent head in the bosom of families; the virtuous and innocent too often feel the greater portion of its venom; and the sorrow stricken heart of woman, when she has drained the last cup of bitterness to its dregs, can find nothing in life to atone for the pangs of blighted affection and ruined prospects; she can look to but one source for the balm of consolation, to but one hope for a soothing ray, and that source is the quiet of the grave—that only hope the calm bright peace of Heaven.

FATHERLY ADVICE.—"Where have you been all day?" said Richard Brinsley Sheridan to his son Tom.

"You could not guess, though you should guess a week," replied his dutiful offspring.

"Perhaps you have been to pay for that pair of boots. That is the most likely improbability."

"No father, I have not; but I don't think you'll ever guess; so I'll tell you to save trouble. I've been at the bottom of a coal pit."

"What carried you there?"

"O, no particular motive; I only went into the pit to be able to say I had been in one."

"Could't you say that without going there, you fool?"

GUESSING AT HARD WORDS.—A missionary in 1822 stepped ashore from a Hat-boat on the Mississippi with some tracts, to speak to an old woman who was knitting under a low tree by a shanty.—It was the height of the Cholera panic.

"My good woman," said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"

"No, sir, we haven't," replied the old crone, "but they've got it awfully down to New Orleans?"

"Don't you think my eyes look quite killing this morning?" said a country dandy to a smart girl, and he twisted his leaden visionaries in the most cruel and fascinating manner. "They remind me," replied the damsel, "of a codfish dying of the toothache."

A sailor having attempted to kiss a lass he met with on shore, she bridled up and declared he had insulted her; whereupon Jack exclaimed, "Well that beats all! I've been to sea these twenty years, and never knew a salute called an insult afore!"

"What's the next thing to oysters, Zeb?" says an urchin to the Louisville Penant's roller boy. "Why the shells, you fool," retorted Zeb. The Penant is safe.

"My love, you must take the responsibility," as the man said to his wife when the child began to cry.

Dr. Benjamin Rush's Defence of the Bible as a School Book.

Letter from Dr. B. Rush, written at Philadelphia, 10th March 1791, to Rev. Jeremy Belknap, of Boston.

DEAR SIR,
It is now several months, since I proposed to give you my reasons for preferring the Bible as a school book, to all other compositions. I shall not trouble you with an apology for my delaying so long to comply with my promise, but shall proceed immediately to the subject of my letter.

Before I state my arguments in favor of teaching children to read by means of the Bible, I shall assume the five following propositions.

I. That christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and that in proportion as mankind adopt its principles, and obey its precepts, they will be wise, and happy.

II. That a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible, than in any other way.

III. That the Bible contains more knowledge necessary to man in his present state, than any other book in the world.

IV. That knowledge is most durable, and religious instruction most useful, when imparted in early life.

V. That the Bible when not read in schools, is seldom read in any subsequent period of life.

My arguments in favor of the use of the Bible as a school book are founded, I. In the constitution of the human mind.

1. The memory is the first faculty which opens in the minds of children. Of how much consequence, then, must it be, to impress it with the great truths of christianity, before it is pre-occupied with less interesting subjects! As all the liquors, which are poured into a cup, generally taste of that which first filled it, so all the knowledge, which is added to that which is treasured up in the memory from the Bible, generally receives an agreeable and useful tincture from it.

2. There is a peculiar aptitude in the minds of children for religious knowledge. I have constantly found them in the first six or seven years of their lives, more inquisitive upon religious subjects, than upon any others; and an ingenious instructor of youth has informed me, that he has found young children more capable of receiving just ideas upon the most difficult tenets of religion, than upon the most simple branches of human knowledge. It would be strange if it were otherwise; for God creates all his means to suit all his ends. There must of course be a fitness between the human mind, and the truths which are essential to his happiness.

3. The influence of prejudice is derived from the impressions, which are made upon the mind in early life; prejudices are of two kinds, true and false. In a world where false prejudices do so much mischief, it would discover great weakness not to oppose them, by such as are true. I grant that many men have rejected the prejudices derived from the Bible; but I believe no man ever did so, without having been made wiser or better, by the early operation of these prejudices upon his mind. Every just principle that is to be found in the writings of Voltaire, is borrowed from the Bible; and the morality of the Deists, which has been so much admired and praised, is, I believe, in most cases, the effect of habits, produced by early instruction in the principles of christianity.

4. We are subject, by a general law in our natures, to what is called habit. Now if the study of the scriptures be necessary to our happiness at any time of our lives, the sooner we begin to read them, the more we shall be attached to them; for it is peculiar to all the acts of habit, to become easy, strong and agreeable by repetition.

5. It is a law in our natures, that we remember longest the knowledge we acquire by the greatest number of our senses. Now a knowledge of the contents of the Bible, is acquired in school by the aid of the eyes and the ears; for children after getting their lessons, always say them to their masters in an audible voice; of course there is a presumption, that this knowledge will be retained much longer than if it had been acquired in any other way.

6. The interesting events and characters, recorded and described in the Old and New Testaments, are accommodated above all others to seize upon all the faculties of the minds of children. The understanding, the memory, the imagination, the passions, and the moral powers, are all occasionally addressed by the virtuous incidents which are contained in those divine books, inasmuch that not to be delighted with them, is to be devoid of every principle of pleasure that exists in a sound mind.

7. There is a native love of truth in the human mind. Lord Shaftesbury says, that "truth is so congenial to our minds, that we love even the shadow of it;" and Horace, in his rules for composing an epic poem, establishes the same law in our natures, by advising the "fictions in poetry to resemble truth." Now the Bible contains more truths than any other book in the world; so true is the testimony that it bears of God in his works of creation, providence, and redemption, that it is called truth itself, by way of preeminence above things that are only simply true. How forcibly are we struck with the evidences of truth, in the history of the Jews, above what we discover in the history of other nations? Where do we find a hero, or an historian record his own faults or vices except in the Old Testament? Indeed, my friend, from some accounts which I have read of the American revolution, I begin to grow sceptical to all history except to that which is contained in the Bible. Now if this book be known to contain nothing but what is materially true, the mind will naturally acquire a love for it from this circumstance: and from this affection for the truths of the Bible, it will acquire a discernment of truth in other books, and a preference of it in all the transactions of life.

8. There is a wonderful property in the memory, which enables it in old age, to recover the knowledge it had acquired in early life, after it had been apparently forgotten for forty or fifty years. Of how much consequence, then, must it be, to fill the mind with that species of knowledge, in childhood and youth, which, when recalled in the decline of life, will support the soul under the infirmities of age, and smooth the avenues of approaching death! The Bible is the only book which is capable of affording this support to old age; and it is for this reason that we find it resorted to with so much diligence and pleasure by such old people as have read it in early life. I can recollect many instances of this kind in persons who discovered no attachment to the Bible, in the meridian of their lives, who have, notwithstanding, spent the evening of them, in reading no other book. The late Sir John Pringle, Physician to the Queen of Great Britain, after passing a long life in camps and at court, closed it by studying the scriptures. So anxious was he to increase his knowledge in them, that he wrote to Dr. Michaelis, a learned professor of divinity in Germany, for an explanation of a difficult text of scripture, a short time before his death.

9. My second argument in favor of the use of the Bible in schools, is founded upon an implied command of God, and upon the practice of several of the wisest nations of the world. In the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, we find the following words, which are directly to my purpose: "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

It appears, moreover, from the history of the Jews, that they flourished as a nation in proportion as they honored and read the books of Moses, which contained, a written revelation of the will of God, to the children of men. The law was not only neglected, but lost during the general profanation of manners which accompanied the long and wicked reign of Manassah. But the discovery of it in the rubbish of the temple, by Josiah, and its subsequent general use, were followed by a return of national virtue and prosperity. We read further, of the wonderful effects which the reading of the law by Ezra, after his return from his captivity in Babylon, had upon the Jews. They hung upon his lips with tears, and showed the sincerity of their repentance, by their general reformation.

The learning of the Jews for many years consisted in nothing but a knowledge of the scriptures. These were the text books of all the instruction that was given in the schools of their prophets. It was by means of this general knowledge of their law, that those Jews that wandered from Judea into our countries, carried with them and propagated certain ideas of the true God among all the civilized nations upon the face of the earth. And it was from the attachment they retained to the Old Testament, that they procured a translation of it into the Greek language, after they lost the Hebrew tongue, by their long absence from their native country.—The utility of this translation, commonly called the septuagint, in facilitating the progress of the gospel, is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of the first age of the christian church.

But the benefits of an early and general acquaintance with the Bible, were not confined only to the Jewish nations.—They have appeared in many countries in Europe, since the reformation. The industry, and the habits of order, which distinguish many of the German nations, are

derived from their early instruction in the principles of christianity, by means of the Bible. The moral and enlightened character of the inhabitants of Scotland, and of the New England States, appears to be derived from the same cause. If we descend from nations to sects, we shall find them wise and prosperous in proportion as they become early acquainted with the scriptures. The Bible is still used as a school book among the quakers. The morality of this sect of christians is universally acknowledged. Nor is this all—their prudence in the management of their private affairs, is as much a mark of their society, as their sober manners.

I wish to be excused for repeating here, that if the Bible did not convey a single direction for the attainment of future happiness, it should be read in our schools in preference to all other books, from its containing the greatest portion of that kind of knowledge which is calculated to produce private and public temporal happiness. We err not only in human affairs, but in religion likewise, only because "we do not know the scriptures." The opposite systems of the numerous sects of christians arise chiefly from their being more instructed in catechisms, creeds, and confessions of faith, than in the scriptures.—Immense truths, I believe, are concealed in them. The time, I have no doubt, will come, when posterity will view and pity our ignorance of these truths, as much as we do the ignorance of the disciples of our Saviour, who knew nothing of the meaning of these plain passages in the Old Testament which were daily fulfilling before their eyes. Whenever that time shall arrive, those truths which have escaped our notice, or, if discovered, have been thought to be opposed to each other, or to be inconsistent with themselves, will then like the stones of Solomon's temple, be found so exactly to accord with each other, that they shall be cemented without need of force, into one solid and glorious system of religion.

But further we err, not only in religion but in philosophy likewise, because we "do not know or believe the scriptures." The sciences have been compared to a circle of which religion composes a part. To understand any one of them perfectly it is necessary to have some knowledge of the scriptures in the inquiries to which their universal geniuses disposed them, and their philosophy was aided by their knowledge in them. A striking agreement has been lately discovered between the history of certain events recorded in the Bible and some of the operations and productions of nature, particularly those which are related in Whithurst's observations on the deluge—in Smith's account of the origin of the variety of colour in the human species, and in Bruce's travels. It remains yet to be shown how many other events, related in the Bible, accord with some late important discoveries in the principles of medicine. The events, and the principles alluded to, mutually establish the truth of each other. From the discoveries of the christian philosophers, whose names have been last mentioned, I have been led to question whether most harm has been done to revelation, by those divines who have unduly multiplied the objects of faith, or by those deists who have unduly multiplied the objects of reason, in explaining the scriptures.

I shall now proceed to answer some of the objections which have been made to the use of the Bible as a school book. I. We are told, that the familiar use of the Bible in our schools has a tendency to lessen a due reverence for it. This objection, by proving too much, proves nothing at all. If familiarity lessens respect for divine things, then all those precepts of our religion, which enjoin the daily or weekly worship of the Deity, are improper. The Bible was not intended to represent a Jewish ark; and it is an antichristian idea, to suppose that it can be profaned by being carried into a school house, or by being handled by children.—But where will the Bible be read by young people with more reverence than in a school? Not in most private families; for I believe there are few parents, who preserve so much order in their houses, as is kept up in our common English schools. II. We are told, that there are many passages in the Old Testament, that are improper to be read by children, and that the greatest part of it is no way interesting to mankind under the present dispensation of the gospel. There are, I grant, several chapters, and many verses in the Old Testament, which in their present unfortunate translation, should be passed over by children. But I deny that any of the books of the Old Testament are not interesting to mankind, under the gospel dispensation. Most of the characters, events, and ceremonies, mentioned in them, are personal, providential, or instituted types of the Messiah: All of which have been or remain yet to be, fulfilled by him. It is from an ignorance or neglect of these types, that we have so many