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POETRY.

From the Guest.

STANZAS:

BY MRS. SUSAN JEWETT. Weep not for what is past, With vain and fruitless tears, But hushand well thy strength To serve thy coming years. In noble deeds, not alle grief, Let thy sad spirit find relief.

Weep not for what is past, Though every passing day Though every passing day Some pathway should disclose Where thou hast gone astray.— Tears will but dim thy feeble sight, They set no wandering footsteps right

Weep not for what is past. Though in that dark domain. The forms that leved'st are boun By adamantine chain. he lost to earth—to life are born, ejoice to hail their natal morn.

What doth the grave enfold, That there thy thoughts should turn ? Colder the clay beneath Than monumental urn. Be strong—thy soul should never be Thus fettered to mortality.

The past—that narrow span-What should it be to thee ? The longest earthly life The longest earthly life Is but man's infancy. The spirit should all chains despise, The future hath no boundaries.

Then weep not for the past, Not tears of blood can bring te wasted moment back, stay time's onward wing. not thy soul's best life away— n anew to live TO DAY !

From the Baltimore Pa I Could not say Farewell

BY S. B. BROWN.

O, who can say, Farewell! When the heart is on the tonguo? 'Tis sadder than the funeral knell, O'er joys departed rung.

I left thee—in thy bloom, With what anguish who can tell, I tore my heart away from thine, But could not say—farewell!

I marked the smile upon thy lip, I folt its magic spell— I knew it only mask'd thy grief, And could not say—farewell!

I saw the tear-drop in thine eye, And kissed it ere it fell— I pressed thy velvet hand in mine, But could not say—FAREWELL!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GENUINE COMPLIMENT .--- It is said that of extraordinary beauty once confessed that only real compliment she ever received was from a coal heaver, who asked permission to light his pipe in her eyes. We have met with another compliment paid by a sailor, who was directed by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor having performed his errand, stood ga-zing in silent admiration upon the countenance of the lady, for she was "beaultift, exceedingly."— " Well my honest man," she said, " for what do you wait? there is no answer expected." "Lady," and the sailor, " I would like to know your name." " And why?" she replied, " why should you seek to know my name?" "Because," said he, " be-cause I would call upon it in a storm and save some shap from sinking."—N. Y. Evening Mar-ror. from a coal heaver, who asked permission to light his pipe in her eyes. We have met with another

ror. Standar. No decent man can get along without it alander. No decent man can get along without it mather in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed— "What's the matter there? the devil seems to have got among you." A plan country looking man immediately start-do to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, "No sir, it arn't the devil as is doing it; it's an milkaop or a fool. No-mo-mark and and mare by a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct) it is the only way to prove you are enti-thed to a good one. "No sir, it arn't the devil as is doing it; it's an "No sir, it arn't the devil as is doing it; it's an in the direction of the set on the set of the operation. The set of the operation.

From Capt. Fremont's " Expedition to the Rocky Mountains."

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Excessive Politeness.

Excessive Politeness. Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occa-sion a few days before his death, he was preaching to one of his most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his dis-course, he observed a commotion in the galley,---For some time he took no notice of it, but findingsembled to hear him. In the middle of his dus-uurse, he observed a commotion in the galley, ---or some time he took no notice of it, but finding increasing, he paused in his sermon, and, looking the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he cclaimed---

 From Capt. Fremon's " Expedition to the Rocky Mountains."
Giving the Doct. the Bag to Hold. The Portage County (Ohio) Sentinel tells a queer story of an adventure which lately took place differences and post of two Mexicans : a tel Civeland, in the Medical College, and by which extina spring near the Spanish Trail, we were surprised by the sudden appearance among us of two Mexicans : a tel Civeland, in the Medical College, and by which extination the Maximum and a boy—the name of the man was Andress.
Fuentas, and that of the boy (a handsome lad 11 years old) Pablo Hermandez. With a cavaleaded about 30 horses, they had come out from Peubla do to should be obdy were in evening session, a man sound so the shuft of their in animals, stolen by Indians, and now sought my camp for aid. Carson and Godey, two of my men, while the Mexican i, The next morning however, during alecture strange and, well mounted, the 3 set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentas returned, his horse having failer de, but Carson and Godey had continued the pursue them, with the Mexican is the carbin failer.
Mey Handing, and now sought my camp from the Maxima in and, well mounted, the 3 set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentas returned, his horse having failer and, well mounted, the 3 set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentas returned, his horse having failer.
Mey Handing, and Godey thad continued the pursue them, with the Mexican is a sufficiant. The next morning however, during alecture strange suife carting the phase off on the trail. In the evening Fuentas returned, his horse having failer.
Mey Handing Fuentas returned, his horse having failer in the room, and Godey had continued the pursue them, which we thought of ghosts and hologoblins, of butchered subjects and superantural appearances. Some of the trails and superantural appearances. Some of the trails and the phase of the data store of the trails and superational supring the phase fore the trains of Giving the Doct. the Bag to Hold.

[From the Boston Courier.]

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PROGRESS OF THE REPUB-LIC. The following passage from Mr. Crittenden's speech on the Oregon question in the Senate are as full of maning as they are clonent in expression:

whole No. 580.

The bollowing passige to the Senate are as full of meaning as they are eloquent in expression: It is a little more than two centuries since a fee-ble band, very few and very feeble, landed on the bleak shores of an unknown land. And what do we now behold? They have spread their empire across this broad continent, from sa to sea; they have overcome the wilderness and filled it with cities: from a few hundreds of people they have already multiplied to twenty millions, and the child is born who will see that number swelled to one hundred millions. And all this done by the mere hundred millions. And all this done by the mere and spreads, the other holds out her supplies, and opens her rich resources. This is your inheritancet and spreads, the other holds out her supplies, and opens her the resources. This is your inheritance! or other ho declined to execute it. This money has How proud ought it to make us feel! Why so impatient to get to-day, what, by the mere force of circumstances, by a destiny that cannot be control: led, will be yours to morrow ? Cannot we afford