

# Huntingdon Journal



BY JAS. CLARK.

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**From the Quaker City.**  
**The Departed.**  
BY HANNAH MAPLE.  
Oh! wrong not the departed,  
But let their memories be  
As pleasant as the tuncful songs,  
Of wild birds from the tree;  
And let their kind words visit us,  
As do our nightly dreams,  
Fraught with all holiest images,  
Like sunlight on the streams.  
And well do kindly words besem  
Each treasured one that's gone,  
An echo from the trusting heart  
From which no dream has flown;  
A sweet strain caught from mem'ry's lyre,  
That tells of other years,  
And pours its sweetest melody  
Upon the mourner's tears.  
For what has envy's voice to do  
With those who quiet sleep,  
Under the shade of Summer flowers,  
Beneath the church-yard deep?  
And what but hopes and tears have we  
To lay, as offerings,  
Upon the shrine of buried joys  
To which our memory clings.  
All have some in the spirit land,  
The loved and lost of earth,  
Who passed away as fresh and pure  
As Spring flowers at their birth;  
Some one within whose priceless love  
Our richest trust was urned,  
A kindred spirit mid the waste,  
For which the lone heart yearned.  
May not all cherish in the heart  
Unseen to outward gaze,  
The memory of some vanished one  
The idol of his days?  
And grief that has been hidden long  
Like water in the rock,  
May flow in streams of agony  
Beneath the slightest shock.

[From the London World of Fashion for Jan.]

## LOVE IN TEARS; Or the Morn of the Wedding Day.

"Star of my soul! than power and fame more dear,  
And must thou rest in gloom and silence here;  
No more by thy sweet tones and looks beguiled,  
Must I forever say farewell!"—*[Mittell.]*  
The sunlight of a bright summer morning streamed through the painted windows of Sir Charles Harrington's dressing room, mellowed by the rich tints of the glass, and also by costly gossamer curtains descending from the ceiling, and upheld by crystal bands—Sir Charles in an elegant Turkish robe, had thrown himself into a fauteuil, to devour the contents of a billet upon which his eyes had fallen, and to which his attendants had failed to direct his attention on his arrival in town on the previous night. It had been written a week before, and was from the pen of his beloved. A weeks neglect in love is, to the sufferer, an age; minutes are days and hours years! And this particular letter was written in the kindest terms!  
"If what I feel I could express in words!" exclaimed the lover, "I should speak joy enough to banish sadness from the world forever! O, Lydia! Lydia! such worth as thine must obtain pardon for the faults of all the fickle sex. If our first parent had been but like thee, we should all have lived and died in innocency; the bright original creation!"  
Whilst the lover was indulging in these raptures, a cab drew up at his door and Lionel Mildmay, of the Guards, jumping out, was in a few minutes introduced to his friend Sir Charles.  
"My hearts best friend!" exclaimed the latter; "there's not a friend I so much wished to see. I have such a letter here!"  
"What is it? Let me see it," said Lionel.  
"You must excuse me," returned Sir Charles. "You will not wrong my friendship, and your manners to tempt me to show it to you."  
"Not for the world, my friend," replied the other; and he forthwith turned the conversation to the current topics of the day; when all the gossip of the gay world had occurred since Sir Charles had left town, was repeated for his amusement. In this way nearly an hour was passed, and Mildmay then rose to depart.  
"You must not go yet," exclaimed Sir Charles.  
"I must," said Lionel; "for I'm invited to a wedding; and brides don't wait."  
"Going to a wedding!" said the lover. "Then you're in a fit state of mind to become my confident. Read that, and envy my felicity! But let me tell you first, the lovely creature whose thoughts are there expressed, I first met in a country ramble on her father's estate. To look on her, the passing traveller and the feeding flocks stood still; the singing birds were in contention which should light nearest her, for her bright eyes deceived even men, they were so like the beautiful firmament. I looked on her and loved. Now read and envy me."  
Lionel Mildmay took the letter from the enthusiast, who continued his raptodies whilst Lionel read; and the expressions of the latter, as he proceeded,

were in accordance with his friends' expectations; but when he came to the end, and read the name Lydia Walsingham, he stared at Sir Charles with mute astonishment.  
"Lydia Walsingham!" he cried. "What Walsingham? not Lord Malton's daughter?"  
"The very identical and adorable Lydia!" exclaimed the enraptured lover. "She is the food, the sleep, the air I live by."  
"O," continued Mildmay, "what riddle or what madness is this! Why, Lydia Walsingham is to be married this morning to the Earl of Haversham; and that is the wedding I am going to."  
"No, no," replied Sir Charles, "that cannot be."  
"Nothing is more true, I assure you," said his friend.  
Great was Sir Charles' amazement when Lionel persisted in the correctness of his intelligence; but the truth was placed beyond dispute by the arrival of a letter from Miss Walsingham herself. Quickly breaking the seal, he read to the following effect:  
*Sir Charles—*  
You have sported with a heart when you knew it was your own; and I have recalled the gift. You also knew you had a rival, whose merits were by no means contemptible; yet you cared so little for the prize you had won, as to pay attentions to a lady in the North, to which no doubt is to be attributed your neglect of my last letter. You will please to return that letter, as this day I give my hand to the Earl of Haversham.  
L. W.  
"Lady in the North!" cried Sir Charles. "I've been attentive to no lady in the North! 'Tis but an excuse—a fabrication to gloss over her perfidy! I'll to the church myself, and forbid her marriage. False, heartless, fickle girl! My rival shall not triumph!"  
"My dear Sir Charles," said Mildmay, "be cool I entreat you. Think of what you would do, and the disgrace it must necessarily occasion."  
"I think of nothing but my love and my despair!" cried Sir Charles, and hastily concluding his toilet, he took his friend's arm, and leaping into the cab, drove rapidly towards St. George's Church.  
In answer to his inquiries, he ascertained that no such marriage had been appointed to take place there; and as Lionel Mildmay confessed he had not thought of asking what particular church had been selected for the nuptials, (concluding as a matter of course that it was St. George's) the despairing lover resolved upon proceeding at once to Lord Malton's house. There he observed indications of the important event about to take place, that removed all doubts of the correctness of his information.  
"O, the words, the gentle words—so sweet, so many that she has uttered to me!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "as if she had been covetous not to leave one word for other lovers. O memory! thou blessing to all men! thou art my curse and cause of misery!—Thou tellest me what I have been in her eyes, and what I am! Happy's that wretch who never owned scarce jewels or great wealth; but speechless is his plague that once was rich, and from superfluous state falls to be poor!"  
Sir Charles, who was well acquainted with the chief apartments in Lord Malton's mansion, straight way proceeded to Miss Walsingham's boudoir; and there the intended bride sat alone, attired for the marriage ceremony! Her beautifully rounded arm reclined on a marble table, and her hand was pressed upon her forehead, as if to still its throbs. Sir Charles Harrington paused on the threshold, and at that moment one of the bridesmaids in the drawing room touched the keys of the piano.—The melody was familiar to the bride, and it seemed to strike a chord in her breast, the issue of which was tears; large drops coursed each other down her pale cheeks, as the song, mellowed by distance into something like seraphic harmony, proceeded:—  
"I say not regret me—you will not regret; You will try to forget me—you cannot forget? We shall hear of each other—ah! misery to hear."  
Those words from another which once were so dear!  
But deep words shall sting thee that breathe of the past,  
And many things bring thee thoughts fated to last."  
The white arms of the bride fell upon the marble table, rivaling its whiteness; and the beautiful face of Lydia Walsingham was buried in them; the thick curls of her long dark hair helping to obscure her countenance. The utter woe of the bride was observed by Sir Charles with amazement. Suddenly she started up, exclaiming—  
"I cannot bear that song to-day!"  
In a moment her eyes fell upon Sir

Charles Harrington, and assuming a look and air of dignity, she inquired to what circumstance she had to ascribe his presence there?  
"Canst thou," he replied, "enter a church a bride—a willing bride—after meeting these eyes of mine?"  
Lydia was unable to reply; and the words of the bridesmaid's song, as it continued, alone were audible:  
"The fond hopes that centered in thee are all fled,  
The iron hath entered the soul where they fed;  
Of the chain that once bound me, the memory is mine,  
But my words are around thee, their power is on thine!"  
"Can there," continued Sir Charles, "be a soul in such a shape! Can such beauty be without a heart? Alas! my love is subject to such misery, such strange contradictions and misfortune, that men will laugh at me when I relate the story of it, and deem me false—"  
"Yes, false!" exclaimed the bride, with her eyes averted to the ground.  
"Thy perfidy hath lost thee more than thou canst gain by this unhappy resolution."  
"What hast thou not lost by perfidy!" murmured the bride, unconsciously tearing the orange blossoms that she had taken from the table.  
"Couldst thou believe that false report of me?" said the lover rebukingly, but in a tone mingled with pity.  
"The Earl declared he had proof of it."  
"The Earl!" cried Sir Charles; "the Earl of Haversham!" and then retiring suddenly, he paused to say: Whilst such is your belief, Miss Walsingham, my presence here, I allow must be an offence; but I will be careful not to repeat it, unless I can bring unquestionable evidence of my fidelity, and place my honor and my love above suspicion."  
The tone in which Sir Charles spoke although he endeavored to conceal his intentions, alarmed the young bride, who eagerly called upon him to return; but he heard her not; his brain was on fire, his thoughts were all engrossed by one important object, the accomplishment of which admitted of no delay.  
Presently a murmur of confused voices was heard, and the bridesmaids came about Lydia in affright. Sir Charles Harrington had suddenly entered into the drawing room, and imperiously demanded an interview with the Earl alone. Lord Milton had interposed, and an angry controversy ensued.—Lydia, in an agony of doubt and apprehension, entreated some of her friends to proceed to her father, and implore him to prevent a hostile meeting at any sacrifice; but the bridesmaids returned with intelligence that the door was fastened, and nothing was heard but the angry voice of Sir Charles, demanding immediate reparation for some injury he had sustained.  
"No, no, no!" shrieked the bride; "there has been misery enough already; and darting towards the staircase, she hastily descended; when, beating her jeweled hands upon the drawing room door, she called loudly for her father.  
The door was that instant opened, and Lady Walsingham fell fainting in Lord Malton's arms.  
It was some time before she was restored to consciousness, and then, hurriedly directing her eyes round the room, and seeing only her father and sister there, she cried:  
"Where is he, father; tell me, I implore!"  
"The Earl of Haversham!"  
"No, no! Sir Charles!"  
"Here at your feet," cried the lover, who, bounding into the room, and throwing himself on his knee before Lydia, pressed her white hand to his lips.—"Fear nothing," he said, "the cloud is past. The Earl of Haversham has acknowledged before your father, that he fabricated those statements which impugned my honor, and have caused this misery."  
"And he?"  
"He is gone, Lydia, disgraced; never to appear in this presence again."  
Lydia gave a shriek of joy; and her father, silently taking her hand, placed it in that of Sir Charles!  
"Tis past twelve o'clock," exclaimed Lord Malton, "and the Bishop will think there is to be no marriage to-day. You have no objection Sir Charles?"  
Sir Charles Harrington was delighted at the idea of his becoming the substitute for his rival, at the altar, and Lydia quickly consented to the new arrangement, now that her impression of Sir Charles' infidelity was removed. The wedding-bells rang merrily; and Malton House became a scene of perfect joy, for two worthy hearts were united.

"Were you ever cross-questioned?"  
"Yes, when questioned by my wife after spending the evening abroad—cross enough in all conscience."  
[From Breckenridge's Recollections of the West.]  
**First Court in a New County.**  
The first Court in Butler, (Pa.), drew the whole population to town, some on account of business, some to make business, but the greater part from idle curiosity. They were at that time chiefly Irish, who had all the characteristics of the nation. A log cabin just raised and covered, but without a window sash or door, or daubing, was prepared for the hall of justice, a carpenter's bench, with three chairs upon it was the judgement seat. The bar of Pittsburgh attended, and presiding Judge, a stiff, formal, pedantic old bachelor, took his seat, supported by two associate judges who were common farmers, one of whom was blind of an eye. The hall was barely sufficient to contain the bench, bar, jurors and constable. But few of the spectators could be accommodated on the lower floor, the only one yet laid; many therefore clambered up the walls, and placing their hands and feet in the open interstices between the logs, hung there suspended like enormous Madagascar bats. Some had taken possession of the joists; and big John McJunkin (who, until now, had ruled at all public gatherings,) had placed a foot on one joist, and a foot on another directly over the heads of their honors, standing like the Colossus of Rhodes. The Judge's sense of propriety was shocked at this exhibition. The Sheriff, John McCandless, was called, and ordered to clear the walls and joists. He went to work with his assistants, and soon pulled down by the legs those who were in no very great haste to obey. McJunkin was the last, and began to growl, as he prepared to descend. "What do you say sir?" said the Judge. "I say, I pay my taxes, and has as good a right here as any man." "Sheriff, sheriff," said the Judge, "bring him before the Court."—McJunkin's ire was now up, and he reached the floor, began to strike his breast, exclaiming, "my name is John McJunkin, d'ye see—here's the breast that never flinched, if so be it was in good cause. I'll stan on my hand in Butler county, if so be he'll clear me o' the la." "Bring him before the Court" said the Judge.  
He was accordingly pinioned, and if not gagged, at least forced to be silent, while his case was under consideration. Some of the lawyers, volunteered as *amica curiae*, some ventured a word of apology for McJunkin. The Judge pronounced the sentence of imprisonment for two hours in the jail of the county, and ordered the Sheriff to take him into custody. The Sheriff with much simplicity observed, "May it please the court, there is no jail at all to put him in." Here the judge took a learned distinction, upon which he explained at some length for the benefit of the bar. He said "there were two kinds of custody, first, safe custody, second close custody. The first is where the body must be forthcoming to answer a demand or accusation, and in that case the body may be delivered for the time being out of the hands of the law on bail or recognizance; but when the imprisonment a part of the satisfaction or punishment there can be no bail or mainprize."  
"This is the reason of the common law in relation to escapes under *capias ad sufficiendum*, and also why a *ca. sa.* cannot issue after the defendant has been once committed and discharged by the plaintiff. In like manner a man cannot be imprisoned twice for the same offence, even if he be released before the expiration of the term of imprisonment. This is clearly a case of close custody and the prisoner must be confined, body and limb, without bail or mainprize, in some place of incarceration." By the sheriff, who seemed to hit on a lucky thought, "May it please the court. I'm just thinkin that may be I can take him till Bowen's pig pen; the pigs are kilt for the court, and its empty." "You heard the opinion of the court," said the judge, "proceed sir, do your duty." The sheriff accordingly retired with his prisoner, and drew after him three-fourths of the spectators and suitors, while the judge, thus relieved, proceeded to organize the court. But this was not the termination of the affair. Peace and order had scarcely been restored, when the sheriff came rushing to the house with a crowd at his heels, crying out "Mr. Judge, Mr. Judge—Mr. McJunkin's got a'd d'ye mind." "What! escaped, sheriff! Summon the posse comitatus!" "The pause, the pause—why now I'll jist tell ye how it happened. He was going along quietly enough until we got till the hazel patch, and all at once he pitched off into the bushes, an' I after him, but a lumb of tree caught my fut, and I pitched three rods off, but I fell for it, an' that's good luck ye minte." The judge could not restrain his gravity,

the bar raised a laugh, and there the matter ended, after which the business proceeded quietly enough.  
**THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.**  
BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.  
How unstable is human opinion! In childhood we look forward to the years of maturity for the consummation of our dream of happiness: and when that period has arrived, we call up the recollections of youth, and they bloom again as spots of green in the desert.  
I passed my boyhood in a village far remote from our populous cities, and the occurrences of those thoughtless days made so deep an impression, that at this distant period they retain their freshness, and doubtless will do so even to the close of life. The joys of youth take deep root in the mind and bloom for years, whether it be winter or spring with us; but the pleasure of after life are but as flowers of a season, that blossom for a day and fade, and fresh seed must be scattered before others appear.  
I revisited the village not long since, after an absence of many years. It had undergone numerous changes, and as I walked along the streets, many new faces presented themselves, and but few of the old ones were to be seen. In fact, time had rendered me a stranger in a strange place, though I had imagined that all would be as familiar to me as my own fireside, and that my welcome would have been as cordial.  
With feelings of disappointment, I extended my walk to the commons beyond the skirts of the village, where the school house stood. That had undergone no change; it was still the same, but it struck me that time had materially diminished it in magnitude. It is remarkable how our optics deceive us at different stages of life. I looked around with delight, for every thing was familiar to me; but the picture was now in miniature. Objects that I had considered remote were near at hand, and mountains had dwindled away to comparative mole-hills.  
While enjoying the recollections that the scene awakened, the door of the school house opened, and a man approached. He would have been known among a thousand, by his step and air, for a country school master. After an awkward bow he said,  
"A pleasant evening, sir. A charming landscape, and you appear to enjoy it."  
"Yes; it is delightful to look upon familiar faces after a long separation."  
He gazed at me earnestly, and muttered, "Faces! I have surely seen that face before!"  
"Very possible, but not within twenty years."  
"At that period I was a pupil in this school," said he, "and if I mistake not, you were also." I answered in the affirmative. He grasped me immediately by the hand, and shaking it cordially, called me by my name. "But," continued he "you appear not to remember me!"  
"True; the human countenance is a tablet upon which time is constantly scribbling new characters and obliterating the old, and his hand has been busily employed upon your front!"  
"Yes, another story has been written there since the time we used to lie in wait by a salt lick, at midnight, for the coming deer, or glide over the surface of the river, with a fire in the stern end of the canoe, to light us to the hiding places of the salmon and trout."  
I knew him now to be the same who had been my constant companion in the excursions of my boyhood. "But how is this? I exclaimed; have the duties of the school devolved upon you? Where is our preceptor?"  
"Debemur morti nos nostraque!"  
"Dead!"  
"So his tombstone informs us; and in this instance speaks the truth, contrary to the usual practice of tombstones. He took a cold by exposing himself, when over heated by the labour of a severe flagellation inflicted upon the broad shoulders of a dull urchin. You may remember that his manner of teaching was impressive, for he rigidly pursued the ancient system of imparting knowledge."  
"O! I remember. And doubtless you are as great a terror to the rising generation as he was to us and our companions. Well, I might have foretold your destiny. Our inclinations are early developed; and it was a prime joke with you, as soon as the school was dismissed, to put on the teacher's gown, cap and spectacles, and seating yourself in his large oaken chair, call yourself us, with mock gravity, to go through the forms we had just finished."  
"You may also remember," said the schoolmaster, "that upon one of these occasions you clambered up behind me and gave me a libation from an inkhorn, while the master was standing in the doorway, the only one present who could

not enter into the spirit of the farce we were performing."  
"Nor did we highly applaud his epilogue to our entertainment. But where are they now, who joined in our thoughtless amusements on that day?"  
"Scattered as far as the four corners of the earth! A small room there contained them, and they found happiness in it; but grown to man's state, they roamed the wild world in pursuit of the phantom, and it eluded their grasp."  
"What became of little Dick Gaylove who, on that occasion, was detected making a profile of our old preceptor on the door? He was a promising lad, the pride of his father's heart and a universal favorite in the school."  
"He was indeed a boy of fine talents; but judge not of the fruit from the flower. He left the village for the metropolis, and was educated to the bar. He was admired and caressed by his acquaintance, became dissipated, ruined his father's fortune, and died the death of a prodigal at the age of five and twenty."  
"And his brother Tom, who overturned the bench upon which Jack Williams and his cousin were seated?"  
"He imitated the example set by father Adam; and by cultivating the earth, supported his aged parents. If more would do so, the world would be happier."  
As we walked to the village he gave me a brief history of the whole of our schoolmates, and the picture presented a vast deal more of shade than sunshine. Life may be compared to a tree in full bearing. Of the multitude of blossoms how many are nipped in the bud! Of the fruit, more than half falls in its green state, and of that which attains maturity, much goes to decay before it is gathered to use.  
**Old Psalm Tunes.**  
There is to us more pathos, heart thrilling expression in some of the old psalm tunes, feelingly displayed, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the fountain of the great deep is broken up—the great deep of unfeeling feeling that lies far, far below the surface of the world hardened heart; and the unwonted, yet unchecked tear starts in the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized, into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind like the far off dream of paradise, mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of still, subdued, more cheerful character.—How many glad hearts in the old time have rejoiced in those so go of praise; how many sorrowful ones sighed out their complaints in those plaintive notes, that steal sadly, though sweetly on the ear; hearts that now cold in death, are laid to rest, around that sacred tune, within those walls they had so often swelled with emotion.  
**YOUNG MAN, STOP.**—You, young man, on the way to the ball alley, or billiard-room, with a cigar in your mouth, and with an appetite for a mint-julep—stop a moment. Are you not in a dangerous way? Will those places, or your habits, lead you to respectability or usefulness in society? Will you, by them, become more moral, more virtuous, or intelligent? If not, stop where you are, we beseech of you. You have nobleness of heart perhaps, and a generous disposition. You may do good to those about you, if you will. Your example, if it be such as will lead to virtue, will draw others after you; or if it leads to vice or error, will also, and the more readily, lure others in the way of evil. Then young man, stop and think upon your course! Where is it tending! If to bad habits and low associations, stop instantly. Stand firm. Take not another step in the dangerous way, but turn back while you have power, and seek the ways of virtue, the path of intelligence, and you may do good in your day and generation, and be esteemed by those who enjoy your acquaintance.  
**HAUNTED.**—The colored people in the vicinity of New Castle, Delaware, have received some severe frights from what they supposed to be the ghost of Perry Bailey who was executed at that place some weeks ago, walking with his coffin under his arm. They will do no account, go near the gallows after dark. One negro in the jail asserts that Perry pulled him out of his bed one night.  
What superstition!  
"When I goes a shopping," says Mrs. Partington, "I allays ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got at any other place for less, I almost allays takes it without chapperrin' about it all day long, as some people does."