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BY JAS. CLARK.

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Christ in the Garden.

BY MRS. C. L. M. MILLS.

He trod the garden—sad and lone—
He, whose whole life was one of pain—
And in his agony he prayed,
While sweat-drops fell like summers rain.
Those drops, oh, man! thy life-long tears
Would scarce repay the treachery—
And yet He pardons, He who died,
Who suffered to atone for thee!

He trod the garden—those who came
At His command, together slept,
Aye, those whose task it should have been
To wake and weep, no vigils kept.
How sad—how sad! to find the few,
The chosen of His little hand,
Slumbering thus softly, when His words
Foretold the final hour at hand.

Twice to the sleepers' side He drew,
Rebuking them in gentle tone;
But heavier weighed their eyelids down,
And still He watched and prayed alone.
An hour passed by—He called—again—
But no rebuke His words expressed;
“Sleep on,” in music strains He said,
“Sleep on, sleep on, and take your rest.”

The time had come—the garden fair,
Where that meek sufferer humbly prayed,
Became the scene of strife and blood,
And basely there he was betrayed!
Offending man, strive, strive with faith,
To make atonement for thy guilt,
For 'twas for thee, and thee alone,
The Saviour's precious blood was spilt.

LUCK IS EVERY THING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

The course of true love, it is said, did never yet run smooth; and those who have had experience on that turpitude of the affections, or rather railroad, as it is soon run over, bear testimony to the jolts, “running off,” and mashing up alive, of all which the poets speak. We have no great taste, in this time of politics and perplexities, to dabble in “fancy stocks,” and risk our reputation for gravity; yet the illustration of an aphorism of admitted truth, may be considered reasonable, and the moral deduced from the illustration may compensate some for the trouble of reading it.

In the year 1814—we remember the time well, because a part of the incidents of the story were connected with a great event, an event not likely to be forgotten—well, in the year 1814 a young man, who to a visionary mind, and a consequent want of employment, added a most desperate affection for a young lady, quite too good for him, if business pursuits were alone considered, but just his match, if confiding affection, purity of mind, and innocence of purpose, are the reward of large endowments, strict integrity, and desire for honest competence, without the means of obtaining it.

There was no more pleasing young man in the thriving village than Henry Bradford; and every body agreed with his neighbors, that he was the most agreeable person and the best educated about. But he did not study law, he despised medicine and did not take to the church; he had frequently thought of “merchandize,” but that required a capital, which he could not raise, and so he did not go ahead though he was forever on the brink of some wonderful success, which he certainly would have secured, if he had only entered upon the enterprise.

Mary Carver evidently loved Henry Bradford; for knowing that, excepting his handsome person, pleasing manners and good character, he had nothing to offer, she would not have been deaf to the offers of so many young men, whose character and position rendered them desirable to the family. These offers were repeated so often, and hints so strong were given to Mr. and Mrs. Carver, that it was deemed proper after a serious deliberation in cabinet council, to admonish their daughter that Henry was in no business, and was not likely to be in a way to maintain a family.

Mrs. Carver opened the diplomacy with the daughter, and, after two or three conferences retreated under the laugh of Mary, who declared that she did not doubt that Henry would one day be rich enough to take care of both, for he had a dream that he should be. Mrs. Carver had no disposition to laugh in such a serious mission, and no desire to be angry with her daughter.

Mary, however, knew that when her father came to negotiate, she would have to use other arguments than laughter, and therefore she admonished Henry of the approaching storm. Henry thought of it two or three days, an unusual time for him to devote to anything like his personal affairs.

At length the family was honored by a formal offer from a clergyman in a neighboring town. He was learned, pious, rich, and respected, and such an offer was not to be slighted. It was not slighted. Old Mr. Carver took the subject to heart, and Mrs. Carver gave her sheer muslin a double clear staring upon the very idea of her becoming mother-in-law to a minister. Mary pondered these things in her heart. She saw the improbability of Henry's ever attaining a situation that would warrant matrimony. She was listening to her mother's account of his want of application to business, his apparent disregard of attaining competence, and of his utter lack of what is called common sense; and the old lady concluded her homily with a remark, that she believed Henry Bradford would think more of a dream of wealth twice repeated, than of the best prospects that ever presented for business preferment.

“Mother,” said Mary, “Henry is not a fool.”
“No,” said Mrs. Carver, hesitatingly, “he is not a fool, certainly.”

“Why, then do you talk so of him?” asked Mary. “But he is coming now,” continued the girl.

“Speak no him, plainly, my child,” said Mrs. Carver.

Henry came with his usual pleasant humor and sat down by Mary, and, after a few words, he perceived that something was wrong.

Mary made no answer, for she was a little mortified at the ludicrous turn which her mother had given to Henry's rather dreamy proposition, though she had never heard him build any castles in the air out of any such materials.

“Mary,” said he, “have you been reading the Sorrows of Werther?”

“No, Henry, but I have been listening to mother's sorrows—her lamentations over you. She says—”

“Never mind what she says, Mary, as I perceive it is not very good, just listen to what I have to tell.”

“Well, what is it, Henry? I hope it is good.”

“Excellent, capital; it will be delightful.”

“Do, then, tell me what it is.”

“Why, last Sunday night I dreamed that—”

“Dreamed!” exclaimed Mary, with a most dolorous sigh.

“Aye, dreamed.”

“—Well, go on.”

“I dreamed that I had drawn ten thousand dollars in the Plymouth Beach Lottery.”

“Well, what then?”

“Why, I dreamed the same on Monday night and on Tuesday night, and the number was 5,4,3,2.”

Well, I sent right to Boston on Wednesday, and purchased the ticket, and here it is; you shall keep it, Mary, and when I go up to Boston for the prize, you shall go with me.”

Poor Mary smiled mournfully and reproachingly. Henry left the house and went home, satisfied that he had made a right disposition of the ticket.

Day after day did Henry watch at the Post Office, to read the first report of the drawing; but day after day passed without the desired information.

At length one of the young men was heard to remark, that Henry Bradford had shot out of the Post Office, as if he had received some special intelligence.

“Mary,” said Henry, “here is your father's paper, and look at the returns. No. 5,4,3,2—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!”

Mary turned pale—the news was unexpected.

“Let's go to Boston,” said Henry, “and get the money.”

“The prizes are payable thirty days after drawing,” said Mary, looking at the bottom of the ticket.

That night Mary told her mother of Henry's luck.

Mrs. Carver seemed rather startled.

“Are you not pleased, mother?” asked Mary; “do you wish to oppose other obstacles to our union?”

“Mary,” said Mrs. Carver, “do you not recollect the most uncompromising hostility which your father has to lotteries—his utter abomination of money thus distributed? This prize will be worse to him than poverty. Ever since they refused to make him manager in the Plymouth Beach Lottery, he has set down the whole as gambling, and every prize as the devil's gift for mischief; and to say the truth most people begin to hold opinions with him.”

“Why, mother, every body did not ask to be made a manager, in the lottery.”

“No, no; but people may, like your father, arrive at correct conclusions from selfish considerations, and good opinions may become general without any special motive for the change.”

The next day Mary gave back to Henry his ticket, with an account of her conversation with her mother.

Henry was mortified at the result; he understood and appreciated the feelings of the “old folks,” and, in any other person's case he might have approved of it.

“But what does your father want?” said Henry. “Does he suppose that the mode adopted to build churches, endow schools and finish public works, is too impure to supply the needy purse of one who wishes to be his son-in-law? He is much more nice than wise.”

“My father,” said Mary, “may not think himself called upon to be as particular about what concerns the public charities, corporations, or different individuals, as he is and is bound to be, in what concerns the respectability of his own family.”

“But if I acquire wealth by lawful means—”

“Henry, father never asked that you should be wealthy; he thought it proper, and he makes it a condition of our marriage that you should have some respectable business, since you have not wealth.”

“And your father is right,” said Henry “but how am I to get clear of the odium of my lottery prize, I can neither see nor guess.”

“Perhaps you will dream it through,” said Mary archly.

“I can dream of nothing but schooners, brigs, and ships,” said Henry.

“Oh, if you only owned a good vessel,” said Mary, “I do not know but father would almost forgive its coming as a prize.”

“A prize to a privateer,” said Henry, “but not in a lottery.”

unoccupied ship yards. The war allowed of little or no work among the ship builders. The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf. She had been launched a year and there was none to purchase her. She was too clumsy for a privateer.

“Mr. Holmes,” said Henry, “what is that vessel worth?”

“She is worth twenty thousand dollars,” said the owner and builder, “she cost that as she is, and will bring twenty-five thousand the very hour peace is declared.”

“Would you like the money for her at a cash price?”

“Nothing could be more acceptable. But there are not fifteen thousand dollars in the county.”

The remarks of Mary about her father's respect for a ship owner had been running in Henry's head ever since they were uttered, and he beckoned aside the owner.

“Mr. Holmes,” said Henry, “I have a commission to fulfil, and, as you know I am not much of a business man, I must ask you to consider a proposition which I am about to make to you, and to answer me explicitly.”

“Let me hear your proposition.”

“I will give you ten thousand dollars for the brig as she now lies.”

“And the time of payment?”

“Within forty days. You cannot want the money sooner; the river is frozen over, and you could not make use of the cash, before that time.”

Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford, and said: “You know, Henry, that I am aware that you have not the means of payment, and also that you are a person not likely to be employed as an agent in such business, and yet I have every confidence in your word.”

Henry explained fully to the ship owner the state of his affairs, an exhibited to him the lottery ticket, No. 5,4,3,2.

“But,” said Mr. Holmes, “there may be some mistake about the matter, or some failure of the lottery, by which I should lose.”

Henry explained his motives and wishes, and in two hours he held in his hand a bill of sale of the brig *Helvetius*, which, as the papers were not obtained, he immediately named *MARY*. The condition was, that Henry was to hold the vessel forty days, and if, within that time, he should pay ten thousand dollars, she was to be his; if not, she was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who, in the mean time, held the ticket as a sort of collateral. The bill of sale as I saw it bore date the 5th of February, 1815. Henry felt like a new man.

He was ship owner in a place where that character was a sort of aristocracy. He went day after day to look at his brig, wishing for the time to pass away for the prize to be paid; but he said nothing to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was talking to Mary, she asked him what he intended to do when the forty days were up.

“Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell her, or send her to sea.”

“Why Henry it took the whole of the ticket to buy the hull and the standing spars, and it will take half as much more to rig her and find canvas; and, besides that, how can you sell her for more than Mr. Holmes could.”

Henry hesitated, he had not thought of that; but he did not doubt but it would all come right yet.

Henry was sitting the next day on the quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts, well covered with snow and ice, and thinking of the better appearance she would make when the rigger had done his duty.—At length he felt the hand of Mr. Holmes upon his shoulder.

“Henry,” said the latter, “I am sorry to have bad news to tell you. Read that paragraph in the Boston Sentinel.”

“CORRECTION.—The ticket which drew the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach Lottery was 4,5,3,2, and not as our compositors stated last week, 5,4,3,2. We understand that a gentleman of wealth in the southern part of this town is the fortunate holder.”

“What do you say to that, Henry?”

“Only that the old gentleman will not now say that I have the wages of gambling.”

“No, nor will he give you the credit of being a ship owner,” said Mr. Holmes. “You have been unfortunate, Henry, and I am sorry for you,” continued Mr. Holmes, changing his tone considerably; “and regret my own loss, as I have need of the money; but, as you cannot pay for the brig, you would better hand me the bill of sale and I will destroy it.”

Henry drew from his pocket the precious document, and while he examined it from top to bottom, he said to Mr. Holmes: “This affair has been to me like a pleasant dream, not only on account of my aspirations for Mary, which you are acquainted with, but day after day I have felt a growing energy for business, a sort of outreaching of the mind, a determination, with such a noble beginning, to proceed cautiously but steadily to do what I ought to have done long since. Then, Mr. Holmes, as the bill has yet some days to run, before I can be chargeable with violation of contract, I will restore it to my pocket-book, and if I cannot dream as I have done, I shall not, at least, be awakened too suddenly.”

Mr. Holmes, of course, consented, as he really had no right to claim the vessel until the forty days should have expired; and Henry went up to tell Mary of the new turn his luck had taken.

Though Mary respected her father too much not to feel pleasure in Henry's new possession, yet she loved Henry too much not to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disappointment.

“That dream,” said Henry, doubtfully—“that dream has not yet come to pass.”

Some days after that there was, as usual, a gathering at the post office, at some distance from the ship yard, awaiting the arrival of the mail. The stage, at the usual hour drove up, and the driver said, as he handed the mailbag into the house, that he guessed there was better news to-day than he had brought since the victory on the lakes.

“Another victory, Mr. Woodward?”

“No, not another victory, but Peace!”

“Can you tell me,” said a dapper looking young gentleman, as he slipped from the stage, “where I can find Mr. Holmes, the owner of brig *Helvetius*?”

“Mr. Holmes lives on the hill yonder,” was the reply, “but it is thought he does not own the *Helvetius* now.”

“Has he sold her?”

“Yes.”

“I am very sorry for that—who is the owner?”

“Mr. Bradford—the young man whom you see reading the newspaper.”

The stranger stepped into the house, and inquired of Henry whether he would sell the brig. Henry said he would most cheerfully part with her.

“At what price?”

“At the peace price.”

“Stage is ready,” said Mr. Woodward, the driver.

“We will ride over to the village,” said Henry, “and converse on the matter as we go along.”

Henry soon emerged from the stage coach and hastened to Mr. Carver's.

“You look cheerful,” said Mary.

“I have drawn another prize?”

“Not another I hope?”

“Yes, and a large one; I have sold the brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston House and I am to be in Plymouth at three o'clock, to get my pay at the bank.”

“But the brig was not yours, Henry. Surely you are not deranged—you could not hold the brig after the mistake of the prize was corrected.”

“There is just where you are mistaken, Mary. There is a bill of sale which allows forty days from date for payment. Say nothing to any one,” cried Henry, “and I will see you before I sleep.”

“What's the matter with Henry?” said Mrs. Carver as she entered the room; “has he drawn another prize?”

“I guess not, mother,” said Mary, “only dreaming again, perhaps.”

At nine o'clock, Henry arrived from Plymouth, with an accepted draught for ten thousand dollars in favor of Mr. Holmes, and a bank book in which he had credit for an equal sum; and the brig *Mary* made sum of the most profitable voyages that were ever projected in Boston.

She was in the East India trade, and as her return was noticed in the papers, (and it was usually announced about the same time that the very respectable family of Bradford had an increase.) Henry was wont to exclaim, “luck is every thing.”

Some years after that, twenty-five at least, as I was riding out into Plymouth, with Bradford and his grand-daughter, I referred to the anecdote, and the conclusion, that “luck is every thing.”

“There may be something in luck, but the hope which I gathered while I held the ticket, with the belief that I had a prize, the resolutions which I formed while sitting and gazing at the lofty spars of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary did all for me, and I should have been rich without the brig; so you see it was Hope, contemplation, and woman's love, that made me what I am. And let me add, friend C., that you and I owe more to woman than the world credits to her. Let us at least do her justice.”

Courtship and Marriage.

The difference between Courtship and Marriage, was never more forcibly explained than it is in the following:

“What made you get married if you don't like it?”

“Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded—I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went courting. Courting is fun enough—I have not got a word against it. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dickey, and go and talk as sweet as sugar and molasses candy for an hour or two, to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you.”

“When I was a single man, the world wagged well enough. It was just like an omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't got nothing more to do with it but sit down. And didn't care a button for anything. Sposin' the omnibus got upset, well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards, its plague like owning an upset omnibus.”

How to Fix 'Em.—Mrs. Swissheld, of the *Pittsburg Saturday Visitor*, goes for horse-whipping drunkards to reform them, and in answer to those who charge her with want of womanly sympathy, quotes the passage: “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.”

The Mother's Fatal Mistake.

Who among the children of men requires so much wisdom as the mother of a family? The statesman requires wisdom that he may so advise or direct as to secure the happiness and prosperity of the nation; but should one statesman act unwisely, another may step in to repair the evil, and so his country may be saved from impending ruin. The merchant needs wisdom, and foresight, and tact, that he may guide his affairs with discretion—but should his plans be all frustrated, and riches make themselves wings, and fly away at one period of his life, he may have them restored at another, so at the close of his life he may have his family in ease and comfort. The farmer needs wisdom in cultivating his land or arranging his stock, so as to bring him the best return for his labor and toil; but should he fail one year to realize his hopes, the next may make up the deficiency.—The navigator needs wisdom to guide his frail bark over the trackless deep, so that he may escape the rocks, and quicksands, and whirlpools which may be in his way; but should he be unfortunate and become a wreck, he has a chance of being saved by holding on to the rigging or escaping in his boat, and in this painful situation may find timely help from another voyager. But the Mother! if she makes a mistake in her mighty work, the probability is that it will prove fatal. Her little bark, which has just been launched upon the ocean of life, will find many rocks, and quicksands, and whirlpools in its way—she, the mother, is to be the pilot for the most important part of the voyage, and if she fails to guide it aright, dreadful will be the wreck when it dashes over the precipice of time into eternity. There will be no kind hand, no returning season, to repair the injury; the work is done, and done badly; and eternity will echo and re-echo the dreadful tale of a child lost through its mother's neglect!

These are the “ups and downs” of the “dance.” The “lords of creation,” (with few exceptions) are very awkward and ungainly; while, “lovely woman” is most generally perfect in the “figure.”

Love is generally “master of ceremonies;” but being rather pur-blind, makes the most ridiculous mistakes in introducing “partners;” and, although *Avavice* (who officiates in the higher circles) is lynx-eyed, he commits as many errors in “coupling” the company, as his coadjutor.

Hope illuminates the “festive scene,” and away they bound on the “light fantastic toe”—hands across—down the middle—up again—till Time steps in and throws a damp upon their merriment—the piper stops for “want of breath,” and—the dance ends!

Exercise of the Mind.

Persons who are much employed in pursuits involving manual labor are apt to undervalue the necessity of exercising their minds more fully than the mere thinkings immediately connected with their pursuits. To such we would say, your power of applying your mind intently to any subject will be in exact proportion to the amount of exercise you have given it.

The arm of the blacksmith, or the leg of the dancing master, increases in size by its exercise, and the brain of the lawyer gains activity and strength from a similar cause.

Even the eye may be improved in the exercise of its functions by use. Thus the artist and the dealer in dry goods both remember and observe colors with greater exactness than those not so employed.

Go to our prisons and observe those who have worked in silence for many years at some monotonous occupation, without the opportunity of listening to conversations, or of referring to books, without change of scene or other cause for exercise of thought, and you will invariably find that they have lessened in the power of thinking; their memories, and indeed every quality of their minds, will be found to have deteriorated.

With such facts as these fairly ascertained, is it not both slothful and sinful for farmers to doze away their evenings in a sort of half consciousness, and then retire to bed like beasts of burden, instead of spending a single hour, at least, each evening, in a healthy and proper exercise of their minds.

Married Life.

The following true sentiments are from the pen of the charming writer, Fredericka Bremer, whose observations might well become the rule of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases: “Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often produced great consequences. Fold not your hands together and sit idle. Laziness is the devil's cushion. Do not run much from your home. One's own health is worth more than gold. Many a marriage, my friend, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleased with each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your thoughts on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow, and its day after to-morrow, too—spare,” as we may say, “fuel for the winter.” Consider, my daughter, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hands must be able to confide house and family, be able to trust her with the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping, his well being is in her hand. Think of this! And ye sons, be faithful husbands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

Splitting the Difference.

The author of the following atrocious libel on the ladies has escaped. A sharp look-out should be kept for him. A nice young man, not a thousand miles from this, after a long and assiduous courtship, found himself, one bright evening, the betrothed of a very pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. One night he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time, in a fidget of anxiety, declared he would not leave her until she kissed him. Of course, Miss Nancy blushed beautifully red, and protested, in turn, that she could not and would not do that—she never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married, now he had it. The altercation became deep and exciting, until the betrother buffed outright, and declared if he couldn't kiss her he couldn't have her, and was marching off. She watched him at the gate, and saw “the fat was in the fire” unless something was done.

“Come back, then!” said she coaxingly, “I'll split the difference with you—you may squeeze my hand!”