



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1849.

VOL. XIV, NO. 22

A SONG.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a blessed fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of the orient crimson'd morn
When the gentle winds are shaking
The dew-drops from the thorn.
I have seen the wild flowers springing
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then,
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR.

BY W. C. HOLDEN.

It was a bright and beautiful morning of a balmy May-day, and the heavy dew of the previous night hung in glittering drops down the bended tips of the waving grass and dallied sportively among the petals of the garden flowers and shook itself from the branches of tiny fruit trees, whose incipient buds foretold an abundance of harvest, and then with a *finale*, wherein were blended much of nature and little of art, ascended almost imperceptibly toward heaven as noiselessly as do the spirits of those made perfect by the Eternal. From amid the scented blossoms of the orchard trees sang, in most delicious harmony, the robin and wren, their little voices mingling in most perfect unison, while the neighboring oaks and maples bore upon their spreading branches whole *troupes* of feathered choristers, whose notes of melody were borne to the ear upon the gentle breeze in most acceptable profusion. The face of nature looked happy and gay as the first dawns of an impulsive love, and smiled as joyously in the pleasant landscape which bloomed around as does the face of artless beauty when met by the tender glances of manly admiration. It was indeed a bright and lovely morning, and he who could look abroad without emotion upon the green fields and glorious lavishment of Nature's beauties which everywhere met the eye, could never hope to appreciate aught of good or beautiful in God's handiwork.

A fit morning was this for a consummation of happiness upon the hearts of two of Earth's creatures. An opening prospect and promise of joy which seemed to predict an infinity of earthly pleasure to their loving natures. As upon the celestial horizon was discerned no dusky outline of a cloud to mar the brilliancy of the sunlight which gleamed supreme, so upon the broad expanse of futurity which promisingly unfolded its hopes to view were written no doubting fears, no prophetic words of warning to chill their youthful hearts. Lovingly, trustingly, sincerely, confident in each other's promises, and reciprocal in deepest affection, two hearts, mistrusting their powers of endurance in the midst of life trials, if alone and unsupported, now went forth in the strength and purity of innocence and love to join their hopes and aspirations at God's altar, where, in the shadow of the holy sanctuary, they might invoke from Him a blessing to cheer them on. And who that acknowledges the impressive truths of heavenly encouragement, of celestial rewards and punishments, as well as terrestrial pains and penalties, could doubt that their prayers and supplications went up effectually to the throne of Grace.

Rosa Gay had long been "the pride of the village" of Cosworth, and the universal favorite of all who knew her. Possessing beauty without arrogance, dignity without pride, modesty without affectation, and intellectuality without pedantry, she imperceptibly won the hearts of all the villagers and sportively wielded her powers of fascination alike over old and young. To the former she was all deference and respect, listening to and profiting by the admonitions of aged matrons with their querulous reasoning and faulty logic; to the latter attentive, kind and considerate. Advancing no opinions of her own without a certainty of their correctness, she insensibly gained upon the affections and confidence of her mates, and when but a child was endowed by the popular voice with the qualities and acuteness of a woman. This general adulation, this perpetual worshipping at the shrine of her superior genius did not warp and contract the better qualities of her heart; on the contrary, she, who was bowed down to as embodied inspiration, strove to deserve and retain the respect and love of her admirers, and sustain herself upon the throne her superior mind had erected. And guided only by her intuitive perception of the beauties of right, she for years held undisputed sway over the affections of the people, never by act or word forfeiting any portion of their esteem.

Rosa Gay was, at the period of my

writing, upon the threshold of womanhood. She had left behind her the dangerous bars and quicksands which encompass "sweet sixteen;" had in safety passed the rubicon of smiling seventeen, before whose barriers so many fall exhausted to the earth, and was now fairly embarked upon the smooth waters and easy pilotage of eligible eighteen. That admiration of her childish superiority, which had so universally been entertained in the breasts of all, was now in many transformed into the more susceptible ardor of love, while those who once looked upon the girl as a playmate were now impelled to solicit from the woman her companionship in perpetuity. Boys who were her fellows in primitive scholarship were now suitors for her hand and besought from her lips a sentiment reciprocating their own.

O love! Strange and incomprehensible passion of the heart! Conceived in the breast of the prattling child as a mere infantile dalliance with evanescent toys, it is nurtured and strengthened in the bosom of the playful boy into a palpable preference, a demonstration of sympathetic attraction toward one and one alone, and, progressing onward, in the scholastic youth is converted into the modest, downcast, deferential air which would assume the possession of a revived pulse half doubtingly, and bursts forth upon the man in the broad and expansive, the beautiful and inexplicable splendor which dawns upon the soul only beneath the magical illumination which pervades the senses and dazzles the reason with most unexpressible beauty and strength. An impulse without an aim, a conception though not a perception, an attribute of the mind and yet the slave of the body, it embraces within itself those contradictory emotions of the soul, which are understood only by those who acknowledge their experience. An insoluble sphinx whose passionate capacity is measured only by impulsive natures, it stands among the other passions of the heart in majestic solitude, towering above them all in that perfection of intensity which stamps an emotion of the real with the sublimity of the ideal, and seemingly expands into a power of vitality when aroused in a susceptible nature. Attimes as enthusiastic in ardor as energetic in action, it is yet susceptible of guidance by the feminine voice whose accent enraptures the whole frame, and is as fragile and delicate in utterance, when accompanied by the sweet melody which started it into life, as the wind harp which murmured its cadences in the cottage window. While living it sublimes mere affection to the most poetical inspiration of the heart, and when dead is consigned to the grave as a flower, the recollection of whose fragrance is left behind in the holy keeping of kindred natures, who will cherish its sweetness as a relic of the glorious past—a remembrance of the least gross among the natural passions.

And this wonderful love had long been burning for Rosa Gay in the bosom of her early companion and much loved friend, Mark Henley. Reversing the common application of the maxim, "the course of true love did never run smooth," nothing had ever occurred to mar the bliss which accompanied their pledges of mutual affection, nothing had thwarted their plans or deranged their intentions. Their history had nought of romance, no traditions of castellated walls and unfeeling guardians, "but o'er the spirit of their dream" flitted uninterrupted pleasure whose promises were as lasting as life itself. And now on this delicious morning of May, when all nature seemed smiling sweetly upon the broad fields and pleasant pastures of the earth, the consummation of all the joy they had anticipated was at hand.

The venerable old church, with its antiquated porch and corroded architraves, which, like the sword of Dionysius, seemingly hung upon a mere thread, were now beautified by foliage stripped from the forest trees, and glowed in all the freshness of cooling leaves and vines. From every window of the immense pile depended festoons of bright flowers and blossoming branches, hung in garlands of exceeding gracefulness to please the eye. Over the main entrance was an immense wreath of wild flowers, which had but the previous day bloomed in the neighboring fields, and the whole air was redolent of the most delicious fragrance—Nature's own perfume. The altar was crowned with flowers, so tastefully arranged that religion almost seemed to hold her seat in the midst of a delightful garden, and the very galleries were decorated with that coarser foliage whose charms are manifest "when distance lends enchantment to the view." The church indeed resembled one of the fairy palaces of our childhood, whose sudden transfor-

mation into a New England sanctuary had seemingly but slightly imbued it with the tastes of modern costuming, and had one of those ubiquitous inconsistencies, entitled fairies, bestowed a passing glance upon the hymenial rejoicings, the dream of another era would have been complete.

And the deep toned bell of the weather beaten steeple now commenced pealing forth a joyous clamor, and loud and clear over the cultivated fields rang the triumphal march in honor of the young favorites. Fair maids, clad in purest white, their glossy ringlets floating over their snowy necks, were hurrying toward the portals of the church, while, from every road and path, young men and old were pouring in hot haste to join in the festivities. Sedate old farm horses, whose labors had heretofore been confined to the duties of the Sabbath, were now rejuvenated, and, imbued with the gladsome spirit of the day, performed prodigies of strength and celerity. Children, whose holidays had previously been the mere legitimate responses of enthusiastic patriotism, were gleefully enjoying the grateful air of the morning, and everything of life was moving onward to its goal.

Soon all eyes were strained eagerly toward the extremity of the village, and merry faces were protruded from adjacent windows by curious watchers.—Their anxiety was soon relieved; for in the distance was discerned a seeming speck, which nearer approach resolved into a carriage. Upon the seat, with arms composedly folded upon his breast, and no air of impatience visible on his countenance, sat the bridegroom elect, the fortunate choice of the pride of the village. To the cheers and congratulations of the friends who lined his path he courteously bowed his head in token of gratitude, but till he reached the church spoke not a word. And then, approaching from another road in a carriage drawn by two milk white horses, adorned with wreaths and bouquets in abundance, came the blooming bride.—She carried in her hand a single rose, fresh-plucked from the vine, and her bosom and brow were adorned with jewels gathered from the same thorny bush. No diamonds sparkled upon her robe, but her cheek was tinted with the blush of nature, and her eye sparkled as brightly as the evening star. The Graces had seemingly lent her their powers of fascination for the hour, and happily did she wear them.

And then the friends and neighbors of the joyous party hurried through the portals and joined the congregated citizens in the church. A smile was on every lip, a pleasant glance beamed from every eye, and naught but mirth and hilarity seemed destined to a consecration that day. Young children laughed and clapped their hands with glee at the demonstrations of pleasure around; young maidens whispered to each other of the blooming bride in parenthetical congratulations; while childless old men and decrepit females cried aloud, as the bride elect passed up the aisle, "God bless her! Amen!" Even the venerable priest, whose vocation had inculcated a certain dignity of demeanor when in the exercise of his duties, joined in the harmony of half suppressed pleasure, and proceeded in his hymenial task with more of fervor than his parishioners had ever seen before. And when the fair young creature had promised in the sight of God, and beneath the shadow of his sacred altar, to assume cheerfully the obligatory duties of a wife, and consecrate her lifetime of love to one and one alone, when the husband's responsive declaration of undying attachment and eternal affection was recorded forever upon the hearts of the assembled multitude, there arose from the lips of all such an enthusiastic burst of popular approval as echoed like the booming of cannon through every niche of the mighty edifice. The tender of mutual love and fidelity had received the stamp of friendly sanction, and what had the young couple to wish for to fill the cup of happiness.

"Rosa, dear Rosa," said the fond husband, as they left the church, "have we not much wherewith to cheer us onward in the path of duty, so hard, so difficult to tread? Should we not thank God for the bestowal upon us of so much that renders life, happiness and probation, pleasure? I cannot but consider that we have marked out a path of uninterrupted happiness, whose exercise is coeval with existence."

"Indeed we should feel happy, dear Mark," answered Rosa through her joyful tears, "for so much of friendliness is seldom bestowed upon those as young, as inexperienced as us. Could our friends but know with how much true pleasureable emotion they have invested my heart to-day, they would not feel that their kindness had been thrown away? Men, women, and children, were now

eagerly pressing out of the church, anxious to obtain a glimpse of the sweet face of the bride, or bespeak from her a glance of recognition, when suddenly as the lightning's flash passed over the face of the cloud, a deadly paleness encompassed her countenance. There was no impulsive shriek of terror, no cry of despair, but a perfect quietude of the limbs, and a previous contraction of the muscular system, denoted too well the existence of an insidious attack upon bodily action. The hand which had been encircled by Mark's but a moment before, now dropped listlessly to her side, her eyes closed, and she fell heavily into the arms of her husband. All was now consternation and confusion. The cry of "she is dying! she is dying!" had been borne to the ears of those whose locality could not determine the extent of her suffering, and the doorway was crowded to excess by friends and companions. Clear and distinct above the din rose the voice of the husband, struggling with emotion, while, straining every nerve for the restoration of the wife, he sought to convey her to more congenial air. "Back! back!" said he, "why will you insist upon suffocating her? Back, back, I say, she wants but proper air." But the crowd pressed heavily on, and it was only by the aid of some stalwart forms, whose physical energies enabled them to stem the rushing tide, he reached the welcome earth.

Too late—too late! That spirit of breathing action, whose constituents are life and vitality, whose perceptive faculties are the endowments of reason and will, and whose attributes are the love and affection of the heart, that first great principle of mortal enjoyment, within whose amplitude the mind is matured, and the soul nurtured for immortality, had been called to its source by Him "who doeth all things well." Disease—not that of long endurance, whose pain is intense, whose agony is interminable—but the insidious, stealthy enemy, who, coming like a thief in the night, clutches the unsuspecting victim in the hour of seeming security, and plucks from its throne the brightest jewel of existence, had seized the fair and lovely one and gently laid her in the arms of the great depopulator. When the sweet flower of life was just budding into a fragrant existence, and the delicious blossoms of human enjoyment were opening their petals to a lifetime of sunshine and showers; when Hope conceived a futurity of bliss, whose immensity could be measured only by the extent of human mortality, this unsparring, unrelenting spirit, whose invective is total destruction, swept across the chords of her being, and bore her soul away.

Who can depict the agony of his mind that night? Who can probe into the fastness of a broken heart and seek the barbed arrow which penetrates its inward depths? He shed no tear, he wiped from his cheek none of the unnatural moisture which might discolor the flesh, but burying his face in his hands, and varying his monotony by occasional glimpses at the features of her he loved so well, he mourned away the hours till daylight. To him time was not, but eternity was growing at his heart, and as he ever and anon turned his eyes toward heaven for a renewal of the sympathy he so much desired, a moan escaped his lips, while within his low murmur was buried more of the intensity of suffering, more of the terrible grief, than lives amidst a constancy of tears. And when they kindly told him that he must not thus wear himself out by grieving for her he gently thanked them for their care of him, and gazed vacantly at the body, there was so much of childish simplicity in his actions, so much of mental innocence in his look, that they could not bid him leave her side.

Two days after there tolled from the bell of the old white church a solemn requiem for the dead, while within sweet voices chanted a hymn of blessed promises of immortality. The venerable clergyman proclaimed the burial rites with more than common solemnity, and there was not an eye in the house bearing its usual calmness. A body was peacefully consigned to a new-made grave, and the chief mourner humbly bowed his head in submission to God as the loose earth was thrown over the remnant of mortality. His was the sublimity of grief, the perfection of sorrow, his the soul of a faultless saint, the body of a sinful man.

A New York paper thinks that young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors—they should make every allowance for the freedom of the press! Saucy fellow.

Be silent when the fool prates—he will cease the sooner.

THE SUPREME POWER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

"It has been as beautifully, as truly said, that the undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might with equal justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than that the grand and far reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the enquirer, step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous power, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the side of its bare and cloud piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also day by day and hour by hour at work, to feed the fire of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the wildering conception of their distances. Sense and science are at war.

The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquility, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is, in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere; a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uttermost parts of creation, and twinkling in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds, its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them.

The bands of Orion are closed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense. But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the senses seem as it were, led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size and form of material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds a record of a convulsion of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the side of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks, that oozes quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountain as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the Volcano island, which arose a few years since in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames from the bottom of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket or the Atlantic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano.

Or finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found,

compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religions of the elder world in an early stage of civilization placed a genius or a divinity by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man who should resort for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the out-stretched, though invisible hand, of an everywhere present and benignant power.

Overlooking Nothing.

Some men seem to go through the world with their eyes shut—others keep them always open. The latter, at every step, are adding to their stock of knowledge, and correcting and improving their judgment by experience and observation. They keep their minds ever awake and active, and on the alert—gathering instruction from every occurrence, watching for favorable opportunities, and seeking, if possible, to turn over their failures and mischances to their advantage. Such persons will rarely have occasion to say, "I have lost a day," or,

"To weep e'er hours that flow
More idly than the summer's wind."

They will make every event the occasion of improvement, and will find

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

To the attentive observer, even nature itself will appear a vast scroll, written all over by the finger of God, with instructive, though sometimes mysterious characters, while to the careless it will seem at best but a blank, or perhaps a scene of confusion, "without form or comeliness," possessing little to excite curiosity or admiration.

To the young, especially, would we recommend habits of close and careful observation. We would say to them; overlook nothing. Do not despise the day of small things. Endeavor to turn the leisure you have—the money you may earn to inherit—the privileges you may enjoy—in short, everything to the best possible account. Take care of the minutes and pence, and the hours and pounds will take care of themselves.

He who learns to regard his leisure moments, as valueless, and habitually squanders for trifles the small sums of money he may have, because they are small, will never be learned or rich.—The secret of success, is to be careful of little things.

Spend no moment but in purchase of its worth, And what its worth, ask deathbeds, they can tell.

WASHINGTON.—Extract from Washington's code of manners, written in his early youth:

"Every action ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"Be no flatterer, neither play with any one who delights not to be played with.

"Read no papers, or books, in company. Come not near the papers or books of another so as to read them. Look not over another when he is writing.

"Let your countenance be cheerful, but in serious matters be grave.

"Show not yourself glad at another's misfortunes.

"Let your discourse with others on matters of business be short.

"It is good manners to let others speak first.

"When a man does all he can, do not blame him though he succeeds not well.

"Take admonitions thankfully.

"Be not too hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of another.

"Let your dress be modest, and consult your condition. Play not the Peacock, by looking vainly at yourself.

"It is better to be alone than in bad company.

"Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

"Urge not your friend to discover a secret.

"Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth.

"Speak not injurious words either in jest or in earnest.

"Gaze not on the blemishes of others.

"When another speaks be attentive.

"Be not apt to relate news.

"Be not curious to know the affairs of others."

"Proposals for carrying the mails!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, in a tone of vigorous indignation, as she happened to glance over an advertisement in one of the papers. "Has it come to this; that us poor unfortunate female critters are to be made beasts of burden, to carry about a pack of good-for-nothing men on our backs!" She threw down the paper and rose hastily from the chair; and took snuff at a prodigious rate, highly excited at the degrading proposition.