



BY JAS. CLARK.

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## From the Ladies' National Magazine MATCH-MAKING.

BY MARY DEVENANT.

"Poor Mrs. Lincoln, how I pity her!" exclaimed Mrs. Mervyn, as she turned her eyes from the lady in question, to address a gentleman who had just taken a seat beside her.

"Why so?" replied Mr. Howard: "she does not look in a very pitiable condition at the present moment at least, with her smiling face, her glittering turban, and her velvet dress."

"Look again," said the lady, "and you will see that she is in a perfect fever of impatience and anxiety. Her mouth smiles, it is true, but look at her eyes rolling in a fine frenzy between my Kate who is talking to that fashionable rowdy St. Clair, and her own pretty, over-dressed daughter, who is listening with such a tell-tale face to poor young Marston. As the fates seem always against her, I wish with all my heart she may fail in her endeavors to separate those two, who would suit each other so well."

"Have the fates such a peculiar pleasure in crossing Mrs. Lincoln!—in my ignorance I have always supposed her a very successful manager."

"In some respects she may be, yet she seems to fail in attaining what she sets her heart most upon. She tries her best to govern her husband—he walks the even tenor of his way, allowing her to fret and fume and manoeuvre as she may. Another of her aims has been to be a leader in the world of fashion—she has succeeded in being only its most subservient follower. She has set her heart upon her daughter's being a dashing belle, and is bitterly disappointed that nature intended her for something better. Strong, however, in her determination to "conquer fate," she forces the girl to undertake the part she wishes her to play, and then wonders at her want of success. Just look at the poor child, almost crushed under the load of finery with which her mother has bedizened her."

Mr. Howard looked in the direction indicated, and smiled as he observed the gentle brow of the pretty Flora overshadowed by a ponderous wreath, which would have served to crown three genuine goddesses of spring, her slender arms weighed down with their multitudinous bracelets, and her petite figure founced to the waist, until its symmetry was destroyed in the profusion of drapery. Extremely diffident by nature, she was at that moment shrinking still more from notice, to conceal the blushes that were mantling on her cheek, from pleasure in the society of one she secretly preferred.

"But you were about telling me of a love affair—were you not?" said Mr. Howard.

"Nay, I know nothing about it. Lonely surmise from Flora's conscious looks that she prefers young Marston, whose only fault is that he is poor; and from her mother's fidgets and manoeuvres, that she has fixed her heart upon St. Clair whose only virtue is that he is rich and fashionable, and who so sadly misuses the gifts with which kind nature has endowed him, that no sensible woman would wish him for a son-in-law."

"Nay, you are too hard upon St. Clair," said Mr. Howard—"besides, fortune and fashion in these days are not much dispensed, even by sensible people; and if St. Clair is a little wild, why a pretty, gentle wife, would be just the very thing for him. So I am for the match decidedly," and with a gay laugh, Mr. Howard moved through the crowd.

Flora Lincoln had looked forward to this ball with intense pleasure, for she knew that she would then meet with one who rarely mingled in such scenes, and who for some unknown reason had seldom sought her society. Henry Marston had been an intimate friend of her oldest brother, now abroad, and always a favorite with herself, though till the partial estrangement we have alluded to, she scarcely knew how highly she had valued him. It was as yet new, dazzling and strange to her. She felt in a sort of bewilderment that deprived her in a measure of the powers of pleasing that she really possessed; and the injudicious course of her mother, whose determination that her daughter should take a prominent place among the bells of the season often forced her into positions she felt to be both ridiculous and painful.—Mrs. Lincoln had no idea of the possession of a single gift of nature, of accomplishment, of education, save for the purpose of display. To shine was all her aim, and shine Flora must and should—not with her own soft, moon-like radiance, but with the adventitious glare the meteor fashion could throw upon her. Nothing, therefore, that expense or management could do, had been spared to attain the desirable end—if end that can be called which was but a means of reaching one still more desi-

table—a wealthy and distinguished marriage.

To achieve this, Mrs. Lincoln thought her prime maternal duty—a duty rendered still more onerous because four younger daughters were awaiting in the nursery and school room, their turn to play their part on the stage of fashion. Flora was, therefore, to marry early, and as soon after her debut her pretty, child-like grace attracted the attention of the rich and fashionable St. Clair, he was fixed upon as the chosen future husband.

Until this unfortunate evening everything had favored Mrs. Lincoln's plans. Mr. St. Clair met all her advances very cordially, was always at hand to dance and talk with Flora, and when she was present seemed to care for no one else; while the gentle diffidence with which she permitted his attentions indicated to the sagacious mother a growing preference. At this ball, however, a change seemed to come over the spirit of both the intended lovers. Flora, deeply interested in Marston's conversation, appeared to shrink from St. Clair's notice; while he revenged himself for her indifference by an animated flirtation with Kate Mervyn, who, though less beautiful than Flora, possessed the style and air of fashion she so greatly needed.

Mrs. Lincoln was almost beside herself! What was to be done? How willingly would she have annihilated both Kate and Henry on the spot!—but as it was, she was forced to smile and compliment, and appear to listen, while forming plans innumerable to subvert the threatened failure of her daring scheme. Poor Flora!—little did she dream, as with beating heart and glowing cheek she said good bye to Henry as he placed her in the carriage beside her mother, of the storm that was about to burst on her devoted head. Mrs. Lincoln had been irritated past endurance by the restraint she had been obliged to impose upon her feelings; their outbreak was, therefore, proportionably strong, and Flora wept and strove to pacify her in vain.

It was some time, indeed, before the poor girl was able to comprehend the ground of her offence, for until this moment she was entirely unconscious of her mother's plans. When the truth at last dawned upon her, it came with such stunning force, that as the light from the opening door of their home gleamed upon her daughter's face, Mrs. Lincoln was shocked at the change that had come over it. The soft and gentle expression was gone, the tears dried, and a stony calmness that aved the angry mother into silence had usurped its place. No further word was spoken on either side. Flora silently took her candle and proceeded to her solitary chamber, and there sat, decked with her mocking finery until daylight dawned.

But oh! the bitter thoughts that chased each other through her busy brain, as she sat there so calm, so still. It seemed as though a veil had been stripped from her eyes, and she no longer looked upon the fair outside of things, but on their hard realities. The mother she loved so dearly now stood before her a worldly schemer, who had avowed herself ready to sacrifice her daughter's happiness to her own ambition; and to what other love could she trust if her's had failed? Even the thought of Marston brought no relief. She knew that she loved him, but had she any proof that he loved her in return?—none but kind looks and gentle words and tones, which perchance he might give to others, as well as to her. So Flora at daylight sought her neglected couch, as utterly miserable as one so innocent could be.

Mrs. Lincoln's nature was one that never could bear opposition. Let her have her own way, and few could seem more amiable and pleasant than she. Oppose her, and she made you feel it every hour in the day, and every minute of the hour.—She was a fond mother, but one that exacted implicit obedience; and her children, who were naturally gentle, seldom ventured to disobey her.—To Flora, in particular, who was always self-distrustful and diffident to a fault, her mother's wishes had hitherto been absolute commands. It was, "Flora, you will wear such a dress to-night!"—"your hair must be arranged so and so!"—"you will dance in this style, play in that, behave in the other," and so on forever. The business of her life, in fact, was that of giving directions and seeing them obeyed. Her husband, satisfied with his own personal freedom, with which he had taught his wife never to interfere, allowed her to be the sun around which the domestic system moved with admirable regularity. The very thought then of Flora wandering from her proper sphere, like some eccentric comet, and decide for herself, was not to be suffered for a single moment. Next morning Flora was summoned like a culprit before the maternal

bar, when in plain terms Mrs. Lincoln requested she would hold no further intercourse with Henry Marston than the barest civility demanded, as he was an acquaintance of whom she entirely disapproved. Flora ventured to inquire "why?"

"I request I may be obeyed, Flora, without being accountable for my wishes to a child like you. There may be many reasons why I think a young man an unfit companion for my daughter, which it would be improper for me to speak or you to hear. Nay, no heroics," she added, as Flora was about interrupting her with clasped hands and streaming eyes—"your duty as a daughter is submission, and it is well for you that you have a mother better able to judge what is for your true happiness than you are capable of doing for yourself. As to Mr. St. Clair—you have promised yourself too far in the eyes of the world, to think of receding now."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" said Flora in an agony, "do not speak to me of St. Clair, when my whole heart—"

"Silence, Flora!" said her mother imperiously with a tone and look that checked the warm tears of her daughter and closed the warmer heart that was about pouring forth its inmost feelings into the mother's ear. But Mrs. Lincoln knew too well what she was about, to listen to any confessions. Coldly and authoritatively she reiterated her commands, and poor Flora, after a few hope struggles, was forced to submit. Her constrained manner to Henry grieved him deeply, and after a vain effort to ascertain the cause, he disappeared from the circles in which she appeared.

Thus time went on, and Mrs. Lincoln's plans seemed on the eve of their fulfilment. Flora who for a time appeared to droop and languish, had now brightened up again, and attained to more than usual vivacity. She seemed daily to gain more confidence in herself, and to claim more consideration from those around her. Mr. St. Clair was her constant visitor, he sang with Flora, walked and rode with her, and she would often return from these excursions with so glowing a cheek, that Mrs. Lincoln was sure that mystic words had been spoken and though restless and fidgeting as ever, she was perfectly certain that all was going right. To add to her satisfaction it was currently reported that Henry Marston was seriously attentive to Kate Mervyn, and though she wondered that her mother would allow her to think of one so poor and unknown to fame, she felt doubly thankful that her own masterly policy had checked the incipient flame in her daughter's bosom and by forcing him to see that there was no hope there, had directed his views into another channel.

It was evening—the lights burned brightly on the table of Mrs. Lincoln's spacious drawing room and flashed upon the splendid mirrors, and the gorgeous gilding; the rich curtains fell with their heavy folds across the darkened windows, and the whole apartment with its brilliant carpet and luxurious furniture spoke of wealth, ease and comfort. But neither the ease nor the comfort that surrounded them seemed to have found their way into the hearts of the master and mistress of all this elegance. Mr. Lincoln was walking restlessly up and down the room, and his usually good humored face looked puzzled and anxious; while Mrs. Lincoln in her authoritative dogmatic style, exclaimed—

"It will be a most admirable thing for poor Flora—besides it is my match from beginning to end—I planned and arranged it all, and though Flora was a little restive at first, I fixed the matter at once by saying it should be as I desired—you see the result. She now is happy as the day is long, and I am sure will consent to marry St. Clair as soon as he asks it—indeed, I wonder he has not spoken before this."

Mr. Lincoln stopped short in his hurried walk, and with a peculiar expression replied—"I do not wonder at it at all. Mr. St. Clair knows very well that I will never consent to his marrying Flora, and that once in my life I intend to have my own way."

"My dear Mr. Lincoln, how very absurd!"

"Absurd! yes, it is absurd—the very height of absurdity. I can't help laughing, for the soul of me, at the absurdity of the whole affair; and Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily.

"What do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?" said the lady angrily—"this is no laughing matter."

"It is my dear—upon my life it is—'let those laugh who win,' you know," and Mr. Lincoln's merriment redoubled. "Mr. Lincoln what do you mean?"

"Read this, my dear, and you will see," and Mr. Lincoln placed in her hand a note addressed to himself, by announcing his daughter's engagement, alluding to the happy termination of all their difficulties, with thanks for Mr. Lincoln's kind offices, and hopes that Flora would act as bridesmaid. Mrs. Lincoln read the note nearly through before she discovered the bridegroom was not to be Henry Marston, as she anticipated—but St. Clair.

"We cannot attempt to describe the scene which ensued; it is enough to tell its termination. After having exhausted herself in invectives against St. Clair, Kate, Flora, and the whole world, Mrs. Lincoln had sunk sobbing on the sofa, when her husband said to her—

"I have so long let you have your own way, Sarah, that you must forgive me if I have made use of a little stratagem to carry mine. I confess that I wanted the courage to endure all that we both should have had to suffer had I opposed you openly. Now the matter is done, and you will be obliged to submit. But you might have spared yourself all this mortification, had you been willing to listen to your daughter, when she would have laid bare her whole heart to you; and you may be thankful your unkindness did not drive her to deceit or desperation. In her misery she came to me—told me that she loved Marston, and implored me not to force her to marry St. Clair.—I told her to submit to your wishes, while I would see what could be done. Through my friend Howard I soon discovered how matters stood.—St. Clair had long been attached to Kate but her mother was prejudiced against him, and his attentions to Flora were but a blind to conceal his real feelings, so that if her heart had not been occupied by another, she might, through your fault at this moment have been suffering the miseries of a hopeless attachment. Mr. Mervyn, approved of his daughter's choice, as I did of Flora's; but as both of us were under peevish government, we concerted together our plan, by means of which all our young people were able to see a good deal of each other, until their mothers could be brought to right reason. Mrs. Mervyn, finding her daughter's happiness is so deeply interested, has at last given her consent, and confesses that she judged the young man too hastily. Howard, who has been the master mover of our plot dines here to-morrow, and with him Henry Marston. He is a son-in-law I should be proud of, and so will you when you come to your senses. Remember how the world will laugh if they think you are outwitted."

And the dread of the world's laugh prevailed. Mrs. Lincoln digested her disappointment; put a good face upon the matter, praised Henry's virtues and abilities in all companies, and declared, in her usual stereotyped phrase on such occasions, that "had she searched the world over, Flora could not have made a better choice." The wedding was as grand as though it had been for a millionaire, and Mr. Lincoln, in his delight at his daughter's happiness, declares that he is so pleased with his success, that he is afraid he may be tempted to take up his wife's forsaken business of match-making.

JUDGE NOT BY THE LOOKS.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells a good story. It says: "How often is it the case that a rosy checked man, who never indulges in the use of ardent spirits, is suspected of taking a drop, now and then. An occurrence which took place yesterday morning verifies this fact:—

"Our old friend, William Luck, was passing along Fourth street, early after breakfast, when his progress was politely arrested by a well-dressed, well-fed gentleman from the country, with,

"Sir, can you inform me where I can procure a few gallons of fine old brandy? I wish to take it out to my place for private use."

"Well sir," said Mr. L. "I am informed that Mr. S—, of the Bank Exchange, is *autent* in those matters, and will supply you."

So, after showing the stranger where Mr. S—was to be found, he continued, "You have the advantage of me—I don't know you."

"Nor do I know you," replied the stranger; "but you look like a man who knows where the best brandy in town is to be found."

Mr. L. bowed to the stranger, and passed down the street, muttering that he did not know which excelled, the man's politeness, or is impudence."

## SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The following eloquent letter from Hon. John McLean, of Ohio, showing the influence which Sabbath schools may be made to exert on the character and prosperity of the whole country, was read at the Anniversary of the National Institution, to which it refers, at Philadelphia, in May:

CINCINNATI, APRIL 10, 1849.

DEAR SIR: Whilst I consider myself honored by the Board of Officers and Managers of the American Sunday School Union, in being placed nominally at their head, I cannot repress a fear that, in accepting the position, I may stand in the way of some one of higher merit and of greater usefulness.

The more I reflect upon Sabbath schools, the more deeply am I impressed with their importance. Education without moral training may increase national knowledge, but it will add nothing to national virtue. By a most intelligent and able report, made some years ago by Guizot, it appeared that in those departments of France where education had been most advanced crime was most common. And by later reports it is shown that in Prussia, Scotland, and England, where the means of education has been greatly increased, especially in Prussia and Scotland, criminal offences have increased. Making due allowance for the growth of population, and the aggregation of individuals in carrying on various useful enterprises, the principal cause of this is a want of moral culture.

Knowledge without moral restraint only increases the capacity of an individual for mischief. As a citizen, he is more dangerous to society, and does more to corrupt the public morals, than one without education. So selfish is our nature, and so prone to evil, that we require chains, moral or physical, to curb our propensities and passions.

Early impressions are always the most lasting. All experience conduces to establish this. Who has forgotten the scene of his boyhood, or the pious instructions of his parents? However they may be disregarded and condemned by an abandoned course, yet they cannot be consigned to oblivion. In the darkest hours of revelry they will light up in the memory and cause remorse. And this feeling will generally, sooner or later, lead to reformation.

Whatever defect there may be of moral culture in our common schools, it is more than supplied in our Sabbath schools. Here the whole training is of a moral and religious character, entirely free from sectarian influences. Impressions thus made can never be eradicated. And it may not be an extravagant calculation to suppose that every ten years five millions of persons who had been Sabbath school scholars enter into active society. More or less they may be supposed to be influenced by the principles inculcated at those schools. Restraint themselves by moral considerations, their example may have some influence on an equal number of their associates. Here, then is an element of power which must be salutary on our social and political relations. The good thus done cannot be fully known and appreciated, as the amount of evil which it prevents cannot be measured.

It may be assumed as an axiom that free Government can rest on no other basis than moral power. France has a republic which is maintained by bayonets. And there is reason to apprehend that in that country there is not a sufficient moral basis for the maintenance of a free Government.

But are our own beloved institutions free from danger? Who has not seen the "yawning chasm," in our own beautiful edifice? Its pillars seemed to be moved, its wall and its dome, and the contour of the fabric have suffered; and nothing can restore it to its pristine beauty and strength but a united and continual effort of the intelligent and virtuous citizens of our country. And we must increase the number of these by every possible means. Sabbath schools must be relied on as a principle agent in this great work. Without their aid I should look to the future with little hope. Mere partyism should be discarded for principle, and moral power, founded as it must be on the justice and fitness of things, must be made the ground of action.

When I consider the mighty trust, moral and political, which has been committed to us; when I reflect upon the extent and fertility of our country, its diversified and healthful climates, and its capacities for human enjoyment, I am overwhelmed with the vastness of the subject. Rapidly as we have advanced for the last thirty years in the development of our physical resources, and in the arts and sciences, the bow of promise still abides in the future.

But a nation may be great in its physical power and in its mental attainments

without possessing the basis of moral power, which is the only foundation for practical liberty. I have no fears of the concentrated powers of the world. We could drive them from our shores without endangering our institutions. But, whilst I have no fear as to the permanency of our Government from influences and powers from without, I am not without apprehension from causes which arise among ourselves. This is indeed a strange paradox. Can we not trust ourselves? "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

There is no security against the enormities of our race, which has so often disgraced the history of the world, but a restraining influence which sets bounds to human passions. The superior civilization, moderation, and justice of modern times is attributable to the benign influence of Christianity. The ancient republics were destitute of this power. Physical force was the arbiter of right and the dispenser of justice. But now there is an element of moral power which more or less pervades all civilized nations, and which has its foundation in the Bible. No nation can disregard this law with impunity. If it be not embodied in any published code, yet it is not the less powerful. It is written in the hearts and understandings of mankind. It shakes the thrones of despots who, through a line of ancestry of many centuries, have governed with an absolute power.

To us as a nation are committed the great principles of free government, and we are responsible to those who shall come after us for a faithful discharge of the trust. Now we must continue to build upon the foundation of our fathers. They were equal to the crisis. Washington and Hancock, and Adams, and their compatriots were good men as well as great men. They looked to a superintending Providence, and to the precepts of the Bible.

There is enough of intelligence and virtue, and of honest purpose in the nation, if embodied and made active, to free us from the prevailing corruptions of the day. And there is no agency more efficient to strengthen this state of the public mind than our Sabbath schools. They are the nurseries of virtue, of an elevated patriotism, and of religion. \* \*

And what nobler motive could impel to human action! Compare it with the motives which led to other lines of action, and with their results. The aspiration of the mere politician begins and ends in himself. The benefits (if benefits they may be called) conferred on his supporters have no higher motive than this. The same remark will apply to many who are engaged in the pursuits of commerce, or in the prosecution of enterprises which ordinarily lead to the accumulation of individual and national wealth. They may become great in this respect, and advance the wealth of their country, without being exemplary themselves, or increasing the public virtue. And so of professional renown. How empty is that bauble which entwines the brow of the orator in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, whose heart is not full of the kindly feelings of humanity, and who does not endeavor to mitigate the sufferings and increase the happiness of his race.

If we desire to make our nation truly great, and to transmit to posterity our institutions in their primitive simplicity and force, we must imbue the minds of our youth with a pure and an elevated morality, which shall influence their whole lives. And I know of no means so well calculated to produce this result as Sabbath schools.

I regret that my public duties will prevent my being present at your annual meeting.

With the greatest respect, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN MCLEAN.

HORRID MURDER IN KENTUCKY.—The Mount Sterling Whig of the 15th inst, states that a most horrid and revolting murder was perpetrated on the previous day, in that country. During the absence of her husband (Mr. J. H. Foster) a fiend in human shape entered the dwelling of Mr. F., took a rope and tied it three or four times around the neck of Mrs. Foster, and then, in addition to the crime of murder he perpetrated a shocking offence upon her person. Mr. Foster left home about ten o'clock to perform military duty a few miles, distant, and returned about two o'clock, when he found his wife dead! From the marks on her person, and other circumstances, a terrible scuffle must have taken place. The fiend, after accomplishing his diabolical purpose stole a gun, some ten or twelve dollars in money, an accordeon, one or two bottles of liquor, and some sugar. The whole neighborhood is greatly excited, and some twenty or thirty persons are in pursuit of the murderer.