



Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1849.

VOL. XIV, NO. 32

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

BY WM. C. DRYANT.

O, deem not they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The eyes that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
For heaven's age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

ECLIPSE OF THE HONEY MOON.

BY JULIET H. L. CAMABELL.

Far, far from the home of thy young days,
Thy lot calls thee?
From the looks of love that glistened round
Thy infancy?

ALICIA ATHERTON was as lovely and happy a bride, as ever the sun shone upon; spirited as maidens are apt to be, ere they submit to the taming influences of matrimony. Affectionate and tender withal, and combining in her character all the elements necessary to render herself beloved, and her husband happy; but, alas! she was young, inexperienced, and untamed, and, to crown all, under the baneful influences of the honeymoon, which as every body knows, makes lunatics of most people.

Frank Atherton was passionately fond of his witching bride, and as he stood by her side receiving the affectionate and tearful adieu of her friends, his heart swelled with tender, though manly emotions. "What a monster I am," thought he, "to tear this sweet creature from those who have reared her with such devoted love. If ever I cause her a moment's sorrow, may I wear horns and a tail like my fiendish prompter." "Sweet Alicia," he said, as the carriage rolled away, "how much you have sacrificed for me! Can I ever supply the place of all you have lost?"

"Thy people shall be my people," said the tearful girl, as she was pressed to her lover's husband's heart. How blest would Alicia have been, by the perfect love which envied her, but for her mournful memories of home. Never before, in any absence, had her mind reverted so constantly and sadly to those she left behind her. Heretofore, her speedy return, and joyous reception, were always in anticipation; but now she felt that the venerated spot was no longer her home, that hereafter she should be

"A stranger at her father's gate."
"The place therefore should know her no more," and the inmates mourned her as lost to them. These thoughts oppressed her heart with a strange awe, and she ejaculated, "How much is marriage like death!"

"Because they are both an introduction to a new life, Alicia."

However, these impressions wore away, and her spirit regained its natural buoyancy.

"Oh, Frank! what beautiful roses are growing among those cliffs," cried Alicia, on one of their evening rambles. "Shall I gather them for you dear-est?"

"Oh, no, it is dangerous—don't." But Frank had already scaled the rocks, and the wild roses quivered in his grasp.

"How fragrant!" said Alicia, when he had descended, and she reached forth her hands eagerly.

"No, no, pretty one, I cannot afford to give them; you must pay a price for every one. This," and he held aloft the largest bunch, "shall be yours, when you tell me the sacred secret, you were never to divulge; not even to your husband."

"Give me the roses, Frank; I told you all my own secrets long ago, and I cannot betray those of my friends," and making a slight spring, she grasped the flowers.

Frank hastily drew them away, and the crushed petals fell in a shower, while a large thorn lacerated Alicia's hand.

Irritated with the pain, as well as the destruction of the roses, of which she was so fond, Alicia exclaimed, "You unmanly fellow!" Her face was flushed and angry, and her beautiful eyes filled with tears, when she added, "You shall kiss the injured hand."

own accord, as every body knows, had she waited, but the tone of angry command in which "shall" was uttered, alarmed his benedictive dignity.

"You must!" persisted the bride, in a way that showed her heart was set upon it.

"No, no, my love, I can do no such thing."

Alicia, shocked by this unfeeling obduracy, exclaimed, "I shall never kiss you again, unless you do!"

"How can you be so foolish!" said the husband, throwing his arm around her, and imprinting a kiss on her cheek. He paused for a reply.

Alicia averted her face, and adhered to her resolution, and they returned homeward in silence.

Frank Atherton felt thoroughly uncomfortable, and once or twice it occurred to him, he might have complied with her childish request at first, "but it will never do to yield now," thought he.

"Poor thing, her mother taught her that—I suppose they kiss and cure at home. What a fool I was, to refuse her, and she alone here too, with no one to love and humor her whims, but her husband!" Under the influence of these feelings, when they entered the house, he clasped her in his arms, told her the old tale of how he loved her, and imprinted a thousand kisses upon her cheek, neck, and brow. Alicia, true to her resolve, made no response to these caresses, but significantly placed upon his lips the slighted hand.

"Alicia," said he seriously, as he removed it, "it is very wrong for you to attempt to overcome your husband's resolution."

"You are trying to overcome mine."

"You should never have made yours," he replied, "and having made it, you ought to break it."

"Begin at the beginning, you should never have made yours, etc.," persisted she.

"Come, come, my little wife, you are struggling for the ascendancy; beware, how you entertain the desire of governing your husband, so kiss me, and make friends,—it is your duty to do so."

Alicia's face was still averted, and likely to remain so, when Frank seized his hat and rushed from the house, muttering "what an obstinate temper the girl has! I'll never give up, I'm determined!"

"My duty," thought she, "oh dear! I love it; it is the awful sentence—love, honor, and obey," rose up before her mind, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Dear reader, "both were young, and one was" a spoiled child! What a pity it is, that the happiest periods of our lives are clouded by imaginary sorrow. Childhood—youth—how redolent of blessings are these seasons, but they are embalmed in their floods of tears.

Not until they have passed away, forever, and the cold iron of reality is ranking in our hearts, do we know how blest we have been. Oh, bring them back! those vanished years, with their slighted pleasures, that we may live them o'er again. We call in vain! We have cast our flowers upon the tide, and they are swept from our grasp forever. Dry your eyes, Alicia, and be happy while you may!

Mr. Atherton returned to the parlor, after the evaporation of hasty passion, and found Alicia reclining on the sofa, in a pensive attitude that touched his heart. He bent over and gazed earnestly into her eyes. It is very hard to retreat, after once having taken a certain stand, and particularly so for the petted Alicia who had never been required to yield a point in her life. But she had resolved, so placing her little hand on his shoulder, after a moment's hesitation, she impressed a kiss upon his cheek. It was very light and cold, Frank thought, but it was enough that she had yielded. She has since learned to do so more gracefully.

This edifying scene, was the first of the series of collisions, misunderstandings, and heartaches which prevailed during the honeymoon. These were not the result of any want of affection, or any decided fault on either side.

They arose from the conflicting tastes, views, and habits which distinguish a newly married pair, (for people always admire, and marry their opposites) and an ignorance of each other's characters and prejudices.

One day, Alicia returned from a shopping expedition, and passing the parlor door, she observed a large painting, in a handsome frame, which had been placed over the mantelpiece during her absence. She had been lamenting the want of pictures, to complete the elegance of her rooms, and gratified by her husband's ready attention to her wishes, she drew up the blinds to inspect the acquisition.

Alicia was a woman of cultivated taste and she was somewhat shocked when

the light glared upon the new ornament. It appeared to be a representation of the death of Washington. The body lay ghastly, and exposed, upon its couch, with the mourning family around; the distorted countenance of a negro servant peered from the drapery, while above hovered the Goddess of Liberty, with averted face. The whole was executed with flaming colors, and in a rude, unformed style. Alicia turned away in disgust, and encountered the beaming, happy face of her husband.

"What do you think of it, love?" he inquired with a delighted air.

"The most wretched daub I ever saw," she replied.

"The painting is somewhat faulty," he said, with a fallen countenance, "but the design is fine, is it not? Observe the drooping figure of Liberty, mourning the loss of her champion. It reminds me of that noble line—

"And freedom shrieked, when Kosciusko fell."

"The artist has made an odd jumble of his ideas," responded Alicia, mischievously, "and I can't decide whether the Goddess of Liberty weeps over the dead General, in the bed, or living slave, who appears to be wiping his nose on the curtains."

"Alicia!"

"Do ring for John to take it down; I shall die of mortification if any one should see such a blot upon your walls."

"You are unreasonable," said Frank. "I placed the picture there, intending it to remain, and I perceive no reason for changing my determination."

"Then I would advise you, at a venture, to frame the first tavern sign you meet, as a companion-piece," she suggested with mirthful raillery.

Frank swallowed his rising wrath, and remonstrated: "It's a very impressive picture."

"Nothing can be more so than a death scene, adorning the walls of a parlor," said she, with an expression of irony.

"I think if you place a death's head amid the bijouterie of the centre-table, I shall be kept in salutary remembrance of my end."

"Alicia, you have neither sense or feeling!" exclaimed the incensed husband.

She opened her eyes with wonder, for she had spoken in good humored derision of the picture, expecting him to be amused, not offended.

"Then I make a sorry wife for a gentleman so distinguished for taste and politeness," retorted Alicia, as with a courtesy, she left the room.

She flew to her chamber, and indulged in a paroxysm of tears. She was stung—mortified—miserable. "Is it possible he thinks so badly of me? and he is my husband, bound for life to me, whom he believes to be destitute alike of sense and feeling? Oh, is there no escape!" Alicia at that moment would have given worlds to be free. All their little variances arose before her mind, and she felt that they were unsuited to each other. "I have not made him happy, and yet, how I have loved him!" was her exclamation, and her tears burst forth with redoubled bitterness, until exhausted with weeping, she fell asleep.

When Alicia awoke, her head ached violently, but she determined to dress, and go out. Her home and husband were almost hateful to her, and she felt a desire to fly from both. Her toilette was just completed, when a friend was announced.

"I have come," said Mrs. Lester, who lived several miles in the country, "at mamma's instigation to spirit you away. We are to have a deal of gaiety at Woodlands, this week, owing to a brace of birth-days, and you must not refuse to aid in the celebrations.—Will not Mr. Atherton resign you to our care for a week?"

"Gladly," answered Alicia, "as gladly as I will come," and she flew up stairs to make the necessary preparations. While her maid packed her trunk, she indited a brief note to her husband, informing him of her plans, and telling him he need not come for her as Mrs. Lester would drive her to town when she desired to return. These frigid lines, so unlike the usual outpourings of Alicia's affectionate heart, Frank Atherton still preserves, in memory of this desertion.

The young wife was far from happy, amid the gaiety of Woodlands, for the unhandsome remark of her husband rankled, a poisoned dagger in her heart. She was both proud and sensitive, and she felt herself to be an insulted woman, as well as an injured wife. "Neither sense or feeling!" how dared he say so, to any lady! how could he say so to her who had lavished the richest treasures of her heart on him!" She had been so absorbed in her lacerated feelings, that it now struck her for the first time, how singular was his admiration of the odious picture. Although not a connois-

seur, he was not deficient in judgment in such matters; and she remembered hearing him comment upon works of art with taste and discrimination. Alicia was satisfied there must have been some hidden feeling, which induced him to turn thus cruelly upon her, and that reflection awakened a jealousy of the motive that could overpower his regard for his wife. Absorbed in these musings, she did not observe the approach of George Lester, laden with midsummer flowers, which he was distributing among the ladies.

"Mrs. Atherton," said he, mischievously, "will you wear this sombre flower? It is called the 'Mourning Bride.'"

The blossom was already in her hand, and she colored at this hint of her having betrayed the troubled state of her mind.

"Fie, George! what a selection! I suppose you will offer grand-ma an orange-blossom," said Mrs. Lester, as she disengaged a rose-bud and some heart-cases from his bouquet and handed them to her guest. "Never mind, my love," she added, in an undertone, "you will feel happier when the bride has waned into the wife."

Alicia was startled to find that Mrs. Lester understood and sympathized with her, and she raised her blue eyes tearfully to the speaker.

"Because," said Mrs. Lester, in answer to her look of inquiry, "you will then understand all the puzzling ins and outs of your respective characters, and assimilate your tastes and habits."

"But I thought the first year of married life was always the happiest," with a smile at her naive confession.

"Tout au contraire," exclaimed Mrs. Lester, "as I discovered to my sorrow! Last evening when George attempted to accompany you in one of those duets which you sing so charmingly with Mr. Atherton, he was obliged to desist, owing to the want of harmony in your voices. A little practice would obviate all that, and your tones would soon harmonize. Matrimony is a duet, in which there is apt to be some discord, until the characters modulate themselves to each other."

Alicia looked around with a smile at this comparison, and encountered the eyes of her husband, who had that moment arrived, fixed steadily upon her. She returned his bow with politeness, and continued conversing with her hostess. Mr. Atherton advanced and was received with much cordiality by Mrs. Lester, and the young gentlemen, with whom he was a favorite, gathered round to welcome him. The conversation became general, at which Alicia rejoiced, for she dreaded a tete-a-tete meeting after having parted in such displeasure.

Frank, on the contrary, was eager to see his wife alone, for their short separation had awakened all his tenderness, but he found no opportunity for a *sotto-voce* expression of his desire, and as he could not catch her eye, his freemasonry of significant glances was unavailing. Presently he was interested in a discussion between two gentlemen near, and when he looked around for Alicia, she was gone.

"She is in the grounds with Elizabeth," said Mrs. Lester, in answer to his inquiry, "shall we not follow them?"

"Atherton offered his arm to the lady, and they were not long in finding the fugitives, in a rural temple, half hidden by the shrubbery. After a few moments, Mrs. Lester judiciously withdrew her daughter, and Alicia found herself alone with her husband, feeling as awkward as a mouse cornered by grimaldin."

"My wife, will you not forgive me?"

In the bitterness of her resentment, she had thought she never could forgive him, but at the first word of tenderness and repentance, the barrier which pride had reared, gave way, and like many a more injured woman, she threw herself into his outstretched arms and wept.

"Frank," said she, lifting her dewy face—"neither sense or feeling! Oh, why did you marry me?"

"Because I loved you, my own! but not half so well as I do now. I am irritable, hasty, impetuous, but cannot my wife bear with me?"

"And I am irritating and—"

"You are all that a woman should be, Alicia, but I fear that I have not half understood you. Neither have you entirely understood me, dearest, and it is meet that we should open our hearts more fully to each other. First, let me explain the cause of my unpardonable rudeness to you. When I was a boy I had a dearly loved brother, who was two years younger than myself. He was a child of wonderful loveliness, and precocious genius, which were enough alone to love him for, but he had a more melancholy claim upon our sympathies and affection, being the prey of a hopeless disease. I remember looking upon my gentle playmate with affectionate reverence, and realizing as I gazed,

that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,'—so angel like were his looks and ways.

"We grew together, side by side, and filled our home with glee."

until he had attained his fourteenth year, when he died. This event had been for a long time expected by the sufferer, and those who loved him, and he had endeavored to leave behind him mementos for each of the family. These consisted of drawings, and paintings in oil, in the execution of which he evinced extraordinary taste and skill. I was the youngest of the family. The nearest his own age, as well as the dearest to his heart, and the most important of these paintings was designed for me, and is the same you so unmercifully ridiculed. To its completion, he devoted the failing energies of life, and it has always been hallowed to my heart by these associations. Judge, if you can, of my feelings when I heard you—my beloved Alicia, with whom I had hoped to share my admiration and regrets, speak of that sacred memento in terms of levity and disgust. Forgive me, if I thought you heartless!"

Alicia hid her face in her hands—"Oh, Frank, why did you not tell me this before!"

"Although it has often been on my mind, we were always too merry, or too happy, to turn to a reminiscence so sacred and so sad."

"How shall I ever forgive myself for the pain I have caused you, or the injustice I have done your brother! The painting is certainly an extraordinary production for a young and self-taught invalid."

"So experienced judges have pronounced. But one confession more, Alicia. I am not proof against your satire, and are you not sometimes malicious?"

"Oh, Frank! I hope not. I have a buoyant, happy heart, and a lively fancy, that lead me into a thousand extravagances, when I should be walking demurely by your side; and then, I have an inconvenient perception of the ridiculous, but believe me, I speak in mirth, not in malice."

"But, are you not thoughtless sometimes?"

"Oh, yes! and young and foolish, with a dozen more such faults as you and I could name, but *time* will correct them all, and I dare say you will pronounce me perfect some day."

Time did its work, in accordance with this careless prophecy, and the spirited and lively girl was moulded into a sensible and feeling woman, realizing the ideal of perfection in her husband's heart.

A PAINFUL SIGHT.—To see young men lounging about month after month, neither working nor desiring to work: while—perhaps—poor parents are toiling from morning till night, to support and save them from a disgrace which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many such sights are to be seen in every community? How many are found who have not that sense of shame, which is necessary to force them off the lounge's seat; but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment if it does not happen to be genteel and profitable! Alas the fate of such is sealed: they will go down to the grave unrepented, unmourned and soon to be forgotten by all.

LOOK AT HOME.—A clergyman had two daughters, who were much too fond of dress, which was a great grief to him. He had often reproved them in vain; and preaching one Sabbath on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice, among other things, pride of dress. After speaking some considerable length of time on this subject, he suddenly stopped short and said, with much feeling and expression, "But you will say look at home." My good friends, I do look at home till my heart aches."

CHEERING THOUGHT.—Sound instruction is like a small stone thrown into the water; it sinks to the bottom and disappears, but when it struck the surface, it raised a wave; this again produced another wave, till the whole was in agitation. This thought may often cheer the mind, in seasons when all looks dark; and though for the present the work may not be "joyous but grievous," yet afterward the most trying parts of the discipline may be those which will call for the deepest thankfulness.

"WELL, GEORGE," asked a friend of a young lawyer who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh suitable to the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

Anonymous Letter-Writing.

We heartily subscribe to the remark of the Inquirer upon the base and cowardly practice of sending anonymous letters to individuals. None but a craven of so despicable an act:

"Anonymous letter-writing is nearly as bad as murder." This is strong language, but we really believe that in some cases this cowardly system of insult and annoyance has produced anxiety, illness and death. We can conceive of nothing more atrocious than for an individual to sit down, coolly and deliberately, and inflict a stab upon the peace or reputation of another, from behind a mask.

We speak thus strongly, because we believe that many persons foolishly indulge in this vice, this crime, without an adequate conception of its enormity. They mistake for just what is in reality malice. They attempt to deceive themselves into the belief that they are only indulging a propensity for humor, when in fact they are giving vent to malignant and vindictive feelings. Years ago, we heard of a case in which a gentleman of this city was devotedly attached to his wife, who was as pure and faithful a woman as ever breathed. A happier couple could not be found in society. Their very harmony of soul and of sentiment annoyed some of the envious and malignant, or at least one of them, and an anonymous letter, artfully written, and insidiously assailing the conduct of the wife, before marriage, was addressed to the confiding husband. He believed the allegations to be vile and slanderous, and yet such was his nature that he was annoyed, inflamed, maddened. He exhibited the dastardly epistle to the wife, and she, although entirely innocent, was unable wholly to convince her husband. The wound thus inflicted by a concealed hand rankled—distrust was caused—unkindness and inattention followed—and finally a separation was determined upon. And all from an infamous anonymous letter!

What punishment too severe could be accorded to the author of such cowardly villainy?

"GOOD NIGHT."

In that expression of kindness how sweet and soothing a sentiment is conveyed. The toils of the day are over; the fervent heat of noon is past, the pursuit after gain is suspended, and mankind sink into the arms of sleep, a temporary asylum from the care of mind and innovation of body. Even from guilt beneficent nature withholds not the solace of repose, and passing through the "ivory gates of dreams," the days of happiness, in shadowy glory, appear before the soul. Insupportable, indeed, would be the heavy tribulation, on our pilgrimage through life we must endure; were it not for these intermittent seasons of rest which it is alike the privilege of the houseless wanderer, and the palaced lord to enjoy. And night, gentle night, is the tender nurse that woe the foil-exhausted frame to steep its cares in forgetfulness. The wise provision of nature indicate the season for repose; and her beneficent laws are revered and obeyed by all save the being by whose comfort and happiness they are chiefly promulgated.

When the sun withdraws from the heavens, and earth is shrouded in darkness, the labors of insect industry cease; the flowers close their petals, defended from the chilling dews of evening, and that sweet watchman of the grove, the nightingale, trills forth in varied cadences, the parting song, "good night." Cynthia, and her glittering train of stars, robed in the grandeur of eternal light, come forth and hover above the earth, and its children, like fair and holy spirits, keeping vigils over mortal sleepers, and preserving them from the influence of the powers of darkness.

LOCOFOCO MADNESS AND FOLLY.—Senator Atchinson, in a late speech against Col. Benton, in Missouri; is reported to have said, and to have repeated with emphatic vehemence that, "he would rather see the Union split into as many fragments as there are counties in the Union, than that the Wilmot Proviso should ever be passed by Congress!" Will Freesoilism absorb that?

THE MAN whose delight is in gold only will part with everything he has in exchange for the precious stuff.

AN EXCHANGE speaks of a lady who entered her carriage, with so much powder on her face, that she blew up the driver.

A skeptical young man one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."