



Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that? 'Tis the Summer's farewell
In the breath of the night wind sighing;
The chill breeze comes like a sorrowful dirge
That wailes o'er the dead and the dying.
The sapless leaves are eddying round,
On the path which they lately shaded;
The oak of the forest is losing its robe;
The flowers are falling and fading;
All that I look on but saddens my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should depart.

Yet why should I sigh? Other summers will
Come,
Joys like the past one bringing;
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit;
Again will the birds be singing;
The forest will put forth its "honors" again;
The rose be as sweet in its breathing;
The woodlark will climb round the lattice pane
As wild and rich in its writhing.
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum,
Other flowers will spring, other summer's will
Come.

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming?
This spirit may sleep too soundly then
To wake with the warbling or humming.
The cheek now pale, may be paler far,
When the summer sun next is glowing;
The cherishing rays may glid with light
The grass on my grave-turf growing;
The earth may be glad, but worms and gloom
May dwell with me in the silent tomb.

And few would weep, in the beautiful world,
For the formless one who had left it;
Few would remember the form cut off,
And mourn the stroke that cleft it;
Many might keep my name on their lip,
Pleased with that name degrading;
My follies and sins alone would live,
A theme for their cold upbraiding.
Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
May there be ere the summer sun shall beam!

From Sartain's Magazine.

TAKING TOLL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q—, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day he drove off toward Lancaster in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijon. On reaching the town he called first with a grocer's with the inquiry—

'Have you any common wine?'
'How common?' asked the grocer.
'About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial.'

'Yes; I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar.'

'Very well. Give me a gallon,' said Mr. Smith.

The demijon was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that day, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stepped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes or so. As he was about stepping into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijon was a little in his way, and so lifting it out he said to Mrs. Jones—

'I wish you would take care of this until I come back.'

'O, certainly,' replied Mrs. Jones, 'with the greatest of pleasure.'

'And so the demijon was left in the lady's care.'

Some hours afterwards, Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijon.

'What is this?' was his natural inquiry.

'Something that Mr. Smith left.'

'Mr. Smith from Q—?'

'Yes.'

'I wonder what he has there?' said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijon. 'It feels heavy.'

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

'Mine, as I live!' fell from his lips.

'Bring me a glass.'

'Oh no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch his wine,' said Mrs. Jones.

'Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no. Bring me a glass.'

The glass, a half pint tumbler, was produced and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guiltless of grape-juice as a dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

'Pretty fair wine that; only a little rough,' said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

'It's a shame!' remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, 'for you to do so.'

'I only took toll,' said the husband laughing. 'No harm in that I'm sure.'

'Rather heavy toll, it strikes me,' replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up.—While these were in preparation, he said to the keeper of the store—

'I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to-day to Mr. Jones's. I left a demijon of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine.'

'O certainly,' replied the store-keeper. 'Here Tom!' and he called for his boy.

Tom came and the store keeper said to him—

'Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly for Mr. Smith is in a hurry.'

'Yes, sir,' responded the lad and away he ran.

'After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burdened it.

'I wonder if that really is wine?' said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijon again. The cork was removed and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

'Yes, it's wine, but I'll vow it's not much to brag of.' And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

'Mr. Smith says, please let him have that jug of antimonial-wine he left here.'

'Antimonial wine!' exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspread his face.

'Yes, sir,' said the lad, taking up the demijon to which Mrs. Jones pointed with her finger, and departing without observing the effects his appearance had produced.

'Antimonial wine!' fell again, but huskily, from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. 'Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! how dreadfully sick I feel. Send for the doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!'

'Antimonial wine! Dreadful!' exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. 'Do you feel very sick?'

'Oh yes. As sick as death!' And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. 'Send for a doctor immediately or it may be too late.'

Mrs. Jones ran first in one way and then in another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her single domestic, to run with all her might for the doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones had taken poison by mistake.

Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately the doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his office would permit, armed with stomach pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

'Oh, Doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!' gasped the patient.

'How did it happen? What have you taken?' inquired the doctor eagerly.

'I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine.'

Then it must be removed instantly,' said the doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long flexible, India rubber tube, and pump! pump! went the Doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable.—About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

'There,' said the doctor, 'I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote.' And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down to take the place of what had just been removed.

'Do you feel better now?' inquired the doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

'A little' was the faint reply. 'Do you think all danger past?'

'Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system.'

'I feel weak as a rag,' said the patient. 'I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!'

'Don't think of it,' returned the doctor. 'Compose yourself. There is no danger to be apprehended whatever.'

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon be-

came noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith, having finished his business in Lancaster, was just stepping into his wagon, when a man came up and said to him and the store-keeper who was standing by—

'Have you heard the news?'

'What news?'

'Mr. Jones has taken poison.'

'What?'

'Poison!'

'Who? Mr. Jones?'

'Yes. And they say he cannot live.'

'Dreadful! I must see him.' And without waiting for further information Mr. Smith spoke to his horse, and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

'How is he?' inquired Mr. Smith in a serious voice.

'A little better, I thank you. The doctor has taken it all off' of his stomach. Will you walk up?'

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The doctor was still by his side.

'Ah, my friend says the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, 'that antimonial wine of your's has nearly been the death of me.'

'What antimonial wine?' inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding what his friend meant.

'The wine you left here in the gallon demijon.'

'That was 'nt antimonial wine.'

'It was not!' fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

'Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine.'

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

'Not antimonial wine?'

'No.'

'Why the boy said it was.'

Then he didn't know any thing about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought.'

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The doctor arose from the bed side, and Mrs. Jones exclaimed—

'Well I never!'

Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other doubtfully.

'Good day,' said the doctor, and went down stairs.

'So you have been drinking my wine, it seems,' laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach pump had retired.

'I only took a little toll,' said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the colour was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence. 'But don't say anything about it. Don't for the world!'

'I won't on one condition, said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

'What is that?'

'You must become a tetotallar.'

'Can't do that,' replied Mr. Jones.

'Then I can't promise.'

'Give me a day or two to make up my mind.'

'Very well. And now good bye; the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home.'

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the tetotalars, the story of his taking toll was all over the town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that it became an old story.

Strike On.

How much like a rock in the ocean, against which the waves beat for centuries, is the man of sterling truth and robust integrity! To waves of unholy passion—to unsanctified popular applause, he cries, 'Strike on, I shall not be harmed.' The influence of vice is all around him; but he is unmoved.—Wealth is at his command, if he will but swerve from the path of duty. No, you could as soon remove the rock in the sea.

When the great and good Algernon Sidney was about to be executed, he calmly laid his head upon the block.—He was asked by the executioner if he should arise again? 'Not till the resurrection—strike on,' was the remarkable reply of Sidney.

When unholy power would remove your virtue, say calmly, strike on, but do not yield to sin. Be firm in your principles, even though death stare you in the face. Strike on!—be this your motto, whenever assailed by wealth or power, and gloriously will you triumph—if not in this world, in that which is to come.

Strange Story.

A Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican relates the following strange but interesting story:

Several years ago, a rich miller, living in one of the provinces, became so unhappy by the death of his wife, that placing his only child, a girl often years of age in a convent, he repaired to a monastery near Paris and became a monk.—During six or seven years he led a most pious life, but from the gloom of his cell he thought often of his daughter. The desire to see her grew so much upon him, that he at last resolved to open a correspondence with her; the answers he received to his letters were such as to re-awaken all the affections of other days within his bosom. The young girl on her side was no less eager to see once more a parent whose early tenderness she still remembered. With a resolution surprising in one of her age, she quitted the convent, dressed herself in male attire, and sought the monastery in which her father resided. She there assumed the habit of the order, and was named brother Robert. She was then but seventeen years of age. She took care not to reveal herself to her father until the irrevocable vow had been pronounced; when at last she followed him to his cell and told her story. The joy he expressed at folding his beloved child once more to his heart, and the regret which her act of devotion caused him, brought on a fever which ended his life in a few days.

The young girl found herself now in a situation which nothing but the religious education she had received could have enabled her to bear. Deprived of the support which the daily sight of her father would have given her, she valiantly fortified herself in every possible way in order to keep down the worldly regrets which arose in her heart. She became the example of the convent, and the sanctity of Friar Robert was spread abroad in all France. The most holy offices were confided principally to her; it was she who was sent to pray by the bedside of the dying, and to console the afflicted. But she did an immense deal of good among the young girls of Paris whom the world and its pleasures had drawn from the path of duty. To these she never wearied of talking; her humility surprised them, the simplicity of her soul and the sweetness of her voice charmed them completely; and Friar Robert rarely failed in bringing these wanderers back to the right way.

At last, however, slander attacked the fair fame of Friar Robert and he was accused of being too fond of visiting female sinners. The Abbe of the monastery imposed upon the pretended brother, as penance, to serve the whole community, and to do the most repugnant and the roughest work. She did all without a murmur, and during three years accomplished the rude duties laid upon her without faltering in a single one.

Last week she died, and the remorse of the monks may well be imagined when it was discovered that it was a sister instead of a brother whom they had been punishing so long.

A Wife in Trouble.

'Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?'

'Oh! such a disgrace!'

'What—what is it my dear? Do not keep me in suspense.'

'Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr.'

'Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?'

'No harm in the thing itself. But the contents! Such a disgrace!'

'What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?'

'Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!'

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caught the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for nine years subscription!—Sandy Hill Herald.

DECIDEDLY RICH.—Two Quakers in Vermont had a dispute; they wished to fight but it was against their principles; they grasped each other, and one threw and sat on the other, and squeezing his head in the mud, said, 'on thy belly shalt thou crawl, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.' The other soon gained the victory, and when he had attained the same position, said,—'It is written the seed of the women shall bruise the serpent's head.'

What is the universe but a hand flung in space, pointing always with extended finger unto God!

Nobility of Mechanics.

BY MISS WENTWORTH.

Toil on, sun-burnt mechanic! God has placed thee in thy lot perchance to guide the flying car that whirls us on from scene to scene, from friend to friend; bind down the warring wave of ocean, temper tost, or chain the red artillery of heaven.

Toil on! Without thy power earth, though her sands were one vast pail of gold, would be a waste of tinselled tears, and glittering grief; and want, and wo, and splendid misery, would gleam out from all her treasured mines. Rich soils would perish in their richness, and the fruits of the changing seasons die, ungathered from the harvest.

Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too! 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,' and from chaos sprang this perfect world—the perfect workmanship of the eternal, uncreated power. Up rose the mighty firmament; and back the sullen surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their respective bounds.

And then he set great lights—the glorious sun to bless the day—the timed moon to wear at night the milder lustre of the radiant orb.

He painted heaven with mingled blue and white—and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out, seeming, by the majesty of sun and moon, like a stray lily breathing in it, flower of meek and blushing loveliness, on the gay tints of opening bud and rich, voluptuous blossom.

Wondering, there dawned another and a third, till, clustering and clinging to the spacious canopy, they read, in the calm waters of the sea, the story of their radiant loveliness. From thence assured, they fear not the sun or moon, but faithfully distil their pensive light. Old ocean tossed her crescent spray, and from their hidden depths creatures of life came up and flew above the earth—winged fowls and flying fish, and the whale, dark emperor of the sea.

And God created man! Six days he labored, and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that is, went up a chorus of ecstatic praise to God the first, the eternal Architect.

Toil on, sun-burnt mechanic! hard ye of him whom babbling Jews despise! The manger born of Nazareth! Exalted to be prince over death and hell!—Read you not in the book, of the untaught apprentice who laid his hand on Tiberius' rugged main, and it was stilled!

Toil on! Drink from the dews that heaven distils. The fragrant flowers, the bursting buds, the blessed air, is untold wealth to the hard working and bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers do not bring happiness. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which decaying gold is vanity and dross.

Dow, jr., in one of his discourses thus describes the contrast between semblance and reality—

A woman may not be an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with a rainbow, and studded with stars. The young man may behold his admired object on the morrow in the true light of reality, perchance emptying a washtub into the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pale for want of paint—her hair mussed and mossy, except what lies in the bureau, and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel rammed through a brush fence into a world of wretchedness and woe!

BOUND TO COME OFF.—Somewhere in the west, a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a Hoosier with a very dull razor.

'Stop,' said the Hoosier, 'that wont do.'

'What's the matter boss?'

'That razor pulls.'

'Well, no matta for dat sah. If de handle ob de razor don't break, be baired's bound to come off.'

RESEMBLANCE.—Colonel W. is a fine looking man, isn't he, said a friend of ours the other day.

'Yes,' replied another, 'I was taken for him once.'

'You! why, you're as ugly as sin!'

'I dont care for that, I was taken for him once—I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by the Sheriff.'

'Well, Tom, does your girl continue to love you?'

'Yes more than ever.'

'Indeed! what evidence have you of that?'

'Why, she makes me presents.'

'What has she giving you lately?'

'Oh she made me a present of my picture which I paid five dollars for before I gave it to her.'

Who Struck my Brother Bob.

Billy Patterson is done for—thrown into a mere shadow as will be seen by the following:

Old Bob Hilton was one of the hardest cases that ever existed in Georgia or anywhere else. He excelled in only two things—in the frequency of his 'speres,' and the number of 'scrapes' they led him into. No election day, 'court week,' or Fourth of July ever passed over his head, free of some difficulty resulting from his free use of the intoxicating beverage, or as he termed it 'sperets.' Bob had a brother whose name was Peter, called by his friend's Pete. Pete was a tall specimen of the genus homo, standing about six feet two 'in his stockings.' He was very far from being a Julius Cæsar, in point of bravery, but where there was no danger, no man could talk louder, or come to the blood and thunder on a larger scale. One day, during a court week, Bob, as usual, became decently tight, or in Georgia dialect, slightly interrogated. Getting rather quarrelsome, some person had presented him with a slight blow between the eyes, which stretched him at full length on the floor. Pete heard of it, and understanding that the gentleman who had been kind enough to give Bob the floor, had left he started up; and putting on a ferocious countenance, exclaimed:

'Who struck my brother Bob?'

No one answered, for all were too busy talking for themselves.

'Who struck my brother Bob?' continued Pete, waxing bolder, as he saw no notice was taken of his first question.

'Who struck my brother Bob?' he cried the third time, working himself into a perfect fury and stalking about the piazza of the grocery as if he didn't fear any body. He felt convinced that no one would take up the matter but the striker himself, and as he was not 'in the vicinity,' he wasn't afraid, not he.—He was, however, doomed to disappointment for just as he yelled out the terrible question for the fourth time, a tall broad shouldered fellow, who was known as the bully of the country, stepped up and said—

'I struck your brother Bob.'

'Ah!' said Pete, after surveying his brother Bob's enemy for several minutes. 'Well, you struck him a powerful lick!'

Don't Get into Debt.

With all his rare excellencies of Christian character, there were few men wiser in this world's wisdom than the late Rev. Dr. Milner. His long practice at the bar, and his experience as a politician, in and out of Congress, peculiarly qualified him to judge of human nature and the tendency of things, and to give prudent advice.

The following narrative and comments are taken from his Life, recently published—one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of biography we have ever read.

'My next door neighbor is in debt.—Upwards of two years ago he borrowed from me two hundred dollars, and immediately afterwards one hundred and ten more. The latter sum he engaged to return in twenty-four hours. I have never received a shilling of these sums in money; but as he is a bookseller, I have at his earnest solicitation, taken books of him to the amount of nearly two thirds of the demand. His note for the balance is now due, and he urges me to take Viner's Abridgment, which satisfies the debt, except thirty or forty dollars.'

'During the whole time since the loan, he has persevered in a system of cringing, prevarication and promises; which he must have known at the time he dealt them out, he never would fulfill. Various artifices, false tales, shifts, and pretences, he has made use of; and I have been the dupe of them. I cannot believe him to be so destitute of feeling as not to be mortified and degraded in his own estimation, by the imagined necessity of resorting to them. But in the one case or the other, I am unable to point to myself a more humiliating situation for a human being to stand in.'

'I have derived from this transaction two pieces of instruction, which are in my view, an adequate compensation for the whole sum, had such an event happened:—

1. To be cautious of hastily and unadvisedly lending money to a man of whose ability and punctuality I am not well assured, unless it be accompanied by adequate security.

2. To adhere religiously to a determination which I formed when commencing business, never to incur debt which I have the remotest apprehension of being unable or even finding it inconvenient to discharge. And, in order constantly to possess the means of keeping this resolution, whatever my income may be, always to live within it.'