



BY JAS. CLARK.

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### Gone are thy Glories, Summer!

Gone are thy glories, Summer!  
But hast thou fled alone?  
Have none when in their household glee,  
Missed one familiar tone?  
Is there no vacant seat beside  
The bright and blazing hearth?  
Have no young, gentle spirits passed,  
From our abodes on earth?  
Thine answer, Summer, I well know:—  
Thou'lt whisper, more than one,  
With eye of light, and step of glee,  
Down to the tomb hath gone!  
Thou'lt tell me, stern, relentless death,  
Thou hast no power to stay;  
That beauty, pride and loveliness,  
Alike become his prey.  
Yes, they have passed, O Summer,  
Like thy flowers' whispered tones,  
And Autumn winds their graves o'ersweep  
With many sighs and moans!  
But memory o'er the bleeding heart  
Her vigils sad shall keep,  
And Summer's breath must ever wake  
A strange fond wish to weep.

### AUTUMN.

How quickly have passed the pleasant days of summer!

The flowery Spring  
But yesterday, came joyously along,  
Laden with sweets that she is wont to bring  
And all alive with melody and song.

The trees put forth their leaves—the flowers began to bud, and the husbandman prepared his ground to receive the fruitful seeds; but the bright days of Spring passed away—the flowers bloomed, faded and crumbled to the dust—like many dear friends, who a few months since were with us, full of life and spirit, cheerful active and happy. How kind and happy they were! Blessed were the hours we passed in their society; but all too blissful to abide. The grave is now their resting place. Like the flowers, they perished in their beauty and bloom.

And now Autumn has come. The short days and cold winds speak the approach of winter, which will soon be upon us. But all seasons of the year have their beauties—and we love the Fall of the year. How delightful is the many colored forest—from the deep green to the pale yellow—an infinity of shades. Who does not love to stroll amid the woods and witness the fading beauties of nature—surpassing lovely in its decay!

“Thrice happy time,  
Best portion of the year, in which  
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works,  
Lovely, to full perfection wrought.”

How forcibly, at this season of the year, are we reminded of the autumn of life—when the bloom and vitality of manhood are past, and the winter of existence is at hand. The fading of the trees and the falling of leaves, speak impressively to every heart, “Thou almost lose thy bloom and fall and perish in the dust.” If we survive to a good old age—(alas! how many of us will never see another autumn!)—we can be cheerful and happy. Age is not sad and gloomy to those who possess kind hearts and pleasant dispositions—who have schooled their affections in the temple of wisdom, that have lain up a store of virtuous thoughts to make the decline of life a season of unalloyed pleasure. True religion, implanted in the youthful breast, will be a source of unending happiness till God shall sunder the thread of life, and translate the soul to his own mansion above.—*Portland Tribune.*

### Are you kind to your Mother?

Come, my little boy, and you, my little girl, what answer can you give to this question? Who was it that watched over you when you were helpless babes? Who nursed you and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put your cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sung the pretty hymn to please you as you lay, or knelt down by the side of the bed in prayer? Who was glad when you began to get well? and who carried you into the fresh air to help your recovery? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives, and works, and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own dear mother? Now, then, let me ask you, *Are you kind to your mother?*

There are many ways in which children show whether they are kind or not. Do you always obey her, and try to please her? When she speaks are you ready to attend to her voice? or do you neglect what she wishes you to do? Do you love to make her heart feel glad?

### Life's Sorrows and Comforts.

This world has been termed a vale of tears. And to a great extent it is so. Though the sky is bright above us, and the earth is fair and lovely; though we are surrounded by the works of art, and strength, and wealth, and though we hear at the festive board and in the hall of gaiety the voice of mirth and pleasure, there are none without their griefs. Some sorrow preys upon the heart of each one crowding through our busy streets, thronging the active marts, and bowing at the shrine of fashion and amusement. Not one lies down at night upon his couch without being visited with painful reflections, and heaving a sigh in remembrance of some heavy misfortune or sad bereavement. How many are the homes where poverty creates its painful anxieties, where the disappointed, with affections blighted, weep in loneliness; where the sick languish on beds of pain, and the stricken in heart mourn that death has snatched from their embrace the dearest object of their affection. How many are the unkindnesses, and wrongs, and deceptions which all encounter; how many the perplexities and hardships and uncertainties of business; how many the accidents and reverses against which no foresight, however prudent, can guard.

Such is life. It is a valley of sorrow; but dark as this valley is, it is not wholly overshadowed with clouds. There are not only occasional glimpses of sunlight which relieve its gloom, but the stars of faith and hope are ever gilding it with their mild beams. Indeed with all its sorrows, life has many consolations. When weary with the labors of the day, it is a consolation to know that we have a friend who will never deceive; when disappointed in the pursuit of wealth, it is a consolation to feel assured that we shall never ask in vain for that wealth which is imperishable; when crippled and enervated by disease, it is a consolation to know that we will not always live in that condition.

### The Grave.

Oh, the grave, the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From this peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throes that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth, that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is we call up in long review, the whole history of truth and gentleness, and a thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheard in the daily course of intimacy. Then it is we dwell upon the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death with all its stifled grief; its noiseless attendants, its mute watchful assiduites; the last testimonial of expiring love; the feeble fluttering feeling. Oh, how thrilling is the pressure of the hand, the last fond look of the glaring eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint faltering accent struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Ay go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle thy account with thy conscience, of past endearments unregarded, of that departed being, who never can return to be soothed by contrition. If thou art a child and hast ever added sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast wronged by thought, by word, or deed, the spirit that generously confides in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold, and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Wash. Irving.*

### Taking Toll.

The St. Louis *Reveille* is publishing a tale, purporting to give some adventures in the life of a young physician, from which we take the following extract:—  
A snow having fallen the young folks of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at a distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with myself.

“Oh, oh—don't!” she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze in the moonlight.

“Don't what? I asked, ‘I'm not doing any thing.’

“Well, but I thought you were going to take toll,” replied Mrs. Lambkin.

“Toll? I rejoined; ‘What's that?’

“Now, do tell!” exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing above the music of the bells. “Dr. Mellows pretends that he don't know ‘hat toll is!’

“Indeed, I don't then,” I said laughing in turn.

“Don't know that the gentlemen when they go a-sleighing, claim a kiss, as toll when they cross a bridge! Well I never!”

“But shall I tell it all? The struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and then, the snow glistening in the moonlight, and the horse trotting on for himself, the toll was taken for the first time in the life of Dr. Mellows.

Soon we came to the long bridge but the widow said it was ‘no use to resist,’ and paid up as soon as we reached it.

“But you won't take toll for every span, will you doctor?” she added, which the only reply was, a practical negative to the question.

Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a pretty widow and take toll at the bridges!

—The potato disease has appeared in different parts of Ohio.

### Newspaper Press.

The Rev. James Aspinwell, in the course of a recent speech on education, gave quite a glowing and forcible sketch of the newspaper press. He said that “from being a mere chronicle of passing events, a dry register of dates and facts, the newspaper has grown one of the leading schoolmasters of the day. Its articles amuse us with their wit, and instruct us with their wisdom. They exhibit the brilliancy of the classical scholar, and the close reasoning of the logician, it is an encyclopaedia in itself. It reviews all books, and treats of all science. It is familiar with all geography, and at home in all history. It

is the *Œdipus* to read the riddles which every political Sphinx may set before it. It dives into cabinet secrets, and anticipates the purpose of Statesmen. It has the hundred eyes of the ever wakeful Argus, the hundred hands and fifty heads of Briareus. And, as omnipresent as omniscient, as ubiquitous as versatile, it is here, there and everywhere, from the Indus to the Po, from China to Peru, compassing the world with its correspondents, and, with its expresses and the electric telegraph, racing against time to communicate its intelligence of mankind in every region of the earth. The ancients counted up seven wonders of the world. If they had possessed a newspaper press, they would have an eighth, more marvellous and of more worth than all the rest together.”

### Irish Emigrants.

John G. Whittier the Quaker poet, in writing about the Irish emigrants among us says:—

“For myself I feel a sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm hearted; cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that his patriotism is divided—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island—that his religion is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him.

“A stranger in a strange land, he is to me always an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his gaiety of heart and national drollery and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the ‘ould mother of him,’ sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog side—recollections of a Father's blessing and a sister's farewell are haunting him—a grave mound in a distant churchyard far beyond the ‘wide waters,’ has an eternal greenness in his memory—for there perhaps, lies a ‘darling child,’ or a ‘swate crathur,’ who once loved him—the New World is forgotten for the moment—blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him—Glenadough spreads beneath him its dark mirror—he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with nature's blessing the ruin of the seven churches of Ireland's apostolic age the broken mounds of the Druids and the Round Towers of Phœnicæol sun worshippers—beautiful and mournful recollections of his home waken within him—and the rough and seemingly careless and light hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's country and household gods. Touching and beautiful is the injunction of the Prophet of the Hebrews: ‘Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye know the heart of the stranger, seeing that ye were strangers, in the land of Egypt.’”

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### For the Journal. BIOGRAPHICAL INFLUENCE.

That the human mind may be powerfully operated upon by a narration of the events which constitute the Biography of a notorious character, is a proposition which scarce requires a formal demonstration. That numbers of the most remarkable statesmen and warriors of antiquity owe their garlands of fame, which the passage of centuries hath not withered, to a constant and practical exemplification of the most worthy features in the life of some sage or hero of a previous age, is a matter of common history. That this species of literature is not at the present time, a potent though silent lever in the formation of private character, is to deny the accumulated experience of mankind; since every intelligence can enumerate numberless actions in his past existence, to which he was incited by a desire to emulate some precedent, in admiration of which the inspiration was generated.

The intellect is so constituted, as in its progress to maturity to receive every impression, whether it be of an evil or beneficial stamp. Just as the exterior or understanding in one's infantile years would receive the imprint of the odious as rapidly as the beautiful. Especially is this the case in that period of time when one is bidding adieu to boyhood for the more stirring scenes of manhood, when having become familiarized with the natural world, the ripening mind begins to grasp at causes, and expand with the hitherto unknown world of knowledge contained in books. At this period of existence, an individual who, having perused Ainsworth's celebrated vehicle of crime, “Jack Sheppard,” and rises up with his judgment shaken by the gaudy representations of successful villainy, would in all probability have finished the life of Benjamin Franklin with a fixed determination to practice the cardinal virtues therein inculcated, and thereby secure to himself the earthly happiness and perhaps the spontaneous praises awarded his great prototype.

“In youth we are slaves to outward influences. And it may be taken as a general truth that the formation of a youth's mental attributes depends much upon the moral tendency of the works which he is accustomed to read and study.—Let him have unlimited access to novels of the later French School; to narratives of immoral, depraved men; to the various other kindred publications, which the mention of these will suggest; and he may not be surprised if his idea of the moral merit or demerit of human actions are being fast obliterated, if his conceptions of virtue become indistinct, by reason of the miasma of an impure imagination; and if his aspirations partake of a grovelling nature rather than of that upward tendency peculiar to the performance of a noble deed.

If, on the contrary, the Biography of humanity's benefactors should be studied as master pieces of correct action in the different relations of life, the principles which they pursued so successfully as to be worthy of imitation, will most probably ingraft themselves as part and parcel of the person who has been so fortunate as to perceive in them an archetype of character. If in the life of Newton, the virtue of perseverance being exemplified, is copied; if in the history of the American revolution, the value of prudence and bravery being perspicuous in the example of Washington, are emulated; if in the biography of John Howard, the beauty of philanthropy being illustrated, benevolence is chosen to be a principle of primary consequence in future life; if in the writings of Chambers, the importance of knowledge being evident, their attainment is assuredly undertaken; then I may prefer a character in which will be reflected the virtues of those by whom it was formed, and in time may we reasonably expect, as the consummation of such instruction, the development of an intellect imbued with a given degree of moral excellence.

Thus the former class of biographies tend to vitiate, while the latter ennobles our nature. For owing to different causes, that bastard Literature, which quickly kindles vice in innocent hearts and further inflames the embers of wickedness which may have lurked in the souls of others, and which likewise feeds the greedy flame when fully roused, having obtained a wide circulation, and consequently a proportionate influence in the public mind, its injurious effects upon society have been noted by accurate observers. While, also, every general reader can safely compute the nature and weight of its agency on the minds of individuals by recurring to his own experience, as to the insidious treachery with which they, under the guise of degrading vice, implant a rooted inclination for that which is opposite to virtue. Forbid

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men, that we, in this article, should be understood to advise the reading of such

Biography. (We have, contrary to received opinion, classed novels under the head of general biography—inasmuch as in the abstract every novelette is but the narration of events which have taken place in a particular portion of a certain individual's life.)

That the latter class tends to the ennobling of man, is not only agreeable to the dictates of common sense and the teachings of wisdom, but is substantiated by the accumulated testimony of the past and the present. We are aware that it has been said by many, and caught up by the vulgar as a maxim, that “none can be truly great by imitation.” Whoever was the original author of this idea, may have supposed and spoke in accordance with the belief of the proneness of mankind to imitate the objectionable features of an otherwise worthy character; or, which is more likely, he may have spoken with reference to imitating another's style in composition. If the former was his meaning, the application is different from the sense in which we use the term “imitation,” and if the latter, it still differs, although in its proper signification it is true to the letter, inasmuch as it is an offence which ranks next to plagiarism. All suppositions to the opposite might be cut short, however, by one simple interrogatory. Wherefore do the most devoted Christians endeavor to imitate the character of the Saviour, as contained in his biography? Reasoning by analogy from this unquestionable authority, is not the conclusion evident? No one will deny that many a praiseworthy action in his or her life was caused in the laudable resolution of imitating similar action in the biography of some one whose principles are admired, or whose advice concerning the philosophy of existence has met with approbation. Who that has devoted his leisure hours to an investigation of the system in which Socrates, the Grecian philosopher, lived, but has been chained, as to his admiration of that spirit of unalterable equity, that resignation to fate, however adverse, and that majestic serenity with which he refuted every argument of his malignant accusers, so associated with the memory of the celebrated Pagan. Then, is it not right to suppose that an admiration of such a character presupposes a desire to “go and do likewise!”

Such we firmly believe to be the relative tendencies of the antagonistic classes of Biography. Ay, there is many a criminal whose name an even handed justice has linked with obloquy and dishonor, and whom men have accused of sinning from natural depravity and without an attempt to justify his iniquity to himself beforehand, and yet whose offence consists in a previous admiration, and consequent imitation of another, whose biography had ranked high in the calendar of successful crimes.—Moreover, there is many a virtuous deed and many a noble sacrifice of which the world is ignorant—many a mental battle in which correct principles have triumphed, and many a resolution in which the soul is pledged to the fulfillment of some high and holy purpose, that are all generated in the past actions of kindred spirits as recorded in Biography.

If such be the efficacy of the history of a virtuous man, every one is or should be alive to the importance of a proper distinction between the vehicles of vice spoken of in the beginning of this article, and books of moral worth. To the young American works of this latter class abound, and which possess an additional claim upon his consideration, in being Biographies of the *élite* of his countrymen. Of the dead and of the living. Of men, who in their labors, and in the peoples memory yet green with a cherished veneration, are almost connected with the present time. Of departed Statesmen, many of whom reduced life to practical illustration of virtue and independence, and whose names fill the highest pages of the worlds Biography. He may also enjoy sketches of the virtuous living, who when death has shuffled off the garb of their mortality, eager fame and after ages will accord their *manes* the honors which to the great are ever posthumous. On a thousand pages is to be seen and imitated, the acting power, which influenced the “greatest Trogan of them all” George Washington. The life of John Quincy Adams is a living panegyric of integrity. The Biography of Professor Edwards, the greatest theologian of his age, deserves to be read as a model of moral excellence. Names crowd upon the mind, all of which have stood high in the arts and sciences, or in religion and morals, any of which might be read and studied with profit by him who would aim high—aim to emulate.

In conclusion study virtuous Biography, for if there is any department of Literature that is rational in its operations on the human understanding, and

being thus common to a whole people, acts as an impulse from virtue, it is the record of the just and the patriotic, whose deeds yet remain, and cast the sublime halo of reward and influence upon the efforts of those who would profit by these voices of experience.

### Confession of A Woman who Murdered her eighth Child.

The conviction and condemnation, in England, of the female Rebecca Smith, for murdering her infant child, we have already published, with an intimation that a horrible suspicion rested on her of having killed several of her children in the same way. We have now to add the confession of the wretched woman since her conviction.—She had ten children, nine of whom died in their infancy, the eldest only being now alive. She was tried for the murder of the youngest of these children, an infant of a month old, but she has confessed to the chaplain of the Devoizes Jail, where she is waiting her execution, that she had previously murdered seven other of her children in the same manner. Yet this woman was religious, in her outward deportment at least. She attended divine worship at the meeting houses every Sabbath day, and regularly said her prayers—praying at night, (by her own showing) that she might be preserved thro' out the night, and returning thanks and praying for further mercies in the morning, and while she was praying and thanking God for her own preservation for a period of years, she was the annual and deliberate destroyer of her own offspring, no sooner bringing them into the world, than administering poison to get rid of them, and this, too, in a manner the most unnatural—converting the channel of their sustenance into the means of their destruction by applying the poison, arsenic, to her own bosom, that the children might suck it off, calmly looking upon them sickening, pining, dying!—Well might the Judge say he wanted words to express his horror at such a crime. The only motive the wretched criminal assigns for such deeds of horror is, that she feared her children might come to want. She bore the character among her neighbors of being an inoffensive and industrious woman, and there is no doubt that she has suffered privations, her husband being given to drunkenness. Her father was a market gardener, and she had £100 bequeathed at his death, but the whole of the sum was squandered by her husband. Suspicions were entertained that she had also endeavored to poison her surviving child when in infancy, but this she firmly denies; on the contrary, she expressed the greatest affection for this child, her only fear (as she says) being that when she is gone, her daughter will be neglected by her husband.—*Ex. Paper.*

### Raising Pork.

Every farmer knows full well that if he has to winter pigs, even in the most fertile of corn countries, and cannot get three cents a pound for his pork, he is losing money; how important then, that he keep such a breed of swine, and feed them so well that he can bring the pig, dropped early in the Spring, to weigh from 200 to 300 pounds, in December or January. Let people say what they will about the necessity of saving old hogs to make thick cut of clear pork on the ribs for packing, we know this is all *gammion*.

We have seen many a pig fed well from his birth, that would weigh full 250 pounds and cut 4 inches thick of clear pork on his sides, at nine or ten months old; and have heard of others weighing 300 pounds, and cutting five inches. We could never winter anything but breeders of the swine family, and the moment the pigs were dropped we would commence showing them with feed till ready for the knife. The farmer who pursues this course will make from 30 to 60 per cent. more on his pork than those who winter their Spring pigs. As for autumn we would not have them. Let the sow breed but once a year.

“A HINT TO WIVES.”—“If I'm not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,” said a husband to his better and bigger half, “don't wait for me.—‘That I won't,’ said the lady, significantly, ‘I won't wait—but I'll come for you.’ He returned at ten precisely.

“My gracious!” said an archon of New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, “well, if it doesn't take three Britishers to make a nigger!”

“A very honest chap in Boston who wishes to sell his horse, advertises it as follows:—“FOR SALE—A brown horse with a roman nose, in good health, and very fond of travelling—having run away four times within a week!”