



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1850.

VOL. XV, NO. 23.

CHOICE POETRY.

OUR DEEP OLD WELL.

BY HENRY R. PAUL.

Who can forget our deep old well,
That stood below the lawn;
That dear old well I visited,
So often just at dawn?
What luxury was it to me,
To stand beside the brink,
And from the bucket iron-bound,
To take my morning drink!

MISCELLANEOUS.

DREAM OF A STAR.

Beautiful and Instructive Sketch.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world. They used to say to one another:—Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither: "Is my brother come?" And he said, "No." She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister I am here! Take me!" and then she cast her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come—and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he replied, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining. He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said: "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son." Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth thro' all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining. He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire-side, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter." And the man who had been the child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature, among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her. God be praised!" And the star was shining. Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago: "I see the star!" They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am; my age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me." And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave. A Striking Thought. "The death of an old man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing of his eagle was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him he misses those accustomed tones which might have soothed his passage to the grave." "The love of a cross woman, they say, is stronger than the love of any other female individual you can start.—Like vinegar, the affections of a high-strung woman never spoil. It is the sweet wines that become acidulated, not the sour ones. Recollect this my dear hearers, and court accordingly." "A plank road is to be constructed from Cumberland, Md. to Bedford, Pa.

The Old Man And The Snow Flake.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Tis Nature's law
That none—the meanest of created things—
Of forms created the most vile and brutish,
The dullest or most noxious, shall exist,
Divorced from good."

Near the close of a rough autumn day a weary man sat down beneath the naked branches of an aged oak. His garments were worn threadbare, and his teeth chattered in the wind, which swept in fitful gusts around him. "Oh," said he, "this is a wicked world! The smiles of Fortune are as changeable as an April day—one moment sunshine, the next shade. I never thought that I should be as poor as I am now, that I should ever come to this. There was a time when I was blith as a lark and gay as the morning. My pockets were well filled with gold and silver—friends bowed and smiled around me—a happy wife and rosy-cheeked children were mine. But my riches 'took to themselves wings,' and my friends deserted me—my wife is dead, and my children cry for a crust of bread. Alas! alas! how sad is my condition!" A snow-flake which had listened to the poor man's moans, looked out from beneath a withered leaf and thus addressed him: "Ah! my good friend, I am sorry to hear such complaints from you. It will not do for you to wear that settled look of despair. The best thing we can do in adversity is to 'hope on—hope ever!' as sweet Mary Howitt hath said. My life has, in some respects, resembled yours. I was a brilliant rain-drop once and floated in the bosom of the blue cloud, or slept in the bell of the lily, & at the heart of the rose. The summer birds waved their wings and sung their sweetest songs above me. Sometimes the beautiful belle, who was bound for the ball-room, took me upon her jeweled finger to bathe her brow and lips, and when I returned to earth again, I joined the noisy stream and dashed onward to the green waves of the ocean. My life seemed one long sunny day of delight. But this blighting freezing weather came, and I was congealed in a flake of snow—now I am blown about by every saucy wind. If I presume to kiss the cheek of the gay damsel, she brushes me off with her fur-covered finger and shivers to let me know that I am an intruder. I am not admitted into the halls of the rich, and even the beggar seeks to expel me from his hovel. "But I am far from despairing; I am going to observe everything that transpires around me and note down all my wants, so that I may know if I ever again become a rain-drop, how to pity the flake of snow." Just then a sudden gust of wind turned the leaf over beneath which the snow-flake was hidden, and a yellow sunbeam came melted in. Its feathery form assumed that of a brilliant crystal. A smile of delight came to the lips of the way-faring man. "Oh," said he, "what a foolish fellow I was to think that the wheel of Fortune would always keep me down. I shall yet rise above all want; I see my fate mirrored in that rain drop. I will rise and go my way with a cheerful heart, while I keep a sharp look out for the sunbeam of fortune."

What an Influence!
There are at least three millions of mothers in the United States. These mothers, aside from older children, have it is supposed, between two and three hundred thousand infants in their charge. No influence, at present, can reach these infant minds but that of a mother. These minds may be moulded at the will or discretion of these mothers. If this army of mothers should combine to accomplish any given object, what might they not do? If every mother should imitate the example of Hannah the old, and consecrate her infant to the service of the Lord, what could withstand such a moral influence? And yet from these infants are to come our rulers, our judges, our ministers, and all the influence, either for good or evil, which is to sway the destinies of the nation.

"Look into the deep grotto, where little silent tears have created the pillars of the earth, and the splendor of heaven now plays upon them. Thy tears and griefs, oh man! will soon shine as stars, and bear thee up like the pillars of this temple."

A country youth who had returned home from a visit to the city, was asked by his anxious dad if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "O, yes," replied the ingenious lad, "I was guarded by two constables most of the time."

"Some one has defined the word 'policy' to consist in serving God in a manner not to offend Satan."

"Life is Sweet."

BY MISS CATHARINE SEDGWICK.

It was a summers morning. I was awakened by the rushing of a distant engine, bearing along a tide of men to their busy day in a great city. Cool sea-breezes stole through the pine-trees embowering my dwelling; the aromatic pines breathed out their reedy music; the humming-bird was fluttering over the honey-suckle at my window; the grass glittered with dew-drops. A maiden was coming from the dairy across the lawn, with a silver mug of new milk in her hand; by the other hand she led a child. The young woman was in the full beauty of ripened and perfect womanhood. Her step was elastic and vigorous; moderate labor had developed without impairing her fine person. Her face beamed with intelligent life, conscious power, calm dignity, and sweet temper. "How sweet is life to this girl!" I thought, as, respected and respected, she sustains herself in domestic life, distilling her pure influence into the little creature she holds by the hand! And how sweet then was life to that child! Her little form was so erect and strong—so firmly knit to outward life—her step so free and joyous!—her fair hair, so bright that it seemed as if a sunbeam came from it, as it lay parted on that brow where an infinite capacity had set its seal. And that spiritual eye—so quickly perceived, so eagerly exploring; and those sweet lips—love, and laughter, and beauty are there. Now she snatches a tuft of flowers from the grass—now she springs to meet her playmate, the young, frisky dog—and now she is shouting playfully; he has knocked her over, and they are rolling on the turf together!

Before three months had passed away, she had laid down the beautiful garments of her mortality; she had entered the gates of immortal life; and those who followed her to its threshold, felt that, to the end, and in the end, her ministry had been most sweet. "Life is sweet!" to the young, with their unfeathered hopes and their unlimited imaginings. It is sweeter still with the varied realization Heaven has provided the ever-changing loveliness and mysterious process of the outward world, in the inspiration of art—in the excitement of magnanimous deeds—in the joys of the mother—the toils and harvest of the father—in the countless blessings of hallowed domestic life.

"Life is sweet!" to the seeker of wisdom, and to the lover of science, and all progress, and each discovery, is a joy to them.

"Life is sweet!" to the true lovers of their race; and the unknown and unpraised good they do by word, or look, or deed, is joy ineffable.

But not alone to the wise, to the learned, to the young, to the healthful, to the gifted, to the happy, to the vigorous doer of good, is "life sweet;" for the poor and patient sufferer it has a divine sweetness.

"What," I asked a friend, who had been on a delicious country excursion, "did you see that best pleased you?" She replied, "My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman in the Methodist connection. He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a complication of diseases aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, excepting those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His limbs have lost the human form.—He has not laid on a bed for seven years. He suffers acute pain. He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His feelings are fresh and kindly, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves by an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars. This pittance, by the vigilant economy of his wife, and some aid from kind rustic neighbors, bring the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient, and devoted of loving nurses. She never has too much to do, to do all well; no wish or thought goes beyond the unvarying circle of her conjugal duty. Her love is abounding as his wants—her cheerfulness as sure as the rising sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively. I did not know which most to reverence, his patience or hers! and so I said to them. 'Ah!' said the good man, with a smile, 'life is still sweet to me; how can it be so with such a wife!'"

O, ye who live amidst alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep and daylight freshness—ye murmurers and complainers who fret in the harness of life till it galls you to the bone—who recoil at the lightest burden and shrink from a passing cloud—consider the magnanimous sufferer my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup!

A Tiresome Guest.

"He sits and will forever sit."

There is belonging to the race of human bipeds a sort of troublesome beings, who, setting no value on their own time, care very little how much they trespass upon that of their more industrious neighbors. They are a sort of stay-for-ever persons, who, having talked over the whole world at one sitting, commence and talk it over anew from beginning to end, before they are ready to take their leave—in a word they sit, and sit, and sit, long enough to justify the motto we have just quoted. Beside their disposition to hang on, there is generally about these persons a wonderful habitude, a slowness in taking a hint, unparalleled with the rest of the human race. To give a single instance of this sitting propensity, we will introduce the story of a plain spoken old lady from the land of steady habits.

"I never seed the beat of that ere Captain Spinout," said she—"would you believe it, he called at our house last night just as I was done milking, and wanted to borrow my brass kettle for his wife to make apple sauce in. 'Oh, yes,' says I, 'She may have it and welcome, Captain Spinout,' and I went directly and fetched it out of the back room and set it down before him. Well presently our tea was ready, and I couldn't do no more than ax him to take a cup with us. 'Oh, no,' he said, he couldn't stay a minit; but, however, he concluded he'd take a drink of cider with my husband, and so he did. Well, after I'd done tea, I took my knitting work, and sit down till I rather thought all honest people should be abed. But Captain Spinout had forgot his hurry, and there he was sittin' and talkin' with my husband as fast as ever. I hate above all things to be rude, but I couldn't help of hintin' to the Captain that it was growin' late, and maybe his wife was waiting for the kettle. But he didn't seem to take the hint at all—there he sot and sot, and sot.

"Finding that words wouldn't have any effect, I next rolled up my knitting work, sot back the chairs and told the girls it was time to go to bed—but the Captain didn't mind it no more than nothin' at all—there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Well, next I pulled off my shoes, roasted my feet as I commonly do just afore going to bed—but the Captain didn't mind it no more than nothin' at all—there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"I then kivered up the fire, and thought he could not then help takin' the hint—but la me! he didn't take no notice on't at all—not the least grain on the world—but there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Thinks I, you're pretty slow at taking the hint Captain Spinout—so I sed, sort o' plainly, that I thought it was bed time—speaking always to my husband—but jist so as I thought the Captain couldn't help takin' it to himself, but la! it did no good at all—for there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Seem' there warn't no likelihood of his goin' home, I axed him to stay all night.

"'Oh, no,' sed he, he couldn't possibly stay a minit, so seem' there warn't no use in sayin' anything I went to bed.—But la me! would you think it, when I got up in the mornin' as sure as you're alive, there he was a sotten yet.

AN ENGLISH SNEER REBUKED.—Carlyle in his last pamphlet, speaking of America, asks: "What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship or loyalty admire, has yet been produced there?" "What great human soul?" WASHINGTON. "What great thought?" LIBERTY. "What great noble thing?" A home for the homeless. Bread for the starving. Protection for the oppressed. We do not know that these are things which sycophants could worship, or loyalty admire but the fame of the first, the sacredness of the second, and the uncircumscribed extent of the third, are what freemen admire, and intend to defend.

"The dew-drops sink softly in the hollow mountains, but are petrified into hard and sharp angels. More beautiful is the human tear. It penetrates and wounds the eye, but the wept diamond is liquid, and when the eye seeks it, behold it is like the dew in the cup of the flower."

He who swallows up the subsistence of the poor, will, in the end, find that it contains a bone that will choke him.

INDUSTRY.—As the sweetest rose grows upon the charest prickle, so the hardest labor brings forth the sweetest profits.

A calumny, though known to be such leaves a stain upon the reputation.

"His Ways are not as Our Ways."

Once upon a time there lived a hermit, who in a solitary cell passed night and day in the service of his God. Not far from his retreat an humble shepherd tended his flock. Happening one day to fall into a deep slumber, a robber carried off his sheep. The owner of them, turning a deaf ear to the excuses of his servant, ordered him to be put to death for his negligence—a proceeding which gave great offence to the hermit. "Oh, heaven!" he exclaimed, "the innocent suffer for the guilty, and yet is unavenged by God! I will quit His service, and enter the giddy world once more." He accordingly left his hermitage; but the Almighty willed that he should not be lost, and an angel, in the form of man, was sent to bear him company. Having made each other's acquaintance, they walked on together towards a crowded city. They entered it at nightfall, and entreated shelter at the house of a most noble captain. He took them in, gave them a most sumptuous supper, and then conducted them to a bed-chamber decorated in the highest style of art. In the middle of the night the angel rose, and going stealthily to an adjoining apartment, strangled the entertainer's only child, who was sleeping in his cradle.—The hermit was horror-struck, but durst not reprove his murderous companion, who, though in human form, exercised over him the influence of a superior being. In the morning they arose, and went on to another city, where they were hospitably treated by one of the principal inhabitants. This person possessed, and greatly prized a massive golden cup. In the night the angel stole it. Again the hermit held his peace through fear. On the morrow they continued their journey, and having met a pilgrim on the bridge, the angel requested him to become their guide. He consented, but had not gone many yards with them before the angel seized him by the shoulders and hurled him into the stream.—The hermit now came to the conclusion that his companion was a devil, and longed for an opportunity of leaving him secretly. As the vesper bell was ringing, they reached a third city, and again entreated shelter; but the burgess to whom they applied was a churl, and would not admit them into his house. He said, however, that if they liked they might sleep in his pig-sty. Not being able to procure a better lodging, they did so, and in the morning their sorry host received, as his remuneration, the purloined goblet. The hermit now thought the angel was a madman, and told him they must part.

"Not until I have explained my conduct," said the angel. "Listen, and then go thy way. I have been sent to unfold to thee the mysteries of Providence.—When thou wast in thy hermitage, the owner of a flock unjustly put his slave to death, and by so doing moved thy wrath; but the shepherd, being the victim of ignorance and precipitate anger, will enjoy eternal bliss, whilst the master will not enter heaven until he has been tormented by remorse on earth, and purified by fire in purgatory. I strangled the child of our first host, because, before his son's birth, he performed many works of mercy, but afterwards grew covetous to enrich his heir. God in his love is sometimes forced to chastise, and beneath the tears of the sorrowing parent his piety will spring again. I stole the cup of our second host, because, when the wine smiled brightly in it, it tempted him to sin. I cast the pilgrim into the water, because God willed to reward his former faith with everlasting happiness, but knew that if he lingered any longer here below, he would be guilty of a mortal sin. And lastly, I repaid the niggardly hospitality of our third host with such a bounteous boon, to teach him for the future to be more generous. Henceforth, therefore, put a seal upon thy presumptuous lips, and condemn not the All-wise in thy mole-eyed folly."

The hermit, hearing this, fell at the angel's feet, and pleaded earnestly for pardon. He received it, and returned to his hermitage, where he lived for many years a pattern of humility and faith, and at length sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

SWEET GIRLS.—A man travelling at the west, declares the wind came to him so laden with fragrance, that he thought he was near a garden of roses. He discovered that it was only a bevy of girls going through the woods.

As Bees can breed no poison, though they suck the deadliest juices—so the noble mind, tho' forced to drain the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

"Law me!" exclaimed Mrs. Partridge, "I didn't know afore that they fought in court; but I see by the papers hat the Judge charged the Jury."