

Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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CHOICE POETRY.

THE BLIND GIRL'S SONG.

FLOWERS, they say, are springing now,
Within the wild wood shade,
And ev'ry tree and waving bough
Is beautfully arrayed.
They tell me skies are sweetly bright,
With hues of many kinds—
But why tell me of joy and light—
For oh! I'm blind—I'm blind!

They speak of birds with sunny wings,
That leap from tree to tree—
Of hills and vales, and bubbling springs,
Of ocean, lake and sea;
And those glad streams that glide away,
And through the meadows wind—
But why tell me? I am not gay!
For still I'm blind—I'm blind!

They say I have a sister dear,
Who comes and kisses me,
A little cherub without fear,
That sits upon my knee.
Would I could see her joyous face,
As imaged on my mind—
But ah! no feature I may trace,
For still I'm blind—I'm blind!

And father, mother, sister, friends,
These eyes must never see!
Must never answer Nature's ends,
But sightless, sunless, be.
On earth I may not share the bliss,
That others fondly find—
Alas! I know, I feel but this,
That still I'm blind—I'm blind!

You tell me, friends, that these closed eyes
Will be unsealed above;
You say, that God's glad Paradise
Beams only Light and Love!
Oh! then, my paining song should cease,
For death my night will break,
When in that radiant clime of peace,
Mid Love and Light I'll wake!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FLOWER-GATHERER.

"God sends upon the wings of Spring,
Fresh thoughts into the breasts of flowers."

THE young and innocent Theresa had passed the most beautiful part of the spring upon a bed of sickness; and as soon as ever she began to regain her strength, she spoke of flowers, asking continually if her favorites were again as lovely as they had been the year before, when she had been able to seek for and admire them herself. Erick, the sick girl's little brother, took a basket, and showing it to his mamma, said, in a whisper, "Mamma, I will run out and get poor Theresa the prettiest I can find in the fields." So out he ran, for the first time for a long day, and he thought that spring had never been so beautiful before; for he looked upon it with a gentle and loving heart, and enjoyed a run in the fresh air, after having been a prisoner by his sister's couch, whom he had never left during her illness. The happy child rambled about, up hill and down hill. Nightingales sang, bees hummed, and butterflies flitted round him, and the most lovely flowers were blowing at his feet. He jumped about, he danced, he sang, and wandered from hedge to hedge, and from flower to flower, with a soul as pure as the blue sky above him, and eyes that sparkled like a little brook bubbling from a rock. At last he had filled his basket quite full of the prettiest flowers; and, to crown all, he had made a wreath of field-strawberry flowers which he laid on the top of it, neatly arranged on some grass, and one might fancy them string of pearls, they looked so pure and fresh. The happy boy looked with delight at his full basket, and putting it down by his side, rested himself in the shade of an oak, on a carpet of soft green moss. Here he sat looking at the beautiful prospect that lay spread out before him in all the freshness of spring, and listening to the ever-changing songs of the birds. But he had really tired himself out with joy; and the merry sounds of the fields, the buzzing of the insects, and the birds' songs all helped to send him to sleep. And peacefully the fair child slumbered, his rosy cheek resting on the hands that still held his treasured basket.

But while he slept a sudden change came on. A storm arose in the heavens, but few moments before so blue and beautiful. Heavy masses of clouds gathered darkly and ominously together; the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled louder and nearer. Suddenly a gush of wind roared in the boughs of the oak, and startled the boy out of his quiet sleep. He saw the whole heavens veiled by black clouds; not a sunbeam gleamed over the fields, and a heavy clasp of thunder followed his waking. The child stood up, bewildered at the sudden change; and now the rain began to patter through the leaves of the oak, so he snatched up his basket, and ran

towards home as fast as his legs could carry him. The storm seemed to burst over his head. Rain, hail and thunder, striving for the mastery, almost deafened him, and made him more bewildered every minute. Water streamed from his poor soaked curls down his shoulders and he could scarcely see to find his way homeward. All on a sudden a more violent gust of wind than usual caught the treasured basket, and scattered all his carefully collected flowers far away over the field. His patience could endure no longer for his face grew distorted with rage, and he flung the empty basket from him, with a burst of anger. Crying bitterly, and thoroughly wet, he reached at last his parents' house in a pitiful plight.

But soon another change appeared; the storm passed away, and the sky grew clear again. The birds began their songs anew, the countryman his labor. The air had become cooler and purer, and a bright calm seemed to lie lovingly in every valley and on every hill. What a delicious odor rose from the freshened fields! and their cultivators looked with grateful joy at the departing clouds which had poured the fertilizing rain upon them. The sight of the blue sky soon tempted the frightened boy out again, and being by this time ashamed of his ill-temper, he went very quietly to look for his discarded basket, and to try and fill it again. He seemed to feel a new life within him.—The cool breath of the air—the smell of the fields—the leafy trees—the warbling birds, all appeared doubly beautiful after the storm, and the humiliating consciousness of his foolish and unjust temper softened and chastened his joy. After a long search he espied the basket lying on the slope of a hill, for a Bramble-bush had caught it, and sheltered it from the violence of the wind. The child felt quite thankful to the ugly-looking bush, as he disentangled the basket.

But how great was his delight, on looking around him, to see the fields spangled with flowers, as numerous as the stars of heaven! for the rain had nourished into blossom thousands of daisies, opened thousands of buds and scattered pearly drops on every leaf. Erick flitted about like a busy bee, and gathered away to his heart's content.—The sun was now near his setting, and the happy child hastened home with his basket full once more. How delighted he was with his flowery treasure, and with the pearly garland of fresh strawberry-flowers! But his eyes sparkled much more joyously when he received the kisses and thanks of his gentle sister. "Is it not true, dear?" said his mother, "that the pleasures we prepare for others are the best of all?"

OH! WOMAN, BUT IT'S Gude!"

The Rev. John Brown, the well known author of the Self-Interpreting Bible, was a man of singular bashfulness. In token of the truth of this statement, it need only be stated that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half had passed away, and the reverend gentleman had got no further forward than he had been the first six days. This state of things became intolerable. A step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed.

"Janet," said he, as they sat in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted for six years an' mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet. D'y'e think I might take one my bonnie girl?"

"Just as you like, John, only be becoming and proper wi' it."

"Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing." The blessing asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed:

"Oh, woman! but its gude. We'll return thanks."

Six months made the pious couple man and wife; and, added his descendant, who humorously told the tale, a happier couple never spent a long and useful life together.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"An Act to take the sense of the People, well I vow," said Mrs. Partington, "if things ain't comin' to a pretty pass these Legislatures want to take every thing away from a body—I think they might have left the senses alone, there's precious little of 'em to spare any how;" so saying, the old lady dropped her specs and relapsed into a profound melancholy.

Capt. Rynders gave a very lively illustration of the text, "Union is strength," when he described a place he had slept in crossing the Isthmus on his way to California. Said he, "if the fleas had been unanimous, they would have sifted me out of bed."

What literary men would a man name on looking at a house on fire?—Dickens Howitt, Burns.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

Youth and Love one Spring-day met,
'Twas sunny April weather;
Said Love, "Ere yonder sun is set,
Let's take a stroll together."
Said Youth, "With all my heart will I,"
And hand in hand they wended;
The moon was low in the western sky
When this lone walk was ended.
They talked of Beauty, Nature, Truth,
Each eye the other's meeting,
And ne'er since life began, to Youth,
Had hours seemed half so fleeting.
Said Youth, "Since we're so happy now,
Why not remain united?"
Love pressed a kiss upon Youth's brow,
And thus their troth was plighted.
So binding was the vow they breathed,
It ne'er in life was broken,
And Youth, in death, a kiss bequeathed,
As Love's own proper token.
Since then, 'tis said that Love's first kiss
Is of Love's joy the dearest,
And, of all sublunar bliss,
It is to Heaven the nearest.
And though from death Love cannot save,
Nor render Youth immortal,
'Twill, loyally, follow to the grave,
And with him pass its portal.

LILIAN MORE; OR THE BLIGHTED BUD.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"Poor Lilly!" said, or rather sighed Rachel Blair, as she laid her knitting on a small square table by which she was seated, and walked for the twentieth time, to the window. She was followed as she had been each time previous, by her brother Arthur; and, in a moment they were joined by the great house dog, which laid his cold nose on her hand, and whined sympathetically, then looked up into her face, as though to assure her that he participated in her anxiety. After gazing, wishfully, for a moment from the window, against which the chilling sleet was driving furiously, Rachel turned to a little rose bush that stood beside it, and began loosening the soil round the root; although it was before as mellow as the little stick resting against the rim of the jar, and precisely the right quantity of moisture, could make it.

"It will blow out by to-morrow," remarked Arthur, in a low, timid tone, as though afraid of his own voice.

"I suppose it will," said his sister, and then she sighed again.

"It is just like Lilly," said the boy.

"Poor Lilly!"

"So pale and sweet!"

"And so fragile. Just like her."

The boy was evidently anxious to say a comforting word; but he only looked at Rachel, and then at the dog, and then returning to his seat gazed fixedly into the fire.

Rachel and Arthur were the only children of good old farmer Blair; but there was another who was a sister to them, and a daughter, a well beloved and affectionate daughter, to their parents.—

Lilian More was a dear little orphan cousin, who had been but six months only an inmate of her uncle's house; but in that short space she had woven herself so closely around their hearts, that sweet Lilly's will was the law of the entire household. Lilian was a delicate blossom, a tender flower, more fragile than the pale spring buds she loved so well; and she required the training of a careful hand. She spent the summer in the green fields, and beneath the shady trees, watched over and guarded by her kind cousin Rachel, and the careful Arthur; and when autumn came she went away to the busy city, to spend the winter months with a fashionable aunt; for thus it had been decreed that she should divide her life between her two guardians. Lilian's parting gift to her cousin was a beautiful rose-bush that she had brought with her to the farm house, and that seemed almost identified with herself.

"Take care of it," she said, "till I come back. Aunt Brayton has promised that I shall spend the holidays here, and you must have a rose to give me on New Year's morning—do you hear, coz? A real rose, with its own sweet smell to it, and not a flower cut out of painted muslin."

Perhaps Lilian forgot her rose-bush, and thought no more of the gift she had asked; but it is certain that Rachel did not. She had never cared for flowers before, for the heart is in a great measure the regulator of the taste; but the remembrances of the absent idol hallow'd this rose-bush, and her devotion to it increased until there mingled with it a deep tinge of superstition. She shielded it from sun and rain until it began to droop; and then she feared her sweet cousin was in trouble, and wrote a letter of inquiry, but Lilian was in usual health, and even more than usual spirits.

It is not always a mark of kindness to possess an open countenance.—An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when in the very act of taking you in.

and been delighted with the robin and bob-o-link, now told of the exhilarating dance and midnight music, and seemed to love them. Rachel wept, and wondered if Lilly would be ashamed of the old farm, and her country cousins, when summer came again; and then she blamed her heart for its distrusts and selfishness; and was vexed to find that she could be grieved by anything which made Lilly unhappy.

As winter approached, Rachel's treatment of the rose-bush was more judicious, and it gradually improved, until to the delight of the whole family, a tiny bud pressed out from the midst of the green leaves. Oh! how watchfully did Rachel guard that bud! Arthur's eyes glistened with satisfaction as he looked upon it; and even old Carlo, the house dog, seemed to understand that it was something quite too precious for a dog to appreciate.

As the holidays drew near, old farmer Blair began to make preparations for bringing home the favorite. His sleigh was newly painted; a string of bells and a new buffalo robe were purchased, and his good lady had duly prepared the double yarn mittens and the muffler before any one had dreamed of the possibility of a disappointment. Then came a letter saying that Lilian was ill—it was only a slight cold, taken at an evening party, but it would probably detain her until after Christmas. A cloud, during that day and the ensuing one, rested on every thing at that farm house, and at evening another letter came.—Lilian was no better; indeed, she might be worse. She was feverish, and seemed quite unlike her usual self; and poor Mrs. Brayton scarce knew what to do with her, for she begged continually to be taken to her old uncle and cousins. The old man shed tears; (he had not wept when Lilian's mother died, although she was his sister,) and the good dame was sure they ought to go to the child, for a better or more loving one never trod the earth. "Bring her back! be sure you bring her back with you," said Rachel, as she saw her parents seated in the sleigh, on the Christmas morning that had long been the subject of bright anticipations. "Tell aunt Brayton we will nurse her:—oh, so carefully! And I am sure she will get well again."

The old people had been gone almost a week, and it was now the last evening of the year.

Sadly did Rachel turn from the window; and strangely tremulous was her voice, as she replied to her brother's encouraging words,—

"No, no, Arthur; they will not come to-night!—Poor Lilly!"

Oh, what anxious hearts sought rest in the farm-house that night. Early in the morning Arthur was astir; for who could sleep when the fate of a loved one was uncertain? He built a fire, and kindled it into a blaze; swept the hearth-stone, and shoveled away the snow that had during the night, drifted in before the door; and then he went to look at the bud they had watched so carefully, and see if it had opened. The leaves looked stiff and half transparent, with a delicate tracery of white along their edges; and the poor boy clasped his hands together in silent consideration, while the tears gushed from his eyes and rolled unheeded down his cheek. In a moment he was joined by Rachel, she looked on the ruined treasure calmly, and only sighed, "Poor Lilly!" as she had done the evening previous. Cold water is the only remedy that Arthur could advise; but it was useless. The frozen bud soon dropped, and they knew that the expected flower had perished.

With the blighted rose-bush passed all Rachel's anxiety. She was very sad, but no longer restless; for as I have before said, her devotion to the flower was tinged with superstition, and she imagined it closely linked with her cousin's destiny. I said imagined, and I suppose it is what the world would say, but I know not why the gentle and pure spirit, and the beautiful in person, may not have their types in birds or flowers and the other fair frail things to which they seem so closely allied.

Rachel Blair laid the blighted bud away, and told her brother Arthur that she was sure their sweet cousin had gone to heaven to join her sister angels. And so she had. When she was brought back to them, her hands were crossed within the coffin; and sorrowfully they had laid her down; in the flowers she loved so while living.

The blighted bud had grown hard and dry; but Rachel still preserves it among her most precious treasures; and the blossoms from the parent tree which flourishes, are thrown on Lilian's grave.

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RETIREMENT.—BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Serene, soothing retirement! what rest thou bringest to the care-worn mind, laden with anxieties, and swaying to and fro in the busy whirl of life's unsatisfying tumult.

Chafed with disappointment and vexation, man turns to thee for refuge; the gilded bait so long pursued has grown dim, and the once keen eye of ambition is now half closed with weary gaze.—Sated with all but happiness, he sighs for thee, nor sighs in folly, for fond

"Rememberance soothes his mind
With dreams of former days."

Back, back to the hours when sunshine and joy attended every step, flies the willing mind, and before it sprang up in charming concord the nooks, the glens, the hills, the flowers of "other days departed."

"How balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along."

Yes! 'tis the breeze that fanned my childhood's cheek; lo! it has returned once more. In thy serene embrace, O, solitude! it comes to hush my woes, and bid me "in the lap of peace" once more recline.

There are times when solitude will prove an antidote more sure than aught else beside; and there are hearts rough and stern as the unheaved oak, while mingling with the world, that melt to tenderness in its calm retreat.

Then sacred, thrice sacred, be retirement's amaranthine grove, where neither care, distrust, nor envy dwell.

Reader, try it! Go, where "day's lingering light decays"—go to the secret place where no intruder marks thy steps, and learn from solitude a lesson; and wouldst thou have the full enjoyment of the hour, kneel! yea, kneel before "the throne," and hold an audience with the Deity, who, perchance, some bright-plumed angel will send down to wipe thy tears away, and bid thee live for heaven,

THE SABBATH.

Let us thank God for the Sabbath—the calm, quiet, soothng Day of Rest—the poor man's holiday from toil—the world's monitor of Heaven. It is the interest as well as the duty of every one—the poor especially—to keep the Sabbath. The institution is a wise and benificent one, and all should observe it with circumspection:

Let us give thanks, with grateful soul,
To Him who sendeth all;

To Him who bids the planets roll,

And sees a "sparrow fall."

Though grief and tears may dim our joys,

And care and strife arrest,

'Tis man, too often, that allows

The lit of His Maker blest:

While sunshine lights the boundless sky,

And dew drops feed the sod—

While stars and rainbows live on high—

Let us give thanks to God.

CHILDHOOD.—"REJOICE now in your plays, blooming children! When you again become children through age, you will bend beneath infirmities and gray hairs; and in that melancholy play, the days of infancy will be remembered. The western sky may indeed shut down the aurora, and the eastern glow may be reflected in the west, but the clouds become darker, and no second sun arises in life. O! rejoice, then, children, in the rose color of the morning of life, that gilds you like painted flowers, fluting to meet the sun."

There seems to be no end to the smart sayings of Mrs. Partington. We have heard that whilst going along the street the other day, she saw over a tailor's door, a sign bearing the inscription "Fountain of Fashion." "Ah!" exclaimed she, "that is the place where squirts come from;—at the same time casting a malignant squirt at a couple of young men with incipient whiskers and standing collars. A woman of great perception is Mrs. Partington."

Aristotle speaks of a species of little animals which exist on the river Hypanis, whose age is but a day. Those which die at eight in the morning are in youth; and those which fall away at noon are in their prime; and at nightfall they drop away of decrepit old age. What a beautiful miniature of our own existence,—how easy to comprehend—how readily the mind spans its brevity!

A WELL KNOWN FACT.—Nobody blames a rich man for going with his elbows out because every one knows that he has money enough to get a new coat; but it is unpardonable in a poor man to go ragged, because every one knows it is out of his power to do otherwise. How uncharitable.

WANT.—"I am afraid that I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young one. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want a nice young man for a husband."

A man boasting in company that he had a very luxuriant head of hair, one of the fair damsels remarked that it was entirely owing to the mellowess of the soil.

One of the newest ideas is arm chairs on springs. It gives a kind of voluptuous thrill just to sit down in one.

WHAT IS DIRT?

Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students:

"Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that dirty grease spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt, you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty."

Everything you call dirt is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! Analyze it! It will all separate into very clean elements.

Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw on you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or Fuller's earth.

There is no telling what is dirt. Though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady, is a dirty practice. Pearl powder is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON SHOWER BATHS.

This much revered and dear old lady, was persuaded to take a cold bath, to cure the rheumatism. She thus described her sufferings: