



BY JAS. CLARK.

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A PRAYER FOR DEAR PAPA.

The following inexpressible touching lines were written by this excellent lady, in April 1850, after the departure of Mr. Judson from Maulmain, on the voyage from which he never returned:

Poor and needy little children, Saviour, God, we come to Thee, For our hearts are full of sorrow, And no other hope have we. Out upon the restless ocean, There is one we dearly love— Fold him in thine arms of pity, Spread Thy guardian wings above. When the winds are howling round him, When the angry waves are high, When black, heavy, midnight shadows, On his trackless pathway lie, Guide and guard him, blessed Saviour, Bid the hurrying tempest stay: Plant thy foot upon its waters, Send thy smile to light his way. When he lies all pale and suffering, Stretched upon his narrow bed, With no loving face bent o'er him, No soft hand about his head; Oh, let kind and pitying angels Their bright forms around him bow; Let them kiss his heavy eyelids, Let them fan his fevered brow. Poor and needy little children, Still we raise our cry to Thee; We have nestled in his bosom, We have sported on his knee; Dearly, dearly do we love him— We, who on his breast have lain; Pity now our desolation! Bring him back to us again! If it please Thee, heavenly father, We would see him come once more, With his olden step of vigor, With the love lit smile he wore; But if we must tread Life's valley, Orphaned, guideless, and alone, Let us lose not, 'mid the shadows, His dear foot prints to Thy Throne.

From Arthur's Home Journal.

THIN SHOES.

A STORY FOR THE SEASON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Why Lizzy, dear," exclaimed Uncle Thomas to his pretty niece, Miss Walton, as she stepped upon the pavement from her mother's dwelling, one morning in mid-winter. "You're not going in this trim?" "In what trim?" said Lizzy, glancing first at her gloves, then upon her dress, and then placing her hand upon her neck and bosom to feel if all was right there. "Is anything wrong with my dress, Uncle?" "Just look at your feet!" "At my feet?" And Lizzy's eyes fell to the ground. "I don't see anything the matter with them." "Why, child, you have nothing on your feet but paper-soled French lasting boots." "They have thick soles, Uncle." "Thick! If you call them thick, you will have to find a new term for thinness. Go right back and put on your leather boots." "Leather boots!" Lizzy's voice and countenance showed an undisguised amazement. "Yes, leather boots. You certainly wouldn't think of going out on a day like this without having your feet well protected with leather boots." "Leather boots! Why, Uncle Thomas?" "And the musical laugh of Miss Walton echoed on the air. "Who ever heard of such a thing?" Uncle Thomas glanced involuntarily down at his own thick, double soled, calfskin understandings. "Boots like them!" exclaimed the merry girl laughing again. "But come along, my good Uncle," she added more seriously, drawing her arm within his, and attempting to move away. "We'll have all the neighbors staring at us. You can't be in earnest, I'm sure, about my wearing clumsy leather boots. Nancy, the Irish cook has a pair—but I—"

Uncle Thomas Walton was the brother of Lizzy's father. The latter died some few years before, of pulmonary consumption. Lizzy, both in appearance and bodily constitution, resembled her father. She was now in her nineteenth year, with veins of young life, and spirits as buoyant as the opening spring. It was just four years since the last visit of Uncle Thomas to the city—four years since he looked upon the fair face of his beautiful niece. Greatly had she changed in that time. When last he kissed her blushing cheek, she was a half grown school girl—now she burst upon him a lovely and accomplished young woman. But Uncle Thomas did not fail to observe in his niece certain signs that he understood too well as indications of a frail and susceptible constitution. Two lovely sisters, who had grown up by his side, their charms expanding like Summer's sweet flowers, had, all at once, drooped, faded, withered and died. Long years had they been at rest—but their memory was still green in his heart. When he looked upon the pure face of his niece, it seemed to Uncle Thomas as if a long lost sister was restored to him in the freshness and beauty of her young and happy life, ere the breath of the destroyer was upon her. No wonder that he felt concern when he thought of the past. No wonder that he made remonstrance against her exposure, in thin shoes, to cold and damp pavements. But Lizzy had no fear. She understood not how fatal a predisposition lurked in her bosom. The calls were made—the Art Union Gallery visited, and then Uncle Thomas and his niece returned home. But the enjoyment of the former had only been partial—for he could think of little else, and see little else besides Lizzy's thin shoes and the damp pavements. The difficulty of crossing the streets, without stepping into water, was very great—and in spite of every precaution, Lizzy's feet dipped several times into the little pools of ice water that instantly penetrated the light materials of which her shoes were made. In consequence, she had a slight hoarseness by the time she reached home, and Uncle Thomas noticed that the color on her cheeks was very much lightened. "Now go and change your shoes and stockings immediately," said he, as soon as they entered the house. "Your feet must be thoroughly saturated." "O, no, indeed they are not," replied Lizzy. "At the most, they are only a little damp." "A little damp!" said the old gentleman seriously. "The grass waves over many a fair young girl, who, but for damp feet, would now be a source of joy to her friends." "Why, Uncle, how strangely you talk!" exclaimed Lizzy, becoming a little serious in turn.—Just then Mrs. Walton came in. "Do, sister," said the old gentleman, "see that this thoughtless girl of yours changes her wet stockings and shoes immediately. She smiles at my concern." "Why, Lizzy, dear," interposed Mrs. Walton, "how can you be so imprudent? Go and put on dry stockings at once." Lizzy obeyed and as she left the room, her Uncle said— "How can you permit that girl to go upon the street, in mid-winter, with shoes almost as thin as paper." "Her shoes have thick soles," replied Mrs. Walton. "You certainly don't think that I would let her wear thin shoes on a day like this." Uncle Thomas was confounded. Thick soles! French lasting, and soles of the thickness of a half dollar! "She ought to have leather boots, sister," said the old gentleman, earnestly. "Stout leather boots. Nothing less can be called a protection for the feet in damp, wintry weather." "Leather boots!" "Mrs. Walton seemed little less surprised than her daughter had been at the same suggestion. "It is a damp, cold day," said Uncle Thomas. "True, but Lizzy was warmly clad. I am very particular on this point, knowing the delicacy of her constitution. She never goes out in winter time without her furs." "Furs for the neck and hands, and lasting shoes and cotton stockings for the feet?" "Thick soled boots," said Mrs. Walton quickly. "They are thick-soled boots." And the old gentleman thrust out both of his feet, well clad in heavy calfskin. Mrs. Walton could not keep from laughing, as the image of her daughter's feet, thus encased, presented itself to her mind. "Perhaps," said Uncle Thomas, just a little captiously—"Lizzy has a stronger constitution than I have, and can bear a great deal more. For my part, I would almost as lieve take a small dose of poison as go out on a day like this, with nothing on my feet but thin cotton stockings and lasting shoes." "Boots," interposed Mrs. Walton. "Call them boots," said the old gentleman, glancing down again at his stout, double-soled calfskins. But, it was of no avail that Uncle Thomas entered his protest against thin shoes, when, in the estimation of city ladies, they were "thick." And so, in due time, he saw his error and gave up the argument. When Lizzy came down from her room, her color was still high—much higher than usual, and her voice, as she spoke, was a very little veiled.—But she was in fine spirits, and talked away merrily. Uncle Thomas did not, however, fail to observe, that every little while she cleared her throat with a low h-h-hem; and he knew that this was occasioned by an increased secretion of mucus by the lining membrane of the throat, consequent upon slight inflammation. The cause he attributed to thin shoes and wet feet; and he was not far

wrong. The warm bon and muff were not sufficient safeguards for the throat, when the feet were exposed to cold and wet. That evening, at tea time, Mr. Walton discovered that Lizzy ate scarcely anything, and that her face was a little pale. He also noted an expression that indicated either mental or bodily suffering—not severe, but enough to make itself visible. "Are you not well?" he asked. "O yes, quite well," was the quick reply. "You are fatigued, then?" "A little." "Go early to bed. A night's rest will restore all." Mr. Walton said this, rather because he hoped than believed it would be so. "O yes. A night's rest is all I want, replied Lizzy." But she erred in this. "Where is Lizzy?" asked Mr. Walton, on meeting his sister-in-law at the breakfast table on the next morning. The face of the latter wore a sober expression. "Not very well, I am sorry to say," was the answer. "What ails her?" "She has taken a bad cold; I hardly know how, perhaps from getting her feet wet yesterday; and is so hoarse this morning that she can scarcely speak above a whisper." "I feared as much," was the old man's reply. "Have you sent for your doctor?" "Not yet." "Then do so immediately. A constitution like hers will not bear the shock of a bad cold, unless it is met instantly by appropriate remedies." In due time the family physician came. He looked serious when he saw the condition of his patient. "To what are you indebted for this?" he asked. "To thin shoes," was the prompt reply of the Uncle, who was present. "I have warned you against this more than once," said the doctor, in a tone of gentle reproof. "Oh no; brother is mistaken," spoke up Mrs. Walton. "She wore thick soled shoes. But the streets, as you know, were very wet yesterday, and it was impossible to keep the feet dry." "If she had worn good, stout, sensible leather boots, as she ought to have done, the water would never have touched her feet," said Mr. Walton. "You had on your gams?" remarked the physician, turning to Lizzy. "They are so clumsy and unsightly—I never like to wear them," answered the patient, in a husky whisper, and then she coughed hoarsely. The doctor made no reply to this, but looked more serious. Medicine was prescribed and taken; and, for two weeks the physician was in daily attendance. The inflammation first attacked Lizzy's throat—decayed and lingered along the bronchial tubes, and finally fixed itself upon the lungs. From this dangerous place it was not dislodged, as an acute disease, until certain constitutional predispositions had been aroused to activity. In fact, the latent seeds of that fatal disease, known as tubercular consumption, were, at this time, vivified. Dormant they might have lain for years—perhaps through life, if all exciting causes had been shunned. Alas! the principle of vitality was now awakened. Slowly, very slowly did strength return to the body of Miss Walton. Not until the Spring opened, was she permitted to go forth into the open air. Then her pale cheek, and slow, feeble steps, showed too plainly the fearful shock her system had received. A week or two after his remonstrance with his niece about her thin shoes, Mr. Walton returned home. Several letters received by him during the winter, advised him of the state of Lizzy's health. In the Spring her mother wrote to him. "Lizzy is much better. The warm weather, I trust, will completely restore her." But the old gentleman knew better. He had been a deeply interested party in a case like her's before. He knew that Summer, with its warm and fragrant airs, would not bring back the bloom to her cheeks. In July came another epistle. "The hot weather is so debilitating for Lizzy, that I am about taking her to the sea-shore." Uncle Thomas sighed as he read this, permitted the letter to drop from before his eyes, and sat for some time gazing on vacancy. Far back his thoughts had wandered, and, before the eyes of his mind was the frail, fading form of a sister, who had, years before left her place and her mission upon the earth, and passed up higher. "The doctor says that I must go South with Lizzy," wrote Mrs. Walton, early in December, "and spend the winter. We leave for Charleston next Tuesday and may pass over to Havana." Uncle Thomas sighed as before, and then became lost in a sad reverie. He had been to Havana with both of his sisters. It prolonged but did not save their lives. And so the months passed on—the seasons came and went—but health, alas! returned not to the veins of the lovely girl. It was an Autumn day, nearly two years after that fatal cold, taken in consequence of wearing thin shoes, that Mr. Walton received a letter sealed with a black seal. "As I feared," he murmured, in a low, sad voice, gazing half abstractedly on the missive. He knew too well its contents. "Dear child! I saw this from the beginning." And the old man's eyes became dim with moisture. He had not erred in his conjecture; Lizzy was dead!

FIDGETY PEOPLE.

There are people whom one occasionally meets with in the world, who are in a state of perpetual fidget and pucker. Everything goes wrong with them. They are always in trouble. Now, it is the weather, which is too hot; or at another time, too cold. The dust blows into their eyes, or there is "that horrid rain," or "that broiling sun," or "that Scotch mist." They are as ill to please about the weather as a farmer; it is never to their liking, and never will be. They "never saw such a summer," "not a day's fine weather," and they go back to antiquity for comfort—"it was not so in our younger days." Fidgety people are rarely well. They have generally "a headache," or "spasms," or they are "nervous," or something of that sort; they cannot be comfortable in their way, without trouble. Most of their friends are ill; this one has the gout "so bad," another has the "rheumatics," a third is threatened with "consumption," and there is scarcely a family of their acquaintance whose children have not got the measles, whooping-cough, scarlet-fever, or some other of the thousand ills which infantile flesh is heir to. They are curiously solicitous about the health of everybody; this one is exhorted not to "drink too much cold water," another not to "sit in the draught," a third is advised to "wear flannels," and they have great doctors at their fingers' ends whom they can quote in their support. They have read Buchan and Culpepper, and fed their fidgets upon their descriptions of diseases of all sorts.—They offer to furnish recipes for pills, draughts, and liniments; and if you would believe them, your life depends on taking their advice gratis forthwith. To sit at meals with such people is enough to give one the dyspepsia. The chimney has been smoking, and the soot has got into the soup; the fish is over-done, and the mutton is under-done; the potatoes have had the disease, the sauce is not of the right sort, the jelly is candied, the pastry is fusty, the grapes are sour. Everything is wrong. The cook must be disposed of; Betty stands talking too long at the back gate. The poultry woman must be changed, and the potato man discarded. There will be a clean sweep. But things are never otherwise. The fidgety person remains unchanged, and goes fidgeting along to the end of the chapter; changing servants, and spoiling them by unnecessary complainings and contradictions, until they become quite reckless of ever giving satisfaction. The fidgety person has been reading the newspaper, and is in a ferment about "that murder!" Everybody is treated to its details. Or somebody's house has been broken into, and a constant fidget is kept up for a time about "thieves!" If a cat's whisper is heard in the night, "there is a thief in the house;" if an umbrella is missing, "a thief has been in the lobby;" if a towel cannot be found, "a thief must have stolen it off the hedge." You are counselled to be careful of your pockets when you stir abroad. The outer doors are furnished with latches, new bolts and bars are provided for all-outer houses, bells are hung behind the shutters, and all other possible expedients are devised to keep out the imaginary "thief." "Oh! there is a smell of fire!" Forthwith the house is traversed, down stairs and up stairs, and a voice at length comes from the kitchen—"It's only Bobby being burning a stick." You are told forthwith of a thousand accidents, deaths, and burnings, that have come from burning sticks!—Bobby is petrified and horror-stricken, and is haunted by the terror of conflagrations. If Bobby gets a penny from a visitor, he is counselled not to "buy gun-powder with it," though he has a secret longing for crackers. Maids are cautioned to "be careful about the clothes-horse," and their ears are often startled with a cry from above stairs of "Betty, there is surely something singing."

of which are perpetually extending. They are self-stretched on a rack, the wheels of which are ever going round.

The fundamental maxim of the fidgety is, that whatever is, is wrong. They will not allow themselves to be happy, nor anybody else. They always assume themselves to be the most aggrieved persons extant. Their grumbling is incessant, and they operate as a social poison wherever they go. Their vanity and self-conceit are usually accompanied by selfishness in a very aggravated form, which only seems to make their fidgets the more intolerable. You will generally observe that they are idle persons; indeed, as a general rule, it may be said that the fidgety class want healthy occupations. In nine cases out of ten, employment in some active pursuit, in which they could not have time to think about themselves, would operate as a cure.

But, we must make an allowance. Fidgets are often caused by the state of the stomach, and a fit of bad temper may not unfrequently be traced to an attack of indigestion. One of the most fidgety members of the House of Commons is a martyr to dyspepsia, and it is understood that some of his most petulant and bitter diatribes have been uttered while labouring under more than usually severe attacks of this disease. He has "pitched into" some "honourable gentleman" when he should have taken a blue pill. And so it is with many a man, in domestic and social life, whom we blame for his snappish and disagreeable temper, but whose stomach is the real organ at fault. Indeed, the stomach is the moral no less than the physical barometer of most men; and we can very often judge of tempers, conditions, and sympathies, pretty accurately, according to its state. Let us, therefore, be charitable to the fidgety, whose stomachs, rather than their hearts, may be at fault; and let us counsel them to mend them, by healthy and temperate modes of living, and by plenty of wholesome occupation and exercise.—Athenaeum.

Scene between two Snuff Takers.

"Good bording, Biss Cubbids. How do you do to day?" "Patty well, Biss Gribes. I hope you are well this bording." "Quite well, I thank you." "What paper was you readin' whed I came id, Biss Gribes?" "Oh, I was readin' the Yankee Blade. It's ad excellend paper I think, don't you?" "Yes, it's a fuddy paper, ad has dice stories ad poetry. Do read a little Biss Gribes." "I'll read a little poeb, To by, To by, To by." "Do you rebetter, Tob, the title Whed we were young together, How bus we cost our babs ad dads, For sole ad upper leather." "Oh, Biss Gribes, that's too seddibedial. Do read a fuddy piece." "Well, here is a sog. This bust be fuddy. It is by Alice Carey." "Where the bood is lightin' softly, The bist that hags so pale, O'er the woods, that heb with darkdeds The silent river vale, Is a baidd id the shadow, Paic softy to add fro, Add the lookis about her bosoh, Are like sudshide over sdow." "That's quite good, Biss Gribes, but I like the addectees best after all." "Well, there's ad addectoe about Jeddy Lidd, but I wold't read ady bore, I have such a bad cold." "Add I declare I bust rud adlog add buy sobe stuff—so, good bording, Biss Gribes." "Good bording—call agaid sood."

A True Proof of Love.

The delight of being with her, near her, was like no other delight. And in her, also, this same feeling remained unchanged; she, too, could not withdraw herself from the dominion of this sweet necessity. After the resolution which forever divided them, no less than before it, an indescribable, almost magical power of attraction, exerted itself in each towards the other. If they were in the same room, it was not long ere they stood, they sat near each other. Nothing but the nearest nearness could tranquilize them—and this tranquilized them fully. It was not enough that they were near: not a look—not a word—not a gesture—not a movement was needed; nothing—but to be together. For they were not two human beings; they were one—one lapped in an unconscious, absolute delight, satisfied with itself and with the world. Nay, had one of them been forcibly detained at a remote part of the house, the other would have followed, step by step, without plan or premeditation. To them, life was a riddle, whose solution they could only find when they were together.—Guthie.

Nobleness of Woman.

It was not woman who slept during the agonies of Gethsemane; it was not woman who denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas; it was not woman who deserted his cross on the hill of Calvary. But it was woman that dared to testify her respects for his corpse, that procured spices for embalming it, and that was found last at night and first in the morning, at his sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, or changed her character. Now, as formerly, she is most ready to enter, and most reluctant to leave the abode of misery. Now, as formerly, is her office, and well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death.—Dr. Matt.

Beautiful Extract.

The following eloquent eulogy upon Clay and Webster, we extract from a late speech of Ex-Governor Young, of New York: "For more than a third of a century whenever this bark of ours has encountered a dangerous sea and the grim tempest has threatened to unshiver her masts, and wash away her bulwarks and every sea has swept her decks, whose voice but that of Henry Clay has been heard above the storm rebuking the wind and the waves. Never has Mr. Clay's capacity been more developed, and never his voice more potent, than in the conflict, the elements through which we have just passed. I pray his voice may long be heard in the councils of the nation. But "maturity shakes hands with decay," and we are admonished by the past that Mr. Clay, with the men of his time, will pass away. I trust that the time is far remote when this intelligence shall fill the land with woe. With it the low wail of women and young children shall come up from every city, village and hamlet—from every farmhouse from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and the "sterner sex," though all unused to the melting mood, will "drop tears as the Arabian rears their medicinal gums." Time will assuage their grief, and men will resume their usual avocations. The seasons will come again and their wonted periods. New parties and new combinations will be formed and dissolved. New governments perchance kingdoms, will spring up and decline; but when, oh when, again, will men listen to the profound wisdom, and the bold, chastened and persuasive eloquence of a Clay? In illustrating the patriotism and intellectual power of the great New England statesman, language has taken all its various turns, without success. The picture falls far short of the original. The world had conceded the superiority of his intellectual strength, but on no other occasion has his patriotism, firmness, and self-sacrificing devotion to his country, been so made manifest as in the recent conflict. The tone of Massachusetts was early manifested, and to none more so than to him who had so largely shared her confidence and enjoyed her honors. Shall he live for Massachusetts alone, or for his country? was the alternative. To this inquiry solemnly put, by the aspect of things at home, his first speech in the Senate was the response. We heard him at home say "I tread no step backwards;" and again in the Senate of the United States, when he announced to the world that he lived for the country, and the whole country. I will not attempt to speak of the character of Mr. Webster, as illustrated by these evidences of his firmness and patriotic devotion to his country; but I remember the language applied by an English poet to that great Roman who sought death by his own hand, rather than survive the subjugation of his country by Julius Caesar: Thou hast seen Mount Atlas, when storms and tempests Gather on his breast, and oceans break Their billows at his feet. It stands unmoved. A Hard Shell Hymn Book. A traveller called at nightfall at a farmer's house the owner of which was away from home, the mother and daughter being alone, refused to lodge the traveller. "How far, is it then," said he, "to a house where a preacher can get lodging?" "Oh, if you are a preacher," said the old lady, "you can stay here." Accordingly he dismounted. He deposited his saddle-bags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile, the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was. He cannot be a Presbyterian said the one, "for he is not dressed well enough." "He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist." "If I could find his Hymn Book," said the daughter, "I could tell what sort of a preacher he is," and with that she thrust her hand into the saddle-bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed—"La! Mother, he's a Hard Shell Baptist." The lady whose lover fainted away when he popped the question, and was revived by the smell of opiodote, was twitted of it: "Yes," she replied with a quiet smile, "I believe I must confirm the story, and I have a fancy," she added thoughtfully, "that timidity in a lover is in general a sign of innocence; and I cannot help thinking that when a man is fluent at love making either his heart is not in it, or he has had 'too much experience in the art.'" SCENE, a grocery store—Exit customer with a jug.—Grocery-keeper to his sons: "Jonathan, did you charge that liquor?"—"Yes."—"Timothy, did you charge that liquor?"—"Yes, sir."—"Joseph, did you charge that liquor?"—"Yes, sir-ree."—"All right—so have I." BLUNT things sometimes cut best. It is no recommendation of a paper-knife that it is very sharp. So, it is not always the keenest wits that are most effective in life or conversation. AN Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you." THEY now make, it is said, a very excellent and durable cement, from rice flour boiled in water. THERE are two difficulties of life; men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure. At the celebration of the 22d of February, at Martinsburg, Berkley County, the following was one of the regular toasts: THE RIGHT OF SUCCESSION.—If it takes two to make a bargain—it takes two to break it.