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THE OLD CHURCH YARD.
From the Christian Journal.
O come, come with me to the Old Church Yard,
I will show the path through the soft green sward,
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,
We'll trace out their names in the Old Church Yard.
O, weep not for them—their grief is o'er;
O, weep not for them—they weep no more,
For deep in their sleep, though cold and hard,
Their pillow may be in the Old Church Yard.
I know it is vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem march'd,
When we follow friends home to the Old Church Yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?
I'm weary and sad—O woe when return'd,
The rest that I seek in the Old Church Yard.
Our friends slumber there in calm repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes,
And who would not rest with friends they regard,
In quietude sweet in the Old Church Yard?
They rest in the hope of that bright morn,
When beauty and youth from the grave shall be born,
At the Archangel's trump, and the voice of the Lord,
They'll awake from their sleep in the Old Church Yard.

THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.
Tell me not of sparkling gems,
Set in real diamonds,
You may boast your diamonds rare,
Rubies bright, and pearls so fair;
But there's a perfect gem on earth,
Of rarer ray and purer worth,
'Tis priceless; but 'tis worn by few—
It is, it is—the heart that's true.
Bring the tulip and the rose,
While their brilliant beauty glows;
Let them bloom in glory there,
But there's a flower that still is found,
(Rose and tulip both will fade,
When mist and darkness close around.)
Changeless, delicate in its hue,
It is, it is—the heart that's true.
Arise in its earliest tie,
Faithful in its latest age;
Love and friendship—gentle pair—
Find their throne of glory there,
Proudly soaring to the sky,
Nought can break the seal once set;
All that evil could do,
Cannot waver the heart that's true.
First in Freedom's cause to bleed,
First in joy when slaves are freed;
Their hearts were true, and who could quell
The night of Washington's fall?
Oh! there is one mortal sin,
Lighted up with rays divine,
Seek it—'tis the homage due,
To the heart that's true.

Miscellaneous.
From the August No. of Graham's Magazine.
ALLY RAY,
OR
FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.
"Your village, dear aunt, is certainly a most picturesque and beautiful place," said George Murray, a young collegian, to his aunt, with whom he was spending a vacation.
"It is indeed," replied the old lady, "and George had lingered in the breakfast-room to have a chat with Aunt Mary, while she was clearing away the breakfast things," aided by her little hand-maid, Rose, whose sable face and thick lips brightened with many a grin at Massa George's fun.
The little village of B. was situated in a most picturesque portion of one of our Northern States. George had always resided far South, and the mountainous, beautiful scenery of his aunt's northern home, united to the high state of cultivation and air of comfort spread over the numerous surrounding farms, caused from him constant expressions of admiration. He stood at the window of the breakfast-room gazing on the romantic, beautiful view before him. All at once he exclaimed, "Come here, dear aunt, who is this beautiful girl? I met her yesterday as I was riding in the grove towards the back part of the house."
"That is little Ally Ray," said his aunt, "a great favorite with us. She is the village shoemaker's daughter, and a good, nice, industrious little girl is she."
"A shoemaker's daughter," cried the southern-bred youth, who was jesting, dearest Aunt Mary, surely."
"Not at all," said his aunt, laughing merrily at his manner. "She is most truly the daughter of Job Ray, and a very excellent shoemaker is he, as Rose and I can testify, but your aristocratic notions are quite shocked, are they not, dear George? Is she not pretty—there—she has stooped to careless Carlo—see, that little plump and well rounded arm—the delicate little foot and ankle. Father Job has fitted the foot well if the shoe is heavy; and her form is pretty—so nicely proportioned. The morning breeze has blown some little rebellious curls from the comb with which she so carefully confines them—see them 'sneaking'—and that rosy cheek, George, and bright eye—Foolish fellow! suppose you think a shoemaker's daughter should be coarse, rough and uncouth. Why, Ally—or Alice, as is her real name—is as gentle as a town bred girl, and infinitely better bred, for kindness and love have nurtured her. She is a notable little housewife, and her mother died some years past, and her poor father is an invalid. She takes care of the little garden, which produces most of their simple food, and your uncle sends one of the farm men once in a while 'to give,' as they say, 'little Ally a lift.' Job is able at times to work at his trade, and his work is so well done, that he meets with a ready sale for his shoes—that money buys the few things economical little Ally and her mother need. That plump little hand and thick lips, bakes and sews. And she is not ignorant either—during the winter she attends the country school, and when I visit the city I know well that the most acceptable present I can bring to little Ally, will be some addition to her small collection of books. She does a great deal of sewing for us—all Rose's clothing is prepared for her neat hand, and my common dresses are witnesses of Ally's industry and excellent workmanship—in that way she assists her father, who is so 'ailing.' But I must not stop here chattering. Ally has come to bring home some work, undoubtedly, and Rose's new Sunday dress

pattern came from the storekeeper's yesterday, and Ally must make it quickly. Come Rose!" And the lively, light-hearted Mrs. Mills hastened from the room, followed by the happy Rose, who as she passed out of the door with a water and its cisterns, laughed outright at the prospect of a new Sunday dress. The youth leaned against the window long after the pretty Alice had disappeared—then suddenly recalling his thoughts, he rang the bell for a servant, ordered his horse, and shortly after galloped off on his morning ride.
Two months had rolled by, and the country surrounding the little village of B. was even more beautiful than it had touched the foliage, giving it a rich autumnal hue. George Murray and sweet Ally Ray were wandering in the woods together. The boy loved gazed with passionate earnestness on the innocent face of the lovely child, while her bright eyes were cast down, that he might not see the tears which dimmed their violet beauty. They were on the eve of parting. The next day he would be far from her—his guardian had resolved he should finish his studies at a German university, and years might intervene ere they should again meet—possibly never.
"You must always love me, dearest," murmured the youth, "believe me always true—in a few years I shall be master of my own actions, then will I return to claim my little Alice for my wife. Remember, my own ones, that you belong to me. Ah! Alice, do not do for me!"
The poor child, overcome with the thought of their separation, wept bitterly, and he soothed her grief with assurances of their happy future. She gazed with glad pleasure at the little locket he had purchased at the village watchmaker's, and which contained some of his hair, while he claimed one little curl in return, and best over her to choose the silky lock—the sun was setting, and its brilliant rays shot through the trees, alight upon the forest path, shedding golden light upon the lovers—was it a beam of hope as a type of the future?
He left his country with saddened feelings, but looked toward the future with the bright eye of youthful expectation—He never dreamed how differently he and poor Ally might be situated toward each other in a few years. What sympathy and companionship could exist between the high bred, finished man of the world, that years residence abroad might make the now impetuous youth, and lowly Ally Ray, the shoemaker's daughter and village seamstress. Poor Ally! one could hardly have believed that the girl who had strengthened her in childhood by her own industry, and who had never met him with anxiety. Brought up in the quiet village, her little pious soul never dreamed of change or falsehood—hers was not a nature to forget.
The first letter George received from his Aunt Mary told him of poor Job Ray's dangerous illness—he was near dying when she wrote, and Ally's uncle who lived in the 'far west,' was to come on for her in case of her father's death.
"I would adopt her myself," wrote the kind-hearted Aunt Mary—"dear little creature, I am exceedingly attached to her, and I would bring her up as my daughter; my boys already love her as a sister, and you, dear George, would not I think, object to her as a cousin—but her father wishes she should go with her uncle."
Poor George was almost frantic at the news, and when he again heard from B., Ally's father was dead, and she, poor girl, had left with her uncle for her new home in the far west. He could gain no certain information as to Ally's residence. She had promised to let Aunt Mary know, when she was settled, but if she wrote, the letter must have been lost, for they never heard from her.
Many changes took place before George Murray returned from Europe. Sweet Aunt Mary was dead, and when he visited B., on his return to this country, he found many things to sigh over. Uncle Mills had supplied his gentle, thrifty wife with another spouse—a stately, dignified lady he had wooed and brought to his home. The village had much increased. A large hotel had sprung up where Father Job's sweet little cottage had stood. Scarcely a spot remained as in those happy days when he and Ally wandered through the forest.
To do him justice, he still retained unchanged in his love for Ally—it was true he expected to find her far distant from him in point of mental culture, but then he comforted himself with the anticipation of taking her to a lovely Italian home, and by patient love lessons soon making her a suitable companion. But no Alice was to be found—the villagers had even forgotten her, and he left the place with deeper, heavier sadness than he had years before. Then he danced merrily before him—now the future contained no anticipations of a sweet wife, Alice and home happiness. His uncle, who had been his guardian, was a bachelor, and resided on a large plantation at the South. He and his nephew were much attached to each other, and to his home did George repair, and so readily did he fall into the solitary habits of his uncle's bachelor life, that there seemed another love—but who had ever owned another love—was there will answer even for your own constancy?"
"I wish you would marry, George," said his uncle one day after dinner. They had just arrived in Washington, in which place they intended staying a short while during the season. "A sweet little wife, 'tis the season," would cheer up our uncle continued. "I wonder you have never married—handsome, wealthy, nothing to prevent you."
"Why, my dear uncle," exclaimed George laughing, "you should have seen

me the example yourself, why did you never marry?"
"I should have done so, George," replied his uncle sadly, "but the only woman I ever loved died suddenly on the eve of our marriage. Heigho! had she lived, I should not now be the lonely creature I am. I visited my friend Morton this morning, while you were lazily resting after your journey—the one whose political course you so much admire—he looked so happy—he was stretched out on a lounge reading, while his daughter, a beautiful witch, was singing and playing away merrily, to cheer her father—how I wished she belonged to me—and I thought better of it."
"What, Miss Mary Morton?" exclaimed George, "why she is the acknowledged belle of Washington; nay of every place, and she is noted for rejecting every one—yet she accuses her of possessing neither ambition nor heart. Young Stanley bared me for an hour this morning with her peerless charms and accomplishments."
"But George did not find himself so bored when he met with Miss Morton. He found her indeed beautiful and accomplished, but at the same time there was an air of frank cordiality in her greeting that made him forget she was a belle and a stranger. Her bright eye glanced most gracefully as she returned his courteous salutation, and noticed his uncle's gratified look."
He was soon her favored attendant—She rode, drove, danced and walked constantly with him, until every one pronounced it a match. George was deeply fascinated with her, but at the same time felt a keen remorse for his bad faith to Ally, and a feeling of dissatisfaction toward come over him when he felt himself contrasting this high bred beautiful creature with the lowly Ally Ray.
"I could never love but once," said the belle one evening in a brilliant circle, "as one talked of love, and first and second loves. A big for your second loves—there is no such thing as second love," and she extended her hand to George, with a strange look of mingled confidence and mischief combined, as she bared her breast by a waltz—his brain whirled as her soft breath played on his cheek to the measure of the music—he scarcely knew how he moved. "I will tell her all," he murmured to himself—she may refuse me, but still she shall know that there can be a wild, devoted second love. He told her all the next morning as they were arranging some new flowers the gardener had brought her tiny conservatory. George dwelt on the subject, and even forgot his deep affection for even memory—the maiden blushed, and tears trembled in her bright eyes as she dwelt on the sad years after they parted.
"But, why did you not write to her?" said she, in low tones as she bent over a fragment of paper.
"I did, over and over again, but in utter desperation, for I knew not where she lived," said the young man, turning toward him—Miss Morton, turning toward George, "she is in the 'far west,'—George, George," she whispered she, as she drew from her breast the little locket, "and have you not recognized your little Ally?"
It was indeed sweet Ally Ray. But he would leave her here and heroine to enjoy the delirium of love, while he explained in sober language how the little Ally Ray was metamorphosed into the brilliant Mary Morton. Her uncle had become a distinguished man. The Eastern and Northern States send many such men as Eldred Morton out into the far west, to seek their fortunes, and the habits of self-dependence they are early taught make them strong in the strife and struggle of life. Ally Ray's name at her christening had been Mary Alice. Uncle Eldred loved her better to call her Mary, for the only daughter he ever had, and who died in her childhood, had been named Mary. After Alice's mother, his only sister. Many forgot at last that Ally was not his daughter, and the old man wished that the world should think her his child. Through his indulgence and care she had every opportunity of education. Keen natural abilities, united to the earnest desire of fitting herself as an equal bride for George when they should meet, accomplished much; and at five-and-twenty the brilliant belle Mary Morton would never have been taken for the modest, gentle little Ally Ray. Life has many such changes, reader.

The Tone of Society.—Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, woman must always give the tone to morals. This is the profound remark of Aime Martin. Pierre Vidal is not less emphatic:
"If aught of goodness, or of grace,
Be mine, let me be the glory;
She led me in wisdom's path,
And set the light before me."
There is too much truth in the following extract; and many a girl who has married with the expectation of possessing a fond and confiding husband, has experienced the bitter feelings it expresses:
"Profigate are vows ere hearts are wed.
The lover then promises every thing to his bride; paints scenes of future bliss which her ear delights to hear, and her tumultuous bosom is happy and willing to believe; speaks of adoration, devotion, and above all entrapping her soul, vows of eternal constancy. The excitement of passion subsiding, the novelty of love passes away! Woman is won—what more? Neglected, set aside a separate part of man and not united as his individual self. Then lonely, weary hours creep on—she is a wife, but no longer a companion. Hopes are gone, dreams are false, and she wakes to feel that she has cherished but a fancy in her heart, which departing, leaves a painful void. Happiness appears like a radiant phantom, and nothing seems real but misery!"

THE UNBIDDEN PREACHER.
None of us know the good a kind deed accomplishes. A word soothingly put in the heart is sick, a little help bestowed when want presses by, goes far beyond what words or give this place to which he belongs, notwithstanding the vagaries of his youth.
One Sunday morning as the congregation of the church, Charleston, had a worthy pastor was about to commence the services—a fine looking young man, dressed in a full suit of black, stepped into the aisle—passed the minister, said, "I will preach for you this morning, sir," then turning to the congregation, raised his hands and said "Let us pray."
The pastor was astonished at the unceremonious procedure, as the young man was an entire stranger to him; but as he bore evident marks of being a clergyman, and was opening with a fervent and impressive prayer, clothed in the most elegant language, he thought he would let him proceed.
The prayer ended, the stranger went on to the other parts of the service as if he were perfectly at home.
The service being ended, he preached a most eloquent and moving discourse from the text—He pointed in glorious language the duty of Christians, especially towards strangers, for in that guise angels had been entertained aforetime. But above all he tried to impress upon his hearers the duty of Christian Charity—There was scarcely a dry eye in the house, and every body was on tiptoe to know who and what the stranger was. When he had finished his discourse he looked slowly round him for a moment as if to note the effect he had produced. Then leaning forward in an earnest manner, he exclaimed in a deep, measured tone—
"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Hast thou a wife, and couldn't keep her;
Her name is in a pumpkin shell,
And she'll be hither very well."
Turning to the clergyman, he bowed politely—bade him good morning, and left the church before the congregation had time to recover from their amazement. [Cincinnati Atlas.]

THE NOTHINGNESS OF MAN.—The N. Y. Commercial referred to the shower of Monday afternoon as an event conveying an impressive homily on the moral blindness of mankind. It said, "Some men are men of mind and body—less prosaically upon the moral side, they are good for nothing—without enjoyment, without purpose, almost without the power to think. From all this they were rescued by a breeze, a few clouds, and some drops of water?"
A PAINFUL SIGHT.—The Nantucket Inquirer says:
"To see young men lounging about, month after month, neither working nor desiring to work, while others—perhaps their poor parents—are toiling from dawn till night to save them from a disgrace which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many such sights are to be seen in every community. How many are found, who are so sensible of the shame which is necessary to force them off the lounge's seat, but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment, if it does not happen to be genteel and profitable! Alas! the fate of such is sealed; they will go down to the grave unloved, but by their mothers; unremembered, but by their companions in idleness, and soon to be forgotten by all."
FRIENDS.
Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed; the seal of death the only seal of friendship. No wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who loved us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last. The regret we feel at such affliction has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed toward our fellow-creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it to the memory of those we lost; but the regret we prove at alienation of such friends, before the Bishop, the unkindness of those we trusted and loved, is so mingled with bitter feelings, that they sear the heart, dry up the fountain of kindness in our breast and disgust us with human nature, by wounding our self-love in its most vulnerable parts—the showing that we had lavished our affection upon those who were unworthy to receive it, and with outward calm; but the impression is indelible, and he must be made of different materials to the generosity of men who does not become a cynic, suffering such a disappointment.—Byron.

SELECT SENTENCES.—There is much wisdom in bearing with other people's defects, as in being sensible of their good qualities; and we should make the follies of others a warning and instruction to ourselves, rather than a subject of mirth and mockery of those that commit them.
To judge impartially, we are to put men's good qualities in the balance against their bad ones; and if the scale of the first outweighs the latter ought not to be brought into account.
Speak well of your friend, of your enemy say nothing.
The best throw of dice, is to throw them away.
Use soft words, and hard arguments.

