

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

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THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

Lines on passing the grave of my Sister.

BY FLINT.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now ardent with the depth of shade,
Beneath the white-armed scyamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear—a mother weeps—
'Tis there the faded flower sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forest o'er her wave;
And sighing winds at autumn moan,
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmured at the fate,
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
Then deepening to an organ tone,
In all their solemn cadence sweep.
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. "Can I forget,
How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
Consigned her to her mother Earth;
Joys and their memories pass away;
But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

We laid her in a narrow cell,
We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like rain drops, fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it—may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
There is no stone with graven lie,
To tell of love and virtue blent
In one almost too good to die.
We need no such useless trace
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But amidst the tears and April showers,
The Genius of the Wild hath strown
His gems of fruit, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness o'er the tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But yearly is her grave turf dressed,
And still the summer vines are throned,
In annual wreaths across her breast;
And still the sighing autumn grieves,
And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS VERIFIED.

1. I am the Lord thy God—serve only me!
2. Before no idols bow the impious knee!
3. Use not my name in trifles nor in jest:
4. Dare not profane my sacred day of rest:
5. Ever to parents due obedience pay,
6. Thy fellow creature, man, thou shalt not slay:
7. In no adulterous commerce bear a part:
8. From stealing keep with care thy hand and heart:
9. All false reports against thy neighbor hate;
10. And ne'er indulge a wish for his estate.

AN OLD PROVERB EXPLAINED.

A fool does never change his mind—
And who can think it strange?
The reason's clear—for fools my friends,
Have not a mind to change.

SELECT TALE.

THE EMIGRANT AND THE INDIAN.

A FACT.

ABOUT twelve years ago a person of the name of M'Dougal, a native of Argyle-shire, who had emigrated to Upper Canada, a few years before, wrote to his friends in Scotland, giving an account of his fortunes in the new world, and among other things failed not to make honorable and grateful mention of the following truly romantic incident. In a section of Argyleshire the story was told in every parlour, spence, and booth, by the shepherd on the hill, and the fisherman on the lake; and a military gentleman who happened to be on the spot shortly after the news arrived, was so much struck with the circumstance that he collected the particulars from head-quarters, and is ready to vouch for their accuracy.

M'Dougal, on reaching Upper Canada, from anxiety to make the most of his scanty capital, or some other motive, purchased a location where the price of land was merely nominal, in a country thinly peopled, and on the extreme verge of civilization. His first care was to construct and plant a cabin in the wild, and this task finished he spent his whole time early and late, in the garden and the fields. By vigorous exertion and occasional assistance, he brought a few acres of ground under crop, acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs, made additional inroads on the glade and the forest, and though his toils were hard, gradually and imperceptibly became in a rough way "well enough to live," as compared with the poverty he had labored at home. His greatest discomforts were distance from neighbors, the church, markets, and even the mill; and along with these the suspension, or rather the enjoyment, after long intervals of time, of those endearing charities and friendly offices which lend such a charm to social life. His cattle pastured in the neighboring forest, and after a little training returned in the evening of their own accord, particularly when they heard the well-known voice of their master and his dog. On one occasion, M'Dougal had a melder of corn to grind, and as the distance was considerable, and the roads none of the smoothest, this important part of his duty could only be performed by starting with the sun and returning at the going down of the same. In his absence the care of the cattle devolved on his spouse, and as they did not return at the usual hour, the careful matron went out in quest of them. Beyond its mere outskirts, the forest was to her terra incognita in the most emphatic sense of the term, and with no compass or notched trees to guide her, it is not to be wondered at that she wandered long, and wearily to very little purpose. Like Alps on Alps, tall trees rose on every side—a boundless continuity of shade, & fatigued with the search, she deemed it prudent to retrace her steps while it was yet time. But this resolution was much easier formed than executed; returning was as dangerous as "going o'er," and after wandering for hours, she sunk on the ground, her eyes swollen and filled with tears, and her mind agitated almost to distraction. But here she had not rested many minutes before she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and anon an Indian hunter stood before her—"a stoic of woods, a man without a tear." Mrs. M'Dougal knew that Indians lived at no great distance, but as she had never seen a member of the tribe, (*come ignotum pro magnifico*) her first emotions were those of terror; quickening, it may be said, every pulse, and yet palsying every limb. But the Indian's views were more comprehensive; constantly on the out-look in search of the quarry, and accustomed to make circuits comprising the superficies of many a Highland mountain and glen, he had observed without being observed himself, her home, recognised her person, comprehended her mishap, divi-

ned her errand, and immediately beckoned to her to rise and follow him. The unfortunate woman understood the signal, and obeyed it in as far as terror left her power; and after a lengthened sweep which added not a little to her previous fatigue, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam. Her conductor invited her to enter by signs; but this she sternly refused to do, dreading the consequences, and preferring death in the open air to the tender mercies of cannibals within. Perceiving her reluctance and scanning her feelings, the hospitable Indian darted into the wigwam and communed with his wife, who in a few minutes also appeared, and by certain signs and sympathies known only to females, calmed the stranger's fears, and induced her to enter their lowly abode. Venison was instantly prepared for supper, and Mrs. M'Dougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, found the viands delicious, and had rarely, if ever, partaken of so savoury a meal. Aware that she was wearied, the Indian removed from their place near the roof two beautiful deer-skins, and by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two compartments. Mats were also spread in both, and next, the stranger was given to understand that the farther dormitory was expressly intended for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she replied by signs as well as she could, that she would prefer to sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzled the Indian and his squaw sadly; often they looked at one another, and conversed softly in their own language, and at last the red took the white woman by the hand, led her to her couch, and became her bed-fellow. In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and was anxious to depart without farther delay, but this the Indian would on no account permit. Breakfast was prepared—another savoury and well cooked meal—and then the Indian accompanied his guest and conducted her to the very spot where the cattle were grazing. These he kindly drove from the wood, on the verge of which Mrs. M'Dougal descried her husband running about every where, hallooing; and seeking for her in a state of absolute distraction. Great was his joy, and great his gratitude to her Indian benefactor, who was invited to the house and treated to the best the larder afforded, and presented on his departure with a suit of clothes.

In about three days he returned, and endeavored by every while to induce Mr. M'Dougal to follow him into the forest. But this invitation the other positively declined, and the poor Indian went on his way obviously grieved and disappointed. But again he returned, and though words were wanting, renewed his entreaties, but still vainly and without effect; and then as a last desperate effort, he hit upon an expedient which none save an Indian hunter would have thought of. Mrs. M'Dougal had a nursing only a few months old; a fact the Indian failed not to notice—and after his pantomimic eloquence had been completely thrown away, he approached the cradle, seized the child and darted out of the house with the speed of an antelope. The alarmed parents instantly followed, supplicating and imprecating at the top of their voices; but the Indian's resolves were fixed as fate; and away he went, slow enough to encourage his pursuers, but still in the van by a good many paces, and far enough ahead, to achieve the secret purpose he had formed; like the parent bird, skimming the ground when she wishes to wile the enemy from her nest. Again and again, Mr. M'Dougal wished to continue the chase alone; but maternal anxiety baffled every remonstrance, and this anxiety was as possible increased when she saw the painted savage enter the wood, and steer, as she thought, his course towards his own cabin in the heart of the wild. The Indian, however, was in no hurry; occasionally he cast a glance behind, poised the child almost like a father, threaded his way with

admirable dexterity, and kept the swaddling clothes so closely drawn around it, that not even the winds of heaven were permitted to visit it too roughly. It is, of course needless to go into all the details of this singular journey, farther than to say, that the Indian at last called a halt on the margin of a very beautiful prairie, teeming with the richest vegetation, and extending to several thousand acres. In a moment the child was restored to its parents, who, wondering what so strange a proceeding could mean, stood for some minutes panting for breath, & eyeing one another in silent and speechless astonishment. The Indian on the other hand, appeared overjoyed at the success of his manoeuvre, and never did a human being frisk about and gesticulate with greater animation. We have read or heard of a professor of signs, and supposing such a character were wanted, the selection could not, or at least should not, be a matter of difficulty, so long as a remnant remains of the aborigines of North America. All travellers agree in describing their gestures as highly dignified, eloquent, and intelligent; and we have the authority of Mr. M'Dougal for saying, that the hero of the present strictly authentic tale, proved himself to be a perfect master of the art. The restoration of the child, the beauty and wide extent of the prairie, and various other circumstances combined, flashed across our countryman's mind, operating conviction where jealousy and distrust had lurked before; and as the Indian stood before him, his eyes beaming with benevolence and intelligence, his arms extended and, along with his body, thrown into the most varied and speaking attitudes, he became more and more satisfied that his speech, if given in broken English, would have run very nearly as follows:—"You doubt Indian? you think him treacherous; you think him wish to steal the child. No, no; Indian has tribe and child of his own; Indian knew you long ago; knew you when you first came, and saw you when you not see Indian; saw you poor but hard working man; some white men bad, and hurt Indian; you not bad; hurt no one, but work hard for your wife and child; saw you choose bad place; Indian pitied you; never make rich there; saw your cattle far in forest; thought you come catch them; you not come; your wife come; Indian find her faint and weary; Indian take her home; fear go in; think Indian kill and eat her; no, no; Indian lead her back; Indian meet you; very sad, then very glad to see her; you kind to Indian; give him meat, drink, and better clothes than your own; Indian grateful; wish you to come here, not come; Indian go again; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; not run fast; know you would follow child. Look round! plenty ground—rich, rich; Indian love the deer, and the birds and beast of the field; the chase make him strong; his father loved the chase; if Indian fail, Indian far here; look round! plenty of ground—rich, rich; many, many cattle feed here; trees not many on that side; make road in less than half a moon; Indians help you; come, come; Indian, your friend—come, live here." Mr. M'Dougal in a trice examined the soil, and immediately saw the propriety of the advice given by the untutored, but by no means unintelligent or unobserving savage—if safe, in deference to custom, he must still be called. By a sort of tacit agreement a day was fixed for the removal of the materials of our countryman's cabin, goods, and chattels; and the Indian true to his word, brought a detachment of his tribe to assist in one of the most romantic "flittings" that ever was undertaken, whether in the new or old world. In a few days a roomy loghouse was fashioned, and a garden formed in a convenient section of the beautiful prairie, from which the smoke was seen curling, and the woodpecker heard tapping at no great distance. Mr. M'Dougal was greatly pleased with the changes, and no wonder, seeing that he could almost boast of a body-guard as bold as the bowman of Rob Hood. His Indian friend speedily became a sort of fosterbrother, and his tribe as faithful as the most attached tail of

gillies that ever surrounded a Highland chieftain. Even the stupid kine bowed on finding themselves suddenly transported to a boundless range of the richest pasture, & up to the date of the last advices, were improving rapidly in condition, and increasing in numbers. The little garden was smiling like a rose in the desert; grass over-abundant, gradually giving way to thriving crops; and the kine so well satisfied with their gang, that herds and inclosures were alike unneeded to keep them from the corn—The Indians continued friendly and faithful, occasionally bringing presents of venison and other game, and were uniformly rewarded from the store of a dairy overflowing with milk, butter, and cheese. Attached as the red man was to his mode of life, he was at length induced, with his wife, to form part of the establishment in the capacity of griever, or head shepherd—a duty he undertook the more cheerfully, as it still left him opportunities of meeting and communing with his friends, and reconnoitring the antlered denizens of the forest. Let us hope, therefore, that no untoward accident will occur to mar this beautiful picture of sylvan life; that the M'Dougal colony will wax stronger and stronger, till every section of the prairie is forced to yield tribute to the spade and the plough; and that future generations of the clan will be able to say for themselves and impress upon their children—

'Happy the man whose highest care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Party Spirit.

The following extract from Washington's Farewell Address, is peculiarly adapted to the present day, when party spirit seems to govern all motives in the choice of the officers of the people.

"Let me warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects in the spirit of party generally.

"The spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes, in all governments more or less stifled, controlled or repressed, but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest darkness; and is truly their worst enemy.

"The alternate dominion of one faction over another, shaped by the open spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, generally incline in the mind of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual, and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or fortunate than his companions, turns his despotism to the purpose of his own elevation and the ruin of public liberty.

"Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which, nevertheless, ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continued mischiefs of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

"It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with its unfounded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one against another—ferments, occasionally, riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the Government itself, through the channels of party passions.

Thus the policy and will of one country are subjoined to the policy and will of another.

"There is an opinion, that parties, in free countries, are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence if not with favor upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective; it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the efforts ought to be by the force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

"Lot's Wife."

—Mr. Colman, in his Agricultural Address last week, illustrated the folly of modern fashionable female education, by an anecdote.—A young man who had for a long while remained in that useless state, designated by a "half pair of scissors," at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one, who was beautiful and fashionable, accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing either how to darn a stocking or boil a potatoe or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not "upto the sample," and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of the modern fashionable woman.—Indeed, continued he, 'it would be much better to have Lot's Wife standing there, for she might answer our usual purpose; she might salt his bacon.'—Northampton Courier.

Popping the Question.

"What a thing is acquaintance!" said a beautiful girl the other day to a friend of ours—"a year ago we had not seen each other—many seasons had rolled its course, bringing hope, happiness, perchance and sorrow to each, without the cognizance of the other, and now we are so intimate!" Our friend says she looked so lovely he could not help pressing her delicate cheek—he asked her if he had ought to do with the happiness of her future. "You are in my dreams of the coming days," replied she; they are to be married at Christmas. We consider this one of the neatest "popping of the question" ever heard of, though, by the way, we think it ought to have happened in leap year.

The anecdote.

A reverend clergyman of Philadelphia, while on a visit to a brother divine at Cape May, was invited to accompany his friend and others on a fishing excursion in a whale boat. When some distance from the shore, they discovered a "devil fish," and fastened to it with a whale iron which they had with them. The fish not liking such sticking proof of attachment from entire strangers, made off with great velocity, drawing the boat after him, to the terror of the Philadelphian, and great delight of the remainder of the party.—The Philadelphian could not resist asking his friend the occasion of their mirth and received for answer, that it was enough to make one laugh to see the Devil running away with a couple of ministers.

Up flew the Devil in a rage
And set two lines to fill this page.