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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

WHOLE No. 180.]

TERMS

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subscription received for a less period six months, nor any paper discontinued larrearages are paid. And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again

l communications must be addressed to Editor, post paid, or they will not be ided to.

itended to. Advertisments not exceeding one square ll be inserted three times for one dollar for ery subsequent insertion, 25 ficents per uare will be charged-mif no dethie orderd e given as to the *time* an adverisment is to continued, it will be kept in till ordeed; it, and charge accordingly.

THE GARLAND.

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

THE FRATRICIDE. BY T. G. WHITTIEE,

In the recently published 'History of Vyoming'—a valley rendered classic ground y the poetry of Campbell—in an account if the attack of Brandt and Bulter on the ettlements in 1778, a fearful circumstance mentioned. A tory who had joined the ndians and British, discovered his own rother, while pursuing the Americans, and eaf to his catreaties, deliberately presented is rifle and shot him dead on the spot.— The murderer field to Canada,

He stood on the brow of the well know Its few gray oaks moan'd over him stil The last of that forest which cast the p Of its shaddow at eye o'er his child

home; And the beautiful valley beneath him lay its quivering leaves, and its stream

at play, And the sunshine over it all the while like the golden shower of the Eastern Isle

He knew the rock with its clinging vine, And its gray top touch'd by the slant so

shine; And the delicate stream which crept beneath nd the delicate stream which crept beneath ift as the flow of an infant's breath; nd the flowers which lean'd to the West wind's sigh, issing each ripple which glided by, nd he knew every valley and wooded swell a the visions of childhood are treasured well.

Why shook the old man as his eye glanc'd

That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown, With their shaggy brows and their teeth of

stone, And their grim shade back from the sun

light thrown, What saw he there save the dreary glen, Where the shy fox crept from the eye of

men, And the great owl sat in the leafy limb That the hateful sun might rot look on him:

Fix'd glassy, and strange was that old man's

eye, As if a spectre were stealing by, And glared it still on that narrow dell Where thicker and browner the twilight

fell; Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,

Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind, His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more. Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which rar Through the dizzied brain of that gray old man?

old His childhood's home-and his father's toil:

And his sister's kiss—and his mother's smile And his brother's laughter and gamesome

mirth, At the villiage school and the winter hearth The beautiful thoughts of his early time, Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red, Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead, Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour When the terrible Brandt was forth in pow

And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye, To shaddow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle storm — With a brother's shaken and kneeling form And his prayer for life when a brother's arm Was lifted above him for mortal harm, And the fiendish curse, and the groan of

And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death, And the welling of blood, and the gurgling breath, And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel

And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again, The mangled corpse of his kinsman slain, As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then, At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen!— And it rose erect, with the death pang grim And pointed its blooded finger at him !— And his heart grew cold—and the curse of

Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise On the blue of the cold Canadian skie dian skies? From the lakes which slept in the ancier

wood, It had risen to whisper its tale of blood, And followd'd his bark to the somber shore And glared by night through the wigwan doorn

door; And here: on his own familiar hill. It rose on his haunted vission still!

Whose course was that which the morrow's

sun, Through the opening boughs look'd calmly o fhere were those who bent o'er that rigid

face Who well in its darken'd lines might trace The features of him who, a traitor, fled From a brother whose blood himself had

shed. And there: on the spot where he strangly

They made the grave of the Fratricide!

Select Tale.

THE MAIDSCHENSTEIN.

A TRADITION OF THE SAXON SWISS.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

The scene is shifted, and my reader is introduced into the interior of an apart-ment, beside an open lattice in which two females are sitting. One of the two is The scene is sinted, and my reade is introduced into the interior of an apart-ment, boside an open lattice in which two females are sitting. One of the two is very young, very fair, very fragile; with a pale cheek, into which the vermillion rarely comes, except when exercise or excitement may have called it up. Her hair is of the clearest and glossiest browns her eyes, blue, soft, and gentle-sunny in their 'glances, even when those glances are sad, and overshadowed by brows of the nicest and most perfect penciling.--The other, though past the morning of life, has the traces of much former beau-ty; for Nature has given to her that spe-cies of visible charms over which time it-self exercises no unkindly influence.-There are in every line of her counte-nance, and, above all, in her dark blue eye, marks of the most confiding, and s generous, and womanly feeling. Anxiety has, indeed, for the present, deepened that expression into melancholy, so that the glance which from time to time, she turns upon her companion, is very sorrow-ful; yet her sorrow itself, as it appears to take its rise from considerations more ele-y tade than appertain to things of earth, so is it restrained and chastened, doubtless, by the reflection that our very trials come upon us for good. Such, at least, are the ideas called forth by a contemplation of those two persons. The younger is rest-less; her cheek alternately flushes and grows pale; her little hands are now clas-ped together over her bosom; now dropped in manifest despair, upon her lap; while the elder watches every movement with a gaze so tender, so touching, so affection-ate, as to announce at once the tie that links them together, and the perfect disin-terestedness of love which binds her heart to that of her daughter. "Oh, mother, mother!" the girl an length exclaimed, aftera long and axie pur-

heart to that of her daughter, "Oh, mother, mother!" the girl at length exclaimed, after a long and anxi aus look towards the rustic bridge, whi ch, crossing the Kirnitsch, connects the r beyond with the open meadow in w hich miller's dwelling is planted, "I his not. The night is coming fast, the shadows are deepening in the gie will not come now, and I am utter!" r de-serted!"

"Not utterly, mine own Louist plied the mother, after she had kis daughter's cheek; "there is one abo never deserts those who put their t him. Look thou to that scource f cer in thine hour of need, and it v be refused thee." "Not utterly, mine own Louis: 1,"

"Not yet, not now, nor wilt thou ever be. Call back the energies of thy falling laith, and we will pray for his guidance, of which, in truth, we stand sorely in need, and without which, all mortal aid were putofitless."

"The Leipzig student is thine own ephew, friend Gaspar," replied the for-ster; "but were he nephew of the elector uself, he should not live to boast that e had thwarted me in aught."

of which, in truth, we stand sorely in the d, and without which, all mortal aid were ptofitless." They knelt down as this was said, and poured out together an entreaty for pro-tection, so deep, so fervent, so earnest, that the very act brought with it its own reward, by lighting up the flame of hope in their bosons. Moreover, the amen was still upon their lips, when the same burst: of thunder which had registered, as it were, Franz's vow, echoed through the glen, the minutest object in which, became for an instant visible in the brightness of the flash that immediately preceded it. "Hark! God has heard our prayer!" exclaim.ed Louise, springing to her feet with an air of one inspired. "There is salvation for uy yet, and he in whom we repose our trust will raise tor us a delive-rer." "May God grant it, my child!" replied her mother, rising also. "And now, I pray thee, loose not thy hold upon that firm a ssurance; for thy father's step is al-ready at the door, and a severe trial, it "Th a elder of the two females had spo-ken the truth. Through the the thicks-is the bridge, which her quick and anxious st he bridge, which her quick and anxious the latter the affianced husband of onte "I hat his friend, Carl, the forester-the latter the affianced husband of onto the fate to which a father's will had do med her. "I' will not stay to receive them now,"

that, too; and Saint Agatha? I have no complains that the wakes and fairs are seen her at the head of the bed these two described; and as to processions, nabedy months past. Hast become a Hussite into the bargain"

to the bargain" 'Friend Gasper, moderate thine anger,' whispered Carl. 'Madam Housman is no Hussite; neither is Louise, and as to Frantz, let lhim adopt what opinions he may, his views of such matters can never have weight either in your family or mine. But what will father Ambrose say to this heresy of one whom he used to favor so highly? . Would to Carl Weight Would to God Father Ambrose were

high?? 'Would to God Father Ambrose were here?' cried Gaspar, becoming all at once more calm and collected. 'If ever there lived a saint upon earth, Father Ambrose is one; and as he has all along been your friend. Carl, as well as Frantz's, who knows but that his counsel might avail us somewhat in this our crowding perplexity? Father Ambrose is a holy man, and brings a blessing in his train whatever he may go? 'Father Ambrose may be all that you describe,' answered Carl' sneeringly; 'but for my part, I have no great opinion of your anchorites. What good to man or glory to God can arise from his residence, for example, on that rock; or from all the austerities which he inflicts or is said to inflict, upon himself? 'A truce to idle talking, Carl,' answer-ed the miller, growing every moment more grave in his deportment. 'Father Ambrose is no fit subject on whom to crack jokes, as thou wouldst confess, were his history as familiar to thee as it is to me. I would gladly bear it, good neighbor,' answered Carl, filling his glars. 'Nay, I [cannot enter into details—for

somewhat to say to thee alone.' The miller instantly took the lamp, and conducted the anchorite into a seperate chamber, left his wife and future son-in law to amuse themselves as they best might, by gazing abroad upon the moon-light, the was absent nearly half an hour and when returned he came an altered man. His eye had lost its fever; the 'lush on his cheek was gone; and his temper; previous!y so irritable, and even austere, seemed gentle as that of an infant. But father Ambrose was not with him. · Carl Forester,' said he in a low tone, 'my daughter is indeed sick with a very

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vergers and beadles.' 'Well, well, friend Carl,' was the reply; 'I have heard all this before; yet I am well assured that Father Ambrose has more in-fluence both with the Virgin and St. John than all the priests, ay, bishops too, in the electorate. 'Therefore is he ever a wel-come guest at the mill; and right glad should I be were he to make his appear-ance here this moment.'

ance here this moment.' The words had scarce passed from the miller's lps, when the trend of a solitary passenger sounded beneath the window-sill, and in a few seconds a rap struck up-on the door. The command to enter was obeyed, and Father Ambrose himself, ar-rayed as I have described in the previous chapter, stood upon the threshold of the chamber. His salutation was brief. 'Peace be to this house!' and the welcome offered to him by both host and thostess at once kind and profoundly respectful; but he relused to be seated. 'Gaspar Houseman,' said he, 'I have somewhat to say to thee alone.'