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POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,  
He oft invites her to the Muses' lore."

THE LAST MAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume

Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of time!

I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were

Around that lonely man!

Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands;

In plague and famine some:

Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;

And ships were drifting with the dead

To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,

That shook the sere leaves from the wood.  
As if a storm passed by,

Saying, We're twins in death, proud Sun,

Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

"I'm mercy bids thee go;

For thou ten thousand thousand years

Hast seen the tide of human tears,

That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth

His pomp, his pride, his skill;

And arts that made fire, flood and earth

The vassals of his will;

Yet mount not thy parted sway,

Thou didst disrowned king of day:

For all those trophied arts

And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,

Heal'd not a passion or a pang

Entailed on human hearts.

Go!—let oblivion's curtain fall

Upon the stage of men,

Nor with thy rising beams recall

Life's tragedy again.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,

Nor waken flesh, upon the rack

Of pain anew to write;

Stretch'd in diseases shapes abhor'd,

Or mown in battle by the sword,

Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies

To watch thy fading fire,

Test of all sunless agonies,

Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death—

Their roundest gasp and gulping breath

To see thou shalt not boast:

The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,

The majesty of Darkness shall

Receive my parting ghost.

This spirit shall return to Him

That gave her heavenly spark;

Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim

When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine

In bliss unknown to beams of thine;

By Him recalled to breath,

Who captived led captivity,

Who robbed the grave of victory,—

And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up

On Nature's awful waste,

To drink this last and bitter cup

Of grief that man shall taste—

Go, tell the night that hides thy face,

Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,

On Earth's sepulchral clod,

The dark'ning universe defy

To quench thy immortality,

Or shake his trust in God!

From Neal's Gazette.

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY GEORGE BROOME.

For thee may ever blooming Spring  
New scenes of joy prepare,  
And every changing moment bring  
Fresh roses for thy hair.

Or thought of ill or worldly care  
Ne'er may thy bosom know,  
Those laughing eyes ne'er drop a tear  
But for another's woe.

May peace thy footsteps still attend,  
When past thy youthful hours,  
Nor age steal on without a friend  
To strew thy path with flowers.

And when the allotted years have sped  
By bounteous nature given,  
May angels watch around thy bed  
To point thy way to Heaven!

THE SUBLIME.—The greatest touch of the sublime we have lately seen is contained in the following stanza:

"There was a man in our town,  
That got into a steeple,  
And filled a warming pan with grog,  
And threw it on the people."

Wonder if there was sugar in it?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Lady's National Magazine*.

### THE BORDERER'S CHILD; OR WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY A. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene a piece of land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men idly reclining under the trees, betokened by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the frontier of the Old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noonday meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him.—

Added to this he was of a tall and compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young, for apparently he was still little over 18 years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude at the moment that we have introduced him to our reader.

Suddenly their was a shriek, then another, and several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated he dashed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the bank of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log-cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end, and smoke curling from the chimney gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and comfort the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed:

"Oh, sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go."

It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp.—The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words.—His eyes took in at a single glance, the meaning of the sad group.

He recollects the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers, and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin; but this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank; and was in the act of looking over, when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child frightened at the cry, lost his balance and fell headlong into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession, as the agonized mother rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the accident. Fortunate was it that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after the child and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the child, deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

"God will reward you," said she, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands, beside mine, will attend you."

Who shall describe the scene that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words, pronounced them—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

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Not so with the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat; his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boy's dress; and, while his companions gazed at him with consternation, were prevented, as much by condescension as by the awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my child," gasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you."

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following, with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore

him, onward like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam; and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under, and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would reappear though far enough from whence he vanished, still buffeting amidst the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he was under—and with a gush of joy she saw emerge again from the waters, and flinging the waves aside with his athletic arms, struggled on, in pursuit of his boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how he escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips; but twice he reappeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, followed his progress, as his unresisting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicular down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What, then, would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child.

He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no! he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amidst the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth, following close after that of the boy. And, now, like an arrow from the bow, pursued and pursued shot the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the glassy waters, that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and resuced vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are," she exclaimed, "see they are safe—Great God I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did, until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless but his mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

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### Phil. Flinn's Adventure.

"Did ye remember Jim Ryan, Teddy?"

"To be sure I do, Phil. Dind't he stick to me like skin to a praty, in my set-to with the baste of a landlord who was for kicking Kathleen into nare's cabin, when her soul was bidding good-bye to her poor body?"

"True for you, Teddy. He was the boy to hammer justice into a spalpeen with his fists, or the cardinal principles into a sinner with his tongue—Father O'Donnegan was no match for him."

"Faith you are right there, Phil. And by the same token, when I refused to listen to the advice of Father Matthew, didn't he preach to me until he made me believe that Belzebub used my heart for his breeches pocket?"

"Well, Teddy, when I went to cousin Lary Bryn's wake, (rest her soul) I made over free with the dead, and got drunk as a gentleman."

"As was your custom, Phil. Whiskey came as natural to you as prates."

"And as natural to yourself, Teddy Burgess, as raw mate to a cannibal. As I was saying, I got drunk as a baste at Lary's wake. The town clock was hammering out the small hours when I left the cabin. The moon, bad luck to him, had covered his head, but here and there I could see a star winking at me as if it said 'mind your eye, Jim Ryan's.' Just forewent his gate, I felt my feet tripped up, but it was no use, for a great monster with horns held me down. 'Who are you,' said I."

"Belzebub," said he, as he gave me a pelt on the nose with his hoof.

"Murther! murther!" I said.

"'ould your tongue, ye baste," said Belzebub. "Yer a drunken devil, and ye belong to me."

When I heard this Teddy, I felt my limbs shake like a shamrock brig in a gale, and I