

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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## POETRY.

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

## A Warning Cry.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

Toiling from the morning gray—  
Toiling, toiling through the day,  
Till the spirit faints away,  
Bound, in triple iron, bound!  
By the taper's finished light,  
Toiling, toiling through the night,  
Till the dimmed and aching sight  
Sees but shadows gathering round—

Till the lip's warm hue is gone—  
Till the brow is worn and wan—  
Till the pitying sun looks on  
Gasping slaves in stupor cast;  
Toiling through the hours of pain,  
Taxing hand, and heart, and brain,  
Bread—and scarcely bread—to gain!  
Shall this—shall this ever last?

Shall the spoiler seize by stealth  
Youth, and hope, and strength, and health!  
Nature's dowry—nature's wealth—  
Shall they—shall they ever be—  
Youth and hope—an April beam?  
Strength, delusion! health, a dream?  
Age—a fearful gasly theme—  
Pain, and grief, and penury?

Thou who seest! Thou who hearest!  
Thou the mourner's heart that chearlest!  
Thou who veiled in clouds appears  
Swift, and terrible, and strong!  
Unto Thee, with stony eye,  
Bloodless cheek, and hoding cry,  
Doomed to toil and toil—or nre,  
Want appealeth, "Lord, how long?"

Ye whose "confidence" is gold,  
False, rapacious, crafty, hold—  
Who the laborer's hire withhold—  
Who the fruit of toil deny—  
Who the starving poor distress,  
Who the weak, the old oppress—  
Tremble! they shall have redress,  
Lo! their groans are heard on high!

Tremble! tremble! well ye may,  
Godless tyrants of a day,  
Trampling on your fellow clay!  
Trampling human hearts to dust!  
Vengeance is the Lord's! beware!  
He will list the poor man's prayer,  
Raise the crushed, and chase despair!  
Tyrants, wo! the Lord is just!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Texas Emigrant.

BY MRS. HOUSTON.

The following "true" tale, we take from "Texas and the Gulf of Mexico," a very agreeable book, which we lately noticed. Aside from this thrilling incident, the narrative is valuable as disclosing some of the privations to which settlers are subject.

No settler in a new country should enter upon his vocation without having on hand an immense stock of perseverance. Patience, under sickness and distress, is also another invaluable quality, the exercise of which will be often called for in the life of an emigrant. Let no one expect that his bed in the wilderness will be one of roses; the charms of this wild life will on the contrary, often be varied by contraints and hardships of every description.

I was much interested by an account I heard of a young emigrant, who in the outset of his career, afforded a proof of the truth of my remarks.

This settler was a young Scotchman, who having saved a few hundred pounds, and seeing no "opening" in his own country, decided upon trying his fortune in the plains and prairies of Texas. His knowledge consisted of some practical information on agricultural subjects, and on the price of stocks in England, and, in short, of farming details which apply exclusively to practice in the "Old Country."

M'Leod, for so I will call him, had married a pretty Irish girl, of tolerable connexions and good education. She possessed, with a light heart and a happy temper—no trifling recommendation for domestic life in the wilderness. Land as I have elsewhere observed, is temptingly cheap far up the country; so the Scotchman easily made a purchase of a considerable tract; and he and his young wife, with a little helpless child, travelled by slow degrees, but cheerfully and full of hope, towards the rolling country above Washington. They had not been long in their new abode, when they discovered that the location was ill chosen. They had built their log house in a hollow instead of on the rising ground, which is everywhere at something less than a mile distant from the river; it was, therefore damp and unwholesome. In short, the M'Leods, like many other settlers, had rashly followed their own ideas, and neglected to ask the advice of experienced dwellers in the country. The consequences of this imprudence soon made themselves apparent; and in a short time M'Leod was stretched upon his bed

in a low and lingering fever. Nora's helpfulness was now of essential service. Strong in body, with hardy peasant nerves, and a genuine Irish spirit of good-humor and trustiness, she nursed her sick husband, milked the cows, minded the house, and took care of the baby.

Fortunately, in this rich soil and land of prolific produce, the means of existence were easily procured, at least for a season. Nora's stock of poultry was not easily exhausted, for the domestic fowls breed and rear their young much more frequently than in most other countries. Of the pigs and other animals, the same may be safely averred; and thus Nora and her little family continued to live on. But M'Leod was not a temporary malady; a week after week sped by, and he lay there still, a useless, powerless man. The nature of his complaint affected his spirits, and he seemed fast sinking into a state of helpless despondency. In vain did Nora, with her bright face and cheerful voice, slightly indicative of her Hibernian origin, endeavor to console him. When the sick man indulged in sad prophecies of the poverty which he insisted would come upon them, Nora would gaily repeat to him the Irish proverb, "Cheer up, my darling, there's a silver lining to every cloud." But they could not live upon smiles and cheering words; and proverbs, however true, are as unprofitable as they are stale. By degrees their live-stock diminished, some strayed, others were shot by some wandering riflemen, a few fell sick, and a tribe of Indians, who were encamped near, did not scruple to lay their hands upon such as came within their reach. Happily for Nora, these Indians belonged to a friendly tribe, otherwise her fear of them would have been still greater than it was. She could not accustom herself to their wild and savage appearance; and the dread seemed mutual, for the Indians seldom approached the abode of the whiteman. M'Leod had sunk a considerable portion of his little fortune in the purchase of land, stock, &c., trusting to his own industry and exertions for the future support of his family. After a time then, the destitution which the sick imagination of the poor Scotchman had so long anticipated, stared them in the face. The wife, notwithstanding her hopeful spirit, began to despond; and her husband's health grew daily worse. The feeling of sadness and gloom was a new and unaccustomed one to Nora; so now, that at first the unwelcome tenant could find no abiding-place in her heart. She was determined however, to hope, though she saw her husband's face grow paler and thinner, day by day; and she would obstinately look forward to better times, though their supply, even of daily food, was fast dwindling away, and though she saw no present means of relief from their present distresses. Nora ceased not to exert herself for the support of those she loved. Night and day she toiled; the garden was dug and in anticipation of future wants, was sown and planted by her hand. Neighbors she had none; she was alone in her troubles—not a friend to assist or advise. Notwithstanding all this, Nora still talked hopefully, still boasted of the "silver lining" which was to shine out of the dark cloud which hung over their destinies; but her heart was heavy within her, and her bright eyes were often dimmed with tears.

It was winter, and heavy rains had deluged the country. The log house of the M'Leods was surrounded by mud and wet grass; and when, one cold, bleak morning, Nora opened her door and gazed for a moment abroad, the gloomy prospect struck a chill into her heart. A keen northerly wind was blowing fierce and strong; it came howling through the trees, and scattering the fallen leaves into her face. Nora had not been in bed during the previous night; alarm for her husband, and the care which his illness momentarily required, had afforded ample employment both for mind and body. On a sudden she heard his voice calling her name. It appeared to her that he spoke in a strong tone, and she hastened to his bedside full of hope. Alas! for her. She saw his eye lighted up by delirious fever, and to her terror, perceived that reason had deserted her throne!

With the strength lent by the fierce fever that raged within his veins, he raised himself from his bed, and was with difficulty restrained from rushing towards the door. His actions were violent and he heaped bitter imprecations upon her head and upon his child.

At this moment a sound full of horror struck upon the mother's ear. There was a sudden shriek, and then the fearful shouts of fifty savage voices burst loudly and suddenly forth, startling the echoes for miles around. And well did Nora recognize the feeble cry she heard. It was the voice of her little Jamie, who had been playing in the garden in unconscious glee. Quicker than thought she sprang to the door, and gazed distractedly on the scene before her. Her darling was in the hands of the Indians, of Indians too, whose aspect was totally unknown to her. In a moment she guessed the truth, and that the dreaded Camanches were upon them! In vain she struggled to free him; in vain did the child hold up his little hands, and implore help from her, who never yet had been deaf to his prayers. Amidst the stunning sounds of the terrible war-whoop, the petted child was held up before his mother's eyes, and while she was forcibly held back, the scalping-knife did its revolting office! The bright sunny curls were hanging at the belt of the savage who performed the deed, while the boy was flung palpitating, and barely possessed of life, at the feet of his parent.

It was now Nora's turn to suffer, and another of these relentless savages speedily seized hold of his now unconscious victim. Another moment would

have decided her fate, when the arm of her enemy was arrested by the appearance of a new actor on the scene; a gaunt form, who, (without any previous warning,) approached the group, and attracted the attention of all.

It was M'Leod, whose wild ravings could not be restrained, and who, with delirious unconsciousness of his danger, stalked in amongst them. His wild actions and strange gestures, sufficiently attested the wanderings of his mind, and the Indians stood appalled. Tall warrior in their fierce war-paint bent their heads reverently before him; and impressed with the notion of his being inspired, and acting under the special protection of the Great Spirit, these untamed and revengeful children of the forest shrank awe-struck from his presence.

Slowly and silently they retreated, and another minute had elapsed; Nora was left alone with the husband who had unconsciously saved her.

On the ground, on the very spot, where he had so lately played in childish glee, lay the bleeding body of the dying child. Who can describe the feelings of the mother, as lifting him in her arms, she tried to hope that the outrage he had undergone would not prove a mortal injury? Gently and tenderly she laid him on his little bed, and then, and not till then did she return to her painful task of soothing the invalid. With gentle words she persuaded him to return to his bed, but even then she could not leave him for a moment.

At intervals she heard the faint and feeble moan of her suffering child, but though the mother's heart was torn within her, she could not desert her son.

Towards the evening the sick man became composed, his ravings suddenly ceased, his eyes closed, and a deathlike calm spread over his features.

Nora listened, but in vain, for his breathing, she felt that he was dead, and that she was alone; she did not weep however, but sat in stupid insensibility.

She was roused from this trance of despair,

by a sound small and low; but one which heard, can never be forgotten—the last sound of parting breath!

It was small and low, for it was the breath of a little child—the signal that its pure and innocent spirit was about to meet its God! In a moment Nora was by his side, on her knees imploring with wild eagerness for his life, and covering its little hands and face with kisses. The struggle was brief, and when the mother saw that it was dead, she fell senseless. She recovered, she knew not how, and it seemed as though a fearful dream had passed over her. Oh, that sad and terrible awakening after affliction! The doubt—the fear of the reality—and then the gradual and overwhelming misery. She roused herself into sense and life. It was all over—her child, her first born, her only one was taken from her. She could not weep, her's was a hard tearless grief. On a sudden, however, she thought of her husband crossed her mind, and a dim recollection of his last moments caused her to shudder, as though body and soul were parting asunder. Mechanically she rose, and approaching his bed, leaned over what she imagined the senseless clay of him she loved. Her head rested on his breast, when she thought—could it be fancy? that it throbbed slightly and feebly. Breathlessly she listened. It was no delusion—he was alive!

Death had not claimed his prey, and he might yet recover. Poor Nora! The eyes that were dry when heavy affliction struck her, overflowed in tears when she thought—could it be fancy? that it throbbed slightly and feebly. Breathlessly she listened. It was no delusion—he was alive!

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