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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

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TERMS.

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POETICAL.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER!

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

The above words were the last request of an Irish lad to his mother, as he was dying of starvation. She found three grains in the corner of his ragged jacket pocket, and gave them to him. It was all she had—the whole family were perishing from famine.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.
It has gnawed at my heart like a wolf, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep,
And the sight was heaven to see:
I woke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.
How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.
The Queen has lands and gold, mother,
The Queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold;
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in his sunken eye,
And famine upon his brow.
What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one.
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering son of Erin's Isle,
Whether they live or die?
There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold.
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give us life and love.
Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father, when he died.
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! Dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COUNTESS IDA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the Province of Neukotemburg, in Germany, not far from the immense forests that border the river Rhone, on the top of a high cliff, was situated the castle of Count Henry de Tockenbourg, one of the most powerful of the German barons. Lords and knights were ranked among the number of his vassals, his domains extending to the extreme limits of the province. By his marriage with Ida de Kirchberg, the Count had largely increased his patrimonial possessions, and his power all but equalled that of the house of Hapsburg, which had given emperors to Germany. Nature had endowed the Countess Ida with her most precious gifts; to dazzling beauty, a noble heart, and all the pride of a race where pride is hereditary, she united a taste for letters and an ardent love of the fine arts. The Swiss Historian, from whom this portrait was taken, describes her as endowed with all the learning which it was possible to acquire at an epoch when science was confined to the monasteries, and even the haughtiest nobles could barely make a cross at the bottom of their papers to answer for their signatures. The triple influence of the beauty, intelligence and virtue of the Countess served as a counterpoise to the overbearing tyranny of her husband. The Count Henry was one of those rough cavaliers of olden time, who seemed forged of the same metal as their

lances—savage, indomitable and passionate, even to madness. Passionately fond of his wife, the Count was also passionately jealous. A boy of sixteen, the godson of the Countess and her page, was the chief object of these jealous suspicions. True love is full of mystery. It is, (for so the boy was named,) never expressed his love, but it betrayed itself in a thousand different ways—in his faltering voice, his sudden blushes, and that loss of self-command which so often seizes a lover in presence of the beloved. A dreamer and a poet, he loved to scale to the highest cliffs and spend hours in meditation there, or to lose himself in the immense forests that surrounded the castle. "Oh! that I was old enough," the boy would say, "to don the cuirass or wield the lance. I would fight bravely for the oppressed, and my god-mother would say of me as she says of my lord:—'He is a brave and loyal chevalier.'" One evening after he had been indulging in these dreams, as he was returning to the castle, he perceived upon a rock beneath the oratory of the Countess, something glittering. He soon reached it, and found it was a simple ring of gold. Ital kissed it. "Perhaps it is one of the Countess' jewels," said he, and with the imprudence of his age he placed it on his finger.

The day on which the event happened that we have related above, was one of busy preparation in the Chateau de Tockenbourg, for the Count was expected home from a long chase, and towards evening the train of huntsmen and hounds came straggling in. The chase had all the success that usually attended the experienced hand of Count Henry and a chamois, some stags and a wild boar, borne in triumph to the chateau, attested the excellence of his aim. But although the Count gave himself to the delights of the chase with ardor, yet a frown darkened his haughty brow, for he could not banish from his memory the recollection of the little page, with his large blue eyes and floating tresses. He also remembered that the week before, during the fete at the castle, on account of the reception of the Count de Hapsburg, his wife had applauded with extraordinary warmth, the titling of her little page in the court yard of the castle. Occupied with these reflections, the Count traversed his domains without noticing the vassals who crowded to salute him, and to whom one word from his lips was a consolation for their servitude; and when he entered the castle, his gloomy air, and lowering brow, denoted a heart cruelly torn by the gnawings of suspicion, and prepared for a burst of rage.

"Welcome, my lord," said Ital, as he gave the Count his hand to assist him in the saddle. "The Countess, but just now was saying that you treated the poor beasts as cruelly as if they were your enemies." A cold glance was the only answer of the Count, and springing from the saddle, he pushed roughly back the page's offered hand, and in so doing he discovered the ring, the imprudent boy had placed on his finger. Instantly the Count seized his hunting knife, and turning to Arnold, his old and faithful steward, in a voice like thunder, he asked for the Countess.

"She is in her oratory, my lord." The Count cleared the staircase at a bound. Ida was alone, kneeling before her crucifix. A robe of black velvet, confined at the waist by a cord of silk and gold thread twisted together, revealed all the beautiful proportions of her face, and her dishevelled and floating tresses enveloped her in a mantle more splendid than that of any Queen. On the entrance of her husband she rose to receive him.

"Finish your prayer," said the Count. "Henry, where have you been? what is the matter?" said the Countess, brightened at the look her husband darted on her. "Have you been wounded?"

"Re-assure yourself, madame, I have been neither hurt by the teeth of wolves nor the claws of eagles."

"But tell me, I beseech you, what is the matter? Your agitation terrifies me!" said the young Countess, as she ran to her husband and tenderly embraced him. Without paying any attention to this mark of tenderness, the Count continued in the same hollow tone of his voice, and the same frown on his brow.

"Are you able to tell what has become of the ring you received from me, the day of our marriage at the Emsiden?"

The Countess looked at her finger—then at the table—then at the Count. "Thy ring!" said she, with more embarrassment than astonishment. "I certainly remember to have placed it on this table yesterday—it has rolled off, perhaps and has been mislaid."

"Have you the impudence, woman, to tell me so to my face?"

"And why should I not tell you what is true?" answered the terrified Countess. "Do you wish me to call in my women and interrogate them?"

"No! I want no proofs." "Henry, I do not know what strange infatuation possesses you, but I have told you the truth. I swear that I removed the ring from my finger yesterday, and put it on this table; it is not there now, and I am ignorant what has become of it."

"Swear no more!" said the furious Count; "finish your prayer; for it is the last you will ever say."

The Countess looked at her husband with a wondering expression of doubt and terror.

"Henry," she said, "kill me not—I am innocent!"

"You are guilty, and you shall surely die, adulterous woman!" thundered the Count.

Astonished at her husband's manner, the Countess recovered all her dignity, and drawing herself up to her full height, she spoke fearlessly and firmly.

"I ought to protest against your suspicions, my lord, since they are unworthy of us both. I have sworn that they were false, my hand on my heart, in this chamber, consecrated to the God whom we adore; but since your savage folly will admit of no explanation, I have said enough! We are alone, and you are armed; your crime will cost you nothing, and you can add another quarrel to your escutcheon, and teach your descendants how a Count of the name Tockenbourg, insulted and assassinated his defenceless wife!"

The disdainful dignity that marked those words, instead of calming his passion, but still more infuriated him; and utterly carried away by his rage and jealousy, he seized the Countess by her long tresses, and drawing her towards the window of the oratory, precipitated her into the abyss overhanging which the chateau was built. After this horrible action, the Count descended to the court, and calling Arnold, ordered him to bring Ital; six archers of his guard, and a wild horse of the forest.

"Have courage," said the old man to the boy, whom he loved as a son, "for I am much deceived if you will not have need of it."

"Fear not for me," said Ital, as he stood firmly before the Count.

At a gesture from their master, the archers surrounded him.

"Do you know that ring?" said the Count, pointing to the jewel upon the finger of the page.

"My lord," answered Ital, "I found that ring yesterday under the window of the oratory of the Countess."

"You lie!" cried the Count.

"My lord!" exclaimed the boy, his eyes sparkling with rage.

"You lie as that woman did," continued the Count, "and you shall be punished as she was punished."

A piercing cry—the cry of a broken heart—rang through the air; and Ital, breaking through the circle formed around him, threw himself at the feet of the Count. "My god-father, where is my god-mother?"

Every one stood frozen with terror, and you could have heard, in that immense court, filled as it was with armed men, the buzzing of a fly. The Count pointed with his finger to the precipice.

"Oh, the wretch—the murderer!" gasped the page. Then stretching forth his hands to the archers, he cried—"Behold my hands—they defy your chains! Behold my heart—it braves your poignards! What is life to me, since she is dead!"

"Dead! my god-mother is dead! and the child sunk back helpless on the ground."

"Tie him to that horse!" cried the Count furiously.

The trembling soldiers executed the order, to which Ital made no resistance—only when he was attached, like Mазеppа, to his savage steed, turning his eyes on the Count, he said—"Listen to me, Count Henry! I ask neither grace nor pity from you; life is hateful to me, and your hatred in depriving me of it is but friendship. I wish to say but one word, and that word shall weigh upon your head as the cross on Pilate. By my soul's salvation, the Countess was innocent! I loved her, it is true—why should I have hid it from you? I loved her with a boundless, fervent love—but only as the angels love in Heaven. To see her each day of my life; to sit upon the cushion which supported her feet; to wear as a holy relic, next my heart, the faded flower that had fallen from her tresses, and at evening to sing to her upon my harp those warrior ballads she loved so much, was all my love aspired to. She never knew that I loved her, and she is dead without knowing it. Oh! you have killed an angel, and may my curse be ever upon you!"

"Unloose the dogs," thundered the furious Count, "and let him spout his love to the echoes of the mountains."

The order was executed, and soon might be heard the hoofs of the steed

galloping over the rocks, and the savage cries of the dogs let loose upon his traces.

After this horrible tragedy was enacted, silence reigned throughout the chateau. Shut up in a solitary chamber of the donjon, hung with black, lighted by one ever-burning lamp, the Count passed his days and nights, subject to the torturing of remorse. If he sometimes threw off his inaction, it was but to pursue, in the most savage retreat, the eagle or the wild boar; and from the earnestness with which he followed these terrible pastimes, it could easily be seen that he only sought relief from the horrible thought that oppressed him. His nights were filled with apparitions of his murdered wife; and often, when all in the castle were buried in sleep, the Count would call Arnold to his aid in that husky tone that fear always creates. The death of Ida—her irreproachable conduct for so long a time—and especially the last words of Ital, the loyal little page, had filled his mind with horrible doubts and unexpressed anxieties. He would not have regretted the awful crime he had committed, if those he had killed were guilty; but he trembled lest he had been deceived, and that fear was gradually killing him.

One day the Count had risen, almost exhausted from the violence of his sufferings, suddenly determined to visit the chamber where he had killed the Countess; and ascending the stairs, he soon found himself in her oratory. Nothing was changed—the crucifix was in the same place—the jewels glittered on the toilet table—and the half open windows looked out on the abyss that contained the remains of his murdered wife. The Count threw himself on a chair, and overcome by his grief, was fast sinking into a state of insensibility; when the noise of wings disturbed him, and as the Count opened his eyes, a crow flew through the open window, carrying away in its mouth a diamond ear-ring he had taken from the toilette table. No more doubt—he was guilty! The ring had been taken and dropped the same way. The Count did not doubt for an instant, but that Providence had made use of this means to unveil to him all the enormity of his crime—for in that age faith was as simple as it was absolute. Pale, his hair bristling with horror, the Count rushed from the fatal chamber, crying, like Richard III, "a horse, a horse."

"My lord," said Arnold, "the horizon looks cloudy, and soon a terrible tempest will burst upon us."

"The better for me. What tempest can equal that which rages in my breast?" Saying these words, he sprang to the saddle, and in another moment was gone.

"He will never return," said old Arnold to the archer, who stood beside him, as he brushed a tear from his bronzed cheek. "Did you mark his pale lips and trembling limbs? I do not know what restrained me from following him."

"Take care!" said the archer. "Do you not remember how he hung William Wey from the window for having, during one of his diabolical hunts, killed a wild boar, that, but for him, would have torn the Count in pieces?"

The predictions of Arnold were soon realized. The black clouds that were spread the whole horizon; the flashes of lightning lit on the Castle de Tockenbourg as if it was in flames; and the eagle, perched on the brow of the precipice, mingled his hoarse shrieks with the splendid horrors of the tempest.

But what did the roaring of the storm matter to the Count! Like the mysterious cavalier in the ballad of Leonora; he rode on and on without ceasing—bounded over the chasms that intersected his path, urging his steed up the steep ascent, and over the rocks and peaks, where even the daring chamois hunter had never penetrated. Suddenly his horse, resisting the furious blows of the Count, stopped—his limbs trembling, and his nostrils wide distended from excess of terror. The Count endeavored to pierce the darkness, and straining his eyes over the neck of his horse, he saw before him the yawning mouth of a bottomless abyss. Without making the slightest effort to shun it, the Count threw the bridle upon the neck of the animal. "Advance or retreat," said he, "I care not if the road but leads to death." Freed from the restraint of the rein, the horse with that marvellous instinct which is not reason, but which often surpasses it, turned to the left, and cautiously descending an almost perpendicular ravine, emerged into a flowery plain, situated in the middle of the rocks like an oasis in the desert. On the border of this plain was a little hut of brick, surmounted by a cross. The Count dismounted, and

knocked with the hilt of his sword at the door. A hermit, enveloped in a long robe of serge, appeared on the threshold.

"Oh, you," said the Count, "whom grief, without doubt, has conducted to this spot, give a last resting place to a dying man, upon whose head the bitterest cup the world can give, has been poured out."

After a long silence, the holy man pointed out a mat of rushes to the Count. "Enter and repose," he answered.

These words fell upon the Count as if they were a thunderbolt.

"For ever that voice," he murmured—"forever that look! In the name of Heaven, who are you?"

The stranger let fall his hood, and the Count recognized Ida. He fell upon his knees, and joining his hands, he cried, or rather screamed out—

"Unfortunate shade! what is it you want of me?"

"Recover from your terror, Henry—I am not a phantom, but Ida your wife, who, saved in her fall by the crooked trunk of a tree that projected over the chasm, flew hither to escape from the barbarity of her husband, and to bury herself in these horrible solitudes."

"All powerful God!" said the Count, in a tone which indicated the load that had been removed from his heart—"she yet lives; 'tis she, calm and composed, living and beautiful. She whom I knew and whom I loved; the sovereign mistress of this dying heart. But how dare I address her? Hear me, Ida: listen to the winds how they murmur along the trees; listen to those mournful voices from the mountain; they all cry for vengeance, and you are the avenger. The abysses which I have crossed are not deeper than the gulf which separates us."

"Your prayer teaches us forgetfulness; not hatred," said the Countess.

"Oh, if I may ask for pardon, grant it to me now, for I am dying."

"I forgive you, Henry," said the Countess solemnly; "I freely forgive you all the evil you wished to do me. But there is an act I cannot, will not pardon—for all nature cries out against it; and that is, the murder you have committed on the gentlest child, and the most innocent victim the world contained."

"Ital!" said the Count, writhing in agony.

"Ital," replied the Countess. "His mother entrusted him to your care—where is he?"

"Oh, mercy," groaned the Count.

"Come," said the Countess, and seizing convulsively the hand of her husband, she led him from the hut to a little mound of turf surrounded by flowers, whose freshness denoted their constant care. "He is there," said the Countess, with a trembling voice. "The Providence that brought you hither also conducted him; but in what a condition—oh, God! I saw him bound to a fiery horse, his head drooping; his hair dishevelled, his body torn by a thousand bleeding wounds. The horse fell dead at the foot of yonder mountain, and as I bent over him, the boy raised his eyes towards me. Oh, never shall I forget that look—so full of pain, of pity, and of ecstasy. 'My god-mother!' he murmured, and then fainted. I took him in my arms, and carried him over rocks and precipices to this abandoned hut. Alas, I had nothing with which to revive him: I could do nothing but pray, and I prayed for two days and two nights! The third day the sun had just risen; I lay, worn out by fatigue, in a state of stupor, on a sort of litter I had constructed of leaves and branches. A sigh awoke me—I approached his bedside. He was paler than the mountain snow. He made an effort to rise, but was unable. 'Madame,' said he, with a failing voice, 'I feel I am about to die, and dying, can tell you, without a crime, that I love you.' 'And I return that love,' I answered, pressing my lips to his very forehead; 'carry my love and this kiss to your tomb.'"

At this moment the Countess perceived the hand of her husband loosening in her grasp. She turned towards him—his face was livid—his lips shrunken—his limbs stiffening. She released his hand, and it fell powerless at his side. He was dead!

The Countess caused an expiatory chapel to be built over the spot where her husband and Ital had breathed their last, and there she passed her remaining days. Neither the entreaties of her parents, the prayers of her vassals, nor the commands of Lutold, the prior of Insiden, could shake her resolution. There she remained, and the chamois hunters and the mountain shepherds have more than once seen her wandering, like some spirit, among the tombs of her husband and her page Achille Gallat.

Almost but not Quite Married.

In New York, a short time since, a young Irishwoman by the name of Margaret Connell, entered the police office with tears in her eyes, accompanied by a female friend, and related the following tale of woe:

She stated that she had been courted off and on for the last two or three months, by a young man belonging to the Washington street fraternity of 'Runners,' called George Crook, who, after many solemn promises, finally came to the 'point' by fixing on a certain day as the happy period for the consummation of their mutual affection; consequently the bride, to prepare herself for this eventful occasion, left her service place in Barclay street, to arrange her toilet, together with other little matters necessary on such important occasions. At length the hour of eight arrived, the time appointed for the ceremony to come off; the bride handed out \$2 to the groomsmen to procure a carriage, also \$1 to pay the minister; when, after the arrangement of this pecuniary matter, off they started, the bride and bridegroom, bridesmaid, and two groomsmen; filling the carriage very comfortably. The coachman was ordered to drive to the residence of the Rev. Mr. S. in the Bowery, where they all arrived in high glee, and were ushered into the parlor to await the arrival of the clergyman, who was expected home in a few minutes. However, there they sat for nearly half an hour; but no clergyman came—blinking at each other by the glimmering of the candle, like owls against daylight, the bride's heart swelling with anxious expectation of her future happiness, when, at last, the bridegroom becoming impatient, rose from his seat and left the room; under a promise of returning in a few minutes; but the cold atmosphere of the street cooled the feelings of the lover, and he forgot to return to his bride, who waited for him an hour in anxious expectation, until, becoming out of patience, she returned again to her lodgings in Washington street, highly indignant at such treatment. It was for this breach of promise that she applied to the police office for redress. It was not, she said, so much for the three dollars that she cared—but it was the nasty ugly trick played upon her; "for," said she "I could have married Pat Rooney over and over again, only I thought George was the nicest chap of the two," and not only that, she was aware that it injured her character, making her the laughing stock of all her friends. As the matter stood at present; it was out of the power of the magistrate to render her any assistance.

There is good sense in the following extract from a learned writer, which we commend to the attention of all honest, fair minded men:—"There is nothing more absurd than disputing with a man who denies or evades plain truth, and invents falsehood ad libitum, out the purpose of the moment."

DARING GALLANTRY.—The Trenton News records the following act of daring gallantry, on the part of "about three hundred gentlemen," at a fire:

"We observed about thirty ladies in the line, passing buckets to the engines at the fire on Tuesday. About three hundred gentlemen stood looking on at this singular procedure, and encouraging the fair ones by their smiles of approbation!"

THE BETTER WAY.—The sons of the poor die rich—while the sons of the rich die poor. What encouragement to toil through life in acquiring wealth to ruin our children! Better to go with our money as we go along—educate our sons—insure their virtues by habits of industry and study, and let them take care of themselves.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—Died in Orange, Mass., Feb. 26, Mrs. SARAH GODDARD, relict of Joseph Goddard, formerly of Warwick, aged 94. She was married at the age of 18 years—has had four husbands, 18 years intervening between her marriage with each. She lived with her last husband, who was ninety years old when she married him, 33 years, and a widow since the death of her last husband, 18 years. Her first and last husbands were brothers.

Some feeling sympathiser thinks Mr. Polk must be cold since he has lost his waistcoat, [Wescott.] He has concluded not to join the Sons of Temperance because they have now so many Divisions.

A tailor following an army, was wounded in the head by an arrow.—When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. "If I had possessed any brains," said the tailor, "I should not have been here!"