

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XIII, NO. 14.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 636.

POETICAL.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The following stanzas from a poem entitled "The Wants of Man," composed in 1840, and published in 1841, may be read with special interest now that the Patriot's cup of honor is full, and the nation mourns the talented author—now, when we reverently trust fruition has crowned the Christian's "last great want, absorbing all."

"I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the People's unbought grace,
To rule my native land—
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task,
Her cup of bliss to fill.

"I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind—
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

"These are the wants of mortal man,
I cannot want them long;
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The mercy of my God.

"And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of Nature's transient dream;
My soul, in humble hope unsear'd,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy want may be prepared
To meet the judgment day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Philadelphia Murder.

Below we give the full particulars of the horrible murder committed in Philadelphia, to which allusion was made in our last.

[From the North American.]

HORRIBLE MURDER!—In our city, the details of a most horrid murder were developed yesterday, and the sense of the community shocked to an extreme not often realized in a city where law is supposed to be respected, and morality to predominate over brutality and the full scope of demonic passion.

The victim of this diabolical outrage was Mrs. Catharine Rademacher, wife of C. L. Rademacher, who resided at No. 39 north Fourth street, and kept a German book and homeopathic medicine store. He occupied the dwelling part of the house with a brother-in-law named Augustus Koellner, the family of the latter occupying the third story chambers and garret rooms as their apartments, while Mr. R. and his wife had the remaining parts of the house—their bed chamber being in the back second story.

From all the testimony given before the coroner's jury, which investigation occupied nearly the whole of yesterday, it appears that Mr. Koellner and his wife, and some of the adjoining neighbors, were awakened about two o'clock in the morning by shrieks, groans and noises, emanating from the chamber of Mr. R.

Mr. Koellner, upon hearing the noise, proceeded to the door of Mr. R.'s chamber, which opens into the entry, and found that it was fastened; his wife was there also, holding the lamp which she had hastily seized up from their own chamber. After making an effort to get the door open or to obtain an answer from within, the door was opened by Mr. R., and he came from his room covered with blood, and staggered into the entry, exclaiming—"Oh my God; Oh my God!" He was taken back by Mr. K. and laid upon the bed, when they discovered Mrs. R. lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, weltering in her blood, a ghastly corpse.

Mr. Koellner went to the back window and called for the next door neighbor, Mr. Shade, who it appears with his wife had already been alarmed by the screaming, groans, and by noises which appeared to be that of persons moving roughly backward and forward with boots on. They heard the window pushed up twice, and during the interval there had been hard groans uttered, which was followed by perfect stillness.

Mr. Shade and his wife went into the house of Mr. Rademacher, and were soon followed by other neighbors—all of whom concurred in stating that they had heard the screaming and the exclamation of Mr. Rademacher, "Oh God, my father, or where is my wife."

Upon the post-mortem examination, the body exhibited numerous incised and contused wounds scattered over the arms, head, face, breast, and back—three of which were considered mortal; one on the left arm severed the large blood vessels, and two on the chest—

one just above the breast-bone had penetrated the left lung—this was a terrific gash. Besides these there were several scratches, as if made with a knife and finger nails.

Mr. Rademacher had been either assailed with less violence, or had escaped the effects of the blows and thrusts made at him, and although severely wounded he was left alive, but unable to realize his condition or that of his home and family. He had received a deep cut on the right arm above the elbow; another which nearly severed his ear; another on the left side of the head penetrating to the skull bone. He was also very much bruised about the head, by blows inflicted apparently with the butt end of a pistol.

The case is an appalling one, and the whole affair, wrapped in such horrible mystery, baffles all attempts at conjecture as to the precise manner in which the dreadful deed was committed, or who were the vile perpetrators of such a cool, deliberate and unquestionably premeditated murder.

Mr. Rademacher's situation was such during yesterday, that it was deemed highly improper to enquire of him as to his knowledge or recollection of any of the horrid details.

The testimony elicited by the Coroner showed that Mr. and Mrs. R. lived happily together, and were, with a male friend and acquaintance, enjoying themselves the evening before, in a conversation, until about 11 o'clock.

It appears they retired to bed soon after the above hour. The statements of those about the house show that the doors and windows were all fastened as usual; also, that upon search being made through the house, after the murder was known, every thing was found just as they had been left the night previous.

The back chamber window of the second story, where Mr. R. and his wife were sleeping, overlooked a roof or shed covering an area in the yard; this roof, at the eaves, is perhaps twelve feet from the yard, and not more than two feet and a half at the top from the sill of the window of the chamber, and might be gained from the fence, which runs on the line of an alley from Fourth street along the southern side of the yard.—It is doubted by some that the murderer or murderers got in this way, but the discovery of blooded finger prints upon the window shutter, and side of the window frame, and one or two spots of blood on the fence indicate clearly that the perpetrators made their escape by this way.

Mr. Frank, who lives in the rear, came home through the alley running in from Fourth street, at a late hour; he supposes about a half an hour before the alarm was given. When going up the alley he met a man, who upon discovering him, after making a short halt a few feet from him, started out, and went down Fourth street.

The Coroner, upon examining the bed and bed clothes, which were saturated with blood, found the blade of a knife, apparently the kind used by shoemakers, in the bed, covered with blood. It was broken off near the handle, and had been ground down on the back near the point—the handle was not found. No other weapon or instruments were found upon the premises.

The deceased was the daughter of Godfrey Sheek, Confectioner, in Arch street below Seventh, was about 24 years of age, and had been married two years and a half. She was represented as being of a lively and cheerful turn, and as far as was known made no complaints respecting her domestic condition.

From the testimony of Mrs. Koellner, the sister of the deceased, it seems that about eight or ten days ago, Mrs. Rademacher mentioned that Mr. R. had told her, that while at Mr. Wolfe's beer house in Dilwyn street near Callowhill, one afternoon not long since, a man came in and took very particular notice of him, eyeing him all the time he was there. This circumstance when told excited their merriment, so little did they think of it.

The whole of the day was occupied by the Coroner in making the investigation, and at a late hour in the evening the jury rendered the following verdict—Death from wounds inflicted with one or more sharp instruments; about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 23d of March, 1848, in her own bed-chamber, by some person or persons unknown—who, from circumstantial evidence, escaped from the premises after committing the deed.

Various rumors were afloat in relation to this tragic affair, all of which we refrain making any allusion to at present.

THE SUPPOSED MURDERER ARRESTED.—Suspicion having been entertained by the city police and others against a German named Charles Langfeldt, as the

perpetrator of the atrocious murder of Thursday morning, efforts were made to secure him, which we rejoice to know were successful, and yesterday afternoon he was taken into custody and committed for a hearing before the Mayor to-day. There seems to be no doubt of his guilt.

He is a shoemaker, and the blade of the knife found in the bed of Mr. Rademacher has been fully recognized as one which the prisoner used at work, and which was particularly noticed by his fellow workmen on the day he commenced work and placed his tools upon his bench.

It is stated that he was not at home the evening previous to the murder, but returned to his lodging room about 3 o'clock in the morning, and, that after coming in, he procured a basin of water and washed himself and some of his wearing apparel.

His coat or jacket, pantaloons, boots, and a shirt, have been obtained, and all have stains or marks of blood on them. The shirt is stained upon the bosom, and was taken from his body. He wore it with the hinder part in front, in order no doubt to hide the marks of blood, and escape detection.

After his arrest and the discovery of the clothing, he was put in irons and placed in the lock-up.

Langfeldt, it will be remembered, was arrested and convicted four years ago, for robbing the German Lutheran Church, corner of Cherry & Fourth sts.; two doors above where the murder was perpetrated,—for which, and the robbery of the store, corner of Fourth & Race streets, he was sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for the term of four years.

The term of his imprisonment terminated on the 6th inst., when he was released from his confinement, soon after or immediately after which, he took board at Mrs. Martin's in Front street, near Vine, where he was arrested.

At the time of his conviction, Langfeldt threatened to be revenged upon his prosecutors, and indeed all who contributed to his arrest, &c. He then boarded with a family in the same house now occupied by Mr. Rademacher. It is stated that since his discharge from prison, he had made threats generally against individuals.

The prisoner is a German by birth, but says that he was reared in France. He is about five feet nine inches in height, with light hair and light complexion. All the circumstances point to him very strongly as the murderer, the certainty of which, the evidence already obtained, and that to be adduced, will, it is believed, leave no doubt.

The excitement throughout the city was intense yesterday, and a crowd of persons assembled around the house of Mr. Rademacher.

Mr. R., we learned yesterday, by inquiring at his residence, was in a convalescent state.

NEVER JOKE WITH ELEPHANTS.—A very fat man went to see a collection of animals at North Shields the other day.—Having crammed his pockets with apples, he, for diversion, suffered himself to be plundered of them by the elephant. The animal made a clean sweep, and did not leave a single apple in his pocket. He, however, invited the creature to plunge its proboscis a second time into the pouch. The invitation was accepted, but there being no fruit, and the elephant not understanding jokes, the indignation of the animal was at boiling point. Seizing the huge individual by his coat, the creature at once hoisted him ten feet from the ground—an awful example to men who presume to joke with elephants. The coat could not resist the ponderous weight, and the fat man fell to the ground. He was but little hurt, and he quickly scrambled off to a safer distance.—*London Telegraph.*

THE GRATEFUL MILLINER.—A gentleman from one of the Provinces, went to a fashionable establishment in Paris to purchase a bonnet for his wife, which he requested the mistress of the establishment to select for him. The lady selected a very elegant hat, and when the gentleman inquired the price she answered that it had been paid for. The gentleman was much surprised, and desired an explanation. "Sir," said the lady, "ten years ago you bought some apples of a little girl in the streets of Paris. The poor child had not enough to change a gold piece which you gave her, and she mentioned that her mother was sick at home, and you told her to keep the money till she had enough to change it. The little apple merchant now stands before you. I have married a rich man, and must beg of you to accept the hat as a testimony of my gratitude for a gift which saved my poor mother from much suffering."

How to Live.

BY ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

DISSIPATION—late hours.—Dissipation, of all kinds, is out of the question—late hours abominable. The fascinating excitement of billiards, cards, and dice are cruel destroyers of a delicately constituted individual. It is impossible to dissociate drink, smoking, and anxiety, as accompaniments.

"Licentiousness, and wine, and gaming show,
Do what you will, you cannot be undone;
Happy's the man that sees this whilst he's young."

An invalid ought always to be in bed by ten o'clock, and up at six or seven—then his morning stroll—breakfast—business or leisure—lunch—occupation or walk—dinner—ease, relaxation, amusement and exhilaration—rest—and then for the next morning.

Early Rising.—No one can form an idea of the great advantages of being out and about by sunrise except those who practise it; and few can practise it but those who retire early. If a man can escape to bed at ten, he may rise in the summer at four, five or six when the best part of the day is at his command. A ride, drive, or walk till eight or nine is most delicious—the atmosphere is fresh, and unincumbered with smoke.—The sky is usually cloudless—the sun shines forth fully and yet mildly upon us, the great heat of midday being the result of accumulation as well as solar attitude and position—the breeze is fragrant to inhale, passing playfully about us, loaded with the odor and harmony of the living universe.

The chirrup of the sparrow, the trill of the lark, the blackbird's whistle, and the twittering of the many little winged flutterers, possess a poesy, for words difficult to express; the silence also from the clamor of bustling man, or a wakeful city, draws forth feelings of homage, gratitude and enjoyment, which form, ceremony, and set-decoration often fail to command. These feelings are in store, more or less, whether we bid the day good-morrow on a metropolitan bridge, a suburban field, or a country hill, but the purity and ecstasy of the delight, increases with the distance from town. I could rhapsodize myself into the belief that I was scribbling under the influence of what I advocate, and far from the world of business, at the bare thought of it, instead of being seated in a four-walled room, with only a window prospect of dirty-colored brick walls and red chimney tops; but the hours I have for years past stolen from the drowsy morning doze, and the continuance of such a practice as long as I hope to command the means, would reconcile me to live in a cellar the rest of the day, for such a privilege. . . . The morning ride or walk is preferable for healthy purposes to any other part of the day. This exercise strengthens the body and no less the mind—it fortifies one against the mystification and drudgery of the coming day, and it materially lengthens life, and gives energy and hope for the morrow. What a contrast on a six o'clock summer's morning to contemplate from the hill-top, animate and bustling nature, to the sweltering and sleeping in a close room, covered to the nose in sheets and quilts, night-capped and hemmed in by drawn curtains in a darkened chamber, resembling more a sepulchre for the dead than an abode for one living and sensible. Country people have no excuse for lying in bed.

I am not an advocate for a man to worry himself to death, nor to live always in a hurry—a certain amount of rest and sleep is indispensable. It is ridiculous for a man who goes to bed at one or two in the morning, to attempt to rise at four or five for the delight of an early stroll—it would spoil him for the remainder of the day. Early rising is only compatible with moderate and early people—great feeders want much sleep and rest; but although they gain one enjoyment of an hour in twenty-four by stomach gluttony, they lose many in sloth and oblivion. When once the habits of early rising and temperate feeding are acquired, they will be found so delightful that it will be a great sacrifice to abandon them.

CONUNDRUM WOOING.—"Why am I like Texas?" said an unmarried Miss Star, to a bashful wooer, who did not "spunk up," as the saying is.

"I do not know," said the green one.

"Because I am a *Jone Star*."

"Then," said the fellow, brightening up, "let me propose annexation."

A new mode of dispersing mobs has been discovered out west, which is said to supercede the necessity of military force. It is to pass around the contribution box.

Among the petitions presented in the Legislature last week, was one from the citizens of Reading, to tax old Maids,

The Way to do It.

Certain newspapers having taken extraordinary pains to create a general impression that this year "being beset by an inversion of the natural order of the primitive relations between the sexes, and that the women are to do the courting; the following illustration must be very instructive to young ladies desirous to avail themselves of it.

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.—Sam Smith sat at home on New Year's day, in dishabille. His beard was unshaved, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblackened, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his heels against the mantelpiece, smoking a cigar. Sam thought to himself that it was leap year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies could only be induced to pop the question, in accordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat watching "the smoke which so gracefully curled," his fancy glowed with the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with their tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable! As he meditated his heart softened and he began to feel a queerish, womanish, sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and thought he would faint with propriety the first time a young lady should squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded at the door. Sam peeped through the Venetian blinds "Mersey," exclaimed he, "if there isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille, and looking like a fright—goodness gracious! I must go right away and fix myself up."

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air, intimated that she should wait. Miss Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's privileges which had been usurped by the tyrant man, and she was determined to assert her rights, in spite of the hollow formalities of a false system of society.

Meanwhile, with a palpitating heart Sam went through a series of personal adornments. The last twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his whiskers, and with white cambric in hand he descended to the parlor. Miss Jones rushed to receive him, and grasping his hand with fervor, said—"Dearest, how beautiful you look!" accompanying the words with a look of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Sam, applying his cambric to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love why so coy?" said Susan; "turn not way those lovely eyes, dark as jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of fond affection. Here let us rest," said she, drawing him to a sofa; "here with my arm around thee, will I protest my true affection."

"Leave me, oh leave me," murmured Sam; "think of my youth, my inexperience; spare, oh, spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee," said Susan pressing him closer to her, "never until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days, aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me, how I worshipped like the sun-flower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses, how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers, how I was willing to yield up to the government of that "imperial;" thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—joy to me—for thy joy was my joy.—My heart is thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The over wrought feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamoured maiden hung fondly over him and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened—he gazed wildly around him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his "lover," he blushed deeply, and behind his "kerchief faintly faltered out—"Ask my pa!"—*St. Louis Reveille.*

A HARD HIT.—The Howe street Congregational Society, Boston, having invited Rev. Mr. Love to become their pastor, he has accepted the call on condition that they first pay up what they owe their old shepherd, Mr. Baldwin!

Misunderstanding and inattention create more uneasiness in the world than deception and artifice; or, at least, their consequences are more universal.

A spoonful of scraped horse-radish, put into a pail of milk, will keep it sweet many days longer than the ordinary period.

A Drunkard's Thirst.

It is a remark of Bishop Tillotson, that no man is born with a swearing constitution. It may be added that no man is born with a thirsty constitution; or as a constitution requiring the use of intoxicating liquors. There is nothing constitutional about it. It is the result of habit, the more the tippler drinks, the more he thirsts. And after he has become a habitual drinker, so that he cannot do without it, where can language be found to describe his thirst? We have seen men under its influence, who love rum better than their wives or children—better than reputation or life—better than earthly happiness or the joys of Heaven. Those who are temperate have no conception of it. It is intolerable, insupportable, beyond the powers of description.

Before its withering influence every social affection droops and dies. Before its scorching, its burning presence, innocence, health, happiness, prosperity, decency, honor, reputation, and every virtue which ennobles and elevates man, is prostrated in the dust.

ROMAN MANNERS.—The Romans, in a great measure, adopted their manners from the Greeks. Various arts of courtship were used among the Romans, as among the Greeks, but only in illicit amours, and those had in them very little of a sentimental character. With our ideas of refinement and the romance of love, we are perpetually astonished at the want of such a sentiment even among the poets of Greece and Rome.—There is nothing in the history of man for which it is more difficult to account.

We have no evidence that there was anything like courtship as a prelude to marriage. In the Roman authors, we frequently read of father, brother, or guardian, giving his daughter, sister, or ward in marriage, but never where an intended bridegroom applied to the lady for her consent, although we have the most minute accounts of the manners and habits of the Roman people; and this is the more remarkable, since woman, at a late period of the Roman empire, rose to a dignity and freedom scarcely paralleled in modern times.

SOUTHERN MANNERS.—During the noon adjournment of the Memphis Commercial and Criminal Court on then 9th, Judge E. W. M. King, its presiding Judge, furiously assaulted, with a pistol and cane, E. Irving, Esq., junior editor of the Enquirer, for an article published in the Enquirer of that morning, censuring Judge King's conduct and interference at the corporation and county election polls; on Saturday last.—Judge King, it is said; discharged three barrels of a revolving pistol, one of which lodged in the surface of Mr. Irving's wrist, and another striking the hand of Mr. Dashiell, the hotel keeper; he also used his cane, and severely beat Mr. I. over the head and face with his pistol. Mr. Irving's pistol dropped from his hand at the time his wrist was shot; he knocked the Judge down, it is said, with his own cane, which he had thrown down after first striking Irving—they were finally parted while closely clenched, and both down upon the floor. Mr. Irving is a small weakly man, and the Judge a stout six-footer and over.

Wives and Ladies.

Dow, Jr., in one of his sermons, says:—"The kind of wife you want is one of good morals, and knows how to mend trousers—who can reconcile peeling potatoes with practical piety—who can waltz with a dash churn, and sing with a tea-kettle—who understands broomology, and the true science of mopping—who can knit stockings without knitting her brows, and knit up her husband's "ravelling sleeve of care"—who prefers sewing tears with a needle to sowing tares (scandal) with the tongue. Such is decidedly a better half. Take her, if you can get her, when you find her—be she up to the elbows in the suds of a wash-tub, or picking geese in a cow stable.

A STARTLING FACT.—Gov. Briggs, at the Temperance meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening last, stated that the report of the Committee appointed to inquire in regard to the idiots in that Commonwealth, showed that there were from 1200 to 1300 of that unfortunate class, and also the astounding fact that 1100 to 1200 of them were born of drunken parents!

LOVELY WOMAN!—A woman has been arrested in the Western part of N. York for having killed her husband. The reason she assigns, was on account of his selling a pig for too small a sum.

WINTER AND SPRING.—The Augusta Democrat chronicles the marriage in that country, of Mr. George Freiger, aged sixty-eight years, to Miss Frances M. Merchant aged fourteen years.