

Huntingdon Journal



BY JAS. CLARK.

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THE MANIAC.

The following lines, descriptive of a scene in a private mad house, are from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. They were published in the *National Intelligencer* about eighteen years since, the editors of which paper introduced them with these remarks:—"If any one can read the following lines without shuddering in sympathy with the supposed captive, he must have a heart dead to every human feeling."

Stay, jailor, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell,
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailor, hear, and what should be!
Oh! I hate my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!
He quits the gate! I kneel in vain!
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see!
"Thy gone—and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold—no warmth, no light!
Life! all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no, not mad!

"Thy sure some dream! some vision vain!
What! the child of rank and wealth;
And the wretch who chanks this chain,
Benefit of freedom, friends and health!
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart; how burns my head,
But 'tis not mad! no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou my child, forgot ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll not forget, your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you used to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips how sweet they smiled—
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone—
None ever bore a livelier child—
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty little lad?
I will be free—unbar the door—
I am not mad! I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what means these dreadful cries!
His chain soon a furious madman breaks—
He comes!—I see his glaring eyes—
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes—
Help—help—he's gone—oh! fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see—
My brain, my brain—I know, I know
I am not mad—but soon shall be.

Yes, soon—for by you—while I speak—
Hark how you demon's eye balls glare—
He sees me—new with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart! so crushed and sad;
Aye, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth—
Your task is done—I'm mad—I'm mad!

THE PURSUIT OF VIRTUE.

The inculcation and pursuit of virtue brings its own reward. Man is a creature who cannot act without a motive; motives like the weights of a clock control his motion; but he is given by the wise Creator, a power of discrimination, of judgment upon the motives that actuate him, and can avoid those which lead him to evil, and bring down upon him pain, sorrow and unrest. The man of wisdom and understanding seeks and does the good from an absolute necessity of his sympathies and wants. To him, the pursuit of evil or wrong is repulsive. His soul, like a finely attuned instrument, shudders at every finger of discord touching its keys. Joy and felicity follow him only in the path of virtue. The higher our humanity is developed, the more instinctively we cling to the beautiful and true, the more abhorrent is everything false and deformed. Selfishness—a desire to satisfy self-longings, which ate the soul's inaudible articulations, may lie at the base of these instincts and actions of the good man, but this weighs nothing against their virtue. Selfishness lies at the bottom of all life, in all its real or imaginable manifestations. Intelligence purifies and ennobles it, makes it equal to the loftiest actions and aspirations of humanity. The true man is good, because to be evil would give over the instincts of his soul to torment. Would that, in the language of one of the noblest of poets, all might feel that the virtuous man

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Yes, the season is changed; the summer is passed; Autumn's reign is already far advanced, and soon the desolation and dreariness of Winter, will be upon us. Painfully we were conscious this morning of the rapid passing away of external nature's pleasant days; and sadly did the atmospheric gloom exert a mysterious influence on our cerebral nerves. Of the bright vernal mornings which we "once enjoyed," we can only say, "how sweet their memory still!" for months to come, the habit of early rising will be inconvenient, rather than agreeable; and gloomily, amid wind and rain—ankle deep in polluted snow, or exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm—the luckless wights who provide mental alimint for their fellows must plod their weary way. "Slee, slah, slud," as Cowper hath it, will be the melancholy refrain of each splash in the mud, and the howling blast and the rattling hail will add their melancholy chorus. Truly, a wintry prospect is before us, as a wintry humor now possesses us; a sad and melancholy temper, which magnifies its secret sorrows and somehow looks upon the heavy sky, and breathes the damp air, with the foreboding that they are permanently to remain rather than pass away with the changing wind.

Resolve and struggle as one will—look up ever so imploringly or confidently into philosophy's sweet face—still sad thoughts will have their sway on such a morning as this. And no marvel. They are in keeping with nature's temper and nature's condition. She is being disrobed of her glories; she is entering for a thousandth time upon the sere and yellow leaf, and for her sorrow the heavens feel sympathy and are robed in sombre grey. Poor nature—weeping, grieving, sorrowing Nature—is shorn of her glory. Her beautiful green, once bright and beautiful and glorious as wings of Peri, or sheen of sparkling emerald, are forcibly taken from her, and a daisy garb of russet grey, or of more sombre hue, now envelopes her shrunken form. Did we say forcibly taken from her? Yet the power is invisible! The potent hand that, far as the eye can reach, shades alike and simultaneously, the young ailanthus, the spreading sycamore and the tough sinewed hickory, is not seen; the touch is only known by its effects, as the showers of leaves drop from their stems and are scattered from the boughs.

A strange sight are these falling leaves, in such a morning as this, when the atmosphere is damp and heavy, and the earth is moist and soft, and the sickly wind travels past in warm and silent gusts: Vexily we grew mournful, almost to weeping; as in the sister city, where they are more plentiful, we passed through avenues of trees whose leaves but a few short weeks ago defied the utmost power of Boreas to wrest them from the parent stem. We can look unmoved upon the falling leaves when the equinoctial gale whirls round the devoted tree, and in the wantonness of strength tears off its modest garments; and after shaking them wildly in the air, dashes them contemptuously upon the hard, dry earth. It seems natural that in such a conflict the stormy winds should triumph. Even the rustle of the eastaway leaves has a wild music in it that is in unison with the harsh scenes around. The surging of the angry boughs has in it something of the "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" sound; while the fitful squealing of the excited blast make a fitting dirge for the departed Summer.

But now such excitements are lacking. The scene is simply saddening—melancholy, without any relieving grandeur or solemnity. Involuntarily one stops in his career, for it seems as though a universal dissolution was overtaking earth and the dwellers thereon. How silently those leaves fall, yet to a sensitive mind how loud they speak—Nay, they are instinct with life. How they run upon the ground noiselessly but with most expressive aspect. Their hoof maketh no sounds yet you hear their velvet tread and feel that they have a message to utter which you must hear. They approach with selfish dance and you shrink from them. They rub against your feet and you turn aside least you should tread upon them; they lie still a moment, look upon you calmly and silently in the face, then lifting up their faded, attenuated forms, they run on before you in cruel mockery, and in every leap they seem to say—"Ye do all fade as a leaf." 'Tis even so—

"The lowly shrub and lofty tree,
Drop their brown leaves all witheringly,
As children of mortality;"
and man, musing upon the general decay, remembers that life hath its seasons too—"man groweth up and is cut down as

the grass." The fall of the leaf then hath its lesson; and if it be sad it is not unprofitable.

Thrilling Incident.

I passed up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must maintain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded, I, however, passed up the aisle until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one seemed to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath, seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white banded creatures around me; with their pouting lips and artless innocence; were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapped in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time on his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart—doubting not that the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise!

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry and tenderness; and then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart beat with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home alone and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit—for we are surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between each other. Yet I followed her. She looked behind her, and I thought evinced some emotion at recognizing me as the stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace and she actually slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her.

"Noble young creature!" thought I, "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom."
"I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"
"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."
"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly—"I thought when I saw you in the meeting house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half dollar on me three weeks ago; and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he catches the feller he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!"

Reader, did you ever take a shower bath?

COMICAL CLERGYMAN.—The Salem Register gives an account of a Van Buren Convention at Danvers, at which Rev. Caleb Stetson was nominated for Congress. Among the speakers on the occasion was Rev. J. Prince, formerly of Salem, who closed his address by singing the negro burletta of "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

A TROUBLESOME CONGREGATION.—The London Standard says, on Sunday, when the minister of Udney entered the kirk, he was no less surprised than indignant to find that "daft Jamie Fleming" had taken possession of the pulpit.
"Come doon, Jamie," said he.
"Come ye up, sir," answered Jamie, "they're a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, sir, and it will tack us baith to manage them."

It often falls out that he who thinks himself the master wit is the master fool.

More Love and Romance.

A young girl was found in sailor's clothes, on board a vessel lately arrived at Charleston, S. C. She is about 17 or 18 years old, very pretty, though looking a little masculine, from having her ringlets cut off. It appears that she did not ship as a Sailor, but stowed herself away on board, and was not discovered until after the vessel had got to sea—when the Captain learned that he had an extra hand; and upon questioning him (her) he said he had a brother in Charleston whom he wished to see—that his father would not consent, so he had run away. The Captain not suspecting anything, made him "turn to," scrub down decks, and go aloft—which she did with consummate bravery, even in gales of wind, singing out, "straiten up," to the old tars when reefing topsails. It was not until near port that her sex was discovered. It turns out that she was anxious to accompany a passenger on board, who, after the discovery of the trick, would not acknowledge the corn," but put out in the cars for Georgia, the morning after their arrival, leaving his friend to take care of herself. She is now under the care of the Captain, and will be taken back to her family.

The Last of the Tea Party.

Frequent mention has been made of David Kemison, the last of the band that threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, who is now residing in Chicago. He has recently published a letter in one of the Western papers from which we make the following extracts:

"If I live until the 17th day of November next, I shall be one hundred and twelve years old. I was born in Kingston, N. H., and my father moved to Lebanon, Maine, when I was an infant. I was a citizen of that place, when, at the age of about 33, I assisted in throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor: I was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and stood near Gen. Warren when he fell. I also helped to roll the barrels filled with sand and stone down the hill when the British came up. I was at the battles of White Plains, West Point and Long Island. I helped to stretch the chain across the Hudson River, to stop British vessels from coming up. I also was in the battles at Fort Montgomery, Staten Island, Delaware, Hudson and Philadelphia. I witnessed the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and was near West Point when Arnold betrayed his country, and Andre was hung.

"I have been under Washington, (for whom I frequently carried the mails and despatches,) Prescott, Putnam, Montgomery and Lafayette. I now draw a pension of \$8 per month for services in the Revolutionary War.
"When the last war broke out, I was living at Portland, Maine, where I enlisted and marched to Sackett Harbor, and was in the battle of that place, and also at other places; and now have the marks of a wound received in my hand during that war."

A SHAVE:

A Kentucky friend some years ago related to us the following anecdote, as having actually occurred in that State:
There was a roystering sort of fellow named Peter Russell, but usually called Pete Russell, who owned a good deal of property, and, therefore, had a pecuniary responsibility, though he was always in want of money, and frequently in the hands of shavers:

On one occasion he went to a certain accommodating friend to borrow two thousand dollars. "Yes," said his friend, "Pete, I will lend you two thousand dollars, and without interest, too, if you will give me your bill for the amount on London."
"Oh, no," replied Pete, "I can't stand that. If I give you a bill on London, the cursed thing will be back on me here under protest four months at farthest, and then I must pay you the amount, and 20 per cent damages. That's too deep a dig."

"Well," said Shylock, "that is cutting it rather fat, I acknowledge; but I will tell you, Pete, what I will do; I will take your bill on London for two thousand dollars, and pay you for it, two thousand two hundred; and when it comes back protested, you will have to refund two thousand dollars and 20 per cent damages, making together, two thousand four hundred, which will leave me only two hundred dollars."

"Agreed," said Pete, "I am willing to stand that. So down they sat to prepare the documents.
"Who the deuce shall I draw upon in London?" said Pete; "I do not know a living soul there."
"It is perfectly immaterial who you draw upon," said his friend. "So far as I am concerned, I am willing you should draw on the town pump."
"By Jove!" said Pete, "I have it:

I'll draw upon my cousin, the Duke of Bedford."

It will be recollected that the family name of his Grace is Russell; and Pete was in the habit of boasting that he had descended from the same stock. So Pete "let fly his kite" for two thousand on his Grace of Bedford, and received the stipulated amount of two thousand two hundred dollars. The bill, of course, had to be sent out to London to be presented to his Grace, and regularly protested, in order to establish a legal claim upon the drawer. One morning it was accordingly found, with other documents, on the table in the Duke's study, having been left for acceptance or payment.

"And who," said his Grace of Bedford, taking up the bill, and addressing his man of business, "is this Peter Russell, that is drawing on me for two thousand dollars? I never heard of him before, and do not know by what authority he does so."
"I am equally ignorant, your Grace," said the *homme d'affaires*. "I know nothing of him."

"Well," said his Grace, after musing a moment, "it is very probable, now, that he is some poor and distant branch of my family, who has wandered away off to the wilds of Kentucky, and is in distress. The amount is but a trifle; let the bill be paid;" and paid it was.

In due course of time Pete's friend got back two thousand dollars, less banker's commissions, and without interest, for two thousand two hundred he had paid Pete some months previously. It was a regular shave; only the shaver became the shaven.

Our friend, from whom we had the story, said he never heard whether Pete ever renewed the operation.
We can only add that we have often wished we had such a cousin in London.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

A Hint for Farmers.

The celebrated Mr. Robert Bakewell, of Dishly, Leicestershire, and the founder of the new Leicestershire sheep, used to tell an anecdote with exceeding high glee of a farmer not only of the old school, but of the olden times. This farmer, who owned and occupied one thousand acres of land, had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one quarter of his land for her portion, but no money; and he found by a little more speed and a little better management, the produce of his farm did not decrease. When his second daughter married, he gave her one third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work, and began to grub up his furz and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor dry furz covered in *sotlle* places nearly half the land.—After giving half of his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the produce increased—he made more money because his new broken up furz land brought *excessive* crops; and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more laborers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning; he had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year; and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage five hundred acres as he had got to manage one thousand acres—therefore he laid out double the money upon the land. When his third and last daughter married he gave her two hundred and fifty acres or half of which remained, for her portion and no money. He then found that he had the same money to farm the one quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much of two hundred and fifty acres as he had done of one thousand acres. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed twenty stone; rose with the larks in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb—he got as much more work done for his money—he made his servants, laborers, and horses move faster—broke them from their snails pace—and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He saw the beginning and ending of every thing; and to his servants and laborers, instead of saying "Go and do it," he says to them, "Let us go and do it boys." Between "come" and "go" he soon found out a great difference.

"Jim," inquired a school boy of one of his mates "what is the meaning of relics?"
"Dont you know? Well, I can tell you: you know the master hoked me in school yesterday?"
"Yes."
"Well he wasn't satisfied with that, b t ke, me in after school and licked me again. This is what I call a re-lick."

"Come rest in this bosom," said the turkey to the stuffing.

The Mothers Lesson.

A mother sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom her sister was dressing, say repeatedly: "No, I don't want to say my prayers; I don't want to say my prayers."
"Mother," said the child appearing at the parlor door.
"Good morning, my child."
"I am going to get my breakfast."
"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair, as the boy ran to her. She took him up. He knelted in her lap and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward. "Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.
"Yes, mother I am very well."
"I am glad you are well. I am well, too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.
"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and sitting him on her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.
"No, but I have felt mine."
"Well, don't you feel mine, now—how it goes beating?"
"Yes," said the child.
"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"
"Yes, I can't keep it beating."
"Who can?"
"God." A silence. "You have a pulse, too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you—nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you who could?"
"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.
"So when I waked this morning I thought I'd ask God to take care of me and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"
"No."
"Why not?"
"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.
"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"
"Yes," said the boy readily.

He knelted down again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

INDIAN SUMMER.

We do not always have an "Indian Summer," properly speaking; and the question whether "this is the Indian Summer," is often a very puzzling subject for tea table talk. It is unknown in the parts of the Old World, whence we chiefly derive our literature.—It is like the *farwell* lingering, of a departing friend. We cannot persuade ourselves that Winter is so pleasant as Summer.—Winter like old age, may be kindly and have its own charms; but youth and maturity, Spring and Summer are the most joyous seasons.

The term Indian Summer is probably unknown to many of our readers. With the white man engaged in agricultural pursuits, which during the early settlement of the country, where his chief occupation, the Summer and early part of the Fall are the chief seasons for gathering in crops, and these he then made the occasion for peculiar enjoyments and festivity. The favorite period of the Indian was that time when the leaves fall rustling from the trees, the sun shines dimly through a hazy atmosphere, when the nights are free from frost, and days moderately warm. This period, whenever it occurred in Autumn, either in October or November, or indeed in Wintry December, was hailed with every feeling of delight by the Indians, fire was set to the dry leaves of the forest, which rapidly spread and drove the deer to the laurel grove for protection, where the Indians were concealed prepared for destruction. Hence the Indian Hunter would say to the European, "The white man's Summer is past and gone, but the Indian's Summer is come."—*Buf. Com.*

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—There is a man up the country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life, never had any corns or toothache, his potatoes never rot, the weevil never eats his wheat, the frost never kills his corn and beans, his babies never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds.