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BY JAS. CLARK.

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The Fallen Leaves.

BY MRS. NORTON.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Your children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things,
Go rustling on their way;
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we,
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree:
With dancing feet we leap along,
Where wither'd boughs are strawn;
Nor past nor future check our song—
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring—
When hope (who wears the last)
First spreads her eagle wing,
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the color kindles in our cheek
As blows the winter breeze;
While gazing towards the cold gray sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In manhood's haughty prime—
When first our passing hearts begin
To love "the olden time,"
And as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath pass'd
Since neath those cold and faded trees,
Our footsteps wandered last,
And old companions—now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead—
Come found us, as those autumn leaves
Are crush'd beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In our own autumn day—
And tottering on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way.
We look not back—too long ago
Hath all we loved been lost;
Nor forward—for we may not live
To see our new hope cross'd!
But on we go—the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts—
Childhood without its joy returns—
The present fills our hearts!

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

There are tears on thy cheek, young mother—there are tears of anguish on thy cheek—and wan and pallid is the hue of thy tremulous lip! The light of joy has gone out from thine eyes, and their lids are weighed down by the heavy hand of sorrow. I listen for the glad tones which were wont to greet my coming, but low, stifled sobbings, sadder than the moanings of a sea-shell, alone steal upon my ear.

Thou art bereft, young mother—thou art bereft of a new-born life, that was dearer to thee than thine own. The little snow-drop that nestled in thy bosom is faded and wither'd; a gem has dropt away from the shining circlet of thy marriage crown, and meet it is that sadness and weeping should now be thine.

But lend me to the darkened room, where reposes all of earth that is now left to thee of what was so cherished and dear. Lead me to the spot where for days, long and weary days, thou hast sat, holding back that young life from the grave—struggling with the pitiless angel of death, until thy wild pleadings could no longer be uttered—until the cold drops of oblivion, which fell from his dark wings as they waved heavily around thee, quenched the living spark, and thy child was clay.

But lift up the drooping curtain and let in the cheerful sunlight, for darkness becometh not a scene like this.—Let me turn aside the snowy covering from the cherub brow, that I may look once more upon the dear departed.—Ha! and is death so lovely? I had deemed that the footsteps of the destroyer were marked with desolation; and, behold! flowers are sprung up around them! I had looked for the ghastly traces of his withering fingers; and lo! beauty and sweetness are all that I behold!

Oh! come, pale weeper, and gaze with me upon what is so passing beautiful! See upon its placid brow a smile—oh! sweeter than the smiles of life!—is still resting. Ay, gaze upon it as thou wouldst gaze upon the face of an angel; for it is the signet which Heaven has impressed upon its own, sealing it for immortality. Gaze reverently, for it is the reflected glory of that unclouded eternal, and is the light of that spiritual land where thy child yet liveth and waiteth for thy coming. Dry up thy tears, young mother, and bide the time of thy re-union!—dry up thy bitter tears, and weep no more!—*Conclude.*

SARAS OF RUSSIA.—It is generally known that a Russian noble buys an estate, he buys the serfs with it. Dr. Baird, in a lecture at New York on Wednesday evening says—“If the serfs acquire wealth they still remain in bondage. One of the nobles of Moscow has a serf who is richer than his master, but cannot purchase his freedom because the noble prides himself on the richest serf in Russia waiting at his table. The present Emperor desires to liberate this class, but is opposed by some of the Princes.”

THE DOUBLE PARTNERSHIP.

BY JOHN T. MAYO.

The balmy breath of a beautiful summer afternoon saluted the cheeks of a youth who stood on a rising ground which commanded a view of a retired and beautiful New England village.—His air was pensive, and he seemed to be struggling with deep emotion. For a long time he remained gazing intently in one direction, as if absorbed by some recollections connected with the spot.—Suddenly he turned and disappeared, and at the same moment a horseman was seen riding rapidly through the village. Pausing at the hotel, before which a number of persons were collected, the stranger inquired if a gentleman-looking young man, wearing a Leghorn hat and carrying a small valise, had passed that way. “I told you so,” exclaimed a clownish chap in a tattered roundabout. “I knew he was after that covey that was here. I saw that he was in trouble about something. Yes, sir,” continued he, addressing the stranger, “he was here about two hours ago, and took the road to Woodville.” The inquirer jerked his reins, and in a few moments was out of sight.

If the reader will accompany us to a town about ten miles from the village to which we have alluded, he will be furnished with an explanation of these movements. A merchant, whom we will call Mr. Harris, is pacing the floor of his counting room. “Who would have suspected such a thing?” he says, in a subdued and melancholy tone. “I reposed unbounded confidence in that boy, and would have been more disposed to believe his story about losing the money; but his abrupt flight forbids it.”

“Curtis!” said he, addressing one of his clerks, “how long is it since Mr. Parker started in pursuit of Edward?”

“About an hour, sir.”

Just then a person from the bank entered, and addressing himself to Mr. Harris, stated that finding at the close of business hours that there was a difference of five hundred dollars in their cash, they had made a search, from which they discovered that there was an error to that amount in a deposit which had been that morning made by Edward Warner.

“So, the lad is honest after all!” exclaimed Mr. Harris: “that gives me more pleasure than the recovery of the money. But how could I be so impetuous! Well, I cannot blame him. I accused him directly with abstracting the money, and his manly spirit would not bear it!”

It was even so. No stain had ever sullied the fair fame of Edward, and the charge of his employer as hasty and abrupt as it was unfounded, stung him to the soul. He acted indiscreetly, it is true, in immediately quitting his service, but after what had passed, he felt that he could not remain in a position in which the finger of cruel suspicion would be pointed at him. He was ready to acknowledge himself guilty of culpable negligence, having, as he supposed, carelessly dropped the money in the street, but nothing was more revolting to his noble nature than the imputation of theft. There were other circumstances too, which served to render this occurrence still more deeply painful. Between Edward and the daughter of his employer had long existed a reciprocal affection. He had but just attained his majority, and Louisa was some months younger than himself. Their attachment was no secret to their respective families. That of Edward was, however, comparatively humble, and this circumstance alone had prevented him, hitherto, from formally communicating his wishes to Mr. Harris. He had been, however, full of hope and confidence.—Such was the ability and fidelity he had uniformly evinced in matters of business, that his employer had more than once intimated the possibility that he might at some time become a partner in the concern. These pleasing anticipations were now blighted, if not forever destroyed.

No wonder, then, that the poor youth, as he fled towards the house of his parents for consolation and advice, should pause to contemplate, perhaps for the last time, the spot which then contained the dearest treasure of his heart. In the village through which he passed was the country seat of Mr. Harris, and here the lovers spent many delightful hours in rambling over the beautiful domains—treading the mazes of the tangled ravine, or listening to the sweet melody of the murmuring waterfall. It was while thus dwelling on these bright recollections and striving to catch some cheering ray of hope amid the gloom which now hung over his spirit, that Edward discovered the approach of the horseman, one of the attaches of his employer's establishment, and his fears instantly took the alarm. He had, indeed, been pursued, but not, as his ex-

cited imagination readily suggested, for the purpose of taking him back as a fugitive, but because Mr. Harris had upon calm reflection seen cause to regret the utterance of suspicions which the entire previous deportment of the object of them utterly repudiated.

Just before, Edward had been deliberating whether he should call at the mansion to apprise his beloved Louisa of what had taken place, and of his determination to visit it no more until the termination to visit it no more until the falsity of the dark and damning accusation under which he rested should be established. The appearance of his pursuer put an end to all debate upon this point, and he fled.

It is a stereotype remark that flight is an evidence of guilt. If this be true in general, there are certainly many exceptions. There are few, we apprehend, so unfortunate as to labor under the wrongful imputation of guilt, who are actually prepared to brave the horrors of the malefactor's cell, and rely for support, under this weight of ignominy and execration upon the sustaining power of conscious innocence. We have heard people talk proudly and cavalierly upon this matter, and about courting death in preference to dishonor, but dire reality not infrequently proves the emptiness of this kind of boasting.

Yes, he fled—but whether should he go? In his nervous agitation he looked upon himself as a wretched outcast, hated and banned of mankind—an exile, without home or friends. The solitude of a thick grove presented an inviting retreat, and thitherward he bent his rapid though trembling footsteps. Penetrating the deepest recess of this forest sanctuary, he sat down, or rather sunk upon the trunk of a fallen tree.—The thought of being charged with the commission of a revolting crime—and that too by the very man of all others whose good opinion he had so long and anxiously labored to deserve—and then of being taunted as a base miscreant, unworthy to mingle in human society, became every moment more and more intensely painful. A person of more cool and phlegmatic temperament would have braced himself with some degree of firmness in such an exigency. But it was far different with Edward Warner. His was a delicate frame, and his mind was exquisitely sensitive, and it is therefore not surprising that the situation in which he was now placed should have such a powerful influence upon his physical as well as mental system. For two long and dismal hours he wandered through the labyrinth of his solitary refuge, endeavoring to calm the agitation of his spirit, and to console himself with the hope that all might yet be well, and that his innocence might in some way be made to appear. Terrified as he was, however, with the apprehension of being arrested as a thief, he could not think of returning home, and as the tints of twilight were fading in the western sky, and he began to feel that he was sinking under the combined influence of anxiety, fatigue and hunger, he came to the determination of seeking a resting place for the night, trusting that needed repose might render his mind more tranquil and collected.

Being somewhat acquainted in that vicinity, Edward found no difficulty in procuring the accommodations he required in the peaceful family of a benevolent farmer. To him he ingeniously stated his situation, and was gratified to find that his story was readily believed, and that the confidence of the worthy man in his integrity remained unshaken. The young man passed, as it may be supposed, a restless night, and awoke in the morning with a violent fever, occasioned solely by his intense anguish of mind. Upon his appearance, the family became alarmed at the situation of their guest, and with the tenderest sympathy insisted upon his retiring to the bedchamber, while a messenger was immediately sent to apprise his friends of his illness. Edward accordingly, after partaking of some slight refreshment, threw himself upon a couch. Awaking after a time from his short slumber, he found his father and his sister at his side. On discovering that he turned away his face and wept like a child.

“Edward, my dear Edward,” said the gentle girl, “compose yourself. You have suffered your mind to be agitated too unnecessarily. Cheer up, my dear brother; Mr. Harris is conscious that he was too hasty.”

“You know all about it then? I may have been careless, but I am innocent.”

“I do not doubt it; my dear boy,” said the father. “And surely you have too long known the impetuous disposition of Mr. Harris to be so affected by this occurrence.”

“But, father, to be charged with such a revolting crime—it was more than I could endure. I trust in God that he

will yet be convinced that he has grievously wronged me.”

“He is convinced,” exclaimed a beautiful and interesting lady suddenly entering the room, and in defiance of what some may consider the requirements of maidenly delicacy, throwing her arms around the neck of the youth and impressing upon his lips, a warm and impassioned kiss, which was as eagerly returned.

It was Louisa. Every one knows how rapidly rumor circulates in a country village, and whatever mystery might seem connected with her appearance on this occasion, is to be thus explained: “He is convinced!” repeated the delighted girl; “and if you want proof of it here it is.” Thus saying, she handed Edward a letter which her father had that morning left with her to be sent to Woodville. It ran as follows:

“Dear Edward—You must forgive my unjust suspicions, but I cannot forgive myself. I am happy to say that it was a mistake of the teller, and that you are consequently not liable even to the charge of negligence. I have directed my lawyer to make out articles of copartnership between us, and if you and Louisa see fit to enter into a still more important relation, all I have to say is that there will be double partnership. Let me see you to-morrow.

Such an instantaneous transition from a state of gloomy dejection to one of unbounded happiness almost overwhelmed the youth, and for a moment deprived him of the power of utterance. Fast locked in fervent embrace, the lovers seemed unconscious that there were any other beings in this wide world except themselves. The first gush of rapture being succeeded by comparative calmness, arm in arm they quitted the house, and accompanied by the father and sister of Edward, proceeded to the mansion of Mr. Harris. Edward declared himself perfectly well. The most effective medicine that could reach his case had been applied, and had succeeded like magic.

That was, indeed, a joyful day—but it was succeeded in a brief period, by a still more joyful night, on which, after the ceremony which united the hearts and destinies of the young couple for life had been performed, Mr. Harris, taking Edward affectionately by the hand, remarked, with a smile, “Neddy, boy, I injured your feelings without a cause, but I have certainly made all the reparation that was in my power by thus introducing you to all the rights and privileges of a double partnership.”

HYDROPHOBIA.—The *Montgomery Ledger* gives an account of several cases, where dogs supposed to be rabid, have bitten individuals in Chester and Montgomery counties, causing great distress. The *Ledger* says, there are a number of antidotes to destroy the effects of the poison, which may be used with success. We were told an instance yesterday, of a case cured by Mr. Stoy, the discoverer, that occurred in Lebanon county, where an individual was cured after the spasms had occurred. This is a kind of traditional information, and we speak of it on the strength of reliable informants who have known such “cures” by its use and effects, and with the hope that it may bring the “lost treasure” to light. We can add, on personal knowledge, that the receipt of “Stoy's cure” is still extant, and that an old gentleman in the borough of Lebanon, by the name of Abraham Doedler has used it with great success for many years, and is still using it. He is also willing to impart a knowledge of the cure to others for a small consideration.

SHAKING THE COMMONWEALTH.—*Cist* tells a story about a constable in Pennsylvania. He had served a legal friend of some sort on a particular friend of his, who, being greatly drunk at the time, rebelled against the law and its myrmidon, seizing the officer and shaking him almost to pieces. The parties meeting a few days after, Jim, the offender, was profuse in his apologies. “You know, Jake, said he, “I would not have served you so if I had been sober; it was all the devilish whiskey did it.” The Official, at last, mollified and relented under Jim's expostulation. “As to the shaking,” said he, “I don't bear any malice, nor valley it a cent on my own account; but as an officer, Jim, recollect whoever shakes me shakes the Commonwealth.”

INTERESTING TO THE LADIES.—Nitrate of soda as much as can be held between the fingers and the thumb, placed in the water in which flowers are to be preserved, will keep them fresh and blooming for a fortnight; at least Mrs. London says so.

What one is in his youth, he is apt to be, in his mature years, in his old age, on his death bed, and forever.

A FEARFUL GAME OF CARDS.

In our regiment were several wild young fellows—none more so than I; and as our life in camp was very monotonous, the officers betook themselves to gaming. One day, after dinner, cards were brought and all of us entered with so much energy into the fascinating game that everything in a manner neglected. At length we changed it, and betook ourselves in couples to separate games, I and Ensign A—, as gay and rakish rascals as ever lived, that we might pursue our game uninterrupted, ordered the servant to carry out into a sort of summer-house, a decanter or two of wine, and the cards; and thither we soon followed. We played with intense eagerness for several hours, till it grew so dark that we could hardly see what was before us. I had been the gainer all the evening.

“Come, A—,” said I, addressing my companion, “I'm sure it's high time we should quit the cards and return, for we've a good deal of regiment business to do to-night.”

“Stay, Tom, and finish the game; and you will not move an inch till then.”

“I tell you, A—, I must and will be gone; why should we thus make toil of pleasure, and besides, gain another rebuke from the colonel? I'll away.”

“Stay and try one more game,” said A—, laying his hand on my arm, “and I'll win back what I've lost.”

“I may, perhaps, to-morrow; but now go I will.”

“Then,” replied my companion, “if you do go, I'll stop and finish the game if I have the devil for my partner!”

“A merry game, and a pleasant companion for you—farewell!” said I, and left the room. I hastened to my own apartment, where I had a good deal of regimental business to transact. I had not been so engaged long, when the door was flung open, and in rushed Ensign A—, his eyes staring with horror and his cheeks pale as marble. He sat down on a chair, looked fixedly at me, but without speaking a word. I called for wine, and got him to swallow a little. The cold perspiration burst from his forehead, and he glared into every corner of the room, as though apprehensive that some wild beast was ready to spring upon him.

“Why, A—,” said I, shaking him; “what is the matter with you? Are you mad?” He made no answer, except by a faint, murmuring kind of indistinct whisper. “Are you frightened—or—or—or what?” continued I, motioning to the servant to leave the room. By degrees my companion became composed.

“Oh, Tom,” said he, faintly and slowly, “I am a lost man—a dead man!”

“Pshaw, my good fellow, what is the matter with you? You've been too free with the wine, and that added to your heated spirits, has nearly overturned your brain.”

“No Tom,” he replied, “I am sicker now if I never was so before in my life. But my days on earth are numbered! Next Tuesday I shall be no longer an inhabitant of this world!”

There was something so indescribably affecting—I may say, shocking—in the deep uttered tone of voice with which he uttered this, as well as the ashy hue of his countenance, that I sat down by his side without speaking. At length, taking his hand in mine, I asked him, in as soothing manner as I was able what had caused his terror.

“Do you remember what I said, Tom, on your leaving me to-night?”

“Faith; yes; was it not, that you would play if you had the devil for a partner?”

“Yes,” replied A—, with a sickening smile, “I did so; and he took me at my word,” he exclaimed, gasping as if for breath.

“Why—why?” stammered I, partaking of his fright—“why, A—, you don't mean to say that—?”

“I mean to say simply this,” replied my companion, with dreadful calmness, “that Satan has taken me at my word. A few moments after you had left me, I leaned my head on my hands, and shut my eyes. Immediately I heard a rustling among the cards on the table before me. I started, and—” a convulsive shudder shook his frame—“there sat opposite to me, in the chair which you had just left vacant, a tall pale man, dressed in black. “Why how in the devil's name did you come here?” said I in amazement.

“To finish the game with you as you wished!” said the stranger, deliberately, at the same time arranging the cards. I saw that his hand was white as alabaster and he put the cards in order with amazing care and skill. He offered me the pack.

“Why—why, who are you, and whence did you come?” stammered I, at the same time my eyes seemed dan-

cing in my head and my knees smote together with agitation.

“I came to finish the game with you at your own request,” said the stranger, precisely in the same tone and manner as before. I would have answered, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

“Why do you not take the cards?” said the stranger in a hollow tone, “will you finish the game according to your promise?”

“No!” I contrived to stammer out. His eyes glared on me, as though his head was filled with vivid fire.—He rose and bending his fiendish face close to mine, thundered in my ear—

“This night week, then, thou shalt finish it in—hell!”

My eyes closed unconsciously as though they would never open again; when I looked up, however, none but myself was in the room, and, as fast as my trembling limbs would carry me, have I come hither. Oh, Tom, I am a dead man! I am doomed!—I am doomed!”

Such was the fearful narrative of Ensign A—. We got him to bed. A delirium seized him, the brain fever followed, and that night week he died.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMEN.

WHERE IS AMOS KENDALL?

When Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the Emperor, one of the candidates for the Presidency of France, some years ago made a descent upon France, a remarkable omen attended him.—An imperial eagle swept from the sky and perched upon his shoulder. How much destiny was in this eagle may be found in the following translation in the *Home Journal* from a Parisian writer.

“I was in London at the time the prince was educating the famous eagle that was to aid him in his descent upon Boulogne. It was conducted upon very natural principles. Every morning the prince, clad in the traditional costume of the emperor, placed himself in the centre of the large garden attached to the house where he lodged. In the top of the immortal cocked hat was placed a beefsteak. The eagle, kept hungry till this hour, was launched into the air from a remote corner of the ground, and after wheeling around once or twice, he punctually descended to the cocked hat wherein was served his breakfast. But this was not all. It was thought necessary that the multitude should be astonished with seeing the imperial bird whisper to the prince the counsel he brought down from the Emperor on high. Occasionally, therefore, his beefsteak was missing, and as he was found to be a bird with all his dignity, capable of a *pis aller*, a morsel of broiled ham was placed in the prince's ear, which, not knowing the steak, he would lean over and daintily pick from its hiding place.” If the prince be made President of France, we think it will be well for this writer to emigrate.

Historical Incident.

The Rev. John Marsh, in an address before a Temperance society introduced the following incident:

A beautiful story has been told of a little boy, who was placed at the door of the Hall in Philadelphia, to give notice to the old bellman in the streets when the Declaration of Independence should have been signed. The old man waited long at his post, saying “they will never do it,” but at last he heard a shout below, and on gazing down on the pavement, he saw the little boy clapping his tiny hands and shouting, “ring, ring!” Grasping the Iron tongue of the bell, he hurled it backwards and forwards a hundred times, proclaiming “liberty to the land and the inhabitants thereof.”

That sound crossed the Atlantic, pierced the dungeons of Europe, the workshops of England, the vassal fields of France. That sound spoke to the slave, bade him look from his toil, and know himself a man. Yes, and the voice of that little boy, lifting himself on the tip-toe, and shouting, “ring, ring,” has come to us, and let us ring the fiend's doom and proclaim liberty to our land and the world. We will shout to every philanthropist, every patriot, every father, every mother, every orator, and every preacher, ring; and we will sound it through the world, and we will be free!

TALKING IN CHURCH.—In some parish churches it is the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honor of her sex, arose and said: “Your reverence, the noise is not among us.” “So much the better,” answered the priest, “it will be sooner over.”

The human heart is so constituted, that it cannot resist the influence of kindness.