



# Huntingdon



# Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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### CHOICE POETRY.

From the N. Y. Home Journal.

#### APRIL.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

I have found violets. April hath come on,  
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain  
Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.  
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve  
The tame dove fingers till the twilight falls,  
Easing upon the eaves, and drawing in  
His beautiful bright neck, and from the hills,  
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea  
Tells the release of waters, and the earth  
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves  
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know  
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard  
The drooping of the velvet foot of Spring.  
Take of my violets! I found them where  
The liquid South stole o'er them, on a bank  
That lead'd to running water. There's to be  
A daintiness about these early flowers  
That touches like the poetry. They blow  
With such a simple loveliness among  
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out  
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts  
Whose beatings are too gentle for this world.  
I love to go in the capricious days  
Of April and hunt violets; when the rain  
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod  
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.  
It may be deem'd too idle, but the young  
Road nature like the manuscript of heaven,  
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!  
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,  
And read it when the "fever of the world"  
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life  
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be  
Like beguiling music to its flow,  
And you will no more wonder that I love  
To hunt for violets in the April time.

### SELECT MISCELLANY.

[From the Louisville Literary Messenger.]

#### THE FOREST MURDER.

A TALE OF INDIANA.

The incidents which I am about to relate are not drawn from imagination, but fact. They form an act of the never ending drama of human villainy.

"This is indeed a wild night," said Charles Gray to his wife, as they sat before the blazing hearth of an Indian log cabin, whilst the winds wailed around the roof and went sounding through the forest.

"Wilder than ever I knew," observed his wife. "Charles, how thankful we should be to our Maker that he has given us this warm fire and close cabin to protect us from the rude elements."

"Thankful," and Charles Gray assumed a scowl, which of itself spoke the demon in his heart. "Thankful, wife you mock me. What is this cabin to the luxurious comfort of the town folks whom we used to see in New York, rolling through the streets in their cushioned carriages, or reclining on silk sofas and laughing at the beggars that claimed their charity. Thankful!"

Mary did not reply. She feared him when in these moods, and was too judicious to irritate him even by words, though breathed from a seraph's lips, or syllabled by angel's lips, to one whose soul has become absorbed in the unhallowed love of wealth.

Charles Gray was a native of New York, and had been left a handsome fortune—but prompted by avarice, and too impatient to continue in the safe business which he began, joined others of an equally rapacious disposition in speculation: which at first proved promising, but entirely failed, and left many an ardent dreamer a ruined man. Charles in this mad affair had embarked his all. He was left without house or friends, for friends are often bound with golden chains alone. He determined, with his wife, to emigrate to Indiana, for whose fertile soil, broad streams, genial climate and noble forests so much was said.

With a bitter spirit he bade farewell to home, and with a small amount of money, raised by the sale of his wife's jewels, sought the almost untrodden wilds of the west. With a small amount of cash, he purchased a few acres of ground on the Ohio river, where the beautiful town of — is now standing. For a short period he labored assiduously at his small farm, and cheered by the smiles of a lovely and devoted wife, seemed to forget his misfortune. A short time before our narrative opened, Charles visited L. — as a hand on a flat boat, the only species of water-craft then used to convey goods and produce down the river. Whilst he was there he met several of those who had failed in the same speculation, which had ruined himself. But whilst he had remained poor, they had by some means revived their fortunes and settled on the Ohio, where they were carrying on a brisk business. Charles returned home an altered man. For whole days he would sit idle and discontented. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of gold; in vain did the beautiful and uncomplaining wife endeavor to frighten the fiend from his bosom. It was like one solitary star trying to dissipate the darkness of the storm tossed ocean.

Wilder yet rolled the storm through the cracking woods, and Charles was still brooding over imaginary wrongs, when a "hallo" was heard outside the little enclosure which surrounded the cabin.

Mary sprang to the door and after scrutinizing the traveller, for such the intruder was, by the light of a dark torch which she held over her head, invited him into her rustic home.

In a moment a gentleman of rather slight stature, bearing a portmanteau in his hand, entered and gave the usual salutation. Mary called for

her husband to attend the traveller, but neither by word or gesture did he exhibit signs of having heard her, until the stranger's portmanteau touched the floor, spoke to his sordid soul of gold. The demon was aroused, but he wore a smiling face.

"Welcome stranger, welcome," exclaimed Gray in so hurried and strange a manner that the stranger started back a few paces in surprise; but quickly recovering himself, exchanged salutations and seated himself on a rude chair, already placed for his convenience before the fire.

Conversation soon commenced, nor was it interrupted until the night had far advanced towards the dawn. George Somers was also, he said, a native of New York, and from the neighborhood in which Charles Gray had lived. He informed Gray that he sold his property at the east and emigrated to "El Dorado," to speculate in lands, having with him a large amount of money for that purpose.

At last they all retired to rest. The traveler to sleep—Gray to brood over the wealth of his guest. What fearful thoughts passed through the brain of the wretch, that night. How often did his eye wander to the hunting knife. Once he was about leaving the bed, when a slight motion of his wife in her slumber deterred him from his murderous intent. Who but the pencil of the demon could paint the fears—the hopes—the dark resolves of the wretched Gray while the wearied guest slept but a few paces from him, in that peace which virtue and weariness alone can give.

The morning came and glowing from his ocean couch, arose the sun, gilding the distant bluffs and surrounding forests with colors drawn alone from the pallet of heaven. His beams shown down upon the cottage yet unstained with human blood, and aroused the sleepers.— Did the evil spirit slumber in Gray's bosom?

The simple breakfast was soon over, and Somers asked Gray to set him on the nearest way to M. —. With the blandness worthy of the days when he stood a respectable merchant behind a city desk, he informed Somers that he would accompany him a part of his journey, and under pretence of killing some game, shouldered his rifle and led the way. For some time they walked together, whilst renewing boyhood remembrances—remembrances which called to mind many a spot hallowed by childhood sports and parental affection.

They had thus proceeded about three miles, and arrived among those beautiful bluffs on the Ohio since rendered celebrated by a deed which has given a name to a small crystal stream which dashes over a precipice some hundred feet deep. A bird swept over their heads, and wheeling on its light wing lighted on a bough of a majestic oak—which bears the name of many an ardent lover of nature. Gray asked the traveller to move on while he attempted to bring down his game. Somers complied, and unsuspecting left Gray behind.

A sharp rifle-crack ran through the woods and a shriek mingled with its echoes. The host was a murderer for money. Blood may be shed for revenge, and our sympathies may be excited for the assassin. But who can find a chord in his heart from which pity may draw a note of feeling for him, who with blood-stained fingers holds the glittering coin before his eyes?

Gray soon disposed of the body by hurling it over the precipice. As it went lumbering through the scrubbed and jagged rocks that lined the chasm he perhaps felt remorse, but it was only for a moment. With eager hands he opened the portmanteau, and rolling out the shining coin upon the leaves, for some minutes he gazed over his wealth; for the country was almost uninhabited, and his demon spirit could rejoice over its riches undisturbed.

On returning home, he deposited his ill-gotten gold in the chest. His wife heard the ringing of the coin and her quick mind told her that Charles Gray, her husband, he to whom her heart had been wedded, was a murderer. She fainted. This wretch heeded her not, but gloomily seated himself before the fire. From the floor on which she had fallen, Mary rose an altered woman.— The rose fled from her cheek and a grave in the forest marked by a single stone, tells you where lies the broken-hearted wife. Peace to her memory! She is gone where the blue streams are never crimsoned with blood—where the dagger never flashed over the head of the devoted wayfarer.

Charles Gray became a rich man. His lands, broad and fertile, bore luxuriant harvests. A tall mansion rose among these old woods, to shelter the murderer's head. Strange to say he lived unsuspected. No one cared for the emigrant in the country from which he came.

Years rolled on away. Villages arose on the ruins of that mighty forest. The steamer was heard with its perpetual thunder and lightning ascending the Ohio, lovely residences, like gems, summoned up by the enchanter's wand from the earth's bosom, studded the banks of the silent river. The suspicious mind of Gray, (for the wicked are always suspicious) rendered him fearful of discovery, as emigrants were crowding the State, and entered the lands in the most frequented spots. The bones of Somers were still exposed; if they were found by any one rambling through the bluffs, the dark affair might be investigated and he meet with his just deserts. Sallying forth one evening, he sought the wild precipice, and descended by the aid of ropes to the spot where laid his victim. The moon burned in the midnight with the lustre which she only wears on a winter night when

the snow reflects its brightness, and earth seemed to wear the pearly robes of angels. One by one the stars had appeared through the arch above, and around the hills that swept the river, for nature is still lovely, tho' for a few months her beautiful form may bear the record of crime placed there by man. A young gentleman named Wilson, who was returning from a visit to his "lady-love," passed by the precipice, and observing the ropes attached to a tree which stood by his path, endeavored to trace the spot where they ended. After a narrow search he found them hanging against the rock which formed the basis of a chasm round which the waters swept their crystal current.

In a few moments the young man perceived the form of one whom he immediately recognized as Gray, from his tall muscular figure. He was gathering up some white substance in a bag. At last he seemed to have completed his task, and throwing the bag over his shoulder attached the strings to his neck and body, and commenced the ascent. By grasping the rocks with his hands whenever they afforded a sufficient protruding surface—and planting his foot firmly in the fissures, Gray had succeeded in climbing half way up the chasm, when stopping to rest, the shelly rock crumbled under his feet. The murderer made a violent struggle to sustain his position, but losing his balance he plunged into the gulf.

One wild shriek told that the wretch had gone to judgment. "Retribution" had pealed forth from the throne of God, and the spirit of Gray stood before its Maker.

#### A Family in Heaven.

A family united in Heaven! It is possible that there may be such an eternal union. It is not necessary that religion should make an eternal separation. There is nothing in the nature of Christianity, which naturally and necessarily demands this. There is no such adoption of the gospel to one member or portion of a family only, as to make such a result inevitable to the father, the mother, or to one of the children of the family; there is no limitation of the efficacy of the atonement which makes it possible that the blood which saves one should save all; there is no such circumscribing of the power of the Holy Spirit, that he can renew and sanctify only a portion of the family group. The blood which has been sprinkled on one heart may cleanse all; the same spirit that has renewed and sanctified the father or mother is able to renew and sanctify each child; and the same grace of the gospel which prepared that loved and lovely sister who has been taken from you to walk by the side of the river of life in white raiment, can prepare you also to join with her and walk arm in arm on those shady banks. Look upward to yonder heavens. See there your smiling babe. It stretches out its hands and invites you. "Come, father, mother—come sister, brother," in its sweet sound, "come and take the water of life."

A whole family united in religion—what a spectacle of beauty on earth! A family lying side by side in their graves, to be united again in the same blessed resurrection, what a spectacle for angels to look down upon with interest? A whole family united in heaven, who can describe their everlasting joys? Not one is absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter, is away. In the world below they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascended together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is to be hereafter no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. No one is to wander away into temptation. No one is to sink into the arms of death. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliment of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant of his infinite mercy that every family may be thus united.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

#### Unwise Men.

The following are a few of the characters coming under this head:

The jealous man; who poisons his own banquet, and then eats it.

The miser; that starves himself to death, that his heirs may feast.

The mean man; who bites off his own nose, to despise a neighbor.

The angry man; who sets his own house on fire, that he may burn up another's.

The slanderer; who tells tales, and gives his enemy a chance to prove him a liar.

The self-conceited man; who attaches more consequence to dignity than to common sense.

The proud man; who falls in the estimation of sensible observers, in proportion as he rises in his own.

The envious man; who cannot enjoy life and prosperity, because others do.

The dishonest man; who cheats his own soul more vitally than he does his fellow-men.

The robber; who for the consideration of dollars and cents, gives the world liberty to hang him.

The drunken man; who not only makes himself wretched, but disgusts his friends.

The hypocrite; whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable.

The inconsiderate man; who neglects to

#### THE TEST OF LOVE.

"The hand that wiped away the tear of woe,  
The heart that melted at another's woe,  
Were his, and blessings followed him."

David Wentworth had the kindest of hearts. There was no bound to his benevolence, except inability. And happy is any man who has a fife of the prayers that were daily offered up for the welfare of his friend, by the unfortunate and wretched whom his hand had relieved.

I speak of prayers, for they were the only reward he obtained—I mean here; but I forget.

David was paying his attentions to an excellent young lady of his native city. She was wealthy, beautiful and accomplished, and consequently had many suitors. Among them were richer, and nobler, (in extraction I mean), and handsomer men than David Wentworth; but, *nimio*, there was a kind of frank-heartedness about my friend that could not fail to bring him somewhere near the heart of his mistress, even if an emperor had been his rival.

The young lady bit upon a project to put the characters of her lovers to the test. She had found a poor widow with a family, in distress, in one of her benevolent excursions, and the idea occurred to her that it would be a good opportunity to ascertain what sort of stuff her lovers' hearts were made of. Letters were forthwith indited, setting forth the good woman's tale, and forwarded to the different gentlemen in the widow's name, requesting an answer and assistance.

The first reply was a lecture on idleness and begging, and concluded with the information that the writer was not accustomed to give to those he did not know. This was from a \$10,000 a year. The second advised her to apply to some of the benevolent societies, whose business it was to relieve those who were truly in want. This was from one who had a great reputation for benevolence—who had taken a leading part in the several charitable associations, and whose pharisaical liberality had been blazoned in the newspapers. The lady thought, that interested as he was in the success of those institutions, he displayed a very commendable reluctance about taking the business out of their hands. A third, from a good hearted and generous kind of fellow, enclosed her a five dollar bill, with his compliments. Several took no notice of the poor woman's petition. But there was another answer which the lady read with far different feelings. It was from David—from \$800 a year; and I need not say that it was, like himself, kind and consoling. It spoke of the writer's narrow means, and concluded by requesting an interview. "If," said he, "I find myself otherwise unable to afford the assistance you require, I trust I may be of service in interesting others in your behalf."

Nor was this mere profession; for it was but a few weeks before the widow found herself comfortably located, and engaged in a thriving little business commenced by the recommendation, and carried on by the aid of my friend. And all this was done in a genuine scriptural style. There was no sounding of trumpets—and the right hand knew not the doings of the left. But his lady-love was a silent observer of his conduct, and he received many a kind glance from that quarter, of which he never suspected the true cause. She began to think that the homage of a spirit like his was not to be despised; and she felt something very much like a palpitation of the heart, as she questioned herself respecting his intentions.

Such was the train of thought which was one evening, as is often the case, interrupted by a call from the person who had been the cause. Hour after hour passed by that night, and still David lingered. He could not tear himself away. "She is a most fascinating creature," thought he, "and good as she is beautiful. Can she ever be mine?" and a cloud came over his features, and he sat for a moment in silence.

"This suspense must be ended," he at length thought. He started as the clock tolled eleven.

"You will certainly think me insufferably tedious," said he with a faint smile, "but I have been so pleasantly engaged as to take no note of time; and the sin of this trespass on the rules of good breeding must lie at your door. Besides, I have lengthened this visit," he continued after a pause, "under the apprehension that as it has been the happiest, it might also be the last it may ever be my good fortune to enjoy with Miss H."

The lady looked at him with some surprise. "Nay," said she, "the matter rests with yourself. Will you forgive my presumption? I know that others, perhaps more worthy of you, at least nobler and wealthier, and higher in the world's esteem, are striving for the honor of your hand. And yet I cannot restrain myself from making an avowal which, though it may be futile, is yet but a deserved tribute to your worth."

The lady did not swoon or turn pale. But a flush of gratification passed over her face, and lighted her eyes for a moment.

She frankly gave him her hand and looked up archly in his face. "The friend of the fatherless and the widow," she said, (David blushed.) "cannot fail to make a constant lover and husband."

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady, who was rather short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor.

"You look more like a *big tub*" was the blunt reply.

#### The Mother's Last Prayer.

How true it is that *early impressions* are as lasting as life. A word—a smile—a frown or prayer—how often do they enter the soul of the attentive child, and leave images amid its hidden shrines.—The word may have been thoughtlessly uttered—the frown unmeaningly bestowed—but it matters not; it is remembered through all future years, and becomes, in some degree, the educator of a child. The following pathetic tale is illustrative of this truth:

I was very young, scarcely beyond the verge of infancy, the last and most helpless of those little girls who were gathered around my mother's death bed.—Whenever I look on the chain of my varied existence, the remembrance of that being who departed so early and gently from the bosom of her family, forms the sad link which ever gives forth a thrill of funeral music when my heart turns to it, music which becomes more deep toned and solemn, as that chain is strengthened by thought, or bound together by the events of successive years.

The first person I can remember was my invalid mother, moving languidly about her home, with the paleness of her features and a deep spot of crimson that burned with painful brightness on either cheek. I remember her step because more unsteady, and her voice fainter and more gentle day by day, till at last she sunk into her bed, and we were called upon to see her die. Pale and troubled faces were around her death pillow, men with sad faces, women overwhelmed with tears and sympathy, and children that wept, they knew not why.

She murmured and placed her pale hand on my head—my heart swelled within me, but I stood motionless, filled with awe. Her lips moved, and a voice tremulous and low came faintly through them. These words, broken and sweet as they were, left the first impression that has ever remained on my memory: "Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." This was my mother's last prayer. In that imperfect sentence her voice was hushed forever.—Young as I then was, that prayer entered my heart with a solemn strength. It has lingered around my heart, a blessing and a safeguard, pervading it with a music that cannot die. Many times, when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into error, has that sweet voice now hushed forever, intermingled with my thoughts, and like the rosy links of a fairy chain, drawn me from my purpose.

TEMPERANCE FABLE.—The rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safety in getting the bait from a small trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws.

After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squealed assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes, but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders just assembled, had commenced their deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. All were intently silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said: "My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and I see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap!—*Do not touch it!*"

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.—Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, indiscriminate dosing and drugging, have mined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, sleep on a mattress, and retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick take counsel of the best physician you know, and follow nature.

To improve the manners of people, it was necessary for nature to make different sexes as it was to make mutual wants. Introduce a good looking young man to a bunch of girls, and they'll put themselves on their good behavior in a moment. The romp will subside into smiles and poetry, while the leader of "blind man's bluff" will assume a tone of delicacy but little inferior to the flute.

#### How to Raise Indian Corn.

A farmer, residing in West Chester county, New York, offers the following as his experience in raising corn the past three years:

"I have tried nearly all the ways recommended for raising Indian corn, and have found the following to be the best: In the spring, I haul all the manure I can spare, on some piece of sward ground, and put it in heaps. I defer plowing till near the time of planting, when I spread the manure, and turn it under with much care. I then roll it with a heavy roller length wise of the furrows and harrow it well the same way. I mark it out both ways, three feet and four inches, plant the corn about an inch deep, and use the cultivator three times both ways. At the second time of going through it with the cultivator, I follow with the hoe and clean out all the grass and weeds in the hill, but I never haul dirt to the corn, I make no hill, as I think it does more hurt than good; and at the time of gathering my crop, the ground is as smooth and level nearly as an oat or rye field.

"I have pursued the above method for three years, and have usually reaped about 50 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. The last season I raised at least 75 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, by the same method. I can now raise from 50 to 75 bushels to the acre, as easily as I formerly could 15 to 20 and it is all through the information I have received from agricultural papers."

DEAL JUSTLY.—One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail in the head and clinch it:—

"Men may sophisticate as they please, they can never make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is sin in this neglect as clear and as deserving church discipline, as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt, when it is in his power to meet his engagements, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men, he is a swindler. Religion may be a comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man 'deal justly,' it is not worth having."

Three wild mud larks were recently captured by a young divine and brought into Sunday School in New York.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dan," replied the untaught one, who was first asked.

"Oh, no, your name is Daniel; say it now."

"Daniel."

"Yes, well Daniel, take that seat."

"And what is your name?" was interposed of the second.

"Sam," ejaculated the urchin.

"Oh dear, no, it is Samuel; sit down, Samuel, and now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow?" said he, turning to the third.

With a grin of self-satisfaction, and shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechumen, boldly replied: "J-m-u-a-l, be Jabers!"

NEW MODE OF RAISING WHEAT.—An experiment has been tried in Iowa, where two bushels of wheat and one of oats were mixed sown together in the fall, on one acre. The oats shot up rapidly and were, of course cut down by the frost. They, however, furnished a warm covering for the earth, and when the snow fell among the thick stalks and leaves, they kept it from blowing away. This covering prevented the winter killing of wheat, and the oats yielded a rich top dressing for the crop the following spring. The result was—an abundant crop, while land precisely similar along side of it, and treated in the same manner, with the exception of omitting the oats, was utterly worthless.

Two abolition editors contending about the amount of humility which they possess, the one boasts that he never passes a colored man without speaking to him; while the other claims precedence on the ground that he not only speaks to every negro that he sees, but he absolutely kissed a colored lady at a camp meeting!

"I'm afraid that you do not practice much self-denial," said a parson to a pretty girl in Newport. "Nay, but I do," said she, "for every day I fall in with pretty young men whom I want to kiss most sadly; but I deny myself that pleasure."

A "gentleman" is in training for a prize fight in Albany. He feeds on blood-pudding, and drinks gunpowder tea. To increase his muscle, he holds himself out by the collar an hour every day.

Woman is the salt of the earth.—If you doubt it, think of Lot's wife.