

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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Select Poetry.

SPRING SONGS.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

The Spring's blue eyes are open,
Up from the grass they look—
Which for a wreath I took.
I plucked the flowers while musing,
And my thoughts in one sad tale,
To the breezes were repeated
By the listening nightingale.
Yes—every song she warbled,
As from my soul it rose,
And now my tender secret
The whole green forest knows.
As the moon's reflection trembles
In the wild and waving deeps,
While the moon herself in silence
O'er the arch of heaven sweeps.
Even so I see thee—loved one,
Calm and silent, and there moves
But thine image in my bosom,
For my heart is thrilled and loves.

ANOTHER RURAL SONG.

BY N. STONE.

SPEED THE PLOW.—Ain—Nelly Bly.

Speed the plow,
Speed the plow;
O'er the field away;
And the furrows up and down
All the summer's day.
Push along,
Stout and strong,
Gaily o'er the lea.
While breaking clods and turningward
The c's name so gay as we.
Haw Buck and Bright—come about, ges whom
Furrow and furrow, up and down the field we go.
Speed the plow,
Speed the plow;
To grow the wheat and corn,
Wake my team and speed the plow,
While it is early morn;
Then at noon,
While the sun
Is shining bright and high,
Underneath the shady trees
In quiet rest we lie.
Haw Buck and Bright—now come about, &c.
Speed the plow,
Speed the plow;
While 'tis summer time,
Speed the plow and sow the seed,
And bread will sure be thine.
Plowman speed,
Sow the seed;
Will sweep the crop and o'er the fields
Will waive the golden grain.
Haw Buck and Bright—now come about, &c.

A Select Tale.

A MADMAN IN THE AIR.

MR. BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

One fine summer morning, a few years since, there was a wonderful excitement in the Irish village of Ballyboley. All the idle men, women and children in the neighborhood—comprehending about nine-tenths of the population—were assembled on the large level common which served as a race course and bailing green; and all thronged toward some object in the centre, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

"Yea, then, what's the name of it all, at all?" demanded one ragged gossamer.
"Is it tied to the tail of it he's going to go up?" asked another.

"Ah, don't be foolish!" exclaimed an old man, the 'sense carrier' of the district; "don't you see the long ropes he's going to hold on by?"

"Well, well!" groaned an old woman, taking her *udeen*, or short black pipe out of her mouth and sticking it, lighted as it was, within the folds of her cross barred cotton neckerchief, them English are mighty queer people. I'm sure when we heard that this Mr. Brown, with the sacks of gold, was coming to Ritclarn, after buying out the rale old stock of the Deases, we thought he'd have carriages and horses galore, and may be a fine yacht in the harbor; but it never entered the heads of any of us that nothing less would serve him than going coorsing through the air like a wild goose at the tail of a ballone, or whatsoever they call it."

For some time past the process of inflating the balloon had been going on; and now the great gaily painted orb towered tremulously above the heads of the gaping spectators, and pressing upon the cords by which it was held down, it seemed only to await the arrival of the bold aeronaut to dart upward on its way.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the outward stragglers of the crowd; and presently a carriage drew up, and out stepped Mr. Brown the English millionaire, who had lately become an Irish landed proprietor. Mr. Brown was a dapper little man whom a very small amount of pugilistic force would have sufficed to lay level with the soil of his adoption. He was one of those unlucky individuals who meet an accident at every turn—who, in entering a room, invariably slip, tumble, knock down some piece of furniture, or sit down beside their chair instead of upon it. He seldom escaped upsetting his inkstand; sending his meat and drink the wrong way, and

coughing and choking for half an hour; cutting his fingers, tearing his coat, or knocking his forehead against a door, so that he rarely appeared in society without scars, plasters or bandages. In practising gymnastics he had knocked out three teeth; in yachting at Cowes he had been four times nearly drowned; in shooting on the moors of Scotland he had left the grouse unharmed, but had blown off two of his fingers. A taste for protchny had singed handsomely his eyebrows, hair, and whiskers; and as to railway travelling, his hair breadth escapes and moving accidents amid collisions, upsets and explosions, would have served to fill two or three volumes of the English *Railway Library*, or the French *Bibliotheque des Chemins de Fer*.

At length, having tried the three elements, of earth, water and fire, it occurred to Mr. Brown that the remaining one of air, as a medium of locomotion, might be more agreeable and could not be more perilous than the others. He accordingly, the year before, when residing on his estate in Devonshire, had purchased an excellent balloon, and, strange to say, had made several ascents and had come down again in perfect safety. On this occasion he had meditated a flight over the Green Isle, and intended to come down at Belfast; but the best informed members of the crowd asserted that he was going 'every step of the way to Amerikkey.'

A London friend, who had come to Ireland on a fishing excursion, had promised to join Mr. Brown in his flight; but, as it would seem, his courage failed and he came not. Nowise discouraged, however, Mr. Brown was just about to step into his aerial car, when a tall, strongly built man suddenly stepped forward, and politely saluting the aeronaut, said:

"May I ask you a question, sir,"

"Certainly."

"Is it true that you are going to America?"

"No; merely to Belfast, wind and weather permitting."

"Belfast," repeated the stranger in a musing manner—the north of Ireland. Well that is just the direction toward which I want to go, and I hate land travelling.—Will you sir, accept of me as a companion?"

Mr. Brown hesitated for a moment, but as he really wished for some one to accompany him, he saw no serious objection to the plan, and accordingly signified his acquiescence, merely remarking to the stranger that his costume seemed too light for the regions of cold air which they would have to traverse.

"Ha! ha!" was the reply. I have passed through more changes of climate than that and I am happily very robust."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, looking at the massive frame of the unknown, 'my car is large enough. Come, in the name of Providence!" So they took their places, and the word was given: Let go!"

The fifteen men whose hands were severely pressed by the straining cords, desired nothing better, and in a moment the freed balloon began to ascend majestically. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands.

"Ah! cried Mr. Brown, this is delightful! Don't you think so? Not receiving any answer he turned and looked at his travelling companion. There he was, lying almost flat on his face and hands, with his head over the side of the car, his eyes fixed, his hair bristling.

"Are you afraid?" asked Mr. Brown.

No answer. The balloon ascended rapidly, and ere long arrived at the region of the clouds. Turning once more to his immovable companion, Mr. Brown shook him slightly by the arm, and said: "Are you ill? Still no reply, but a fixed and solid stare. They were now at a great elevation; clouds lay beneath their feet, above their heads a burning sun, and infinite space around them.

It was evident to poor Mr. Brown that his travelling companion was a confirmed lunatic. A sudden idea struck him.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Gerald Annesley."

"The very same."

"What mean you?"

"I know where the wretched lives that stole your child; we are now just above the spot. Draw the valve, Mr. Annesley and in a short time you will embrace your Emma!"

"No, no you are deceiving me. My Emma is not on earth; she is in Heaven."

Last night she appeared to me in a dream and told me so. That's the reason why I want to ascend higher and higher. Come, my friend, help me; let us both blow as hard as we can on the balloon. As we are beneath, our breath must help it to rise. Blow! blow!" Mr. Brown, moved by terror, tried to obey.

It does not stir! Come, mount on my shoulders and push the balloon!" And without consulting him any further, the giant caught him up as if he had been a feather, and held him above his head saying: Now push the balloon! The unlucky victim tried to obey but the blood blushed his eyes. There was a horrible buzzing in his ears, and light flashed before him. For a moment, he thought of throwing himself over in order to end his torments.

"Ha!" shouted the madman, "it does not go!" At that moment the trembling hand of Mr. Brown touched accidentally the cord of the safety valve. He made it play and the collapsing orb began to descend rapidly. Through the clouds it darted downward, and the earth reappeared.

and laying his hand on the stranger's arm said:

"For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our lives are at stake. I must allow some of the gas to escape, in order to repair your imprudence."

"How do you do that?"

"I have only to draw this string, which is connected with the valve."

"And if you had not that resource, what would be the consequence?"

"We would continue to ascend until every thing would burst from excessive dilation."

The man continued for a few moments in deep thought; then suddenly drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as high up as he could reach.

"Faster! faster!" he reiterated. The stranger was a giant compared with Mr. Brown, who perceiving that he could obtain nothing by force, began to try conciliation.

"Sir," said he in a soothing tone, "You are a Christian, I make no doubt. Well, our religion forbids homicide!"

"Faster!" shouted the giant; and seizing the remaining sacks of sand, he scattered their contents to the clouds. Mr. Brown fell on his knees.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, if have no regard for your own life, at least have some pity on mine. I am young, rich, happy; I have a mother and sister; in their name I conjure you to stretch your hand up and save us from a dreadful death by allowing some gas to escape."

Shaking his wild locks, the stranger drew off his coat, and exclaiming: "We are not ascending!" flung it out.

"Your turn now!" he continued; and with out the smallest ceremony he despoiled the unfortunate Brown of his paletot, and threw it over.

"The balloon pursued its wild career without stop or stay.

"Ha! ha!" said the stranger, "while we are thus climbing so pleasantly toward the sky, I'll tell you a story—shall I?" His unhappy companion did not stir. Already from the extreme rarity of the air, the blood was gushing from his eyes and ears.

"Listen! Three years ago I lived in Madrid. I was a widower, with one little daughter, a gentle, bright eyed angel; her long curling hair is waving this moment before my eyes. One day I went out early and did not return until late; my child, my beautiful Emma was gone; banditti had come and stolen her from me. But, my friend, have you a canon here?" Mr. Brown made mechanically a sign in the negative. "What a pity! I would have bombarded Spain! Ever since, I have searched for my child in every country of Europe, but in vain. Now I think she may be in the north of Ireland. Have you a lucifer match here?" Mr. Brown made no reply, but shook his head. "You have not? Ah! if I could get one, I would set the balloon on fire; and then, when reduced to ashes, it would be much lighter!

When you first saw this morning I was examining the stupid faces of you crowd to see if the dark foreign one of my Emma's robber might be among them?"

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"The very same."

"What mean you?"

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"For," says Browne, "not to derive the same from Hercules," noble description, there are hereof in the Grecian funerals of Homer, in the formal obsequies of Patroclus and Achilles; and somewhat older in the Theban war, and solemn combustion of Macceus and Archemorus, contemporary unto Jair, the eighth judge of Israel." Hector was burnt before the gates of Troy. Penthesilea, the Amazonian queen, was burned upon a funeral pyre. The practice was of long continuance in the interior of Asia. The king of Chionia, a country near Persia, burned the body of his son at the late date as the reign of Julien, and interred the ashes in a

"Ah!" cried Annesley, instead of pushing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it downward. Push upward! push, I say!"

"You see that I am pushing as hard as I can."

"No; for here is earth!"

"It is only that the clouds are rising toward the upper regions."

"Well, let us do the same. Let us throw away all our ballast."

"We have no more." Gerald Annesley laid Mr. Brown gently in the bottom of the car.

"You have no more ballast, you say?" he asked, looking fixedly at him.

"No more."

"How much do you weigh?" This question fell on poor Brown like a stunning blow. "How much do you weigh?" he repeated his companion in a louder tone.

"A very little—noting that could make the slightest difference—a mere trifle."

"A mere trifle! well, even that will make some difference! The imminence of the peril gave our aeronaut presence of mind."

"My friend," said he, "your child is not dead. I saw her last week near Belfast.—She is living with a family who love her and treat her as their own. In a very short time, if you will allow us to descend, you will meet her." The madman looked at him with a wild, doubting gaze.

"Yes," continued Brown eagerly, anxious to confirm the impression he had made "you will see her, your darling little Emma, running to meet you with outstretched arms, and her fair golden curls waving in the wind."

"You lie! you lie!" Emma's hair was as black as jet! Man! you never saw her! How much do you weigh?"

"Ah! mere nothing—only a few pounds!" Gerald Annesley seized Mr. Brown with both hands and held him suspended over the side of the car. In another moment he would have dropped him into the abyss of space.

"Annesley!" cried the poor man, "you want to mount higher?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Your desire is to lighten the balloon?"

"Yes."

"Then how much do you weigh yourself?"

"Two hundred pounds."

"Well, if you were to throw yourself over, the balloon lighted of such a great weight, it would dart upward with inconceivable rapidity." The madman reflected for a moment.

"True," he said, "you are right!" He laid Mr. Brown in the bottom of the car, and strolled wildly around.

"My Maker!" he cried "I go to meet Thee;

I go to embrace my child, my Emma!"—And flinging himself over, he disappeared.

The balloon and its owner reached the earth in safety; the latter, however, lay for many weeks raving in brain fever.

When he recovered he gave orders to have his perilous plaything sold at any sacrifice and soon afterwards provided himself with an excellent care taken in the shape of a pretty wife, under whose tutelage, he is growing dale more handy in himself." So this was Mr. Brown's last ascent to the clouds.

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