

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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

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## Select Poetry.

A PARODY.

The following is the most atrocious production that ever emanated from the brains of a nasty, forlorn, and heaven-forsaken old bachelor. We publish it as a curiosity—deeply regretting that we are unable to accompany it with the name of the unparalleled slanderer who concocted it:

Tell me, ye winged winds  
That around my pathway roar,  
Do you not some spot  
Where women fret no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some "holler" in the ground,  
Where babies never yell,  
And cradles are not found?

The loud wind blew the snow into my face,  
And snickered as it answered—"Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some Island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
A place to smoke in peace,  
Where crinoline is not,  
And hoops are out of place?

The loud winds, sounding a perpetual shout,  
Stop'd for a while and splutter'd 'you get out.'

And thou, serenest moon,  
That with such holy face,  
Dost look upon the girls,  
Who with their beaux embrace,  
Tell me, in all thy round,  
Hast thou not seen some spot

Where muslin is not found?

And calico is not?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "Poh!"

Tell me, my secret soul—  
Oft tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting place  
From women, girls and death?

Is there no happy spot  
Where bachelors are blessed,  
Where females trouble not,  
And man may dwell in peace?

Faith, Hope and Truth—best boons to mortals  
given—

Waved their bright wands, and answered, "Yes  
in Heaven!"

## Select Story.

A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTAKER.

The gaunt old wolf,  
Scouting the place of slaughter, with his long  
And most offensive howl, did ask for food.

'Twas a night of January, 17.—We had been to a fine quilting frolic about two miles from our settlement of four or five log houses. 'Twas rather late, about 12 o'clock, I should say—when the party broke up. There was no moon and a dull grey shadow of haze hung around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their dull light as they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters, and Henry's sisters, and his sweet-heart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl—that Caroline Alken. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—not gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent, besides that everybody loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder, then, that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was; for we had neither of us seen our twentieth summer.

Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark full shadow against the sky with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deep; deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years; but the surface was frozen strong enough to bear our weight; and we hurried over the bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far, before a long howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that clung to my own, as a sudden cry broke from the lips of all, "The wolves! the wolves!"

Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of your caged, broken-down, show animals which are exhibited for a sixpence a sight, and children half price; but a fierce, half-starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying over the snow actually mad with hunger? There is none of God's creatures which has such a frightful, fiendish look, as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another and another howl; and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us. We turned right about, and looked in the direction of the sound. "The wolves are after us," said Mason, as he pointed to a line of dark bodies. And so in fact they were, a whole troupe of them

howling like so many Indians in a powwow. We had no weapons of any kind, and we knew enough of the vile creatures which followed us, to know that it would be useless to contend with them. There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were close upon us. The attempt to fight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree; let us climb this tree!" I cried, springing forwards towards a long-boughed and gnarled oak; which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree and aided in placing the girls in a place of comparative safety among the boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troupe were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamation among us, then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold, and we soon began to shiver and shake, like so many sailors on the top-mast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs, no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great, glowing eyes, staring up into the tree where we were seated. And then, their yells; they were loud, and long and hideous.

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time, when I heard a limb of the tree cracking as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us, and a moment afterwards a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went down through the naked branches with a dull heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"O, God! I am gone!"

It was the voice of Caroline Alken. The poor girl never spoke again. There was a horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain and I spoke not; and I stirred not; for the whole, at that time, was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath! It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive! The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood!

When I came fully to myself—when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself I should have jumped down among the raving animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt at rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame were unable to stand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hand firmly clenched, and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the dark wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the thick cold night—and below the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

The morning broke at last, and our frightened enemies fled at the first advances of daylight, like so many cow-dry murderers. We waited until the sun had risen, before we ventured to crawl from our hiding places. We were chilled through; every limb was numb with cold and terror, and poor Mason was delirious, and raged wildly about the things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains about the tree, and a few long black hairs were trampled in the snow.

We had gone but a little distance, when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brothers have oftentimes told me, that at first we seemed like so many crazed and brain-sickened creatures. They assisted us to reach home: but Harry Mason never recovered from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies and his friends, anon murmuring to himself about that dreadful night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard before age had whitened a single hair upon his head.

For my part, I confess I never recovered from the terrors of the melancholy circumstances which I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it haunts me like my shadow; and even now the scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I jump up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced, when, more than half a century since, I passed a night among the wolves.

## Miscellany.

### SCOTT'S ADVENTURE AT QUEENSTOWN.

The battle of Queenstown, on the Canadian shore, was one of those fearful conflicts during the war of 1812, where desperate valor won victory from overwhelming numbers—where was shown in the most conclusive manner that American soldiers, under the bravery and self reliance they can place implicit confidence, are capable of performing deeds which strike the Old World with wonder. The expedition failed only through the cowardice of the militia who partially composed the force embodied in it.

Col. Van Rensselaer, with three hundred regulars, and an equal number of militia, prepared to cross the Niagara River on the morning of the 13th of October; but owing to the insufficient number of boats prepared, only a portion of the small army could cross at a time. This fact, together with the swiftness of the current, prevented the marshalling of more than two hundred men on the opposite shore, before the morning dawned, and they were discovered by the enemy. The little band, however, actuated by determined spirit of bravery, boldly attacked and drove the enemy before them, capturing their works, and scattering them in confusion, and for a time they seemed secure in their victory. An attempt to recover the lost ground was made by the British, led by Gen. Brock in person; but a second time victory declared for the Americans, and their opponents were driven back with the loss of their General. Reinforcements had arrived for each party, although each was waiting for still stronger forces before renewing the combat, when Lieutenant Colonel Scott, who had hastened from Lewiston on hearing that an action was intended, and who—all his seniors were wounded—was now senior officer, arrived on the ground and took command. While organizing his forces they were attacked by a body of Indians, who were driven back in the skirmish—notwithstanding the exertions of their chief, who made the most strenuous efforts to check their retreat. For several hours the little band of Americans had possession of the works they had taken undisturbed by the British troops, but constantly harassed by a steady, unceasing and fatal fire from the Indians, which threatened to annihilate them, although they were invariably put to flight when charged with bayonet. Their chief was often observed by Scott, who standing six feet and two inches high, and dressed in a new and brilliant uniform, presented a prominent object at which to direct their fire. Soon after, a spirited charge being made upon the Indians, they were driven from the wood where they had sheltered themselves, and restrained for a time from doing mischief. The various attacks, together with the fire of the Indians had caused a sad reduction in the number of the brave handful of Americans who had so far won victory from such fearful odds; and, to cap the climax of their situation, a large body of troops, under Gen. Sheaffe who had come up from Fort George, six miles below, now appeared upon the field. The position of Scott and his command was one of extreme peril, yet they calmly awaited the approach of the overwhelming numbers, determined if they did not win victory in this third attack, at least to deserve it. Gen. Van Rensselaer, deeming the battle won, had crossed the river to arrange the permanent occupancy of the post when he discovered the approach of Sheaffe and hastened to return, for the purpose of bringing over the militia, who had not yet crossed.

Look for a moment at the map. West of Kansas lies Utah, with her policy as to African Slavery still undetermined. And again connects with California. Who does not discover at a glance the influence which Slave Kansas must exert over the destiny of Utah.

Then there is New Mexico on the South west, also in embryo condition. Hedge her around with slavery, and we venture to predict that the inherent vigor of the institution will carry it there. Directly south of Kansas is the vast Indian Territory, where slavery already exists, and where it will remain unless forced out by means of anti-slavery propaganda in Kansas.

Contiguous to this region and to New Mexico is the Territory belonging to, and included within, the bounds of Texas, out of which she has the privilege of forming three new States.

Plant slavery in Kansas, and all these territories are secured to the South, with the immense, we will say invaluable, at tending advantages.

They will be the means of preserving the equilibrium of the sections in the Senate, and thus saving the Union and guaranteeing the South.

What are a few dollars when untold millions are at stake? What a few sacrifices when everything is to be saved? Oh, that we could ring out our warning voice to the slumbering mass and arouse them to the due sense of the awful dangers that threaten them, and to the importance of shaping for their own salvation the great event in the womb of the future.

The following announcement, says a California paper, will be hailed with delight by sundry gentlemen from "Old Pike."

"Mr. Editor pleas give a very good notice of the marriage of Bob Sikes that was whipt for stealing in Gorgy to old Bill Rice's big ugly gal Betsy which took place last thursday Squire Billy Jones. We had a bustin' time shure and you never seed sich fun. Put in some Poetry if you can it alimataly. Yours &c. JOE MUGGINS.

Indians continually firing in the meantime—they passed down until the rocks afforded no further protection when the turned to the left to take the road. But just as they were gaining it, Scott being in the advance, they were surprised by the two Indians who had been firing at the Colonel in the morning, who sprung from an ambush and rushed upon him with tomahawks uplifted and endeavored to seize him. Scott remonstrated, explained the character of the ensign he bore, but to no effect. They grappled with him and the old chieftain succeeded in wrenching his sword from his grasp. Totten and Gibson drew their swords, and were rushing upon the Indians, who had already raised their tomahawks to strike down the unarmed Colonel, when a British sergeant, with a small guard, appeared. Seeing the dangerous position of the American officers, and recognizing their object in the white handkerchief which still remained on the sword in the Indians hand, he rushed between the combatants, and, at the risk of his own life, drove the Indians back, and conducted Scott into the presence of his General, when what few who remained of his gallant band were surrendered prisoners of war. Orders were immediately issued for the firing to cease, but these orders were not obeyed, which called forth a sharp remonstrance from Scott, who demanded to be conducted back to his troops. Gen. Sheaffe explained that the firing came from the Indians, who were excited at their losses and could not be controlled. The Colonel made a severe rebuke upon the British General for employing allies of such a nature in warfare with a civilized nation, and officers were at length sent among the savages in every direction, and the massacre was stopped—not, however, until all but about three hundred of the Americans had been killed or wounded.

Kansas must not be Lost to the South. The *Mississippian*, an ultra Southern journal, in referring to the initiative for the formation of the State Constitution in Kansas, and the first of April being the limit fixed, before which time an emigrant must arrive in the territory in order to become a voter, thus sounds the note of warning to its Southern brethren:

The chapter closes, therefore, on the first day of April next. Whatever is done must be done quickly. There is no time for delay. A great interest is at stake. Momentous consequences hang upon the result.

Kansas must not be lost to the South. Northern encroachment have already destroyed the equilibrium of the sections. There are now sixteen free or hiring States, and but fifteen slave States.

Look for a moment at the map. West of Kansas lies Utah, with her policy as to African Slavery still undetermined. And again connects with California. Who does not discover at a glance the influence which Slave Kansas must exert over the destiny of Utah.

Then there is New Mexico on the South west, also in embryo condition. Hedge her around with slavery, and we venture to predict that the inherent vigor of the institution will carry it there. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated gentleman companions have over him. We believe it is all true; but we believe it is just as true that a gentleman's character is formed, to a very great extent, by the ladies that he associates with, before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and a young lady friend chooses to make him.

We knew a family where the sisters encouraged the younger brother to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with gay, dissipated fellows because they thought it "smart;" and he did mingle with them, until he became just like them, body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began further back than with his gentleman companions. It began with his sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of character.

On the other hand, if his sisters are watchful and affectionate, they may, in various ways—by entering into little plans with interest, by introducing their young brothers into good ladies society, led them along until their character is formed, and then a high-toned respect will keep them

### A Kiss as was a Kiss.

Our readers shall have the benefit of a good story we once heard. Travelling into town about dusk, Mr. K. had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed friend who had, among other worldly possessions, two or three very fine daughters. He had scarcely knocked at the door, when it was opened by one of those blooming maidens, who, as quick as thought, threw her arms around his neck, and before he had time to say "Oh, don't I" pressed her warm, delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever swain deserved. In utter astonishment, the worthy gentleman was endeavoring to stammer out something, when the damsel exclaimed, "Oh, mercy, mercy! Mr. K. is that you?" I thought, as much as could be, it was my brother Henry."

"Pshaw! I thought the gentleman to himself, 'you didn't think any such thing.'

But taking her hand he said in a forgiving tone, "There's no harm done; don't give yourself any uneasiness; though you ought to be a little more careful."

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the blush that glowed upon her cheek, while the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom, shook like a flower in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it, however, fell upon her to see him to the door; and it may be added that they held discourse for several minutes, on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm-hearted youth plodded his way homeward, he argued with himself in this wise:

"Miss J. knew it was me who knocked at the door, or how did she recognize me before I spoke? And is it probable that her brother would knock before entering?

She must be desperately in — pshaw!

Why if she loves her brother at that rate, how must she love her husband? For, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life.

Three weeks after the accident above described, Mr. K. was married to Miss J. Now don't ask us if Mrs. K. ever confessed that the kissing was not a mistake, for positively, we sha'n't tell.

A Word to Young Ladies.

We wish to say a word to young ladies your influence over young men. Did you ever think of it? Did you ever realize that you could have any influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady by her constant consistent, christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect, the almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old.

A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the bible daily, will often be regarded, when more powerful appeals from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart.

Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society are far away from their own homes—away from the influence of parents and sisters—and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated gentleman companions have over him. We believe it is all true; but we believe it is just as true that a gentleman's character is formed, to a very great extent, by the ladies that he associates with, before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and a young lady friend chooses to make him.

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On the other hand, if his sisters are watchful and affectionate, they may, in various ways—by entering into little plans with interest, by introducing their young brothers into good ladies society, led them along until their character is formed, and then a high-toned respect will keep them

from low society. If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate, is lightly thought of and perhaps sneered at, by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think that it is the thing for him. Let none say that they have no influence, any more than you can live without breathing. One is just as unavoidable as the other. Be aware, then, what kind of influence it is you are constantly exerting. An invitation to take a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, may kindle the fires of intemperance or gambling which will burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion; a light trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways, in which you may show your disregard for souls or others, may be the means of ruining many for time and eternity.

The World Owes me a Living.