

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

BY ELY MOORE.

In no instance, perhaps, was Washington's influence with the army so strikingly exemplified, as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. O'er and o'er have I listened with intense anxiety, in the day of my boyhood, whilst my now departed sire, who fought and bled on that field, recited, with thrilling interest, all that related to the enterprise. It was on a December's night (would he say) when our little heart-broken army halted on the banks of the Delaware. That night was dark cheerless, tempestuous, and bore a strong resemblance to our country's fortunes. It seemed as if Heaven and earth had conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came on apace. The snow and hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the suppersless, half-clad, shivering soldiers; and in the roarings of the flood, and the wailings of the storm, were heard in fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes, and the dirge of Liberty. The impetuous river was filled with floating ice; an attempt to cross it at that time, and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise; yet it was undertaken, and thanks be to God and Washington, it was accomplished.

From where we landed on the Jersey shore to Trenton was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers, when giving some order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he, and many of us frost-bitten, and the majority of us so badly shod, that the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tread; yet uncomplained, nor, though mounfully onward, resolved to persevere to the uttermost, not for our country—our country, alas! we had given up for lost. Not for ourselves—life for us no longer wore a charm—but because such was the will of our beloved chief—twas for Washington alone we were willing to make the sacrifice. When we arrived within sight of the enemy's encampments, we were ordered to form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated, dispirited and exhausted, we presented a most unwarlike and melancholy aspect. The paternal eye of our chief was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledge them with his tears, but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country and all that we held dear was staked on the coming battle. As he spoke we began to gather ourselves up, and rally our energies; and every man grasped his arms more firmly—and the clenched hand, and the compressed lips, and the steadfast look, and the knit brow, told of the soul's resolve. Washington observed us well; and then did he exhort us with all the fervor of his soul, "on yonder field to conquer or die the death of the brave." At that instant the glorious sun, as if in prophetic token of our success, burst forth in all its splendor, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. Our chief with exultation hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds, and calling on the "God of battles," and his faithful soldiers, led on the charge. The conflict was fierce and deadly. For more than twenty minutes not a gun was fired; the sabre and the bayonet did the work of destruction; 'twas a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death. There did we stand (how would say) there did we stand, "foot to foot, and hit to hit," with the serried foe, and where we stood we died or conquered.

THE BIRER BIT.—A good story is told of a chapin North Carolina, who went the entire figure in the way of marrying all the girls who would have him, without waiting for any of them to die off as the law directs. After having married the thirteenth, some of his first lovers came down upon him and had him lodged in jail. But a person so fond of perfect liberty, and who could get into Hy-men's noose with such ease, found little difficulty of getting out of the "jug," and the next news of him he was running at large with a heavy reward offered for his apprehension. He was shortly recognized by a gentleman, who, anxious to get the reward, invited him to the house, desired him to sit down, calling his wife to chat with him as an inducement to detain him there, while he made some excuse for leaving a few moments and started for a constable to arrest the runaway. What was the poor man's astonishment on returning with the constable, to find that the lady Latharic, taking advantage of his short absence, had absconded with his wife! This makes the fellow's stock on hand fourteen.

DIVORCE EXTRAORDINARY.—The Monticello (Vt.) Watchman gives an account of the manner in which a Justice of the Peace lately dissolved the hyemal union of an unhappy pair, whom he had united but a short time before till death should part them. Upon the request of the parties to be unmarried, he placed a live cat on a block, and directing one to pull at the head and the other at the tail, while he with an axe cut pass in two, at the same time exclaiming, "Death parts you!" The couple went away satisfied that they were legally unmarried, and have not lived together since.

GENERAL HARRISON was born on the 26th of February, 1774. He will therefore be 67 years of age in February next.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.—The ear never was designed for the Christian's home. It is a field in which he is sent to labor. Here he spends the heat of the day and he cannot find his home, until the evening comes and his work is ended. If this earth had been designed for the Christian's home, it would have been very different place. Would it have been filled with so many snares and miseries? It would have been rendered peaceful, quiet, and holy habitation. But no; God has prepared for him a better habitation, where nothing shall ever enter to disturb his rest, and where he feels himself forever at home. Christian only sojourns here like a wayfaring man, to lodge for a night, but Heaven is his home, where he has an eternity to spend. Eternity! eternity! Oh, the boundless thought! How can we settle in the dust; as though we were always to continue here! How can we feel otherwise than as strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—G. Griffin.

LADIES—THINK OF THIS.

"Vile men owe much of their villainy to women of character who hardly ever scruple to receive them into their society, if the men are rich, talented and fashionable, even though they are guilty of ever so much baseness to other women." Who said that? It is "true as a book"—and truer than a great many books which are written in these days, and that do not contain half so much value as is embraced in the foregoing paragraph. It is astonishing to us that ladies, both married and unmarried, who appear to value their characters and who certainly value with much reason in society, will receive into their parties and caress—nay, will not hesitate to be seen in public places, arm in arm with men whose characters are pretty well understood to be bad in the worst sense that should be odious and abominable to a pure female mind. We have even seen the society of such people honored and preferred over men of exemplary characters, merely because the latter could not be called rich or fashionable. Such an error as this in the female sex is a positive injury to the cause of sound morals. Ladies need not wonder at the iniquity there is in the other sex, as long as they do not make guilt a disqualifying circumstance against them.—They should scorn even the approach of such wretches—for wretches they are, though high in office and rich as Croesus—and repel their presence as an affront and insult to their sex. Let them do this, and the guilty would soon fall to the ignominious level to which their infamous conduct should reduce them. We would not be unjust in this matter, but really we never can see ladies of quality allowing themselves—and many circumstances, in the company of men whose chastity is suspected, without having our own fears that all is not innocent on their own side. A woman, as well as a man, should be known by the company she keeps.

SOUTHERN NOTIONS OF YANKEES.

Suppose a farmer in Vermont has six sons; one, perhaps, will remain to be a stay and staff to the good old man, when he totters down the hill toward the sunset of life; but another first gets to be a schoolmaster, then studies law, flourishes a while before the courts, goes to Congress, and finally is Governor of the state. A third pushes off on foot to Boston, and drives stage for a time, then tends a bar in a tavern for a while, and at last is a clerk in a store. Here he gains the confidence of his employers—at twenty one is admitted into partnership, and is soon a merchant of established reputation.

The fourth is a wild roving fellow, who first goes to sea before the mast; but the Yankee is still in him, and his wild oats being sown, he at length becomes captain of a packet, and at the age of fifty is a weather-beaten seaman, and retires upon a comfortable income.

The fifth is a pedlar, and circulates tin ware for half a dozen years through the southern States. He then goes on a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains, after his return, he officiates as steward on board a Mississippi steamboat. Being of a musical turn, he joins a caravan, and plays the clarinet through all the principal cities of the U. States. He then shoots off to Kentucky, where he keeps school for a short time. He next removes to Alabama, where with a capital of two or three thousand dollars, which he has saved, he sets up a store in a new town, still covered with stumps. The town increases, and our young merchant flourishes. In due time he has extensive cotton lands. These he cultivates with care, and year by year adding acre to acre, becomes a wealthy planter, respected and beloved by all around him.

The sixth is a favorite son, and like most favorites, comes very near being spoiled. He is sent to college, and there acquires some knowledge, and a good estimation of himself. But he chances to be sent to one of these colleges, where there is little intercourse between the pupil and instructor, and where a parcel of young men are left without rudder or compass, at the most stormy and dangerous period of life. He catches, therefore, the infection of bad principles, and goes forth with a diseased and impure spirit into the world.

He is bred a lawyer,—he has talents, perhaps genius; he commences life with fair prospects, but still with the idea that fortune is to be obtained without effort. He is disappointed; he loses his friends,

and is on the point of being lost to society; but the Yankee is still in him. His father's honorable example, his mother's religious counsel comes to his aid: "The good and evil are at strife, but the former prevails; he shakes off his indolence, he repels his vices beneath his feet. He makes a bold effort, and removes to the wide valley of the Mississippi, and establishes himself as a lawyer in the vicinity of some court house, still surrounded with the relics of the forest. He devotes himself carefully to his profession, and at the age of forty, is honored and respected as the Chief Justice of the State. Such, or something like this, is the history of many a New England farmer's family.

BOTTOMLESS LAKE.—The following is the first notice we have ever met with of a very remarkable Pond in Sussex county, New York. If the following account taken from the Troy Mail be true, it discloses a curious natural phenomenon.

"White lake is situated about one mile west of the Paudies Kill, in the town of Stillwater. It is nearly circular. It has no visible inlet, but its outlet is a never failing stream of considerable magnitude. The name is derived from its appearance. Viewed from a little distance it seems of milky whiteness, except a few rods in the center, which, by the contrast, appears perfectly black. The appearance itself is singular enough, but the cause is still more remarkable. "From the centre or dark portion of the lake, at stated seasons, innumerable quantities of shells are thrown up of various sizes of forms, but all perfectly white. These float to the shore, and are thrown upon the beach, or sink into shallow water. Hundreds of bushels might be gathered from the shore, after one of these periodical uprisings, and the whole soil for several rods on every side of the lake is composed of the shells, broken or decomposed by the action of the water. In the centre of the lake, bottom has never been found, although it has been sounded to the depth of several hundred feet.

"Where then is the grand deposit from which has been swelling up since the memory of man these countless myriads of untenanted shells? It is possible that though far remote at an elevation of several hundred feet above them this bottomless well may, by some subterranean communication, be connected with the grand shell mark deposit in the eastern part of the State."

JEFFERSON'S LAST LETTER.—The following is the last letter ever written by the illustrious Thomas Jefferson. He died on the fourth of July, 1826, not quite one year subsequent to the date of this letter; and, though he signed papers and epistolary communications afterwards, this is known to be the last that ever proceeded from his own hand. It was addressed to Mr. John Henry Sherbourne, of the Navy Department, Washington, and is franked by Mr. Jefferson. It was written in reply to a letter of Col. Sherbourne, transmitting to the Ex-President a striking portrait of his friend Paul Jones.

We are indebted to Col. Sherbourne for a copy of this letter, and it is upon his authority that we state these facts, the authenticity of which cannot be questioned. The letter, besides being curious as the last written by so eminent a man, is worthy of preservation for the thought which it conveys, as well as the mode of its expression:

"MONTICELLO, July 11, '26. Sir: The portrait I received yesterday in your favor of the 7th is now returned. I do not wonder that Commodore Dale and myself think differently of its likeness to the same original. My opinion is that no two persons, looking at the same face, ever seize exactly the same features. I am persuaded that two equal painters, portraying the same face at the same sitting, may draw two different portraits, both like the original and little like each other. Hence, in a company looking at the same picture, some think it a fine likeness—some no likeness at all. Hence, too, proceed ugly likenesses and handsome likenesses—the one presenting the ugly, the other the handsome lineaments of the same face. The inclosed, by giving an idea to posterity, will answer its purpose. Accept my respectful salutations. THOMAS JEFFERSON."

A VALUABLE RECEIPT.—At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake stated that he was able to cure the most desperate cases of toothache (unless the disease was connected with rheumatism) by the application of the following remedy to the decayed tooth: Alum reduced to an impalpable powder, 2 drachms; nitrous spirit of ether, 7 drachms. Mix and apply them to the tooth.—London Atlas.

A POSER.—The New York Evening Post says that "Mr. Van Buren came into power at a period of great embarrassment and distress." Whereupon the Louisville Journal asks, "what, then, are we to think of the remark in Gen. Jackson's Farewell address, 'I leave this great people prosperous and happy'?"

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed, "Boy wanted." Next morning he found a band-box on his door step, with this inscription—"How will this one answer?" On opening it he found a nice, fat, chubby-looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel.

A REPEAL OF THE SUB-TREASURY.—The Boston Atlas has a leading urging the repeal of the Sub-treasury. The editor says a majority of the people have spoken in decided condemnation of this scheme. It is to be hoped, that the present Congress, if indeed the Loco Focos do pay any difference to the right of instructing they profess so much to regard, will repeal at once a law so repugnant to the feelings and wishes of the American people. The next Congress will, in both branches, contain a majority of members opposed to the Sub-treasury bill, and the bill, if not repealed during the present, will be during the first session of the next Congress."

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS BULLETIN. LATER FROM MEXICO. Retreat of the Xenophens.—Slaughter of the Murderers, and Escape of the Texian Patriots.

Since our publication of yesterday, in which the accounts from our correspondent at Metamoros left more than 100 Texans at Saltillo, about to be sacrificed at the shrine of cowardice—we have conversed with a passenger from Texas, by the New York, Mr. Ed. Dwyer, of San Antonio, who has communicated to us some new and heart-cheering facts. Mr. D. was only six days from San Antonio to Houston, and on the journey put up at a house where Col. Jordan, (the commander of the 114 Texans, whom the Mexicans had planned to murder) had just before stopped for refreshment. Mr. D. learned, and has no doubt of the correctness of the information, that when the Texans became convinced of the intentions and treachery of the Mexicans, they retired by themselves to a well enclosed place in the vicinity, determined to face the worst. At this time the citizens of the place, considering the contest at an end, opened their houses and shops, and gave the soldiers whatever they wished to eat or drink. The consequence was, that the bulk of them got beastly drunk; and in this situation, they were ordered by their commander to attack the outlaws (as the Texans were termed). The battle commenced about 2 P. M. and lasted 9 hours. The Texans were well protected from the fire of their assailants—and were never over well armed, and abundantly supplied with ammunition. The result was, that the ignorant and intoxicated cowards who assailed them, incapable of inflicting injury, were slaughtered on all hands. At this juncture, the besieged sallied forth and captured three pieces of artillery, which they turned upon the enemy, and mowed them down like grass. More than four hundred of the treacherous foes were left lifeless on the ground, on that night, by this small branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Texans having cleared the field, supplied themselves with apparel, (of which they were much in want) and other spoils of victory, and commenced their march homeward, and pursued their way without molestation—having lost only 4 companions killed in the fight, and one who died from disease.

Another letter from Saltillo, fully confirms the above, and says that the Texans returned in safety to their homes, after having vanquished their treacherous enemies.

THINGS THAT ARE WRONG.

- Telling a lie to cover a neglect of duty.
A boy of seventeen allowing his father to call him six times and then lie in bed till breakfast is ready.
To spend time idly when it may be employed usefully.
To talk about things that do not concern us.
To laugh at sin when we ought to pray for the sinner.
To claim a living without striving to earn it.
To stand behind the door and listen to family conversation.
To tell the follies of our neighbor and conceal his virtues.
To give needless pain to any living thing, especially a parent.
To drink rum when water will answer the better purpose.
To swear to a fact when a simple assertion would be sufficient.
To disobey a father for the purpose of pleasing a crony.
To heap trouble upon a man who has already as much as he can bear.
To keep the printer out of his dues when able to pay him.

Notice to Creditors.

WHEREAS in pursuance of an act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, an attachment hath been granted by the subscriber one of the justices of the peace in and for the county of Hanington, at the instance of a certain Frederick C. Burket, of the borough of Alexandria, saddler, against a certain John Cook, of Portertownship, county aforesaid, engineer, whereon certain goods, chattels and effects of the said John Cook have been attached, and are now in the custody of Christian Stayman and Alexander Stitt, and they are disposed of according to law. This is therefore to give notice to the creditors of the said John Cook to appear on Thursday, December 31, 1840, at the office of the subscriber, in the borough of Alexandria, then and there to discover and make proof of their demands agreeably to the direction of said act. GEO. B. YOUNG. Alexandria, Dec. 12, 1840.



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution, one destiny. London, Dec. 16, 1840

Already have we received the January No. of Graham's Magazine, embellished with an elegant mezzotint engraving of "The Playmates," by Sartain, a plate of the Fashions, and two pages of Music. Published by G. R. Graham, Philadelphia, at \$3 per annum, in advance, for a single copy, two copies for \$5, or five copies for \$10, in advance. Subscriptions received at this office.

A PROSPECT KINGS MIGHT ENVOY.—The Cleveland Ohio Herald says—Farmer Harrison can stand at the door of his Log Cabin at North Bend, and look upon the soil of three noble States cherished and defended by him in their infancy and danger, and whose Three Millions of free people in the night of manhood have now repaid his fatherly care with a majority of SIXTY THOUSAND for President.—What Monarch ever ruled an hour like this?

MONEY MATTERS.—The Philadelphia Inquirer of Thursday says—The opinion gains strength that the resumption will take place on the 15th of next month, especially as we have now further reports that the loan to the east has been fully effected. Speculations, however, are likely to continue until the day of resumption arrives, especially as some persons are desirous that this desirable consummation should fail, and that certain stocks which they have agreed to deliver on time will depreciate in price. Others again insist that a resumption will take place for exactly the contrary reason. The New York Courier has a long article upon the subject, which concludes with this language—"Pennsylvania wants her banks as much as the banks want her, and should the Governor destroy the banks where we ask, would be public credit, public revenue, and public works?"

The Philadelphia North American of Thursday has the following paragraph—RESUMPTION.—A committee of three gentlemen, deputed on behalf of the Philadelphia Banks to meet a similar committee in New York, appointed on behalf of the Boston Banks, left here yesterday morning for New York. We believe that some misapprehension exists in New York as to the nature of the arrangement proposed by several gentlemen in Boston to the Banks in this city, touching a loan of \$2,500,000 which this mission will correct. Below we give an abstract containing the most interesting part of the President's Message. It is a laboured document throughout, in favor of the Sub-treasury and against a National Bank. We will attend to it next week.

ABSTRACT FROM THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The tone of the message is generally Loco loco. It commences with stating that the nation has avoided interference with the affairs of other countries, and by correct dealing has acquired an honorable standing among the nations of the earth, most of whom seek our alliance. Nothing since the adjournment occurred to disturb the harmony between us and other nations. The northern boundary difficulties have been under discussion, only interrupted by the British minister referring to his government for further instructions. Hopes are expressed that the whole will be speedily settled. The three commissioners appointed by this government to view the disputed territory will probably throw new light on the question. It is probable that after further investigation the whole will be referred to some friendly power. Treaties have been made with Belgium (including the settlement of some old questions) with Hanover and Portugal, and our relations remain good with all the other European powers. A commissioner is now in Germany on the subject of the tobacco trade. The claims on Mexico are under negotiation. The treaty with Brazil will expire in December, 1841. Chili has agreed to indemnify the owners of the Macedonian, (1819) and other claims are being pressed. The line between Texas and this country will be settled next season.

The sound (?) condition of the national finances are referred to with triumph. The distribution of the surplus revenue and the reduction of the tariff interfered with the public treasury greatly; yet all demands have been promptly met, only four and a half millions of treasury notes being now out. The government is complimented for maintaining the standard of currency. The indebtedness of the States to foreign powers is mentioned as a reason why the citizens of other nations may have interfered with our domestic concerns. The government owes nothing abroad, and is only responsible for a small sum, borrowed for some part of the District of Columbia. To keep clear of these mortifying positions, the action of government must be kept within bounds, and close economy must be consulted. Economy, it is stated, has been adopted since 1838, and the only extraordinary expenditures have been those connected with the Indians. In January next there will be in the Treasury \$1,500,000 enough, with ordinary income to meet expenses.

The Sub-treasury is lauded, and a few alterations in details hinted at. A few pages are then devoted to arguments against a national bank and a national debt. Both have been avoided, and a system of economy introduced in their place. (so says the message.) Reference is again made to the economy of the government and the system of specie payments, as tending to prevent the extent of evil felt by many individuals from excessive trade, etc. Reference is then made to the Indian disturbances, the state of the Navy, and Exploring Expedition. Mention is made that the Post Master General has a proposition for lightening the mails, reducing postage, and insuring regularity of service; and in reference to the Slave trade it is suggested that our citizens be forbidden to treat with the Slave Factories in Africa.—[U. S. Gazette.]

Proclamation. WHEREAS by a precept to me directed dated at Huntingdon, the 14th day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and forty, under the hands and seals of the Hon. Thomas Barnside, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and general jail delivery of the 4th judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Mifflin, Huntingdon, Centre, Clearfield, and Jefferson, and the Hon. Joseph Adams, and John Kerr his associate Judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try, and determine all and every indictments, and presentments made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital or felonies of death, and all other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall be committed or perpetrated within the said county, or all persons which are or shall hereafter be committed or be perpetrated for crimes aforesaid—I am commanded to make

Public Proclamation, Throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the court house in the Borough of Huntingdon, on the second Monday and 11th day of January, next, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners, be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all Justices of the Peace, Coroners, and Constables within the said county be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which their offices respectively appertain. Dated at Huntingdon, the 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, and the 64th year of American Independence. JOSEPH SHANNON, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office Huntingdon, Dec. 16, 1840.

Proclamation. WHEREAS by Precept to me directed by the Judges of Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon bearing test the 20th day of November, A. D. 1840, I am commanded to make Public Proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick that a court of Common Pleas will be held at the court house, in the borough of Huntingdon, in the county of Huntingdon, on the third Monday and 17th of January, A. D. 1841, for the trial of all issues in said court which remain undetermined before the said Judges when and where all Jurors, Witnesses and suitors in the trial of all said issues are required to attend. Dated at Huntingdon the 20th day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and forty, and the 64th year of American Independence. JOSEPH SHANNON, Sheriff, Sheriff's office Huntingdon, Dec. 16, 1840.

Register's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given to all persons concerned, that George Buchanan, one of the Administrators of the estate of Mathew Buchanan, late of Huddylaysburg, dec'd., and Thomas B. Moore, Executor of the last will and testament of Samuel Moore, dec'd., (who was likewise one of the Administrators of said estate), have settled their account in the Register's Office, at Huntingdon, and that the said account will be presented for confirmation and allowance, at an Orphans' Court to be held at Huntingdon, for the county of Huntingdon, on the second Monday (and 11th day) of January next. JOHN REED, Register, Register's Office, Huntingdon, Dec. 12th Dec. A. D. 1840.