

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. 11, No. 46.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., DECEMBER 3, 1845.

Whole No. 514

PUBLISHED BY  
**JAMES CLARK,**

**TERMS.**  
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.  
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude  
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

## "HALLOWED BY THY NAME."

BY MISS MELBA COOK.

Lead to the dreamy tone that dwells  
In rippling waves and sighing trees;  
O'erhearken to the old church bells,  
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee,  
Interpret right, and ye will find  
"The power and glory" they proclaim;  
The chimera, the creature, waters, wind,  
All publish "Hallowed be thy name."  
The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,  
To gain the altar of his sires;  
The hermit pores above his beads,  
With soul that never wanes nor tires;  
But hitherto, or longest prayer,  
What better can yield, or wisdom frame,  
What better import can it bear,  
Than Father! "Hallowed be thy name."  
The savage kneeling to the sun,  
To give his thanks or ask a boon;  
The raptures of the idiot one,  
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;  
The saint well taught in Christian lore,  
The Moslem prostrate at his flame—  
All worship, wonder, and adore,  
All end in "Hallowed be thy name."  
What a'er may be man's faith or creed,  
These precious words comprise it still;  
We trace them on the blooming mead,  
We hear them in the flowing rill;  
One chorus hails the Great Supreme,  
Each varied breathing tells the same,  
The strains may differ—but the theme,  
Is Father! "Hallowed be thy name."

## America, I Love thee Still.

America, I love thee still  
There's glory in thy name—  
Thy brightness beaming from thy birth,  
And honor from thy fame;  
Thy beauty in thy naked soil,  
Bespeaking smiles of love;  
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim  
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still  
Beneath thy valleys rest  
The pilgrims of a tyrant's power—  
Bright emblems of the best;  
And round them, clothed in silence, lie  
The mouldering patriot's fame,  
Embalmed in sacred Memory's fire—  
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still  
Thou art my native land;  
Thy joys, so pure, can ne'er be found  
Upon a foreign strand,  
Though Pleasure's path and Fortune's smiles  
In other climes seem fair,  
The brightest of their hopes and joys  
Can ne'er with these compare.

America, I love thee still  
Resplendent glories gleam  
Through all thy deeds—the sacred light  
Shall ever be my theme,  
Fare from the realms of victory's sky,  
The crown was given to thee;  
Midst starry lights eternal stands  
The Orb of Liberty.

## The U. States and California.

There have appeared recently some indications of a disposition on the part of Mexico to renew friendly relations with the United States. The question of boundary will come up for settlement whenever the two countries can get fairly and amicably at negotiations.

The possession of California is said to be an object much desired by Great Britain. It is altogether probable that the occupancy of that country cannot remain much longer in Mexican hands—for the reason that the hold which Mexico has on it is little else than nominal, and not likely to be any thing more. It cannot be peopled from Mexico; it cannot be governed by her—for she is not capable of governing her central provinces. In point of position it is a region which cannot remain unoccupied much longer.—Its noble harbor of San Francisco is the most valuable point on the whole Pacific coast. The commerce of China and the East must one day, and that not a very distant one, find its grand entrepot at that very point.—*Bull. Amer.*

The Mexican Senate is in future to consist of thirty-six members.

## The Old Brown Coat.—An American Story.

BY CAPTAIN HARRATT, R. N.

"I reckon you see nothing very particular in this, do you?" said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb.

"I can't say that I do," replied I, "but I presume it has some secret merit which remains to be explained."

"Exact-ly," replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each syllable of the word apart;—"yet the coat, of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty considerably well to do in the world; I guess I am right, ain't I?" continued he, appealing to his wife, a very pretty young woman, who stood by him.

"So you seem to think," replied she, smiling, "but I am not convinced, as far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had any thing to do with it."

"Well, then, I shall just tell my story and leave you to decide," said he, turning to me. "You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go ahead was the business. I had tried a mercantile speculation and sunk an immensity of dollars. I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way. I took to farming, no luck there. Went out supercargo; ship went on a reef and lost cargo. Returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing; didn't lose much, that's certain, but didn't realize; at last I gave up business, and resolved to amuse myself a little, so I went south and joined Bolivar; I fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was, but he had one fault as a General, which was, that his army never got paid. I wanted my three years, and finding that there was neither pay nor plunder I got tired of it and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the Capitol with only one extra shirt and not a cent in my pocket. I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been, when I had money and paid my bill; and he observed that my coat was rather shabby, and that I could not appear well in it. I knew that very well, and that all he wanted was an order for another; but, as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint. I think," said I, "that with a new velvet collar and brass buttons, it might do very well for an evening party."

"I see," says he, "that's an old country custom, wearing an old coat at a ball; I guess you're going to Mr. T.'s to-morrow night. A regular fare-up, I am told. President there; and every body else. It's hardly worth it," continued he, touching the threadbare cuff.

"Yes it is," replied I; "there'll be a regular jam, and a new coat would be spoiled. I'll send it to you to-night, and you must let me have it in the morning, so good bye."

"Well, the coat came home the next day, not early in the morning, as I expected, but past meridian, and I walked up and down my bed room in my trousers, thinking what I should do. At three o'clock I called upon Mrs. T., and left my card; went back again and waited two hours for the invitation—no invitation. Called again at five, and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again and leave another card, in a very fierce manner, I reckon. Well, I went early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkably gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and the buttons glittered famously, but you could not see that the cloth was not a little the worse for wear; in short, my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself just at that time."

"Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company coming in, hoping to know some body; but I presume that I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me; but as the company were announced I heard their names, and if they did not know who I was, at all events I found out who they were."

"This won't do," says I, as the rooms became quite full. I may stick against this wall till daylight, but I shall never go ahead; so at last perceiving a young lady speaking to the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, after they parted, I went up and bowed to her. Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotten me. As I was very positive and very bold, she presumed it was the case, and when I gave her my name, which I refused to do until we had been talking for some minutes, as it happened to be a very good one, she considered it all right, and in another quarter of an hour we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E., the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. She replied that she did, and I requested her to introduce me, and offering her my arm, we walked up to the young lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going ahead a little. After the introduction I commenced a conversation with Miss E., exerted myself to the utmost, and on the strength of my introduction and agreeableness, I was soon intimate with her, and she accepted my arm. As I paced her up and down the room, I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S., who was near us. She replied in the affirmative, and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with, and I offered Miss S. my other arm, and paraded

them both up and down the room, making them laugh not a little.

"Now I'm going ahead, thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well.

"Here is the President coming up," said Miss E.—"Do you know him?"

"I did once, a little, but he must have forgotten me since I have been in South America so long."

"The President came right up to us and addressed the young ladies; I made a sort of half bow."

"You don't recollect Mr. —?" said Miss S.

"I recollect the name well," replied the President. "You are well supported, Mr. —; you have the Navy and the Army on each side of you."

"And the Highest Officer of the State before me," replied I, with a low bow. "I ought, indeed, to feel proud. It makes amends for all the privation that I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the General and his aid-camps fared no better than the meanest soldier."

"That last was a hit. I did not say that I was aid-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to fancy so; the President made me a bow, and as it appeared, he wanted to have some information from that quarter; and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room were wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President, and many were trying to catch what was said—the President, presuming, as Bolivar's aid-camp, that I could give him information upon a certain point, and not wishing to have the answer public, said to the young ladies, 'I am going to do a very rude thing; I wish to ask a question; which Mr. — would not like to reply to except in confidence; I must take him away from you for a minute or two. I beg your pardon, Mr. —, but I feel and shall be truly grateful for the sacrifice you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society.'"

"I fear the loss will only be on my part," said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms and followed the President to a vacant spot near the orchestra. The question which the President put to me was one which I could not well answer, but he helped me out of the difficulty by answering it himself according to his own views, and then appealing to me if it was not correct. I replied, that I certainly was not at liberty, although I had left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all that I knew; fortunately, continued I, bowing, "where such clear-sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered." "Yes are right, Mr. —, I wish all those about me had your discretion and high sense of honor," replied the President, who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and finger; "and I perceive by your reply, that I was also right in my conjecture. I am much obliged to you, and trust I shall see you at the Government House." I bowed and retired.

"I am going ahead now at all events, thought I, as every one was looking at me as I retreated. I had been walking arm-in-arm with the daughters of the two first officers of the State, I had been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the elite of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of cloth, but never will forget you, my old brown coat.

"The next day the tailor came to me, he had heard what had taken place at the ball, and I ordered my wardrobe. Everybody came to me for orders; and I ordered everything. Cards were left in showers; I was received everywhere, the President was my friend, and from that moment, I went ahead faster and faster every day, till I am, as you now see, well off, well married; and well up in the world."

"Now I do pertinaciously declare, that it was all owing to the old brown coat; and I have kept this cuff, which I show now and then to my wife, to prove I am grateful, for had it not been for the old brown coat, I should never have been blessed with her for a companion."

"But, —," said his wife, round whose waist he had gently encircled his arm, "the old brown coat would have done nothing without the velvet collar and new brass buttons."

"Certainly not, my dear."

"And they would not have effected much without they had been backed by —"

"What?"

"Impudence," replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the cheek.

CANADA.—Speaking of a war for Oregon, the Toronto Globe of the 18th inst. says:

"The vulnerable point on the British side is Canada—and to defend it from the numerous forces that might come from the other side, a strong army must be sent from home, maintained at great expense. But the two Canadas contain from two to three hundred thousand men, able to bear arms, the cheapest and best defence of Canada, and if all their hearts are as true as their arms are strong, Canada is invulnerable. These men will be addressed in the language of freedom in case of a war with our neighbors—Come and join us, and you will have the entire management of your own affairs. Come where there are no Clergy Reserves—no High-Churchmen, ever aiming to lord it over the consciences of dissenters—no exclusive magistracy—and no bribed representatives." These offers, and these statements will certainly be made. To many who have experienced the evils of a mis-governed colony, they will have strong inducements. The evils on the other side of the account they have never experienced, and probably never weighed."

## The Area of Freedom.

We are the only free people upon the face of the earth; the only mode of spreading the area of freedom is for us to take possession of all within our grasp; ergo, it is our duty to attain that end, honorably if we can—but to attain it. We, alone, are wise and good; we are the Alansian upholders of a world's best interests and interests of its thousand millions; and upon our twenty millions; and the only way in which the high destinies of the world can be carried out, is to place it in our ward and subject it to our medicine. To effect this is the simplest and easiest of tasks. The present energies of the world are confined to Europe, with no exception but that of our own country. Our doctrine with Europe is, "Hands off!"—with America, "Hands on!" It is true, that the world has been made, by the improvement of navigation, a community of neighbors; and Europe, armed and prepared for the issue, objects to our policy upon this subject. What then? We are always right—we are always invincible. We are richer with nothing in our treasury, stronger without navy or army, and better even in a bad cause than all the rest of the world. And who can doubt the truth of all this! Let any aspirant to popular honor dare tell us that our "mission" is not to make all the world (except our own slaves) free; let him venture to say that we are unprepared—castled—and not able to overcome a world in arms; let him hint that we are not right, by insisting, upon questions undecided, and not strong, by deviating, upon an issue that we are not armed to meet—and we will show him, at the polls, what an idiot he is. Freedom is ours—the world belongs to Freedom; therefore the world is ours. Our fathers doubted on the question of Oregon they were fools. Our Government only claimed to latitude 49°—it had then a dyspeptic territorial appetite has since, under other advice, been stimulated, and now claims all or none. The wise doubt the justice of the present claim—they are aristocrats; the prudent dread the consequences of such a war—they are towards; the benevolent shrink from its horrors—they are dull rogues who cannot love glory, when it drips with blood. The North, the South, the East, every amiable point, every industrial pursuit, commerce, trade, all, may sink into ruin; but the great West will signalize its chivalry, its bowie-knives will be hung with ribbons, and its pork and corn will be sent to the enemy. A gay and glorious thing will it be for those who are remote from danger, to sit, like Roman girls in the gladiatorial arena, laughing at each grotesque agony, and clapping at every stab! Let us see that man who dares to do so much a Christian as to dole tears and heart drops—so much a patriot, as to hesitate to stake his country upon the cast of a die, with all the chances against it—so much a lover of freedom as to shrink from making her a Russian vassal in a brave battle—so much a man as to shudder at the madness that is careless in counsel, bold in wrong, and reckless of the future—the policy whose light is the configuration of cities—whose music shrieks, and whose inheritance is the carnage heaped of the battle field, or, what is more fearful to a good man—the desolate hearth-stone of the cottage. Let us see such a peace-party man—such a traitor, who dares to think sneerily and not purely, when the cry is *Honor!* and let slip the dogs of war—and we will fling him beneath the heels of the mass that rush to the luxury of murder.

Thus, or somewhat thus, do the loud-mouthed and careless advocates of a war (with whom, or for what, it recks not, so it be the revel of blood and lust and plunder,) argue the great question before the country. If it be true that the aspirants for the glory which is secured by blows got or given, and the heroes who have escaped the penitentiary on charges of riot, be sufficiently numerous to control the action of the country, patriots may tremble. Fortunately, however, our republic is not in such hands. That good man may believe the war policy necessary, we do not deny, though it is hard to believe; but the mass of the intelligence and probity of the country is trustworthy in such a crisis. The glory of the temple of constitutional liberty erected by our fathers is, that it has conductors to lead safely off the electricity of any temporary excitement. The explosion may be such as to startle, but not a pillar will be shaken. The American Senate is worthy of all confidence, and the republic safe under its protection.—*North American.*

## A Word to Mothers.

Each mother is an historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable weal in the far ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother; and render her deeply circumspect and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tides are out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand, which lies spread so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate, but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth, or error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers can erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of herself in her treatment of her child. How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.

A COMFORT FOR BAD CARVERS.—Those persons who are not expert in the art of carving poultry and similar delicacies will be gratified to learn that a new carving instrument has been invented, with five blades, so constructed that, being placed in a roasted fowl or other piece of poultry, and a spring being pressed, the blades act simultaneously, and in a second separate the wings and legs, and divide the carcass!

Mrs. Caudle says some good things, and this is one of them: "Yes, it's all very well to talk of Fortunes made in no time; they're like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they hang long together!" That's a fact, per se.

## The Child's First Grief.

Mamma—why don't you answer me?  
Why do you lie so still?  
Can't you sit up, and can't you see?  
Are you so very ill!

You have been sick a long, long while!  
And very, very weak;  
But yet you always used to smile—  
Mamma! why don't you speak?

When round the bed I used to play,  
And show'd her my new toy,  
She would smile on me as she lay,  
And ask to kiss her boy.

Why is that shade upon her brow?  
Her eyes are sunk and deep;  
She is quite still and quiet now—  
And yet 'tis not like sleep.

She was in Heaven, I was told,  
And there she felt no pain;  
But here she is all pale and cold—  
Will she not wake again!

Fear child! thy mother feels no pain;  
Her spirit is at rest;  
She sleeps; she will not wake again,  
With angels she is blest!

'Tis sad to chill thy tender youth—  
With tears contrive thy breath;  
But thou must know the mournful truth—  
This sleep, dear child, is Death!

## Gen. Scott on War.

We commend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers, and those who are charged with the administration of the National Government the following sentiments of Gen. Winfield Scott. They are eminently just and true, and remarkably opportune at the present time, inasmuch as our relations toward England and Mexico may shortly assume a different and more warlike aspect.

"If war be the natural state of savage tribes, peace is the first want of every civilized community. War, no doubt, is, under any circumstances, a great calamity; yet submission to outrage would often be a greater calamity. Of the two parties to any war, one, at least, must be in the wrong—not unfrequently both. An error in such an issue is, or the part of chief magistrates, ministers of State, and legislators, having a vote in the question, a crime of infinite magnitude. The murder of an individual is, in guilt, comparatively but a drop of blood.

Hence the highest moral obligation to treat national questions with temper, justice, and fairness; to see that the cause of war is not only just, but sufficient to be sure that we do not covet our neighbor's land, 'nor any thing that is his,' that we are as ready to give as to demand explanation, apology, indemnity. In short, we should especially remember, 'all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' This divine precept is of universal obligation. It is as applicable to rulers in their transactions with other nations, as to private individuals in their daily intercourse with each other. Power is entrusted to the former to do good, and to avoid evil. Such, clearly, is the revealed will of God."

## Be as Easy as You Can.

Whatever you have to do—happen what may—never fluster, foam, or chafe; but endeavor to preserve a temperate calmness of mind, which may be largely secured by habit, and which contributes not only to your success, but likewise is essential to your general comfort. There is a happy medium between phlegmatic and lazy indifference, and self-destroying irritability; and it is a medium, combining at once energy and calmness, at which every one who has any thing to do in this world, should steadily aim. Why, what a fever will a man put himself into to-day, about that at which he will laugh to-morrow; and yet—so little wisdom do we learn by experience—you may, on the following morn, hear the same individual once more in one of Sir Anthony Absolute's frozies. His life is a succession of passionate surges and of mental earthquakes. He frets himself, as it were, into little strings, but makes no music. He dies, in deed, before he has reached smooth waters and unclouded skies—a victim to his temper. He was a good fellow—yes, a philosopher—who always took a pinch between flushing his bird and firing at it. He was never hurried; though if we were "a bird," we would rather be shot at by any other gannet than by him. There's nothing like coolness—never breaks things in its impatience. Coolness—did you ever see it tumble up stairs, or do itself mischief? Study to be cool—ay, even if the house be on fire, or the horse runs away. Dangers retreat when coolly they're confronted.—*Phil. Med. Gazette.*

## Be as Easy as You Can.

THE MODE OF MANUFACTURING THE T. RAIL.—The Danville American gives a description of the mode of manufacturing railroad iron at the Monitor Rolling Mill, which may be now to many of our readers:

"In order to make the T. rail, the iron is first rolled through one set of rollers into a heavy flat bar, about three inches in width and three-fourths of an inch in thickness. These bars are then cut into pieces, something less than three feet in length. A number of the pieces, probably fifteen or twenty, are then placed together, making a square bundle or faggot, weighing heavily four hundred pounds. This faggot is then placed into one of the furnaces and brought to a white heat, when it is drawn out on a small iron hand cart and conveyed to the rollers. The great weight and intense heat of such a heavy mass, requires considerable skill as well as strength in passing it through the rollers. The bar, as it passes through, is caught and supported by iron levers, fastened to chains, that are suspended on pulleys from above. The bar first passes through the square grooves of the rollers three or four times, before it is run through the different grooves that gradually bring it to the form of the edge of T. rail, as seen upon our railroads. Through the last groove it passes five or six times before it is completed. It is then placed on a small railway carriage, on a track 18 feet wide, and hauled up about twenty feet, when the rail comes in contact with two circular saws, one of which is placed on each side of the railway. These saws revolve with great rapidity, and the moment the rail, still red hot, reaches them, the red, sparkling iron saw dust is scattered in every direction. The rails are thus cut off square at each end, exactly 18 feet long, apparently as easy as if they were made of tough hickory wood. The rail is then dragged to the pile and left to cool, perfectly finished."

## Suicide of an Officer of the U. S. Army.

We learn from the *Wheeling Times*, that Capt. J. O. Reed, of the U. S. Army, and late Adj. to Gen. Gaines, committed suicide at the U. S. Hotel, in that city, early on Tuesday morning of last week. The *Times* says:—

He arrived in the New England from Cincinnati on Monday, and stopped at the U. S. Hotel; in the evening paid his bill and his fare to Philadelphia. He appeared melancholy and somewhat deranged. He went to his room but did not retire—persons lodging in the adjoining room heard him walking the room from the time he entered until the hour above named. He then appears to have deliberately taken his holster pistols from his trunk, locked it, and placing the muzzle of one at his right temple, snapped two caps, (as they were heard in the adjoining room and mistaken for the snapping of coal in the fire.) A third time the pistol was discharged, the ball passing through the right to the left temple, and through the partition into the adjoining room. He fell instantly dead without a groan.

He had a letter in his possession of recent date, from Gen. Gaines, accepting his resignation as one of his aids, and couched in the most flattering terms. He had also a sword, presented to his father by the Legislature of New York, for honorable service in the last war, and by his father presented to him in 1841. He had about \$50 of money with him and some baggage. He was aged about 35 years.

Thick darkness, says the *Native Eagle*, must have settled upon Old Berks, in this State, for the late Court of Quarter Sessions in that benighted county, the grand jury found a true bill against two children under seven years of age for assault and battery. The jury, under direction of the court, (Judge Banks) brought in a verdict of acquittal.