

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. 2, No. 49.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., DECEMBER 24, 1846.

Whole No. 617

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.

For the "Journal."

## To Cousin Matilda.

BY G. P. H.

In every breast, dear Matilda,  
A chord there may be found,  
That to the touch of sympathy  
Will yield its sweetest sound;  
As when in song, or on Piano's keys,  
The maiden's fingers rove,  
How sweeter far than all the rest  
The note that tells of love.  
'Tis sweet dear 'Till, when the world  
Has coldly passed us by,  
To find a heart that beats like thine,  
With generous sympathy;  
But oh! how sweeter far than this  
It is for me to know,  
That 'tis the Saviour's love that prompts  
These generous thoughts to flow.  
Oh, 'tis a sweet—a glorious thing,  
In this dark world of ours,  
Where sin and sorrow darkly cloud  
The passing of the hours,  
To find a heart as pure as thine,  
A spirit filled with love;  
It leads the soul from earth away  
To brighter worlds above.  
Sinking Valley Mills, Dec. 4th, 1845.

## The Happy Family.

BY G. P. H.

Father, dear! Ah I read thy feature now,  
Thick through cheering thy arching brow:  
How parental thy face with radiant smiles,  
By the soothing voice of love that flows from thine eyes.

Mother, dear! again good cheer thro' thy cheek,  
To bid each joy with love and christian meek;  
Exhorting the duties of a holier land,  
Where all are deliver'd in Jehovah's hand.

Sister, dear! thy voice which doth sound so sweet,  
When oft'n in idle hours we happily meet;  
How enrapt'd thy smiles 'pon thy brow doth play,  
To meet a cheer'd brother with humour display.

Brother, dear! from others you feel enrapt'd,  
With love and joy upon thy youthful face;  
Thine hours are happy and innocent spend,  
In thy boy hood thron'd with the noblest grace.  
Sinking Valley Mills, Dec. 3d, 1845.

## Hope for the Mortner.

BY BERNARD BANTON.

But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

We journey through a vale of tears,  
By many a cloud o'ercast;  
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,  
Go with us to the last!  
Not to the last! Thy Word hath said,  
Could we but read aright;  
Poor Pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,  
At eve there shall be light!  
Though earth-born shadows now may shroud  
Thy thorny path, awhile,  
God's blessed Word can part each cloud,  
And bid the sunshine smile.  
Only BELIEVE, in living faith,  
His love and power Divine;  
And ere thy sun shall set in death,  
His light shall 'round thee shine!

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,  
His love of love and peace  
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,  
Betwixt the storm and cease!  
Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,  
By faith and not by sight;  
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled—  
AT EVE IT SHALL BE LIGHT!

SHOCKING EVENT.—The Mobile Tribune thus states a tragical occurrence which recently took place in Dallas county, Alabama:

It appears that Bethel Holmes, a planter in that county, was very much enamoured of Mrs. McKean, a resident of Perry county, but temporarily a visitor of her brother-in-law, Col. Richardson, in Dallas. While there, urged, as is supposed, by jealousy or insanity, he shot her and immediately afterwards killed himself.

This most terrible tragedy occurred on Saturday the 29th ultimo. The following is an extract of a letter from Marion, dated the 31st:  
"We have just heard that Holmes is dead.—They had just risen from the dinner table. Holmes asked Mrs. McKean to walk into the parlor. The family heard the report of a pistol, and while opening the door heard another. There lay Holmes on the floor still struggling. Mrs. McKean was sitting in the rocking chair dead. He shot her through the heart."  
Holmes left three children.

## Sayings and Doings at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 1845.

J. R. Chandler, Esq.—The correspondence between the American Secretaries of State and the British Minister upon the Oregon question having been communicated to Congress and laid before the people, it will be seen by those who have time and patience to read it, that the subject in dispute between the two governments is one upon which "much may be said on both sides," and that, in truth, neither country has "a clear and unquestionable title to the whole of Oregon," though I believe that of the United States to be the best of the two. The claim of both, to some portion of the territory, is founded rather upon the weakness of that of its opponent than the strength of its own. Great Britain says to the United States, "our title is as good as yours and a little better;" and in reply the U. States says to Great Britain, "our title is as good as yours and a good deal better." And so each, getting a little out of temper, and determined to stand upon the ninth part of a hair, refuses to yield an inch. One says "I'll have the whole;" the other replies, "if you do you must get it," and so they stand looking angry at each other, like a couple of foolish neighbors quarrelling about a slough hole, not worth a farthing to either except to raise frogs in. Mind, however, when I say 'not worth a farthing to either,' I mean that part of the territory which is really in dispute, and not that which lies South of the 49th parallel of latitude. Now as all that is really in dispute lies north of this line, and is a cold, rocky, heaven-forsaken country, why not, as a western man proposed last evening, let those who want to inhabit it, go there and fight for it, with the previous understanding, however, that those who win it shall be compelled to occupy it—they and their children, and their children's children forever. And also an understanding with Russia, that she shall stand by and see a fair fight; and when the two parties get a little too hot, she shall send a few snow balls at them to cool them, which she can do almost any month in the year, there being no scarcity of this delicate article in that region.

Seriously, from what I learn I do not believe there is any obstacle in the way of settling this Oregon question, but the want of good temper, and the fear that if this is once disposed of, there will be nothing with which to popular prejudices upon. The administration would in that case, have nothing to manifest their patriotic fervor against, except the Tariff. But in making war upon that alone, there would be far less political capital to be gained, than if they had one like the Texas question as it stood last year, or the Oregon question, as it stands now, to unite with it. How stands the question? Both countries set up a claim to the country, Great Britain from the Columbia river to the Russian line, and the United States from the Russian boundary south to the 43d degree of north latitude. They endeavor to divide the territory, but being unable to agree upon a line of division, agree to a mutual occupancy. Meantime negotiations are entered into from time to time to settle a line of division. Great Britain offers to give up all south of the Columbia river, with a mutual right to navigate that river, and the United States offer to give up all north of the 49th parallel of latitude, allowing Great Britain a right to the navigation of the Columbia and free ports below the 49th. Both these offers are rejected and the Convention for mutual occupation is renewed, to cease only by the parties giving each other one year's notice. The Country becomes more important by emigrants from both countries going into it, and the negotiation is again renewed, Great Britain having by invitation, sent a special minister here to endeavor to come to an amicable settlement of the question of title. The negotiation opens, and the British Minister is told that our title is "clear and unquestionable." If so, what room is there for negotiation? But the Government of Great Britain considers this declaration as arrogant, and disrespectful.

They express this sentiment, and their determination to maintain their rights at whatever hazard, or cost, and are at once loudly cheered by the people. On this side the water, too, the people, or a large portion of them, respond to the Executive, "our title to the whole of Oregon is clear and unquestionable." Now, it can easily be seen that this manifestation of feeling on the part of the people, in both countries, stands much in the way of an amicable adjustment of the question. The British Minister can no more disregard the public sentiment of his nation, than our government can disregard that of its own. He dare not, therefore, accept a proposition less advantageous to his nation than one which was offered by the United States twenty years ago, because, by doing so, he would virtually admit either that the British claim is not as good now as it was then, or that his government was afraid of a war. Had he accepted the proposition, therefore, made by Mr. Buchanan—namely, of the 49th parallel of latitude, without the right to navigate the Columbia, which was offered in 1826—the probability is that he would have been severely censured by his own people, if not by his government. Had the navigation of the Columbia been coupled with the 49th parallel, as it was in 1826, I believe the offer would have been accepted, and the whole question put to rest; not because there is any intrinsic value in the right to navigate that river, for it is not navigable for a long distance below the 49th, and never can be,

but simply because the offer was not as favorable an one, nominally, as was once made and rejected.

Our government cannot now make another proposition; but if the British government were convinced that if they made the one which we offered them in 1826, it would be accepted, I have very little doubt but such an one would be made by them: If I am right in this conjecture, then the whole subject in controversy—unless we choose now to insist upon "the whole or none,"—is, the navigation of a river not navigable over a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from its mouth. Is this worth going to war about?

## A Curious Incident.

An old gentleman in this city relates one of the most thrilling romances of real life we ever heard of. In this romance he was principal actor. Many years ago, in Vermont, an insane man suddenly disappeared. No trace of his whereabouts could be discovered, and many supposed that he was dead. Several years after his disappearance, a person who had known him, dreamed that he had been murdered by a certain family residing near at hand, and that he was buried in a certain spot. This dream occurred several times, and so vivid that the dreamer related it, and induced other persons to aid him in digging at the spot indicated in his dream. They dug, and found bones. They also found a button and a knife, which was identified as the property of the missing man. The family consisting of another & two young men, sons, were arrested & imprisoned. The sons, to save the mother, confessed the murder. On trial, however, they plead not guilty; but were, nevertheless, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was, however, commuted to imprisonment for life in the state prison, to which they were sent.

Soon after the trial, a paragraph appeared in the Post of this city, which led the old gentleman referred to, (who was acquainted with all the parties in the affair,) to believe that the man supposed to be murdered was alive. The insane man on a farm, under the supposition that it was his own. The old gentleman addressed him, saying, "Don't you know me?" "No—never saw you before." The old man dropped an English shilling, which the insane instantly clutched.

"Now," said the old gentleman; "tell who I am and who you are, and I'll give you that shilling." The insane man did as required, and proved to be the missing individual. He was taken back to Vermont; and the two men were released, of course. The insane man had, however, to be exhibited publicly, and to thousands of people, before they would believe he was himself.

This story is true, and can be easily proved by a reference to the legitimate records of time. It is a most curious romance in real life, and goes ahead of all the fictions ever invented.—U. S. Republican.

## Religion of the Dog.

The following original anecdote of Burns, is in a work entitled "The Philosophy of the Seasons," by Rev. Henry Duncan:  
"I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog.—Burns took up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued.—It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated having long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his characteristic enthusiasm which, as it threw a new light into my mind, I shall never forget. "Man," said he, "is the god of the dog.—He knows no other; he can understand no other; and see how he worships him!—With what reverence he crouches at his feet; with what love he fawns upon him, with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his God; and the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are exalted by the intercourse. It ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dogs put the Christians to shame."

GENTLEMEN PLEASE TO PAY UP!—Some writer remarks that "Man owes women a vast moral debt, which has been accumulating both in principal and interest since the foundation of the world, and unless he soon begins to liquidate it in some shape, he will become a bankrupt in the eyes of Heaven."

## Death of Commodore Elliott.

Commodore Jesse Duncan Elliott, of the United States Navy, died in this city on Wednesday night.

Commodore Elliott was born in Maryland, in the year 1785. He was therefore about 60 years of age. His father, a Pennsylvanian, and a Commissary in the service of the United States was killed by the Indians while conducting supplies to General Wayne, on the Muskingum, in 1794. In 1805, while Jesse D. Elliott was a student at Carlisle, preparing to enter upon the study of the law, he was appointed a midshipman in the navy by President Jefferson, and he soon after sailed under Captain Perron for the Mediterranean. He won the friendship of all the officers under whom he served as a midshipman, and in 1810 was sent with despatches to our minister in London. When the war of 1812 was declared, he was ordered to superintend the naval preparations on Lake Erie, and in September of that year he gained great applause by gallantly cutting out the British brig Detroit and Caledonia, from under Fort Erie. For this important service he received the special thanks of the President, and by a unanimous vote of the two houses of Congress was presented with a sword. He was at this time but twenty-seven years of age. In 1813 he was appointed over more than thirty lieutenants a master commandant; in April of the same year, he greatly distinguished himself in the attack upon York in Upper Canada; and in the following September was in the battle of Lake Erie. His conduct here has been a subject of much controversy, but we believe the impression is now general among men who have examined it, that Commodore Perry did not, as his friends have endeavored to prove, violate either his oath or his honor, when he said that "Elliott evinced his characteristic bravery and judgment" in that action, nor when he acknowledged that he "owed to him the victory."

In the spring of 1815, Elliott served under Decatur against Algiers; in 1817 he was appointed one of the commissioners to survey the coast of the United States, for the purpose of selecting sites for dock yards and fortifications; and in 1818 he was made a captain.

After a few years repose, Captain Elliott was appointed to the command of the Cyane, and ordered to the coast of Brazil, where he was obliged, which he declined. In 1829 he was made commander of the West India squadron, and being temporarily in the Hampton Roads in 1831, he pursued such a course in regard to the Southampton negro insurrection, as secured for him the thanks of the governments of Virginia and of the United States.

The command of the land and naval forces at Charleston, at the time of the threatened revolt of South Carolina, was entrusted to General Scott and Commodore Elliott, and when the excitement there had subsided, Elliott was appointed commandant of the navy yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts. Probably no one supposes now that his course here in regard to the figure head of the Constitution was deserving of much if it was of the slightest censure. In 1835 he sailed in the Constitution for France, and returned with Mr. Livingston, then our Minister to that country.—He subsequently commanded the squadron in the Mediterranean, after which he resided several years on his farm in Chester, near this city. At the time of his death he was commandant of the Navy Yard in Philadelphia, but ill health had prevented his performance of the active duties of the office, a large share of the time since his appointment.

We knew Commodore Elliott many years; and we think we knew him well. We have no wish to revive any of the controversies connected with his life, but this is not an improper time to speak of the good in his character. He is dead now.—Let ungenerous prejudices go with his body to the grave. His friends have little need to ask for him more than justice, and this will not be willingly withheld.

He was rude of speech; a plain blunt man, who loved his country and his friends, and hated his enemies and their enemies. He knew little and cared less about drawing room refinements. He had no regard for any formalities but those of his profession and rank. He never learned the word caution; and to serve a friend or fulfill his duty he would brave the most imminent dangers. No one could excel him in generosity. He would forget anything but an act of kindness. He never could regard an obligation as cancelled. He was very sensitive, and was elated or depressed by every word of praise or censure. Let this weakness and other faults be forgotten. He was a good sailor, a good disciplinarian, a man of undaunted courage and of inflexible honesty; and these are not every day virtues.

The proper shows of respect for the deceased Commodore, were made yesterday at the United States Naval Asylum and at the Navy Yard and on ships of war and other vessels in port.

His funeral will take place to-morrow, from his late residence, in Fourth street between Chesnut and Walnut streets. It will of course be attended by the officers of the Navy and the Army who may be in town, and by the military of the city.

TRUTH.—A parent may leave an estate to his son, but how soon may it be mortgaged! He may leave him money, but how soon may it be squandered! Better love him a sound constitution, habits of industry, an unblemished reputation, a good education, and an inward abhorrence of vice, in any shape or form; these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

A GOOD JOKE.—The Washington correspondent of the Ohio Statesman says:

One of the best things to laugh about, in the present dull times, is the following: Delazon Smith, Esq., formerly a democrat and then a Tylor editor in Ohio, as you doubtless recollect, was appointed, about a year ago, by Mr. Tyler, as a sort of commercial agent, to visit some of the South American republics, the Pacific Ocean, &c., at \$8 per day, and voyage and travelling expenses paid. "Delusion," as he is familiarly called, seems to have known a thing or two! He departed on his mission—and still keeps on it, but the government don't know and can't find out at what point! Mr. Buchanan wishes to recall him, and for the life of him, he says, he cannot ascertain in what quarter of the globe the agent is pursuing his searches. "Delusion" avoids sending home reports; and it is supposed that near the close of the present term of the administration he will come home, with a very pretty bill of per diem allowance and expenses for Uncle Sam to foot. That "Delusion" is a smart chap—very! He goes altogether ahead of the John Smiths, and is the keenest Tyler man exceptant—except Wise!

Here is one of the inimitable dog stories of the Nashua Telegraph:

A SMART DOG.—There is enough of the dog mixed up in the following story to entitle it to the name of a "dog story." A man down East had been exceedingly annoyed by wolves, which destroyed his sheep. In the course of time a dog-fancier offered to sell him a dog. A very notable dog he was too. The catalogue of his merits was a very long one; there was not a dog virtue in the whole catalogue for which he was not distinguished; but if there was any one thing in which he particularly excelled; it was his prowess as a wolf-hunter. This was touching our friend on the right spot; the bargain was closed, and he only waited an opportunity to test his merits. At length there came a light snow, just the kind of a snow for wolf-hunting, and he took his dog and gun, and sallied out. He soon crossed the track of a *vermin*; the dog took the scent, and bounded off in pursuit. On followed our friend, up hill and down dale; through brush and through briar; for two mortal hours, when he came across a Yankee of the five species chopping wood, and the following satisfactory dialogue you see a good dog pass by here!

"Well, I reckon you had a dog pass by here?"  
"How long ago?"  
"Well, I guess about half an hour."  
"How was it with 'em?"  
"Well, just about nip and tuck, but the dog had the advantage, for he was a leetle ahead."

MARRIAGE NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.—The following most extraordinary marriage notice we copy from the Baltimore "Covenant," an organ of the Odd Fellows. Taliaferro P. Shaffner must be a tremendous man to maintain his perpendicularity under such a superincumbent mass of official dignities:  
Married.—In Worcester, Massachusetts, on Thursday, October 9th, Tal. P. Shaffner, Esq., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, of Louisville, Ky., Past Grand H. Priest and Grand Patriarch of that State, a Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States from the Grand Encampment of Kentucky, Junior Editor of the "Covenant" of Baltimore, Ex-Editor of "The Free-Mason," of Louisville, Corresponding and Recording Secretary and Librarian of the Kentucky Historical Society, Recording Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Captain of the 1st Company, 132d Regiment, 29th Brigade of Kentucky Militia, &c., to Miss Nancy R. Pratt, of the former place.

Papers throughout the Union, including Texas, Oregon and California, please copy.

## The Yankee in Main Street.

"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of the Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant in Maine street.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Wal, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash; so you had better be going."

"Wal now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars if you made me an offer for them ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"De-n!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum when the merchant offered him a picayune for the strops.

"Thy're yours," said the Yankee, as he quietly folded the stokes. "But," he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.—"You are not so bad a chap, after all; here are your strops so give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the picayune. "A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake, in earnest, I guess the next time you trade with that ere pic, you'll do better than buy razor strops."

And away walked the pedlar with his strops and wags, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd. St. Louis Article.

## Another "New York Mystery."—More Drugging!

Mr. Arthur Morrell, a respectable citizen of New York, who mysteriously disappeared about a week ago, was brought home on Thursday night, by three ruffian-looking men, who after thrusting him into the door of his dwelling, made their escape. Mr. M. was found to be a raving maniac—continually calling upon persons to release him—that they had robbed him of all his money and clothing—and threatened to kill him. He did not recognise either his wife or mother, but appeared to be continually haunted by the presence of his murderous captors, who had robbed him of \$60 in money, stripped him of all his clothing, and dressed him up in rags. He doubtless endured a week of intense suffering, as his wrists appear to have been bound with cords, while his left eye and forehead bear evident marks of a severe blow. We trust the authors of the vile act may be detected and summarily punished.

DREAFFUL MURDER.—Mr. Armstead Forrest, an old blind man, was murdered by one of his slaves, a few days ago, in Paris, Tenn. It seems, from accounts published, that Mr. Armstead was struck upon the head with a club, thrown into a stack of fodder within a tobacco barn, and the whole set on fire and consumed. It was at first supposed that the barn had taken fire through accident, but some disclosures having been made by a younger slave, the murderer has been arrested and is now in the jail of Henry county, awaiting his trial.

The following is a copy of a letter, hanging in a frame in the Alexandria Museum, written by Washington, but a month before his death, which to those who have not seen the original, may possess interest.

MOUNT VERNON, Nov. 12, 1799.  
Gentlemen: Mrs. Washington and myself have been honoured by your polite invitation to the assemblies in Alexandria this winter; and thank you for this mark of attention. But alas! our dancing days are no more. We wish, however, all those who relish so innocent and agreeable amusement, all the pleasure the season will afford them; and am, gentlemen, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

One of the Western papers tells a good anecdote of a Methodist preacher who after sending round the congregation to be liberal in contributing, looked into the box, and on seeing the money mostly made up of cents, exclaimed, with great gravity; "Impressive! Impressive! The copper-smith has done us much harm."

"Mort! more Mort!—Mr. —, a mason by trade having worked hard all the week, was disposed while at church to refresh himself by a snooze. He had kept awake till the preacher had progressed some in his sermon, when he fell into a sound sleep and dreaming in his soporific obliviousness, that he was about his work, he cried out in a stentorian voice, "Mort! more Mort!" The effect upon the congregation may be imagined.—Portland Argus.

MINOR MORALS IN CONGRESS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Gazette, complains that an honorable member from Indiana smokes cigars in the House, directly under the gallery occupied by the ladies.

A correspondent of a Baltimore paper mentions that he saw a member of Congress led down Capitol Hill, in a state of royal elevation, shut up in measureless content, and so fortunate was he in his "aids," that they partook, in a considerable degree of his qualities, and made a clean job of the side walks.

SINGULAR AND DISTRESSING EFFECT OF IN-SANITY.—A few days ago a printer named Radcliffe, employed in the Saint Louis Reporter Office, with one of his hands cut off the other between the wrist and elbow joint. For several days he had shown evident symptoms of insanity; and on this occasion, while at work at the case, he suddenly ran to where he got an old dell axe, and inflicted this act of self mutilation. He was conveyed to the hospital, where he receives the proper medical and surgical attendance.

HONORS OF WAR.—We read of the battle of Austerlitz—of Wagram—of Waterloo—and are apt to dwell more upon the glory and military fame which awaits the brave and successful warrior, than on the horrible atrocities of war. We look at one side of the picture only—the other presents an appalling image, yet a faithful one. We lately met with the following extracts from an English paper, which delineates in a few, yet terribly graphic touches, a faithful sketch of some of the incidents of war:—

LONDON, July 20, 1815.  
Horrible Circumstance.—A private letter from Mons, under date of the 14th of this month, contains the following particulars:—It is only four days since the burying of the dead bodies with which the field of battle of Mount St. Jean was strewn. Several thousand cars had been put in requisition for this operation in the department of Gemappes. After the lapse of 10, 12, and 15 days, there were found among the dead carcasses great numbers of wounded, who, impelled by madness of hunger, had eat of the bodies of the men and horses that surrounded them. I say madness, because there were some of them who even then cried in their dying agonies, *Vive le Empereur*, as they were raised up by the persons engaged in the removal.