

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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### POETRY.

[From the London Punch.]

#### Punch to the Woods and Forests.

Lincoln spare that tree

Touch not a single bough;

Though in the way it be,

Oh stand up for it now.

Still let its shade expand

Where, round the social pot,

The Hascox cabman stand—

Oh, Lincoln, harm it not!

If every ancient tree,

Because its green's gone brown,

Scrubbed up, perforce, must be,

What is there may't come down!

Though barren all it looks,

Both head and heart unsound;

Oh think upon the Dukes,

And leave it in the ground!

You ought to draw it mild,

You ought, upon my word;

For cutting down you're wild—

Protection is the word.

The Piccadilly tree,

The burden on the land,

Is old—so let it be,

Though in the way it stand!

Thy sire, great Clumber's King,

Thou'lt certain to offend—

His son do such a thing!

The world draws to an end!

Old laws, old Dukes, old Trees,

Delay, decay, dry-rot—

Let Peel do as he please,

But Lincoln, harm them not!

### The Collector.

The money collector of a prominent chartered institution in the city of New York, has a printed circular, of which the following is a literal copy:—

With patient perseverance, I

Have called from day to day,

And, full as often as I called,

A promise was my pay.

Now, sir, my money I demand,

No trifling, sir, I pray.

If I'm not paid—and paid off-hand,

I'll call another day.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

#### Exploits of a Gallant Young Jersey-man.

ARMY OF OCCUPATION, April 25.

It gives me pleasure to report, what I know it will give you and your readers pleasure to hear, an exploit performed by a young Newarker attached to the Army—a young son of Gilbert Dudley, one of the constables of your city, now only about 19 years of age.

Returning two days ago from one of our most advanced pickets, whither he had been sent to convey orders, he came unexpectedly upon two Mexican soldiers, who had apparently, just rowed across the river, and were refreshing themselves in a cool shade, having placed their muskets in thoughtless security against a neighboring tree. Gilbert was equal to the emergency; he sprang to the muskets, threw one upon the ground, and stepped upon it, while with the other he menaced the lives of his opponents. They covered beneath his eagle glance, and reluctantly pursued the course which he indicated: He carried the two muskets upon his left shoulder, drew his sword as a sort of pacificator, and thus marched them, at a respectful distance in advance, straight into camp!

From them some desirable information was obtained, after which they were led blindfolded out of camp; set safely in their boat and dismissed.—When Gilbert was asked how he was able to make such a double-prize, he gave the Paddy's reply, and said, "Faith, I surrounded 'em!" This exploit, clearly in the way of his duty, has rendered him quite famous among us, and it will gratify you to know, that he is so well liked, that he is not envied.

RECIPE FOR A LADY'S DRESS.—Let your ear-rings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement; the demand of your neck-lace be truth, and the chain Christianity; your bosom pin be modesty, set with compassion; your bracelets be charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness; your finger-rings be affection, set round with the diamonds of industry; your girdle be simplicity, with the tassels of good humour; let your thicker garb be virtue, and your drapery politeness; let your shoes be wisdom, secured by the buckles of perseverance.

## From Morris's National Press. MANSFIELD'S LIFE OF GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

We have been greatly interested in the recently published life of Gen. Scott. It is not solely or chiefly the distinguished part which he took in the war of 1812, though with the exception of Gen. Jackson no one acted in that contest a more honorable and distinguished part. Amongst the brave, he was always foremost. He in fact might be called the hero of the Niagara frontier, so gallant was his bearing on those hard fought fields. Nowhere, during the whole war, was there such a succession of bloody actions or so large a proportion of the troops engaged numbered among the killed or wounded. The Battles of Queenstown, of Chippewa, and of Niagara (called also Lundy's Lane) brought into requisition all the personal courage of both officers and men, while it displayed on the part of the former, great military skill. In the first-mentioned action, Gen. Scott was taken prisoner, and in the last twice severely wounded. It was in consequence of the dangers then encountered that he was enabled without loss of character, even among his military brethren, to decline the proffered duel with Gen. Jackson, a refusal which men of peace must count not among the least of his well earned honours.

Yet distinguished as Gen. Scott has been in the field, he has gained rarer and other laurels. If it is much to be great in war, it is more to be great in peace. If honor is due to him who wins a battle, or conducts a successful campaign, what is not due to him who renders the fight unnecessary, who averts the horrors of war and turns the threatened campaign into rejoicings for peace! On three several occasions, when the peace of the country was threatened by the conduct of misguided citizens and of inflamed partisans on both sides of the line, was Gen. Scott sent into disturbed districts bearing the olive branch, and on each occasion was greatly and gloriously successful. Well may Virginia, whose soil has been so prolific of great men, be proud to enrol Gen. Scott on the list. Who among her sons at the present day bears a more honored name? Though a military man by education as well as by profession, he has fairly earned the title of pacificator. In his whole career he has been distinguished by compassion for the unfortunate, and by courtesy and generosity toward his countrymen. For their prisoners of distinction he interceded with the general government, and procured as a favor to himself their release or parole at a time when such favors were very rarely shown and very difficult to be procured.

He conducted with great consideration and humanity the very difficult operation of removing the Cherokees to their distant home, and for his treatment of them deserves the thanks of every friend of the red man.

His mission to South Carolina during the prevalence of the doctrines of nullification, was one of extreme delicacy and importance, which, if entrusted to the hands of a bold and energetic, yet imprudent man, might have ended in bloodshed. Gen. Scott's firmness, prudence, courtesy and tact, may have saved the nation at that time from civil war, as they had not improbably before done from a foreign contest. No qualities of Scott deserve higher commendation than his candour, frankness and moral courage. Memorable also are his declarations in favor of peace principles: It is the highest moral obligation to treat our national differences with temper, justice, fairness; always to see that the cause of war is not only just but sufficient; to be sure that we do not covet our neighbor's lands, "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 unto you, do ye even so to them."

We cannot better close this notice than by an extract from a publication of Dr. Channing found in the able and interesting work mentioned at the head of this article.

We may hereafter make other extracts—

"To this distinguished man belongs the rare honour of uniting with military energy and daring, the spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits in the field, which placed him in the first rank of our soldiers, have been obscured by the purer and more lasting glory of a pacificator, and of a friend of mankind. In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous or half-civilized communities, we doubt whether a brighter page can be found than that which records his agency in the removal of the Cherokees. As far as the wrongs done to this race can be atoned for, General Scott has made the expiation."

"In his recent mission to the disturbed borders of our country, he has succeeded, not so much by policy as by the nobleness and generosity of his character, by moral influences, by the earnest conviction with which he has enforced on all with whom he has had to do, the obligations of patriotism, justice, humanity, and religion. It would not be easy to find among us a man who has won a purer fame; and I am happy to offer this tribute, because I would do something, no matter how little, to hasten the time, when the spirit of Christian humanity shall be accounted an essential attribute and the brightest ornament of a public man."

"GUILTY, or not guilty?" said a judge to a native of Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor pleases. It's not the like o' me to dictate to your honour's worship," was the reply.

### "Courtship" vs. "Attention."

This is a subject which, always important, is daily becoming peculiarly so and we design to call the attention of the young people to it occasionally, in the hope of arresting an alarming and destructive evil.

Young ladies are bound to fall in love as soon as possible, and bound to be bound to a partner for life, as soon as the necessary preliminaries can be made—such as getting a lover, fascinating him thoroughly, being courted, having the question popped, getting the wedding garments in array, and inviting friends to see them prettily married. The young man is bound to be gallant and polite, and to admire, without stint, all the pretty young girls known and unknown—to doff the beaver, offer the arm, invite to the ride, the pleasant saunter—in short, to do all the sundries needed to show his devotion and gallantry towards the sex, until some enchantress throws the spell around him, and he sinks, subdued, into a common-place, indifferent, careless, Beudet.

Now out of these things grow difficulties. A young man admires a pretty girl and must manifest it, he can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine tendrils for something to cling to, she sees the admiration, is flattered, begins soon to love, expects some tender avowal, and perhaps gets so far as to expect that she will choose a white stein under a thin gauze, &c., at the very moment that the gallant, that she half loves, is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off. Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between polite attentions, and the tender manifestations of wishing love. Admiring a beautiful girl and sighing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing, and therefore it is necessary that a damsel should be on the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong. It is hard to draw the exact line of separation between polite attentions and downright courting, but our great age and extensive experience have enabled us to observe enough to aid the young and artless in deciding this matter.

First, then—if a young fellow greets you in a loud, free, and hearty voice—if he knows precisely where to put his hat, or his hands—if he stares you straight in the eye with his own wide open—if he tells you who made his coat—if he squeezes your hand—if he eats heartily in your presence—if he fails to talk very kindly of your mother—if he sneezes when you are singing, criticises your curls, or fails to be very foolish in fifty ways every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world; he only admires you, let him do or say what else he will. But if he be merry with every one else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see that your tea is sufficiently sweetened and your dear person well wrapped up when you go out in the cold; if he talks very low and never looks you steady in the eye; if his cheeks are red, or if he be pale and his nose bluish it is enough; if he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may go ahead and invoke the shaft of Cupid with perfect safety and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him.

There are also a thousand other minor particulars which a lady's wit will need no prompting upon, but the foregoing are sure and safe tests. There is no such trouble made in the world for want of understanding this, that we have kindly volunteered our advice in the matter, with the admonition to keep their hearts in a case of good leather, or other tough substance, until the "right one" is found, beyond doubt—after which they can go on and love, court, be married and happy, without the least bit of trouble.—Boston Star.

### Spanish Magistrates.

In a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, the following anecdote is told to illustrate the corruption of the magistracy:

A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons as a fit object to be plucked. It so chanced that shortly before the time appointed for the attack of his house, a party of travelling soldiers had requested lodgings of him for the night, which he had granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above, when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go and fetch it; he awoke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves and left them lying. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the alcalde—magistrate—of his village, to call him to make his examinations. The alcalde was not at home; on finding which he proceeded to the next in office, who was not at home either. He then went on to the third, neither was this one to be found, nor did any body know anything of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home and prepared to bury them himself, when on taking off the masks which concealed their faces, lo, and behold, there lay the three alcaldes.

A RARE CHANCE.—A young lady in Aberdeen, (Miss) advertised for a decent, honest, moral young man, for a husband—no fortune required. The lady says she is about five feet three inches high, eighteen years old, fair complexioned, blue eyes, black hair, nose a little projected, with a slender make, and has a fortune of several thousand dollars! The last qualification is irresistible.

The following important news from the Army, was issued in an Extra from this office, on Wednesday evening last, 20th inst.

## FROM THE ARMY.

Highly important from the Rio Grande—General Taylor at Point Isabel—attack on his Camp—repulse of the Mexicans—and destruction of Matamoras! 700 MEXICANS KILLED!

From the Philadelphia Daily Times, Extra, of May 19, half-past 6 o'clock, A. M.

This morning's Southern mail brought us New Orleans papers of the 11th inst., containing the following glorious news from the Army of Occupation. In the language of the Commercial Times, its reception "will cause the National pulse to vibrate from one extremity of the Union to the other."

From the Daily Picayune Extra.

The steamship New York, Capt. Windle, arrived in port on Sunday evening, having left Brazos Santiago the afternoon of Wednesday, the 6th inst. Her news is important, and of the most gratifying description.

Our last previous accounts came down to Wednesday the 29th ult. Capt. Walker, of the Texas Rangers, having come into Point Isabel on the evening of the 28th ult., from his desperate encounter with the Mexicans, had volunteered to carry despatches, to Gen. Taylor. We now learn by the New York that in that desperate attempt—so desperate as to be thought foolhardy—he fully succeeded.

Gen. Taylor learned from him the critical situation in which Point Isabel was placed, and the imminent danger of its being carried by an overpowering force of the Mexicans. He promptly determined upon a movement which should protect Point Isabel, and re-establish his communication with his supplies. Accordingly the evening of Friday, the 1st inst., he left his camp, opposite Matamoras, with the main body of his forces, determined to cut his way through, leaving behind him for the defence of the works opposite Matamoras between 700 and 800 troops.

This movement was counteracting a single Mexican. In place of molesting him they concentrated their troops about the camp which he had just left.

On the morning of the 3rd, Gen. Taylor despatched Capt. Walker back to the Camp for intelligence. The gallant Ranger executed his commission with success, returning to Point Isabel the afternoon of the 5th. He reported that the Mexicans, taking advantage of the supposed weakness of the camp, commenced an attack upon it in front, the morning of Sunday, the 3rd, with all their batteries from the opposite side of the river, and simultaneously with a detachment of their forces on this side the Rio Grande, in the rear. The Americans hotly returned the fire. The attack in the rear was immediately repulsed, and in less than thirty minutes the Mexican batteries were silenced, and the city of Matamoras battered down. The loss to the Mexicans in the action is variously set down. While no account makes it less than 200, the latest report in regard to it, which we find in the Galveston News, carries it as high as 700. The Americans lost but a single man, it is said, who was killed by a shell. None were wounded—so admirable was the state of the works before Gen. Taylor left them. The town of Matamoras is a complete ruin; there are scarcely houses enough left standing to serve as hospitals for the wounded.

The attack and repulse, however, is considered but the opening of the campaign. Cannoning was distinctly heard at times, down to the hour of the departure of the New York. Gen. Taylor set forth on the 6th inst., to return to his camp with ample supplies. The Galveston News states that when he left Point Isabel there was not the slightest doubt entertained that he would have to cut his way to his entrenchments through vastly superior numbers of the enemy, who were known to be posted in large forces among the almost impassable thickets of chaparral on the road, with a determination to cut him off, if possible, in his attempt to regain his other forces. The number of the Mexicans is entirely vague and uncertain, though all the statements agree in estimating them at not less than ten thousand, while many accounts put their numbers at 15 or 20 thousand. All accounts agree also in stating that the Mexican forces were rapidly flocking in from all quarters. How many crossed the river could not be told, though the News thinks it would be reasonable to presume that a large part of their forces would be brought into requisition to dispute the march of Gen. Taylor. They could not but see the importance of cutting him off, and would doubtless employ all their advantages of local knowledge, skill in horsemanship and all their acknowledged resources in stratagem to accomplish their object. Gen. Taylor anticipated a formidable and desperate opposition to his march, but he determined to accomplish it or perish.

Thus reasons the News, and accordingly anticipates intelligence of a decisive general action. We are greatly inclined to doubt whether the Mexicans would venture to attack Gen. Taylor's whole force, although they so outnumber him; but should they do so, we are confident that we shall have a glorious victory to recount. One account before us states, however, that Gen. Taylor had not left Point Isabel and probably would not leave there before the arrival of further reinforcements—he having full confidence in the ability of the troops left in camp to maintain their position against any odds.

The arrival of the New York at Point Isabel was most opportune. It will be recollected that she had nearly 200 regular troops on board under Lieut. McPhail, as well as several field pieces. These were all safely landed. Even without the arrival of further reinforcements, the post at Point Isabel must have been so strengthened as to place its safety beyond reasonable doubt. Martial law has been proclaimed there and at Santiago, and every man pressed into the service. But ere this, further support has reached Point Isabel from this city and Pensacola.

The accounts from Texas in regard to volunteers are by no means satisfactory. The greatest apathy seems to prevail throughout the country.

Col. Hays, of the Rangers, with his force of about 400 men stationed in the San Antonio country, determined to march at once for Gen. Taylor's camp as soon as he learned that it was in a critical situation; nor would it surprise us to hear that Col. Harney, with his dragoons, had done the same thing.

While Gen. Taylor was at point Isabel he despatched a schooner to Vera Cruz, with intelligence of the proceedings upon the Rio Grande. We presume that Com. Conner will at once formally blockade every Mexican port on the Gulf.

With great pleasure we see it mentioned in the Bulletin that the commander of the U. S. schooner Flirt having observed a small encampment of Mexicans on the island at the mouth of the Brazos Santiago, and knowing the great danger of the point at the entrance of the harbor being in possession of the Mexicans, landed with his men and dispersed the camp. The reader will recollect that the utmost fear was felt that the Mexicans might fortify a position here which would command the approach to Point Isabel.

### Gen. Taylor's Army.

The New York True Sun has formed a statistical table of Gen. Taylor's army of occupation, which is of interest. The force is thus divided:

No. Companies.	Officers.	Privates.	Total.
2d dragoons, 10	41	555	596
1st Artillery, 4	21	215	236
3d do 4	20	213	233
3d do 4	19	200	219
4th do 4	21	214	235
Total Artillery, 16	81	842	923
3d Infantry 10	41	492	533
4th do 10	40	471	511
5th do 10	40	533	573
7th do 10	40	493	443
8th do 10	39	436	477
Total Infantry, 50	200	2336	2536
Grand Total, 346	3737	4979	
Sick and absent, 199	915	1114	
Effective force, 147	2818	2965	

This 2965 comprises the whole force of General Taylor, and out of it he left a small command at Corpus Christi, and another at Point Isabel. He has lost by desertion, captured and killed, 200 more; so that the whole command by the works in front of Matamoras cannot exceed 2,600. The whole army of the United States consists as follows:

Staff, Pay Department and General Officers	558
2 regiments Dragoons,	1204
4 do Artillery,	2203
8 do Infantry,	3891
Recruits unattached, West Point,	327
Total,	8349

Almost one-half of the whole force was, therefore, in Texas. The remainder is disposed as follows:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Eastern div., under Gen. Wool,	135	1465	1600
Western " " " Gaines,	183	1723	1906
4th mil'y " " " Brady,	26	206	232
Aggregate three divisions,			3799

Aggregate three divisions, 3798

This force of 3,798 men is stretched over 4000 miles of frontier. Gen. Brady's command is in Michigan; that of Gen. Gaines stretches from Wisconsin down the Mississippi and along the Gulf to Florida; that of Wool from Niagara down the St. Lawrence to Maine, and along the Atlantic coast to Florida.

A Feathered Patroness of the Newspaper.—The Marion (Va.) Pioneer states that it has a subscriber, a lad of eleven years of age, who pays his subscription in eggs, and having but one hen, he "expects her to do her duty." This is certainly a hen worth having, and it is to be hoped that her owner's over anxiety for "useful information" may not lead him into the temptation of overtasking his literary biddy—at any rate to forget the disastrous example of the classical fowl that laid the golden eggs in olden time. Let him beware of looking for eggs faster than they come in the natural and customary order of things.

It is a popular delusion to believe that because a little dog's tail curls right upon his back, that it is going to lift him off his hind legs.

### A SCENE.

The author of the following (Mike Walsh) though a harum-scarum, reckless being, brings out a good thing occasionally. We instance the subjoined:

A PARSON DEAD.—Who can paint it? How much of bitter anguish, hopeless dissolution, and heart chilling horror is contained in that brief sentence! What the reflections of the poor forsaken and unfortunate are, during the few hours immediately preceding final dissolution, no human being can ever imagine. Stretched on a bare board, or miserable sop of dirty straw, in a dark and dreary cell, scarcely larger than the narrow hole which is to be his final resting place—with no one to commune with but his own troubled and corroding heart, and the God before whom he is about to be shortly summoned, what must be the reflections of the dying prisoner's mind? What the cheerless, withering agony of his last moments? No wife, no parent, no child, to smooth with words of deep and pitying concern, his stormy passage from a life of sorrow, suffering, and shame, to a doubtful and appalling eternity, he groans forth, his troubled spirit, unheard and unheeded by any fellow being, while the hideous ghost of his crimes sits upon him like the nightmare, and trumps through his racked and aching brain that it has been summoned by the Recording Angel to accompany him to the judgment seat of heaven, and there bear damning testimony against his soul. There is a deep depth of heart torturing woe—a desolate and despairing desolation about the whole picture, from the contemplation of which the mind involuntarily shrinks with shuddering horror. Hiedies, with the full, blue-freezing consciousness that even his dishonored name will never be thought upon by his nearest relative (if relative he have) without blushing at the disgraceful connexion, and cursing the hour that first introduced him as an actor on the world's stage. When at length he sinks into the long dark sleep of death, so little notice is taken of the event, that not unfrequently his next door neighbour remains totally ignorant of the fact. A one discovery is, suddenly brought after his cold corpse is laid to rest, into which cent carelessness, shown with more interest the most worthless dog, than that of and disgusting jests, or a few beastly and brutal remarks, as may be suggested by the peculiar circumstances of the case, are usually passed by the hardened attaches in attendance, and very often responded to by most of the prisoners within hearing, after which he is hastily borne off—with as little ceremony as if a portion of God's spirit had never animated him—by some of his fellow prisoners, for one or more of whom, although they little dream it, the same hapless and dreadful destiny is perhaps reserved.

### Thinking of the Dead.

The times seem to get more and more worldly.—The world is all around us, and open before our eyes. It is a scene of care and fretfulness, full of tears and misery, of business, and of selfishness; every man making haste to be rich, and one man's fall only making way for another man's advancement. Day by day it is sinking deeper and deeper in that covetousness which is idolatry in Scripture language, though men may call it by the fair phrase of commercial prosperity. It never stops a moment. The sound of its going is perpetual, day and night, like the throng of a crowded city. It is never out of our ears, and the sight of its populous multitude makes us dizzy, and sick, and confused, as we watch them hurrying up and down the various paths of life, hot and weary, jostling and being jostled.—What time have they to think about the dead? how should quiet, serious thoughts find their way into hearts so full of worldly things! But a churchyard is a most unwelcome place; like a cool and shady seat by clear fresh fountains, where all things tell of another world, of death, of heaven, of eternity. We have not lost the dead. Death is but a word. They have not really died. They have only gone to live in another place. And we ourselves never go to the Lord's altar without blessing God for all those who have departed thither in his faith and love. Surely, if we thought more about them, if we did not let the world break in upon our serious meditations with its vain and idle fashions, we should realize more than we do of the communion of saints. Our thoughts would be so high and heavenly, that earthly things would seem mean and worthless in comparison of them. They would be like messages to us from another and a happier world, all full of peace and spiritual consolation.—Prof. F. W. Faber.

THE FINGER EYE.—A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of the female eye—the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the saint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the tears of pleasure.

It is an error, though but few are guilty of it, to think that all religion lies in minding only the life to come, and disregarding all things in present life.