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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

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POETICAL.

LABORS THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

That I must work I thank thee, God!
I know that hardship, toil, and pain,
Like rigorous winter in the sod,
Which doth mangle the hardy grain,
Calls forth in man his noblest powers;—
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And, amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my self respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil!
You earned slave of lineage high,
The game-law lord who owns the soil
Is not so free a man as I!
He wears the fetters of his clan;
Wealth, birth, and rank have hedged him in
I heed but this that I am man,
And to the great in mind a kin!

Thank God, that like the mountain oak
My lot is with the storms of life;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;
And patience in the daily strife.
The horny hand, the furrowed brow,
Degrade not howe'er sloth may deem;
'Tis this degrades—to erige and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood,
And for that and experience
Which leaves our bosom flesh and blood;
Which leaves us tears from others' woe!
Brother in toil respect thyself;
And let thy steadfast virtue show
That man is nobler far than self!

Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
Of wealth nor rank; fear only sin.
That blight which mars all outward grace
And dims the light of peace within.
Give me thy hand, my brother give
Thy hand and toil-stained hand to me;
We are no dreamers, we shall live
A brighter, better day to see!

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEDEDIAH BATEMAN; OR, THE DUELLIST NONPLUSSED.

At a certain town on the Ohio, a Yankee and a Duellist happened, in the year 1830, to be boarders in the same tavern. The Yankee was a shrewd man, as Yankees generally are, but nevertheless, honest, good-natured, peaceable, and, withal, fond of a joke; but even when joking, he was accustomed to maintain a grave and even dry countenance, as if his face were made of wood. His age might be twenty-eight—he was by profession a schoolmaster, and his name was Jedediah Bateman.

I know not whence the duellist came. He seems to have been hanging for a number of years about the villages on the frontier, living by his wits as card player and land speculator. He was proud, overbearing and malicious; had been doubly arrogant and assuming since he had been victorious in no less than three duels. Once he had crippled—twice he had killed his man; making, by these "exploits," two widows and 5 children fatherless. Such was his fame as a duellist, that it was thought to be little less than suicide for a man not perfectly expert with the pistol to meet him in the "field of honor," as this sort of murderers call the place where they shoot one another.

In dress and manners he was a fop and a swaggerer. His red, bushy whiskers almost met on his chin; his shirt ruffles were long and projecting; his cravat was stuffed with padding until it almost buried his chin; and his bell-crown hat was tilted over his left eyebrow when he walked, or rather strutting along the street, swinging and plumping down his cane at every step; and whoso'er he went, he overlooked everybody, and expected the way to be cleared for him by high and low. He considered himself justified in jording it over all who were about him, because he was the most formidable man in town.

If any peaceful, worthy man did not cover at his presence, he was sure to resent the supposed indignity by sneers and insults. Many were the pompous

gibes and bombastic witticisms that he discharged from day to day at the schoolmaster, Jedediah Bateman, who did not humble himself like a dog before the high and mighty Maj. Dashwell Bickerton, as the duellist styled himself. He professed to have borne a Major's commission in the army, and boasted of his exploits in Gen. Wayne's expedition against the Indians. Some people doubted whether he had been in that expedition at all, because he gave some erroneous accounts of marches and battles; but they doubted only in their hearts, for who dare insinuate the suspicion of falsehood to the Major's terrible self; the Major's tongue might err, but his pistol was nevertheless true. Who would have thought that our dry-faced schoolmaster would, first of all, have the hardihood to retort the sneers and insults of this hero of the pistol? He bore several of these attacks with the utmost composure. Not a muscle of his face changed its habitual fixedness; not a drop more or less blood colored his cheek; neither word nor look indicated the slightest feeling of the bully's satire. He charged the artillery of his wit with still heavier loads of turpid phrases, to express his contempt for the schoolmaster. Still the Yankee winced not; he only began, with the soberest and most unfeeling gravity to utter some repartees, as dry and grating as the sands of Arabia, yet so perfectly free from open insult, as to increase the duellist's pride without furnishing him a pretext to take offence. But the natural malignity of his temper was so embittered by the schoolmaster's mortifying indifference and icy wit, that he began to insult him outrageously on all occasions, with the obvious intention of provoking a deadly quarrel with him. Still the Yankee persevered in his imperturbable coolness, and replied only by jokes and sarcasms of more stony and indigestible hardness. The bully's rage became unbounded, and the Yankee's friends saw that the affair would soon come to personal violence. But their kind endeavors were in vain to persuade Jedediah to soothe the bully's rage.

"If you mortify his pride any farther, he will assault you," said they, "and you will have to let him beat you with his cane, or shoot you with his pistol."
"I shall let him do neither, I guess," said the Yankee.
"How will you prevent him?"
"You will see when the time comes," was the final reply.

In the evening, at supper, the duellist, as usual, began to utter something designed to provoke the Yankee. At first Jedediah gave no heed. To make the attack more direct, the bully proceeded to, as he had often done, and as fops and adleptates mostly do, to express his contempt of schoolmasters, or pedagogues, as he and other fops used to call them. Seeing that Jedediah still paid no attention, he addressed him superciliously in these words:

"Come, Sir Pedagogue, you are silent. Be so condescending as to illustrate your profession, by informing us how many ideas you have bastinadoed into the posteriors of your boys, to-day!"

"Not one, sir," said Jedediah. "The boys don't carry their ideas in their posteriors, however they may have done in your boyish days."

"The deuce—do you say so, Mr. Pedagogue? Why do you apply your birchen instrument with such impetuosity to that inferior part of their corporeal system? Come, your philosophical reasons, Mr. Pedagogue."

"You shall be satisfied, sir. I apply the birch to that part because it is the base of the system; all the baser elements settle down into it, such as sloth, pride, malice, insolence, ill-manners, and whatever else may tend to make a man proud without virtue; boastful without merit; pompous without dignity; and quarrelsome without reason. Therefore I apply the remedy to the base, in order to expel such baseness from its seat in the system."

The bully was so foiled by this answer, that for some moments he showed his rage only by his fierce looks. Then setting his arms akimbo, he said—

"You are a cowardly pedagogue to attack boys in that cowardly way. I never knew a pedagogue who was not a tyrant among his children, and a—
infernal coward among men." He interlarded this speech with one of the oaths commonly used by blackguards and bullies, adding these words—"I had a pedagogue in my battalion during the campaign of '96 against the Indians, and the coward ran away in every battle, till I had him drummed out of the army—the poltroon."

"You said the campaign of '96—ain't you mistaken in the date?" asked Bateman, with cool gravity.

"Yes, Sir Pedagogue, I said the campaign of '96, under Wayne. I mistake no dates, sir; and if I did, your peda-

gogical pusillanimity disqualifies you for the funeration of historical recollection."

"Wayne's expedition against the Indians was over, and peace was made before '96," said Bateman drily, as he sat nearly opposite to Bickerton, stirring a copious mixture of butter, and molasses and mush, or hasty pudding, which was to be his supper.

"You are a—liar, you—pedagogue!" roared out the bully.—"What do you know of Wayne's campaign? Stick to your ferrule and spelling book, and leave military affairs to gentlemen—they are exterior to your province."

"Boys learn history in these days," said Bateman, as he rose from the table and took a volume from the mantle-piece. After turning over a few leaves, he resumed his seat and said, "Here is an epitome of American history brought down to the year 1821. He then read a short paragraph which confirmed his assertion, when handing the book towards Bickerton, he said, "That's what my boys learn, sir. Would you like to see it in the book, Major?"

"No, you are a—fool, and an insolent liar, I tell you."

"One mark of a fool," said Bateman, as dryly as ever, "is to fly into a passion, and call names about a trifle, and one mark of the liar is to persevere in a false assertion in the face of evidence to the contrary."

The Yankee had no sooner spoken these words, stirring the mush all the while, than the enraged bully lifted the case knife in his hand, and lunged it violently at Bateman's head. The Yankee, though seemingly intent upon his mush, which he had now thoroughly imbued with molasses and butter, kept watch, however, with the corner of his eye, and dodged the knife as it flew whizzing towards his head. At the same time dropping his spoon, he slipped his hand under his plate, and adroitly dashed it, mush foremost, plump into the duellist's face. The centre of the reeking mass struck his nose, which, operating as a wedge, caused the clammy supper of the Yankee to spread itself with accommodating facility over the whole fiery visage of the duellist, and to stop up every hole and fill up every hollow in the said visage—eyes and ears not excepted. A considerable quantity became entangled in his huge, bushy whiskers, the superfluity gliding down with the plate, made a lodgment in the bosom, and the manifold convolutions of the frill that stuck out prominently in front. Happily for the duellist, the operation of mixing and compounding the plaster, had so reduced its temperature that it was not quite scalding hot, and the eyelids had instinctively closed themselves on the approach of the slapping application, or those lately glaring eyeballs would never again have directed a pistol ball at the heart of an enemy.

He was led by the hand to a back porch, where, after a minute's washing, the orifices and cavities of his face were cleared of the adhesive mixture, and he was able again to see, hear, smell and speak. When he found his organs free, though he still wept blood from the rude contents of the heavy pewter plate, he began to roar out a torrent of oaths, imprecations and threats against the Yankee, who had begun to feed his hunger upon a second plate of hasty pudding, as if nothing had happened. In spite of the entreaties of the company, the raving bully started upstairs for his pistols, swearing in the most awful manner that he would shoot the offending pedagogue upon the spot.

Presently he was heard on his return, cursing and swearing as violently as ever.

"Fly, Bateman, fly," said the company; "he will shoot you."
"I guess not," said the Yankee; "but I may have to mend his manners with something harder than hasty pudding." So saying, he picked up a heavy fire shovel at the hearth, and posted himself behind the door by which Bickerton would enter.

While some were endeavoring to dissuade the furious bully from his purpose, the Yankee said to those in the room with him—"Tell him to challenge me; I will meet him in the field of honor." When this message was first delivered to the duellist, he only raved and swore the more fiercely, and demanded immediate access to the insolent pedagogue, that he might drive a ball thro' his heart. He was first gradually reduced to reason, however, by the argument of a lawyer in the company, who told him that if he killed the Yankee now, he would be liable to the punishment of a murderer, but that he might shoot him on the field of honor without getting himself into the fangs of the law. The duellist felt the force of the argument; for in those days an honorable gentleman, in a fine coat and ruffled

shirt, was in some danger of being hanged for wilful murder. Now only the friendless and beggarly murderers are liable to the gallows. But then, as now, the murders in a duel had nothing to fear from the law, but might be raised to the highest honors by popular favor. Therefore, Bickerton, believing that he could satiate his malice as certainly in a duel, as by instant assassination, returned to his room and penned a challenge, in due form, according to the code of honor. Bateman promptly accepted it, to the dismay of his friends, who now looked upon him as no better than a dead man. He had the right, as the challenged party, to prescribe the terms of fight. They were to meet on the next day at the great Indian mound, about half a mile from the town, in a dense forest; they were to have no seconds, but were to stand ten yards apart, and either might fire at pleasure, after calling at the other, "Stop! take care of yourself." Their friends might stand fifty yards off to see that those terms were duly observed; but were not to interfere unless they were violated. Nearly every man wished the Yankee success, but expected only to see him killed at the first fire.

The duellists demurred at first to the extraordinary terms prescribed by the schoolmaster; but he finally acceded to them, feeling sure of his own quickness of hand, and doubted not he could pierce the heart whose blood he so eagerly thirsted for.

So, on the next day, at the appointed hour, the redoubtable Major strutted forth to the field of honor, with a well charged brace of pistols wrapped up in a handkerchief and tucked under his left arm. When in sight of the mound, he cast his eyes about in search of his adversary; but no Yankee appeared. He moved slowly onwards, keeping a sharp look out for his man, and licking his lips in preparation for the expected feast of blood. The forest was always deep dusky with shade in that place, and the morning fog still lingered in its dark recesses. When he got so near the mound as to see it and the trees about it distinctly, he was certain the schoolmaster had not arrived, and began with feelings of disappointed revenge to curse him aloud for a cowardly knave, a base poltroon, and a chicken-hearted, white-livered pedagogue.

He was pouring forth these imprecations and lengthening them with all the choicest terms in the vocabulary of honorable bullies, when he was stopped in mid career by an unexpected phenomenon. On reaching an open lot near the mound, he struck across the path; and at the same instant a voice of thunder smote his ears with the words, "Stop, take care of yourself!" He did stop in great surprise, and looked towards the place from which the voice had come, but he saw only the huge trunk of a tree that stood by the mound, ten yards from the pole at which he stopped. He had no time for deliberation; the voice thundered again, "Take care of yourself, I'll blow your brains out!" and now he saw distinctly the muzzle of a great blunderbuss pointed towards him from behind the tree, and the Yankee's eye at the butt, taking aim while the tree concealed his body. The duellist was so taken off his guard, that he stood confounded for an instant; but as the expected shot did not come, he began to fumble under his arm for his pistols; but he no sooner began to unwrap them than the Yankee called out, in the most decided tone, "Drop your pistols or I'll shoot you!" The bully hesitated.—"Drop 'em, I tell you, or I'll blow nine bullets into you as soon as I count three; mind now, one, two, three—He cocked his musket and taken, what the duellist saw, a sure aim. Before the word three was fully pronounced, the handkerchief containing the pistols fell to the ground, whether by accident, or a paralysis of the duellist's nerves, or an act of his will, we shall not undertake to say; however, the pistol fell.

"Now," said the Yankee, stepping out from behind the tree, with his finger still on the trigger, but the wide muzzle of the firelock elevated at an angle of thirty degrees—"you have but one way to save your life. Right about face!" The duellist began to remonstrate.—"Face about, I tell you, or I'll drive a load of buckshot through you;" and he began to level his musket as he advanced upon his adversary. The duellist faced about like a soldier. "Very well; forward march!—march! I tell you—straight to home, or tarnation seize me, if I don't riddle you with buckshot; before I can count three—one! two!"—the duellist did not wait for the next word; the angry voice was close behind him, and the deep-mouthed blunderbuss within two yards of his back. He began to march with slow and rather halting steps, very different from his usual strut.—The Yankee followed with all gravity,—

The company in the neighboring woods fell into the rear, tittering at the strange result of the duel. The line of march was pursued without intermission; for whenever the duellist attempted to halt or speak, the angry voice of the Yankee drove him on with the threat of buckshot.

"Yankee doodle came to town,
To buy a keg of brandy."
"Mind your steps there, or I'll blow your brains out."

"Yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
Yankee doodle dandy."

Now it happened to be muster day for a battalion of militia, and the streets were filled up with all sorts of people from the country. When the crowd saw the terrible duellist with thunder and lightning in his face, walking along before the dry-visaged school-master, and the master with a large musket, solemnly chanting, "Yankee Doodle," and marching as coolly as if he drove an ox-cart, they gathered themselves about them with wonder and curiosity to see what these things meant. When the bully reached the tavern door, hundreds had assembled. Mounting the platform before the door, he turned to address his indignant remonstrance to the multitude. Before he could utter a word the Yankee cried out, "Halt! Face to the left and tell the people what a Yankee trick I have played you."

"Yes," roared out Bickerton, glad to vent his raging indignation—"a derogatory, dishonorable, ungentlemanly advantage! Fellow citizens, I appeal to you and the laws of honor. This respectable pedagogue had the audacious temerity, intolerable insolence, last night to disengage into my face—yes, my fellow citizens, the foul and slimy ingredients of his supper; I would have punished him instantly, but for the intercession of the company. But to vindicate my outraged honor, I descended to demand of him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and he, with most knavish designs, accepted my cartel."

"This morning at the appointed hour I repaired to the field of honor, equipped as gentlemen usually are for honorable combat. When I arrived at the place, the dastardly poltroon was invisibly concealed behind a giant son of the forest, armed with a musket enormously charged with nine bullets; and before we had measured the ground or taken our positions, or the skulking dastard showed his person, he presented his musket and threatened to shoot me if I did not drop my pistols and return to town.—In attempting to unwrap my pistols they slipped out of my hands, and thus I was exposed unarmed to the dastardly attack of this pedagogical poltroon with his dishonorable musket charged with an enormous quantity of buckshot. I turned indignantly upon this contemptible attempt at assassination, and returned home—that I might on a subsequent occasion vindicate my outraged honor, and in public and ostensible conflict, inflict a lacerating flagellation upon the pedagogical author of this outrageous violation of the code of honor, heretofore inviolably observed by all who are entitled to the honorable appellation of gentlemen."

When the duellist had concluded his speech, I had then a right, by the terms, to fire; but I left it to his choice either to take nine bullets from my gun, or to drop his pistols and march back to town. He wisely chose the latter; and you all bear witness that I brought him from the field of honor safe and sound; and that is more than he would have done for me, if I had been in his place and he in mine. And now, to show that I meant to take no unfair advantage, I will change situations with him before you all. I will take his pistols and he shall take my blunderbuss, and place himself in my situation and position.—He shall stand ten yards off and may fire at pleasure, after calling out, "Stop, take care!" It was acknowledged by all the company present to be a fair proposition, and the duellist accepted the terms of the schoolmaster. The ground was measured and the combatants took their respective stations. The Yankee threw the blunderbuss at the feet of the duellist, who very coolly picked it up, imagining that in a very few moments he should retrieve his honor, by driving the nine bullets into the body of his antagonist. The word was given, and the duellist instantly raised his blunderbuss, and taking sure aim, pulled the trigger. "Snap," went the lock, but the gun missed fire. "Try it again," says the Yankee. The duellist gritted his teeth as he cocked it the second time. Again he took aim and pulled the trigger. "Snap," went the old rusty musket, with a duller sound than before.—Now a phenomenon occurred. The wooden face of the Yankee was for once wrung into a smile, and some affirmed that he laughed, though others thought that to be impossible. But the enraged

bully begun to "smell the rat." He examined the capacious pan of the old firelock. He found nothing in it but yellow snuff. He hastily turned the muzzle to his mouth and blew into it. The air whistled through the touchhole; the old musket was not charged; the nine bullets were imaginary. He threw down the harmless old iron with a yell of blasphemy, and ran up to his room, while shouts of laughter convulsed the assembled multitude.

Half an hour afterward, the chopp-fallen duellist was seen on his horse, trying to steal out of town by a back lane. He was pursued by hundreds, with claps and shouts of derision, till he galloped out of sight.

The people of that town never again saw the face of Major Alonzo Bickerton, the duellist.

"Whither he went, and how he fared,
Nobody knew—and nobody cared."

DOW, JR., ON DANDIES.

There are few preachers in the land whose sermons are so full of pith, point, pepper and pungent, as those of "Dow, Jr." of the New York Sunday Mercury. See how he walks into a certain class of lazy, loaferish, cut-wasp dandies, who may be found in our villages as thick as flies in dog-days, or toads after a summer shower:

"Now, you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case. For what end did you break open the world's door, and rush in uncalled, like a man chased by a mad bull? What good do you expect to bestow on your fellow men? Some useful invention, some great discovery, or even one solitary remark! No! those that look for any good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten, or the woman who made greens out of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps, can be got 'on tick'; but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered. You know the color of a vest, but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat; you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day twenty times in your landlady's looking glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action; you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! wasp-waisted, catfish-mouthed, baboon-shouldered, clapper-legged, goose-eyed, sheep-faced, bewhiskered drones in the bee-hive—what are you good for? Nothing, but to cheat your tailor, neatly lisp by note a line from some milk-and-cider poetaster, sentimentally talk love, eat oysters, and act the fool shamefully. I say, does your mother know you're out? I'm afraid you have no mother, nor never had."

"You are of no more use in this world than a time-piece in a beaver-dam, or a mattress in a hog-pen. You fill no larger space in the world's eye than the toenail of a musquito would in a market house, or a stump-tailed dog in all out of doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmother's last tooth down her throat; and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy, and have as much sea room as a tadpole in Lake Superior—and as for your ideas, you have but one—and that is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep—that tailors and females were made to be gulled by you, and that you think decent people envy your appearance! Poor useless tobacco worm! you are a decidedly hard case!"

A RELIC.

When at Harrisburg a few days since, says the Carlisle Volunteer, we visited the State Library Rooms, and among other framed treasures which grace the walls of that beautiful apartment, is a fac simile of Dr. Franklin's letter to Mr. Strahan, the King's Printer, which perhaps many of our readers have never seen. It was written in 1775, about the time when hostilities were commencing between this and the mother country, and reads as follows:

Philadelphia, July 5th, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN:—You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. You have begun to burn our Towns and murder our People. Look on your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! You and I were long Friends. You are now my Enemy—and I am yours.

B. FRANKLIN.

Tom Hoyt has capitally said of certain teetotalers that they think they have a right to believe themselves beautiful simply because they are not beasts.