

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

VOL. XI, NO. 50.

HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 30, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 570.

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.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to receive subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

OFFICES:

Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.
Boston—Number 16 State street.

POETICAL.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will take my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel flower's poison sip;
But yet, I cannot hate—O! there were hours
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flow'rs.
I lov'd him then—he lov'd me too—my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smiles;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile,
Caresses which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Godley's Lady's Book.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

"And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love,
She knew she'd find them all again,
In the fields of light above."
The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like the night dew on a plant from which a bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in fresher greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which he has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes. As she bends over the empty cradle and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his fair brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring her spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all the hard passages and cares of life. The world is no longer with her. She lives in the past, so sweet with human love and hope—in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy. She has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright, fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are emblems of the far brighter hopes now dawning on her day-dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the New Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head reposing on the head of the kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there, in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that Book—to her emphatically the word of Life—now lying closed on her toilette table, which she daily reads: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.—It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys and was sinking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instrument, "Praise the Lord." This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsman on the top sung out, "Good Night," which was repeated as before, until every one had retired to his resting place.

JUVENILE HEROES.

"The child is father to the man."—Wordsworth.
The other evening, about sundown, while passing through one of the streets in the vicinity of St. Mary's market, says the New Orleans Delta, we were attracted by a number of boys engaged in a mock martial combat. In a large vacant lot a fortification had been raised (probably for some building purpose), which commanded four sides, and, indeed, was nearly as large as some of the *bona fide* Mexican forts that we have seen. The lads numbered about thirty, and not one of them could be more than 12 years age. After having divided themselves into two parties (Americans and Mexicans) they proceeded to mortal combat; but just as they were on the eve of commencing, a dispute arose as to the division of their forces. Very few of the boys seemed disposed to play the part of the Mexican soldier; but a black-haired, dark-eyed lad, (who was called Gen. Ampudia,) desired to hold a conference with Gen. Taylor. Hereupon, a little, scrubby, yellow-faced young fellow, advanced, with a small, white rag hung on a piece of stick.—Gen. Taylor, who was rather a short-legged, corpulent young gentleman, aged about ten years, bowed very slightly, and said, "Happy to see Ampudia, sir; happy to see him, sir. Let him come to my quarters, sir, and I'll talk with him."
Presently Ampudia was seen coming towards "Young Rough and Ready," attended by his suite and army, in all consisting of nine boys, armed with laths and sharp sticks. The two Generals had a war-talk, at the conclusion of which young Zack was heard to say, "Well, sir, you may have all of my men who are willing to go with you, and as many more as you can get, sir; and I'll fight you then, sir!"
Here there was a prospect of the play being broken up, but at last they agreed the Mexican boys should out-number the American; and in due time the battle begun. The Mexicans entrenched themselves within the fort, and the Americans occupied the open space on the outside. All three battles—Resaca de la Palma, Palo Alto, and Monterey—were fought at one and the same time. Now a stick would be poked over the parapets of the miniature fort—some young rascal would cry "boom!" and then small clods of earth would be thrown amongst the Americans, who were armed with two or three little six-penny sky-rockets, by way of artillery. "Capt. May," said the General, "I want you to take that battery."
Just as the gallant young Captain was about to execute this order, a comrade, who was about to apply a lighted cigar to the end of a rocket, shouted, "Hold on, Charley, till I draw their fire!"
"Bang!" went the rocket, and loud huzzas were heard among the American lines. Then a general rush was made into the fort—the Mexicans fled helter-skelter, and Ampudia surrendered himself and his forces into the hands of "Young Rough and Ready."
The battle would have been continued to Saltillo or San Luis Potosi, but Gen. Taylor very wisely told his troops "that they had no more rockets; they were tired; he knew they were hungry, and had to learn their lessons for school next day. Besides," added he, being a little chagrined, apparently, "Father only give me leave to go *this far*; but when he hears I said my task so well to-day, I think he'll let me come to-morrow, when I shall have more rockets, and more sticks, and then we'll play Saltillo!"
Who will not say with Wordsworth,
"The child is father to the man."

Wear a Smile.

Which will you do—smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make every body around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face—a kind heart—and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make scores and hundreds wretched almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance—let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed—and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day, when about your daily business.

"A smile—who will refuse a smile,
The sorrowing heart to cheer!
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?
A pleasant smile for every face,
O, 'tis a blessed thing!
It will the lines of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring."

The Widow Smuggs on Husbands.

"That's the way," exclaimed the impetuous little widow, "I never knew it to fail in my life; as sure as you see a woman have a good husband, he's certain to die; but if she's got a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, that never does anything for her, she can't get rid of him no how you fix it; *he won't die!* That was just the way with my first man, poor soul, I feel kind a sorry for all, when I think of him; but it was next thing to impossible to git that fellow to die. He tormented my life out of me, night and day, for a most twelve years. I thought I was never a going to get rid of him at all. No matter what happened to him, it never hurt him.—He'd fall down cellar steps, when drunk—tumble into the river—get run over—pitch into the fire—knocked down by thunder—singed by lightning—pummeled in fights—thrown out of wagons by run-away horses—kicked, cuffed, and beat about in every way a mortal man could be, but he was kill-proof agin them all.

One day, however, after an awful shaking with delirium tremens, he went off and bought a sixpence worth of rat's bane; says he to me, says he, "Sally, I'm a goen to do it! Do what! says I. "Why," says he, "I'm goen to do what you have bin all along waten me to—I'm a goen to kill myself." No sich good news, says I. I ain't afeerd of it—the devil aint ready for you yet.—With that poor Ben clapped the pizen to his mouth and swallowed the hull of it at once; and so that was the last of my first poor husband. I giv him a good funeral though. Nobody can say I didn't. I believe in a wife payen proper respects to her husband's remains, even if he does treat her bad when liven."

"Well," said I, "How about your last husband, Mrs. Smuggs?"

"Ah!" sighed the widow, wiping a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron, "Ah! now you touch a tender spot in my feelens; he was a husband a woman might well be proud of. Always brought his airings home every Saturday night reglar. Says he, 'Sally,' says he, 'there's the raal stuff for you; now give us a buss for it.' But he's gone, poor, dear man—he's gone now, and I'll never see his likes again." And here Mrs. Smuggs heaved a fresh sigh, and wiped another briny tear from the fountain. "Poor, dear man," she continued, "I well remember the very day he died. After I had seen him safe deposited under the green turf, I came home all in tears and distress, and went up into my bedroom, which was in the back part of the house, to meditate upon him; and there I sot, and sot, and sot; but I couldn't meditate a bit, for every time I tried to think, the *little devils* in the next yard made such a noise it druv every thing clean out of my head."
We bid the widow good morning, promising to call again soon.

A Strange Story.

Some years since, a Sergeant in the regular army stationed at Fort Leavenworth deserted; but was soon pursued and retaken. He was then accused of having stolen a sum of money belonging to Lieut. T., an officer of his corps. After his arrest the stolen money was found upon him. The Lieutenant having learned the arrest of the Sergeant disappeared, and it was generally supposed that he had been assassinated.—When the accused was brought to trial his only reply to the many charges brought against him was, "where is my accuser?" confront me with him, it will then appear which of us is guilty. The Lieutenant could not be found. The Sergeant then declared that for some time past his officer had tempted him to desert, expecting thus to make him appear guilty of appropriating to his own purposes public funds, which he had himself purloined, yielding at last to the solicitations of the officer, the Sergeant had fled. To enable him to escape the officer had given him \$200 and a horse, which however, before he had proceeded far died, in consequence of which contrivance he was arrested. The Sergeant was however found guilty and shut up in the penitentiary of Missouri, where he now is.

On the first of last October, when the Mexican troops evacuated Monterey, an officer of Gen. Worth's command thought in one of the Mexican Colonels he recognized an old acquaintance, and soon became satisfied that the Lieutenant and the Colonel were the same person. As the Mexican troops defiled by this Col. wore his cap pulled over his face, and seemed to avoid the glances of his countrymen. But many persons had recognized him, and questions which were readily answered by other Mexican officers, rendered the suspicion positively certain. A petition for the pardon of the Sergeant has been sent to the proper authority.

SPEAK ILL OF NO MAN.

There are many persons in the world who are in the habit of speaking lightly or contemptuously of their neighbors, and some who do not scruple to treat those who are absent with the greatest disrespect, by showing up their faults to those who are present, without ever alluding to any good qualities they possess. There is nothing so detestable as this habit of backbiting in society; it often produces the greatest bitterness of feeling between those who ought to live in peace and good fellowship towards each other, and it never does any good. It generally arises from a selfish feeling, but sometimes from thoughtlessness; in either case it is injurious to society, and ought to be condemned by every well meaning and sensible person. Selfish persons have such an appreciation of themselves, and the situation they hold in society, they are apt to speak of others with contempt, and are ever happy when they discover the least fault (however trivial it may be) in some of their neighbors or acquaintances. Instead of which it would be as well for them to examine their own conduct, to see whether they are without fault, and ask themselves whether they would like any fault or fable they were guilty of, to be the subject of conversation among their neighbors. It would be better if they were to consider the noble destiny which all mankind partake of in common with themselves, both as respects the great moral end of this life, and the more sublime prospect of the future—if they would remember the great fellowship of their common humanity; the social end which, as a part of a great community, we are all working to attain and which awaits us at the close of our brief existence. Let them reflect upon these things and not offend their Creator by injuring their fellow-creatures; rather let them judge others with tenderness, as they would wish to be judged, putting aside the weeds that cover the surface of the character of their neighbors, to ascertain the depth and sweetness of the clear water beneath it.

Bible Reading of Public Characters.

Lord Kenyon who understood law rather better than the gospel, closed one of his charges to the jury as follows:—"Finally, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the example of the Roman Emperor Julian, who was so distinguished for the practice of every Christian virtue, that he was called Julian the *Apostle*."

But we need not leave our own country for similar examples among our legislators. We find Mr. Hodge, a member of Congress from Illinois, in the course of debate, quoting the following lines as coming from the bible:

"While yet the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

And Col. Benton, in the Senate, spoke of our Saviour having cast *seven devils* out of a certain man, and of the swine who ran violently into the sea and perished, &c.

Two members of a State Legislature, at the close of the session, addressed a circular to their constituents—"We hope the course we have pursued, and the votes we have given, will meet your approbation. We hope you will say to us, as Nathan said to David, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

"Mr. Speaker," said a member of a legislative body, earnestly opposing a measure before the House, "Mr. Speaker, I would no more vote for that, than I would fall down and worship the golden calf that Abraham made."

"Mr. Speaker," said another member, "it was not Abraham that made the golden calf; it was Nebuchadnezzar."

An editor of one of our newspapers, when giving an obituary notice of a worthy man, remarked:—"We may say of him as the Holy Scriptures have so beautifully expressed it—'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

One of our city editors, himself a clergyman, too, refers to Daniel as having persecuted the Saints before he became a Christian.

The last case I shall give is taken from Waddy Thompson's "Recollections of Mexico," in which, speaking of the hospital of Lazarus, he says—"The inmates would have rivalled in sores and rags, the brother of Mary and Martha."—*Cist's Adv.*

DIDN'T TAKE A NEWSPAPER.—In a trial at Detroit for murder, some time since, about fifty jurors were summoned before a panel could be obtained for the trial. Some few had conscientious scruples, many had expressed opinions on the subject, and one, on being challenged, said he did not know whether he had "formed an opinion or not, but that he did not take any newspaper." He was immediately pronounced incompetent.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following notice of the termination of the earthly career of the Hon. Felix G. McConnell, M. C. from Alabama, should be calculated to arrest the attention of all who are entering upon a similar course of life; and in this community, we regret to say, they are not a few. Our readers will recollect that he committed suicide in Washington city last summer, while laboring under *mania-a-potu*.—*Ed. Journal.*

It is stated by an apparently well informed Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, that if Mr. McConnell had put off his self-destruction for three days, he would have died a more natural death. He was reduced to skin and bone, he had eaten nothing for four days—his stomach refused every thing, the clavicle, or shoulder blades, were protruding through the skin, and symptoms of gangrene were already visible at the points of abrasion; he was, even while alive, in a process of decomposition; his mind was dethroned; his very soul abhorred the charnel house in which it was confined, and prompted him to its suicidal release. Some days before this sad catastrophe of his most ruinous career, he called upon the President for a hundred dollars to take him home. The President said he only had about fifty in his pocket, to which the deceased was welcome; but Mac insisted on the hundred, which, without further parley, the President sent out and procured for him; and advised Mac, in a kindly manner, to go home and try to do better. Poor Mac, haunted by supernatural fears, brightened up at the idea that there was still one man who was his friend—one who did not carry a revolver to shoot him down the moment his back was turned, and left, protesting his repentance and gratitude. The President has the satisfaction of knowing that the death of the unfortunate man cannot be attributed to his failures to borrow the sum desired to take him home. Had the President, from even the most benevolent nature, refused the applicant his petition, there would be ground for some uneasiness; but as he gave him the money to remove him from the bar rooms of Washington, and to get him home to the remedial influences of a wife and family, the Chief Magistrate stands approved as having done all he could to save the sinking man.

We have often heard the deceased speak of his little wife and his four children, and tell of her self-sacrificing, enduring and christian spirit, how she bore with all his weaknesses, and how, by kindness, she endeared and hoped to reclaim him, rather than by reproaches. Last winter, in one of his spees, (as they are called) he bought a beautiful Bible, and carried it round from bar-room to bar-room, saying that that was a present for his little woman. We hope she has received it, and that in its pages she will find comfort to her broken spirit in the dark hour of this last dreadful visitation. May God bless her, and sustain her through the trial.

A WORD TO BOYS.—The "Learned Blacksmith" says—Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, seas and rivers, with all its shipping and steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of darkly groping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the Boys of the present age—Boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, look abroad on your inheritances, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men of the future, are all Boys, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

EXPLOSIVE COTTON.—Further experiments with this preparation have been made at the U. S. Arsenal, in Washington, by Capt. Alfred Mordecai, of the Army.

The firing from a musket barrel, suspended on the ballistic pendulum, proved that sixty grains of well prepared cotton are equal to one hundred and twenty grains of the very best gunpowder. With a 24-pounder one pound of gun cotton was nearly as strong as three pounds of ordinary powder; but it did not keep up this proportion. As the charge was increased, two pounds of cotton were about equal to four pounds of powder.

A shell, which required several pounds of powder to burst it, was filled with less than two ounces of the cotton, and, upon being discharged, it exploded most beautifully.—*Balt. American.*

POLAND.

We clip the following from the late foreign news, taken from the London Times:

The little republic of Cracow seems likely to set the crowned heads of Europe by the ears. The territory in question is now formally absorbed in the Austrian empire, to the great scandal of all who respect the faith of treaties, and the rights of legitimate government.—This step has been forced upon Austria, it is said, by the Czar of Russia, with the consent of Prussia. The annexation, or absorption, is most unpalatable to France, which has strongly protested against, and urged England to join in the protest; but the Whig Cabinet, displeased at the Montpensier marriage, stands aloof, and protests singly, gratified, apparently, at the opportunity which has so speedily occurred, of making the French Monarch feel his littleness in carrying off the Infanta, contrary to their wishes, for the aggrandisement of his family.

The treaty of Vienna secured the independence of the ancient capital of Poland, and now the treaty is set aside with as little compunction as a penniless customer is ejected from a pot-house at midnight. Two out of the five contracting powers are insulted by the act; but the spirit of amity having been broken recently between the dissentients, the three great Northern Powers think the occasion opportune for violating justice and decency with impunity. Had England and France remained true to each other, this perpetration, at which every honest mind revolts, would never have been consummated.

The plea for the aggression is, that Cracow, instead of being neutral, became the focus of conspiracy and rebellion; and the late attempt to secure the nationality of Poland, filled, in the estimation of the despots, the measure of the little Republic's iniquity.

The Austrian General, Count Castiglione, took possession of Cracow on the 10th ult., in the name of the Emperor of Austria; and handed the civil government over to the Count Maurice de Deyme, Aulic Commissioner.

The two Counts assembled all the civil and mighty authorities in the Palace of the Senate; and two documents, authorising the proceedings, were read by Count Castiglione, in the German and Polish languages. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired; Count Castiglione presided over a public banquet, at which the chief toast was "The Emperor," the chief music the Austrian anthem, and at night the official buildings were illuminated. The popular aspect, it is said, was that of deep melancholy.

The official documents read by the Count consists of an edict, bearing date the 11th November, signed by the Emperor of Austria, and countersigned by three of his Ministers; and of a proclamation by Count Castiglione, dated at Cracow on the 16th.

The proclamation embodies the "conventions" agreed to by the Three Powers on the 5th ult. It sets forth very fully the reasons which have induced the present measure.

Major Ringgold's Teamster.

The New Orleans Picayune, alluding to the arrival of the committee with Major Ringgold's remains, says that they have with them that lamented officers favorite teamster, Kelly. "But a few days before the battle of the 8th, the poor fellow had served out his time, and on the evening before the battle, Major Ringgold, knowing his skill in driving, said—'Kelly, I cannot go to fight without you.' 'Very well, Major,' replied the brave fellow, 'you shall not go without me.' On he went—and before sunset of that memorable day, poor Kelly had lost his right arm near the shoulder. Here he is, commended to these gentlemen and to Baltimore sympathy, by Major Gardner, the officer in command at Point Isabel, having served his country, but not entitled to pension, owing to his being simply a volunteer. Surely our country will see him righted!"

A GOOD STREAK OF LUCK.—A correspondent from Havana writes to our friend of La Patria, that the grand prize of the Royal Lottery, the \$100,000, was drawn by about fifty negroes, most of them slaves. They had joined to buy three whole tickets, and gave one dollar each, for that purpose. Fortunately one of those tickets was the number 3996, and on the morning of the 18th they found that each of them had won \$2000. This, surely, is more than sufficient to buy the slaves' freedom, as their regular value is from \$500 to \$750, and when they have the money and wish to buy their freedom, their masters are obliged to sell them.—*N. O. Delta.*

"Is that the way you come round a fellow!" as the sun said to the earth.