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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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POETICAL.

THE WANING MOON.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I've watched too late: the morn is near—
One look at God's broad, silent sky;
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Ever while your glow is on your cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone,

See where upon the horizon's beam
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars:
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the etherial blue;
A softer sun that shone all night,
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wane'st, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crown'd queen!
Well may thy sad, expiring wail,
Be shel'd on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
For ages in the mind's eclipse;
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips!

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LIAR CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF E. GUINOT.

"You come late, my friend—"
These words, conveying something of tender reproach, were uttered by a young and beautiful woman, seated in an elegant saloon in one of the gay streets of Paris. He, to whom this flattering reproach was addressed, just then entering the room, was a young man of genteel appearance, elegantly dressed and judging from his manner, profoundly impressed with a high sense of his own importance.

"True," replied the gentleman, with an air of careless freedom, "I regret it indeed, but an affair of importance—I have been detained by my friend Tussac."

In spite of their rights and prerogatives, though clearly established, Parisian husbands, and without doubt, husbands everywhere else, are obliged, alike for the security of peace and liberty, to have resource to some mysterious allies. Every one who desires to enjoy pleasant times away from home, invents some trick, according to the weight of his chain, that is, according to the character of his wife. In this way no mean efforts of genius are often displayed in the shades of private life. The greater part of those happy husbands who, from time to time, look on their pleasant days of single blessedness, emancipate themselves by the aid of some imaginary affair which is made to occupy their time; or a phantom is conjured up which complacently charges itself with all the little sins of its creator. There are also clubs and circles which are excellent places of resort for husbands whose conjugal felicity stands in the domestic market below par.—When a husband comes home late, he comes from the circle; when he does not

dine at home, he has been at the club; when his finances are impaired, he has lost his money at the circle; and excellent reasons are never wanting to attach the husband to some establishment which his wife desires him to abandon. But whatever the resources of the club or circle, they do not always render a resort to imaginary affairs unnecessary, nor do away with the necessity of a phantom which may be invoked on all important occasions.

Tussac is one of those accommodating, discreet friends who takes up all your time; causes all failures in your appointments; appoints your rendezvous, and borrows the money which you pay to conceal your culpable extravagance—an imaginary being created to help one out of momentary and pressing difficulties.

These preliminaries stated, we proceeded with our story. The young man whom we have introduced, was not the husband of the charming woman who said so graciously, "You come late, my friend." Mme. Sareuil was a widow, and Leopold Derville her husband in prospect. Their marriage would have already taken place, but for the testament of M. de Sareuil, who, in his wrath at quitting the world while there was anything to be enjoyed, inserted the following clause in his last will and testament:

"I give to my beloved wife all my property, moveable and immovable, on condition that for five years, she lays not aside her mourning, abjures all parties of pleasure, and remains unmarried. After this she may remount the rose, go to balls, and take a second husband, if it seems good in her sight."

This was a terrible sacrifice, but the fifty thousand pounds left her on such conditions were not to be lost by non-compliance therewith. Mme. de Sareuil armed herself with patience, and Leopold, who had been her lover previous to her first marriage, having pressed his claim on the ground of his ancient pretension, was received in quality of pretender to the hand of the beautiful and rich widow. All other rivals were distanced, and he alone remained master of the field. He had only to wait the completion of the time fixed by the defunct husband. But this time was not so easy a matter for Leopold. He was young, vain, and felt it difficult to accommodate himself to a sentimental *tete-a-tete* prolonged through five consecutive years. The house of Mme. de Sareuil was always open to him from morning till night. Great assiduity was expected of him, and the manner in which he employed his time was often inquired into. His cares were numerous, his position not unlike that of a real husband—at least, he was subjected to most, if not all its embarrassments. Wishing to place to good account the last days of his celibacy, and on the other hand desiring to retain his credit unimpaired with the widow, his career placed him at length in a position somewhat ambiguous. He became enveloped in profound dissimulation, and in order to extricate himself from accumulating difficulties, invented his friend Tussac.

On the occasion referred to, at the commencement, instead of going at six o'clock to the house of Mme. de Sareuil, who expected him to dine, he did not make his appearance till half past nine.

"Detained by your friend Tussac," said the beautiful widow, with an air of discontent, "this is what you always say to me."

"You must know I have been connected with Tussac ever since our college days, and that his friendship is very useful to me."

"I know all your friends but this Tussac." Why have you not presented him to me?"

"Tussac is an original," replied Leopold, "a beau who fears to show himself. He will not endure any restraint. He dresses very negligently, says everything that comes into his head, and smokes continually. Three faults which render him unfit for the society of ladies. I have attempted to improve him in these particulars, but my efforts have been in vain."

"I am very curious to see him," observed the widow.

"Perhaps in our walk some day we shall meet him," replied Leopold; "then we will take him by surprise."

The next day Mme. de Sareuil said to Leopold—
"Explain to me, my friend, the disorder that reigns in your affairs!"

"How?"

"In conversing this morning with my notary, who is yours also, I learned by chance, and without desiring it, some very curious particulars. You are much embarrassed for the want of fifteen thousand francs."

"It is true; that sum is necessary to me—indispensable."

"And will it be indiscreet to ask you for what use?"

"Oh! not in the least; and besides you know I have nothing to conceal from you. My friend Tussac made a bad speculation at the exchange and desired that amount of me."

"Tussac again! And to render your friend a service you strip yourself of fortune! Have you sold your farm in Normandy?"

"True friendship shrinks at no sacrifice," replied Leopold.

"But are you sure your confidence is well placed?" inquired Mme. de Sareuil. "Even now Tussac has very much deranged your affairs. If he should ruin you, it would be a singular abuse of that friendship which you so generously practice."

"I know the delicate and scrupulous probity of Tussac; I shall lose nothing by him."

Some days after this conversation, Mme. de Sareuil received Leopold very coldly.

"Whence this sombre and severe air?" inquired the lover on entering the saloon.

"Do you doubt me?"

"Not in the least."

"Will you tell me how and where you employed yourself last evening?" asked the widow.

"Last evening! but—yes—nothing more readily. I was at the show."

"At the Gymnasium, in a front seat, on the ground floor, the first to the left. You had a lady with you. You see I am well informed, sir. Who was that woman?"

"I was alone with no lady," replied Leopold. "On the back seat of the box was my friend Tussac, and in the front seat at my side sat his sister."

"Ah! has M. Tussac a sister?"

"He has two."

"You have never spoken to me of them."

"They are married in the province; I scarcely know them; and they very rarely come to Paris."

"Hold, Leopold!" said the widow—"will you do one thing which will make me infinitely happy?"

"You have only to demand it."

"Well, break off at once this intimate liaison with Tussac and his family."

"That will be very difficult," replied Leopold. "I am just on the point of associating him with myself in a great industrial enterprise—an exploration of certain mines, the privilege to do which has been granted us by the minister, who is full of good will towards Tussac, his cousin; for Tussac is cousin to the minister, and that minister, through my friend Tussac, has already been very serviceable to my family."

A slight shade of jealousy which had obscured the countenance of the beautiful widow, disappeared before the justification of Leopold, who never in vain invoked to his friend Tussac. But suddenly the carelessness of the young dandy exposed his reputation for fidelity to a peril much more grave. He was seated at the side of Madame de Sareuil, entertaining her familiarly with his future projects—his buoyant hopes and his approaching happiness.

"Only four months," said he, "and we shall be united."

"Yes," replied the widow, "in four months the interdiction will be raised."

"You will quit the weeds," continued Leopold, "which long since left your heart; you will return to that world, of which for a long time you will be a brilliant ornament."

"Your gallantry is charming to-day!" said the widow. "Have you retained the box at the opera, which I spoke of yesterday?"

"Yes, here are the tickets."

Leopold opened his wallet to exhibit the tickets, but did not observe the fall from it of a small perfumed billet. Mme. de Sareuil took it up, opened and read: "To-morrow noon I shall be alone, and I desire to pass the entire day with him whom I love more than all else in the world."
Emile.

The indignant widow presented the open billet to Leopold. "Hold Monsieur," said she, in a voice altered by emotion, "replace this letter in your wallet."

"Hortense!" cried Leopold, "you are very prompt to accuse me!"

"In effect," said the widow, "this letter is very innocent."

"I said not that," replied Leopold.

"It is neither a letter from a lady, neither a love-letter, nor a letter of assignation!" continued the widow, sarcastically.

"All this proves but one thing," said Leopold, "and that is that I have lost a breakfast at the *Recher de Caucale*."

"What signifies this," said the widow pleasantly.

"Unfortunately for me, nothing could be more serious."

In uttering these words, Leopold re-

opened his wallet with a meaning slowness, in order, apparently, to gain time for reflection. Among a dozen letters he took adroitly an envelope which he presented to Madame de Sareuil with an air of triumph.

"Here is my justification," he exclaimed.

"That envelope!" enquiringly said the widow.

"Addressed to me. The billet was within."

"Explain."

"Look at the hand-writing of the billet," said Leopold—"a woman's hand, fine and irregular, look at the hand-writing of the envelope—a man's hand, large and firm! Is it clear?"

"Not enough for me," replied the widow.

"How! Do you not see a difference in the hand-writings of the two?"

"Very great," replied Madame de Sareuil, "but I see not in what way that goes to your justification."

"Nothing can be more easily demonstrated," replied Leopold; "the billet was written by Mademoiselle Emile—the envelope by my friend Tussac—Mademoiselle Emile is a flame of Tussac; I would not believe in his success, and I bet with him that he could not triumph. In order to prove to me that I have lost and owe him a breakfast, he sent me this billet under this envelope. Comprehend you now?"

"Perhaps," replied the widow.

As Madame de Sareuil saw approach the epoch of her liberty, she manifested towards Leopold an air of defiance and coldness which took, from day to day a more determined character.

"Does she begin to suspect that my friend Tussac is but a chimera, a phantom," said Leopold, soliloquizing.

But suddenly the veil was torn away. One day—eight days after the expiration of the fatal day—Leopold entered the house of Madame de Sareuil agitated and pale.

"What do you wish?" demanded the widow in a tone of cold indifference.

"What I—yesterday I was here, but did not find you," replied Leopold. "I was out."

"Alone?" enquired Leopold.

"No, I had a gallant."

"And you avow it?"

"Why not?" replied the widow.—"You will know it, and I am not in the habit of lying."

"In the evening I returned; your door was shut against me. Were you in?"

"I was," replied the widow.

"Alone?"

"No."

"With your gallant, I presume."

"Precisely so," replied the widow.

"A young man, perhaps," observed Leopold.

"Twenty-eight years old, sir."

"May I know his name?"

"Why should I conceal it? It is a friend of yours," replied the widow.

"One of my friends. Which, if you please?"

"Can't you guess?"

"His name, Madam; your pardon, I am unable to guess."

"Well, it is your friend, Tussac!" replied the widow.

Leopold remained dumb for an instant. He did not expect his phantom friend Tussac, thus to return upon him, but his anger suddenly opened his mouth.

"No, Madame," said he, "it was not Tussac."

"A hazardous assertion that," replied Madame de Sareuil. "But why was it not Tussac?"

"Why? Because Tussac does not and never did exist."

"You acknowledge the trick, then," said the widow, "and yet you dare to complain! But, sir, you will now learn the price of one odious lie, which has so long covered up your real character."

The name of Tussac which you took at hazard, to conceal your baseness, is really the name of the young man with whom I spent the day yesterday. Justly alarmed at an attachment which I thought real and which appeared to be dragging you into innumerable difficulties, I became desirous of knowing something more than you seemed disposed to tell me about your friend Tussac; I made inquiry, and at length met a young man, elegant, amiable, spiritual, and full of good qualities, who is not cousin to the minister, who has no sisters, and who has never seen you! It is about two months since the *veritable* Tussac was introduced to me; his merit made a lively impression on me, and when he declared his love and attachment, I gave him my hand."

"But it is rank treason, after five years of constancy!" exclaimed Leopold.

"You should have known Monsieur," replied Madame de Sareuil, "that your friend Tussac would finish by playing you a trick."

"Still, I will have my revenge."

Leopold received from his friend Tussac *uncoupe d'eepe* in his right arm.—Two days after he broke the seal of a letter announcing the marriage of Madame de Sareuil.

TOM TIPPLE.

Who liked Volunteering, but had a Dis-taste for Active Service.

"Yes, there it are again," said Tom Tipple, as he yesterday saw a company of gallant volunteers marching up St. Charles street, the stars and stripes proudly floating over them, and a life and drum in advance, loudly, if not eloquently, discoursing martial music—

"there it are," said Tom, "and the old tune, too, 'March to the battle field!' Marchin' to the battle field is all very well; but marchin' home agin—purvidin a feller succeeds in dodgin' the Mexican copper bullets—with a fever and ager on his back instead of his knapsack, and a wooden leg instead of his nat'ral limb, ain't what it's cracked up to be. There, now the tune's changed to—'How happy's the soldier.' Yes, he's cussed happy, ain't he? They may tell that to the jack tars, even the marines won't b'leeve 'em. There haint no kind o' use at all in tellin' it to a feller like me, wot lived three moths 'mong the chapparel on the banks of the Rio Grande on crackers and salt pork, and wot used up so much of the latter, for want o' sumthin' better, that I was afraid to look a shoat in the face. Yes, there's more of it—[sings with the music]—

"The star-spangled banner, and long may it wave, O'er the and of the free and the home of the brave."

Hurrah! that's all first rate, but if you want that 'ere flag to wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave, why in h—ll do you take it to Mexico! Them are greasers ain't free nor brave no how you can fix it, so you see, though the music is good, the sentiment ain't 'propriate. Now, I ain't got no objection to volunteering, as I knows on, I ain't noways back'ard at that. I ha' already jined eight companies, took treats in my turn in each, besides doin' the promiscuous drinkin' for twelve temperance volunteers. I calls that doin' a jolly business; it's the poetry of the perfussion, as Bill Mathews used to call it. Marchin' to the battle field is all very well, taken in the figurative sense—the way members of Congress wishes to be understood, ven they calls the honorable gentleman wot spoke last a liar but ven it comes down to literal prose—ven a feller converts himself, for \$8 a month, into a thing to be cracked at and shot, it's not wot it's cracked up to be, by a long shot. Therefore, I say—

"I say you are my prisoner," said rather a ferocious looking gentleman, wearing a leather cap, having a red sash encircling his waist, and a moustache, in a state of juvenility, on his upper lip—"I say you are my prisoner; you enrolled yourself in my company, and drew rations for six days."

"Vell, vot ov it?" said Tom Tipple; "the haet o' Congress says there ain't no involuntary service in the volunteers, and I claims to be a free and independent citizen."

A crowd shortly collected around Tom and his captor, among whom not less than half a dozen claimed Tom as having enrolled himself in as many different companies. He was delivered over to the civil authorities for farther disposition.—*N. O. Delta.*

ONE LEG OUT, AND ONE LEG IN, OR HOW TO WEIGH A POUND OF BUTTER.—A pedlar in the Highlands of Scotland, having run short of butter applied to a farmer's wife for a supply.

"How much do you want?" asked the woman.

"One pun' will do," said the pedlar. "I cannot make you a pun. I have na a pun weight."

"Well what hae you?"

"Twa pun."

"And which is the weight?"

"O, it's just the tongs."

"Well," said he, "put ane leg in the scale, and tither out, and that'll be a pun."

The woman did as she was requested but when it was weighed, she looked doubtfully at the butter and said—

"It looks twa pun."

"O, it's all right, woman," said the pedlar—"how much is it?"

"A sixpence," was the reply.

The pedlar paid the sixpence and departed rather hastily, lest the woman should discover that "ane leg out and ane leg in," was not the exact way of weighing a pound of butter.

The Somerset (N. J.) Messenger, thus disposes of General Taylor, as a candidate for the Presidency:

"It is conclusively established by his conduct that 'Old Zack' won't run for anything. How then can he be made President?"

THE IRON MOUNTAIN.

In the January number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, which is just published, is an account of the Iron Mountain in Missouri, from Dr. Lewis Feuchtwaner. Near the Iron Mountain is another mass of solid iron called the Pilot Knob, of still larger dimensions. The writer of the letter thinks that in these two is contained iron enough to last the whole world for a hundred years. We quote a part of his account:

"The material in the Pilot Knob has never been used for casting purposes, but some few years ago, edge tools were manufactured and forged from the crude ore. The quantity of pig iron produced at present is about ten tons per day performed by four discharges in twenty four hours, but the present furnace having given way, it must be replaced by a more substantial and larger one, which is estimated to produce twenty tons per day. The distance from the Iron Mountain to the landing on the Mississippi river, is 40 miles, and it costs but one-quarter of a cent per pound for transportation. I met twelve wagons loaded with pig metal, each having four thousand pounds and performing the trip in four days, at an expense of ten dollars each.

"The Iron Mountain proper is about a mile and a half long, and about one mile broad—or rather more than a section of land—while the Pilot Knob is twice as high as the Iron Mountain, but has not as much surface. Here you travel upon nothing but iron lumps as far as the eye can reach; there you see the whole top of the mountain forming one sheet of iron. Here they have penetrated but ten feet into the ground—the surface iron being all, too, large lumps—while at the Pilot Knob, they have penetrated, on the summit and at the base, at least two hundred and fifty feet. The iron ore found here is of the richest kind; it yields at least 60 per cent. of pig metal, and I saw but very few slugs lying about the furnace. At St. Louis, they prefer the pig iron from the Iron Mountain to that of Tennessee. The company intend making, in a short time, twenty tons per day, or 7,500 tons per annum. It would pay a profit to export the ore to other States for smelting, where fuel is more abundant. The supply of the ore in this region is inexhaustible.

"The Iron Mountain is one mile broad, four hundred and forty-four feet high, and three miles long. The lumps of iron increase in size ascending towards the summit. The Pilot Knob is the highest peak of mountains in the whole neighborhood, and cannot be less than fifteen hundred feet high; it is said to be a mile from the base to the summit, but this appears highly incredible. The iron ore is a micaceous oxide of iron, but not a magnetic oxide, as some former writers have called it."

POST OFFICE ANECDOTE.—The Newburyport Herald tells the following:

A rap at the delivery.
P. M.—Well, my lad what will you have!

Boy.—Here's a letter, and sister Sally wants to have it go along as fast as it can, 'cause there's a feller wants to have her feller—and she's courted by a another feller wot ain't here—and she wants to know whether the feller wot ain't here is goin' to have her or not.

He then left.

GUN COTTON IN ENGLAND.—Punch says that hundreds of people have commenced claiming the gun-cotton as their own invention. Among others, there is a friend of his who says he never wore a night cap, because he knew the inflammable nature of cotton would have rendered him light-headed.—*Home Journal.*

Yankee Doodle says he has a friend in the habit of coming home late at night who thinks, since the discovery of the explosive nature of cotton, that he has found out the cause of his having been regularly blowed up every time he put on his night-cap for the last fifteen years.

BEAUTY.—An ancient impertinent fellow divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy, little and loud,
Fair and foolish, dark and proud.

Arrant scandal! The following is the true reading:

Tall and splendid, little and neat,
Fair and pleasant, dark and sweet.

The translation of which is—
High and beautiful, little and witty,
Fair and lovely, dark and pretty.

"Is Jonathan Dump here?" asked a raw country fellow, bolting into a printing office. "I don't know such a man," replied the foreman. "You don't know him!" exclaimed the green 'un, "why he courted my sister!"