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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR]

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POETICAL.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

It is a place where tender thought
Its voiceless vigil keepeth;
It is a place where kneeling love
Mid all its hope, still weepeth:
The vanished light of all a life
That tiny spot enclareth,
Where, followed by a thousand dreams,
The little one repositeth.

It is a place where thankfulness
Its tearful tribute giveth,
That one so pure hath left a world
Where so much sorrow liveth:
Where trial to the very heart
Its constant cross presenteth,
And every hour some trace retains
For which the soul repenteth.

It is a place for Hope to rise
When other brightness waneeth;
And, from the darkness of the grave
To learn the gift it gaineth:
From Him, who wept on earth
Undying love still weepeth,
From Him, who spake those blessed words—
"She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

A KIND WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion on a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth;
Full many a budding flower,
Which had a smile owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS, THE FEMALE SCOUT.

The devoted patriotism and indomitable courage exhibited by the American women, during the struggle for independence, has been the eloquent theme of many an able writer, and the subject of many a gifted pen. Numberless were the instances in which these noble women, unaided by terrible threats and cowardly insult, proved how immeasurably superior they were, in mental and moral courage, to their base and heartless oppressors.

Actuated by a sincere and unbounded love for their country, and their country's welfare, they suffered privation and hardship, without a murmur, and bore up under trials the most severe, without complaint. To their determined courage and unceasing efforts, Freedom owes much. Their fervent prayers and, when necessary, their individual example, had an unbounded influence with the spirited colonists; and their approving smiles, and heart-felt thanks, rendered our forefathers doubly strong in their determination to throw off the galling yoke of British tyranny.

In all the ages of the world, this influence of women over a people engaged in any great and important undertaking has been felt acknowledged. More especially in cases of the invasion of a country by a foreign power, has it made itself apparent. The invaders knew this, and against them directed their strongest efforts.

The fact is a notorious one, that the American females were brutally treated, wantonly insulted, and, in many instances, cruelly wronged by the British soldiers, the subordinate officers, and often by those of high authority.

By a few of the commanders, 'tis true, they were always treated with the delicate consideration and gentle care which is even their due; but many others, to their everlasting shame be it remembered, acted as though literally devoid of all the ennobling sentiments of the human heart, and totally lost to all feelings, except the gratification of their own base passions and vindictive malice.

Kate Solms was young; the breezes of but seventeen summers had kissed

her cheek, still she was, in heart and mind, a woman. She was not what the world terms beautiful—her countenance was not one that at first sight, would impress the beholder with a profound admiration; or attract much more than a passing glance. The uncommon regularity of her features, gave her somewhat of a plain, unattractive appearance, but the expression of firm resolve blended with affectionate tenderness, that sat upon her expansive brow, rendered her features, even when in repose, highly interesting.

Of education she could boast of but little, but being possessed of good natural abilities, and habitually observant and reflecting, she had acquired a store of useful knowledge; and was intelligent far beyond what her years and advantages would seem to promise. The teeny volume of Nature was her class-book; her wondrous works, her constant study; and with a soul sensitively alive to all the sublimity and beauty of Nature's teachings, what wonder that her progress was rapid and certain.

It is not in bustling towns or crowded cities, that the mental faculties are strongest or earliest developed, or the emotions of the heart deepest or most ardent. It does not require the crowded ball room, the fascinating quadrille, the voluptuous waltz, the fashionable promenade, the gorgeous spectacle, the unceasing round of gaiety, the flattery and adulation, or the hypocritical sycophancy of a conventional life to call into active existence the finer sentiments of the human heart. Far from it. The God of Nature has implanted in each individual breast an irresistible impulse—a "strong necessity" of loving; and the unsophisticated, unlettered maiden of the forest, nurtured among the wild hills, in the humblest cottage, is as much the object of His care and protection as the susceptible, sighing beauty, in palace halls.

And Kate had learned to love! Not with the cool, calculating, selfish affection of the worldling, or the fickle, transient flame of the impulsive, but with her whole heart—her whole nature—her whole soul. Her love was all devotion, pure, unselfish and holy; every kindly feeling of her nature was engaged—all her sympathies enlisted.

Robert Welling, a young lieutenant in the Jersey line, was the object of all this affection; nor was it lost upon him. He was a young man of education and deep feeling, and, appreciating her devotion, returned it with all the warmth, all the sincerity and truth of which his ardent nature was capable. He was the commandant of a company of scouts, and being engaged in a service of great importance, was constantly periling his life.

On the 24th June, 1777, after the retreat of the British army from Bruns- wick to Amboy, Gen. Washington temporarily removed his camp from Middlebrook to Quibbletown. Light parties of dragoons were thrown out, to hover near the enemy's lines, and the scouts were directed to use every means in their power to ascertain the direction of the future movements of the enemy. Welling's company was actively employed in small parties—some in British uniform, in the British camp, some disguised as farmers and hucksters, vending provisions; others moving to and fro, ready to convey to the Republican camp any intelligence their companions were enabled to obtain.

Among the party was a slight built youth, who had joined them upon the breaking up of the camp at Middlebrook, and insisting upon becoming one of their number, had attached himself closely to the person of their leader.

Spite of all his efforts he could not overcome the determination of the youth; and after explaining the nature and difficulty of the service, and giving him the necessary instructions, they proceeded to their dangerous task.

The Captain of the scouts was a gallant and daring fellow and had ventured close to one of the British outposts, and leaving his horse had reached the barn of Mr. Hiram Hughes, near Rahway, and entering with his companion had secreted himself in the straw, and was quietly awaiting the movement of his foes. They had scarcely time snugly to ensconce themselves in the "linen," when several soldiers entered the stable and commenced saddling their horses, and at the same time discussing the propriety of an attack which they were about to make upon a company of militia, stationed four miles distant. As soon as they were gone Welling and his comrade hurried forth to convey the intelligence of the intended attack, and by anticipating the arrival of the British, to ensure them a warm reception.

They had gone but a short distance when the clatter of horses hoofs was heard directly behind them, and though his younger companion urged the neces-

sity of flight, Welling, who knew their jaded animals were no match for the fresh horses of his pursuers, deemed it prudent to turn aside, into the wood, and allow them to pass by. They had barely time to attain the shelter of a neighboring copse, when a party of dragoons numbering about twelve, passed in hot pursuit of the scouts, who had been noticed to leave the barn, and take the direction in which they were now riding. As they reached the spot where the fugitives had turned off, they divided into parties and commenced the search of the surrounding wood.

Welling reflected for a few moments upon the course he would pursue, then beckoning his comrade to follow, he dismounted and retraced his steps towards the barn. They had reached it in safety, and as they thought, undiscovered; but a dragoon had remained on guard, and seeing them enter, sounded a recall, which brought the whole party instantly back. The soldiers rushed in, and carefully securing the entrance, commanded the scouts to surrender. But Welling, who knew that he could expect no mercy from the hands of the soldiers, bade his companion prepare for the worst—and stood like a lion at bay, bidding them defiance. The boy, far from exhibiting any symptoms of fear, appeared entirely to forget his own danger, and to disregard his own personal safety in his anxiety for that of his older companion.

The officer nettled at the cool obstinacy of the scouts, ordered his men to fire upon them. At the first mention of the word "fire," the boy threw himself before his comrade, and received the contents of the musket levelled at him.

The youth fell, faintly ejaculating the name of "Robert!" The sound of the loved voice no longer disguised, told him at once that it was his own Kate—"Friends!" exclaimed he, "you have slain a woman!" The soldiers fell back, thunder stricken, and poor Kate breathing forgiveness to her murderers, and a prayer for her lover, yielded her spirit to him that gave it.

"Cowards!" he cried, "you have robbed me of all I held dear on earth—you have taken from me the only being for whom I would wish to live; my life is no longer any worth to me—villains! do your worst! but stop!—before you murder me, this for the cowardly assassin! The soldier who had fired the dead shot lay dead upon the floor, and the next instant Robert Welling fell, pierced by a dozen balls! Not content, the blood thirsty ruffians plunged their bayonets into his prostrate body, and spurned it beneath their feet.

A cry from one of their number arrested the horrible butchery, and made them sensible of their own dangerous situation. The straw at one side of the barn had taken fire from the wad of Welling's pistol, and whilst they were engaged in their blood-thirsty work, had gained fearful headway. The soldiers rushed at once to the doors, but in addition to their own fastenings, a true hearted negro, a servant in the family of Hughes (who, with his household had been compelled to remove to make room for the soldiers) had secretly bolted and barred them without, and deprived them of any hope of escape.

The flames increased rapidly, and in a few moments the whole building was enveloped in a sheet of living fire.

Not one of the Dragoons escaped; suffocated by the smoke, they fell victims to the fury of the flames, and perished in the funeral pyre of Robert and the Female Scout!

* Born at Trenton, N. J. in 1754—a grandson of his brother James, was a school mate of the writer, and is now a private in one of Col. Stevenson's California Regiment.

† Vide Lord Howe's official despatch, dated "Staten Island, July 3d, 1777."

A Mexican woman who was washing at the lake in Matamoros was lately accidentally killed by a Massachusetts volunteer, who was at the time shooting fowl. The woman was fully four hundred yards distant from him when he discharged his musket. The ball skipped upon the water and hit the woman.

PERSONAL ABUSE.—MR. CORWIN.—The affiliated Locofoco press, from the Washington Union down to the lowest in the fraternity, vie with each other in their efforts to heap abusive epithets upon Senator Corwin. They might as well give that up as hopeless. Their efforts, untrifling and violent though they are, affect him in no way—not in the slightest degree. His feelings even, are in no way disturbed by them. The attacks are too coarse and vulgar to produce any effect, or to require any notice or refutation. He is too well known—and too highly esteemed, to be lessened in the estimation of the people by any vituperation, however foul, of his assailants.—It is labor lost.—*Con. Gaz.*

GAMBLING AND ITS EVILS, THE MERCHANT.

"He comes not! I have watched the moon go down,
And still he comes not. Once it was not so,"
Percival,
"As soon as a man seeks his happiness from the gaming table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiousness, confusion seizes upon him as its own."—*Blair.*

The recent debate and lectures on the subject of gambling, have certainly produced a salutary effect. They must have convinced all who listened to them, and who paid attention to the illustrations given as well by Mr. Green on the one side as by Mr. Freeman on the other, that a professed gambler, one versed in all the tricks and arts of the profession, and disposed to make use of his knowledge and skill, may, with perfect ease, win from one who is uninitiated, or who, in other words, is not familiar with the cheating arts of the practised and experienced. It is in vain for some persons to contend that there are no such arts—that a quick-sighted and clear-headed card-player cannot be deceived. We have seen such persons attempt an ordinary game with Mr. Green, and with signal success on his part, and of course utter discomfiture on theirs. He assured them before hand that such would be the result, and although they watched him very narrowly, he contrived by sleight of hand and otherwise, to obtain the cards he desired, and thus to win the game. It is clear, therefore, that an individual not acquainted with the system of facility and fraud to which we have referred, has no chance with a professed gambler, who is disposed to cheat, but must inevitably lose. None therefore but a madman would indulge in such risks, and offer himself up as a willing victim, a credulous "pigeon," anxious to be "plucked." The fruits of gambling, as illustrated within a few years in many of the principal cities of the Union, have been appalling. Hundreds, aye, thousands have been ruined, and many a family brought up in affluence and ease, has been reduced to comparative beggary and want. One of the incidents related by Mr. Green, is well-calculated to startle, and show how infatuated men can become, who yield to the indulgence of this tempting vice. Some years ago, a leading merchant of Baltimore was in the habit of visiting a gorgeously furnished gambling establishment of that city. He did not risk much at first, thought that he was perfectly capable of controlling himself, and inasmuch as his property was large he might lose occasionally without disadvantage. The gamblers knew that he was rich, and hence they determined to lead him on gradually. Thus he was permitted either to win or lose \$20 or \$30 a night, until he became infatuated, when the conspirators—for such they were in fact—matured their plans, and brought affairs to a crisis. A night was appointed, when the merchant was stimulated and excited with wine, the stakes were increased, and the gambling commenced. At first he was permitted to win. The tables were then turned, and he lost and lost until he was behind hand a very considerable sum of money. He commenced on Friday night, played on all that night, all the next day and the next night till Sunday morning! He was deeply agitated, and for the time, utterly absorbed in the excitement. His family was of course alarmed at his absence, and sent some of the members in search of him. His haunt was discovered at last, and his physician, who enjoyed the confidence of the whole household in an eminent degree, was persuaded to enter the "hell" of the gamblers, in the hope of inducing the misguided man to abandon such a scene. With some difficulty he obtained access; and saw Mr. M. at the card-table. The physician described the uneasiness and the alarm of the family, and that one of his daughters was quite ill, and besought him to return home. He promised but did not leave the room until the physician had made a second visit. His losses by this time were immense. He left the gamblers with reluctance, but promised to return again speedily. He hastened home, remained there about half an hour, made some excuse for his renewed absence, and again returned to the gaming-table. There he remained until his daughter's life was in evident peril, when his wife accompanied by the same faithful physician, effected her entrance to the scene of fraud and excitement. The merchant was startled for the moment by the appearance of his wife—but it was only for a moment, for he was a monomaniac for the time. He listened to her pleading, and again after much hesitation promised to return.—He did finally return to his family, but alas! too late. His daughter was dead! It was only then that he recovered from

the excitement and infatuation, and saw the gulph above which he had been tottering. His loss in the aggregate had been large, very large—but the death of a beloved child under such harrowing circumstances, exercised a salutary influence; and from that moment he avoided the haunts and the hells of the gambler. He is now a reformed and an affluent man; but on reviewing his past life, and the incidents of that fatal delusion, he has frequently said that he would cheerfully yield up the larger part of his property, could he obliterate from his memory, and blot from the record of facts, that harrowing scene—his beloved, cherished and devoted daughter wrestling with Death, anxious to turn one last look upon her father, but that father away from home; absorbed in the excitement of gambling. "Alas—alas!" he has often since exclaimed, "the pure spirit of my angel girl soared from time to eternity, from earth to heaven, while I was mingling in base companionship with gamblers! God forgive me! I can scarcely realize the possibility of such a base and cold-hearted neglect of duty!" And yet such is the fascination, the madness of gambling!

THE NUBIANS.

The following account of the manners, habits, and customs of this singular race of people, we extract from a work published many years since, entitled "Travels in Egypt, Nubia, &c.," and printed for private circulation. It will be quite new to our readers, and cannot but prove entertaining:

"The Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs; their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth around the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off 'the evil eye,' or some other apprehended ill. These charms consist of words written on a scrap of paper, and sewed up in leather; they are worn mostly on the right arm, over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiers we saw had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. Those people think themselves very cunning in schemes to deceive strangers. Few of them smoke; instead of which they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and gum; the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues; but being bred up in such principles, do not think there is any harm in being so; the opprobrious terms *harame, cadab, (thief, liar)* are not considered abusive with them, as they have no notion of honesty, and cannot possibly keep from pilfering anything within their reach; we detected our sailors at this work, almost daily, but they always made a joke of it. The several districts differ much in regard to dress, and particularly in the manner of wearing the hair; some have it curled 'a la Brutus,' others plaited and hanging down, with great uniformity, in ringlets, to the shoulders, where it is cut off square at the bottom, and looks exactly like a mop. The latter grease their locks plentifully with oil; the former have generally a skewer sticking in their hair in readiness to disturb any animalcula which may bite too hard.

There is great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes; the natives of Elpha are tall and good looking; the people of Dery hideous and deformed; the tribe at Armada are small, but handsome, and well made; they are frugal in their mode of living, subsisting principally on doura, made into flat cakes, and baked on a stone which is heated, and sour milk and dates. It is usual to see a courier, or man, going on a few days' journey, with no other provision than a small bag of dates.—They are great boasters, but have no firmness, and have a great aversion to fire-arms. They evince much outward show of religion, praying four or five times a day; and to show their piety, they leave sand on their foreheads, which sticks there while they are performing their devotions. They are respectful to their cashiers, to whom are referred all their quarrels and disputes. They are invariably armed, and appear very proud of their weapons; they mostly carry a dagger on the left arm; a long pike and a sword slung across the back. The boys, when young, have weapons provided for them; this they imagine shows their independence, and they acknowledge no government. They are exceedingly passionate with each other, but are soon reconciled, even after the most inveterate abuse; they adhere together, and no bribes can separate them; we never saw an instance in which we had any of them on our side, or when any thing was revealed to us. Ear-rings are common amongst the men; they usually have but one, and it is immaterial in

which ear it is worn. They eat the locusts grilled, and affirm that they are good. They are considerably darker than the Arabs. The only manufacture they have has been pointed out to them by necessity; and consists of neat close-grained platters, made of the date-tree, to contain their milk and food. No earthenware is made in the country; their water-jars are brought from Egypt.

The women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs; they are not ill-looking; are generally well-made, and have good figures. They wear a brown garment, reaching down to the ankles; it is thrown over the right shoulder, coiled close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare; and has not an ungraceful appearance; they are very partial to rings and bracelets; the former are frequently worn at the nose, the latter are made of one piece of ground glass, which not yielding, and being forced on as small as possible, often cause much pain; they always go bare-footed. Young girls have a covering round their loins made of strips of leather, hanging down, and ornamented with cowry shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the men's, and greased with oil.—The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life; are subject to few diseases; they are all marked with one, sometimes two scars on the spine of the back, where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemic disease, which attacks them when young; this mode of treatment, by drawing all the humors to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering, and experience has, doubtless, often shown it to be successful. A boy, while we were at Esbambal, who in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part, which caused it to bleed; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand, of which article there is no scarcity in the country, on the wound; this soon appeased the boy's cries and pain.

A SENTINEL'S SOLILOQUY.—Mr. Polk in danger.—The Xenia (O) Torch Light publishes a letter from a returned volunteer who belonged to the St. Louis Legion, from which we extract the following anecdote:

"One night during the four day's rain; I was standing sentinel half leg deep in the water. It was a night not easily forgotten—such sheets of vivid lightning, such bursts of loud thunder; such roaring groans of wind and rain I never before experienced. It was as dark as a recess in Green river cave. About 2 o'clock in the morning, I heard a splashing along in the water, and hailed. It proved to be Capt. Salisbury, officer of the day, and Lieutenant West, officer of the grand rounds. After passing me they found the next sentinel but one engaged in earnest conversation with himself in which he appeared so interested that he did not hear their approach.—They had the curiosity to listen to the soliloquy:

"Yes," said he, "when I voted for James K. Polk, had I known it would have led to this, I'd have seen him to the d—, and Texas sunk first. But after the war was brought on I was ashamed to let the Whigs do the fighting, and stay at home and be taunted by them. I was obliged to come for consistency's sake; but if I had you here James K. Polk—here he uttered an awful imprecation on him—'I'd blow you through, and he brought up his musket to take aim, as if he would shoot sure enough. At this moment the grand rounds made a noise and were halted sternly with—

"Who comes there?"
James K. Polk, was the reply.
"Advance you cuss, and give the counterterng, or I'll blow your brains out."
The officers told the anecdote the next day to the company with great gusto.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF POLK IN MEXICO.—We extract the following article from the Tampico Sentinel, a paper published at Tampico, Mexico. It will serve to show what is there thought of "Polk's celebrated Pass":

"AID AND COMFORT."—Sambou, said Pete, "what you tink Massa Polk mean by 'gibbin' aid and comfort to de Mexicans?"

Sambou.—Well, I don't know, 'zaetly.' Pete.—Why you dum nigga. Gess you no be acquainted with modern history. Aid means lettin Santa Anna fru de bockade to help de Mexicans fight Gen. Taylor.

Pete.—Well what de de comfort.

Sambou.—Why de two million of dollars, Polk axed Congress to give him last summer to hand ober to santa Anna. But I gess Massa Polk didn't cotch Congress asleep dat time, he didn't got the shiners. Yay! yay! ha!

The Welsh have a saying, that if a woman was as quick with her feet as her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle fire in the morning.