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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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POETICAL.

[From God's Lady's Book]

M. A. N.

BY H. HASTINGS WELLS.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

SAY, what is wealth? A gilded pain:
And what is power? A weakness hind:
And what is life? A shadow vain:
And joy? A phantom still forlorn:
Shall, then, proud man his grandeur ward
By toys which God doth not regard?

And what is man? In outward guise
Let him be prince, or peer, or slave,
Or poor and weak, or great and wise—
A mortal tending to the grave:
Such are all men—from earth we come—
Earth doth her own poor dust reclaim.

And what is want? 'Tis virtue's test:
What weakness? An escape from pride:
That life on earth may be the best,
In which by grief the soul is tried:
For He whose word is ever sure,
Hath said that "Blessed are the poor."

But what is man? Since God, who made
The stars, is mindful of his fate,
When from the skies the stars shall fade,
He will our bodies never create:
And moral self and monarch must
Arise immortal from the dust.

Call not his hand unequal thee,
Who to the station fits the mind,
And 'mid the different ranks of men
Ordains that each his trial find:
One soul to save—One God to adore—
The humblest have—the great no more.

Joy has its griefs, and pain its joys—
Each man lives in his proper sphere:
Each with his state his mind employs,
And all are but sojourners here:
Then let the foolish mortal pride
Despise one soul for whom Christ died.

Each has his daily task to do—
And life itself is but a day:
The "Day's Work Ended" God shall view,
And in His own just balance weigh:
Our every thought and deed He scans,
Whose ways and thoughts are not as man's.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

BY WM. T. RODGERS, JR.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine. 'Twas a cheerless evening in October: The sun had already set, a young moon was struggling with the dark clouds that at intervals obscured her bright disc, as they were borne along by the resistless fury of the angry wind which howled dismally among the naked branches of the leafless forest trees. Now it came in fitful gusts, scattering the fallen leaves, and whining piteously at its lack of power. Now it increased in strength, snapping the decayed branches, and bending the tough boughs of the sturdy oaks.

Anon it swelled into an overwhelming blast, twisting the gnarled trunks, and, with a deafening crash uprooting and overthrowing the mighty lords of the soil—then sinking into a sullen moan; it howled a mournful requiem over its spent and departed strength.

Dark indeed, and dismal was the night, and furious the warring of the elements, but darker and more dismal were the reflexions, and more fierce the conflict that raged within the breast of the injured patriot, who forms the subject of our narrative.

Mr. Charles Fortman was a young farmer residing within a few miles of Hackensack. At the first outbreaking of our Revolutionary troubles, he had shouldered his musket, and tearing himself from his young and lovely wife, had fought, aye, and bled in Freedom's cause.

He was with the army at Morristown, when, having received intelligence of the illness of his wife, he asked and obtained leave to visit his home.

He had travelled on foot and alone for two days—had crossed the rugged "Blue Ridge," and on the evening of the second day had reached his humble dwelling. As he neared the house, the evidences of a Tory visit were—even at night—plainly discernible.

With a beating heart he crossed the little court yard, and stood upon the

door-step. His heart sank within him, as he lifted the latch, and found the door was fastened. Gently he knocked, fearing to disturb his suffering wife; again he knocked, and again, but knocked in vain. There was no cheerful light, as of late was wont to beam from his little window, to comfort those within, and direct the weary, way-worn wanderer to a shelter. No smoke issued from the chimney; no blazing hearth was there; and save the flapping of the shutters, and the rustling of the vines that overhung the porch, all else was silent.

He could endure suspense no longer; and forcing the door he stood within the house. All was darkness there. He groped his way to the bedside, but it stood tenantless. He called upon his wife by name—no answer came! "SARAH!" he cried; and the winds howled the louder, as if in mockery of his agony.—With a trembling hand he produced his tinder-box, and lighted the lamp that stood in its accustomed place, upon the mantel!

Great Heaven, what a sight did its pale rays reveal to him. Extended upon the floor lay the body of his wife, with her infant clasped to her breast—both cold in death! Blood, too, was there—the life-blood of his guileless wife, and innocent babe—a cold, coagulated pool!

"Oh, God! my wife, my child!" he shrieked—his brain reeled, and tottering a few paces he fell at her side.—Soon he recovered himself, and lifting them gently from the floor, he placed them side by side upon the bed, and stood silently gazing upon the placid countenance of his young wife, beautiful even in death.

There is an eloquence in silence, when the heart is too full for utterance, and a solemn voice in silent grief. Vain were our attempt to describe the tumult of feeling, the crush of emotions that filled the heart of poor Charles, as he bent over the body of his murdered wife.—No word escaped him, no sigh, no tear drop started, but his bosom heaved quickly, his lip quivered, his eye rolled wildly, and with a demoniac glare. He seemed as though his very faculty of mind was intent upon one word, which would speak the fullness of his misery and desperation, and his lip struggled to give it utterance! At length it came. "Vengeance!" and he started at the hoarse unearthly tones of his own voice. "Vengeance!" and the dark winds swept away the echo as it formed. "Vengeance!" and his wild and solemn vow stood eternally recorded.

All that night he watched by the bodies of his wife and child—and the next morning buried them with his own hands—swearing over their graves, bitterly to avenge them.

As he was returning from his melancholy task, he found lying upon the grass near the door, a large hunting knife still red with blood. Upon the haft was carved in rude characters the name, "CHARLES SMITH."

This Smith was a violent and cruel Tory partisan (a companion of the notorious *Vanbuskirk*) who, with a company of outcasts like himself, and a few negroes, made frequent incursions into the upper counties of New Jersey, and were notorious for other cruel and barbarous treatment of the patriotic females.

Years ago, when the wife of Foreman was quite young, he had professed an attachment for her, which she by no means encouraged, and the offer of his hand was, as might have been expected, refused. Even then he swore she should have cause to repent it, and still nourishing a deadly hatred, he had taken advantage of the absence of her husband, and paying a visit with his troops, to Hackensack, with his own hand dealt the blows which deprived both mother and child of life.

"This knife," exclaimed Charles as he glared upon its reeking blade, "this knife, which has rendered my life a blank, and utterly darkened my future, shall yet drink thy heart's blood, inhuman monster!" And after carefully wiping the blade, he placed it in his belt, and entered his desolate home.

For more than an hour he sat in silent agony, the big drops coursing down his haggard cheeks, as he brooded over his wrongs and dreamed of vengeance.—Then, starting suddenly to his feet, he cast one last, long, lingering look upon each familiar object, and rushed from the house, vowing as he shut the bolt, never to return while Smith lived to murder and destroy.

A week had passed; 'twas midnight, and from a small house, situated on the verge of a wood, about a mile to the eastward of White Plains, there issued shouts of boisterous revelry, interrupted only by occasional snatches of some rude bacchanalian song.

Smith and his men were indulging in their accustomed nightly debauch, after having returned from a successful expedition. Near the house stood Charles

Forman, leaning upon a fence, carefully marking the progress of this drunken party; his dark eye flashing fearfully, as the constant clanging of glasses was heard, and his teeth gnashing with rage as the dying cadence of a drinking song came upon his ear. Suddenly he aroused himself, and clutching the fatal knife, he moved toward the house. Pausing a moment at the threshold, to collect his strength, he burst open the door, and stood confronted with his foe.

"Vengeance!" he shouted, and ere the half-drunken wretches could stay his hand, he seized the tory leader, and dashed him to the floor. "This," cried he, plunging his knife into his bosom, "for my murdered wife, and this," plunging it still deeper, "for my innocent babe! Haste with your guilty soul to the father of lies, and tell him that a widowed husband, made childless by thy hand, has sent thee to deserved torments!"

Then rushing upon the affrighted Tories, he plunged his knife indiscriminately into those who were nearest him, until overpowered by numbers, he fell dead upon the floor, muttering between his clenched teeth, "Sarah!" and "Vengeance!"

The Course of Providence.

The Pottsville Democratic Press states that a few days since, letters from Capt. James Nagle, and Lieut. Simon S. Nagle, written from Vera Cruz, were received by their wives, enclosing a daguerrotype likeness of each of these officers, as tokens of love, and a few gold pieces.—Lieut. Nagle, in his letter bids his wife kiss their little son for him. "Poor fellow!" adds the Press, "he little dreamed that at the time his letter was written, his darling boy was quietly slumbering in his little grave, on the beautiful mountain side of his gratefully remembered home!" There is much in this simple but affecting incident. It shows the perfect uncertainty of life, no matter how seemingly secure. Here is a man who has left the quiet, retired family circle, to mingle in the strife and danger of war, with an impression, perhaps, of chances against his ever returning to the bosom of his family, but without the shadow or intimation of a thought that such a visitor as death can enter the home he has left. Men are falling all about him, and he counts it almost a miracle that he himself is not struck down; he does not once think that the insatiate archer has winged the shaft that quivers in the breast of the boy he has left behind him in apparent safety and security, with the ever watchful eye of the mother upon him, and no less natural solicitude of relatives and friends to guard him from danger. The father sitting upon the very edge of the yawning cavern, with the groans of the dead and dying all about him, and the whizzing missiles of destruction filling the air on every side, is spared, while the child, far away, in the quiet, secluded mountain home, dies! Such is the dispensation of Providence! When, seemingly, in the very vortex of danger, we are frequently spared—while, when in apparently the greatest security, we are often struck down. In the language of the poet:

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Finds ofttest in what least we dread;
Fovms in the storm with angry howl,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow."

An Argument for Drinking.

"Now I ax you felers who's the best citizen, him that supports government or him as doesn't? Why him as does, in course. He support government, that is if he lickers at a license house. Every blessed drop of licker that he swollers thar is taxed to pay the salary of them dr grate officers, sich as Mayors and Corporations, He Constabls, Presidents and Custom-house gentlemen.—Spose we was to quit drinkin, why government must fail; it couldnt help it no how. That's the very rezun I drinks. If I follered my own inclination, I'd rather drink, buttermilk, or ginger pop, or Dearborn's sody water. But I lickers for the good of my country to set an example of patriotism and virchus self-denial to the rizen generation.—*Straw Sucker.*

COOLNESS OF GEN. WORTH.—During the bombardment of Vera Cruz, this gallant officer, finding his horse considerably exhausted, despatched a servant for a bucket of water. Just as the man was raising the bucket to the horse's mouth, a large shell struck the ground at the distance of a few yards. The man started in terror; but Gen. Worth, observing the fuse not quite burned out, said promptly, without moving, "Halt! empty your bucket on that thing!" The man mechanically obeyed, and Gen. Worth captured the shell whole. It was 12 inches in diameter, and weighed about 120 lbs.

A YOUNG VICTIM.

A SAD STORY OF GAMBLING.

"So young and yet so lost."

A few years since, Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, took passage on board a steamboat at Louisville, bound for N. Orleans. A short time after the boat pushed off, it was discovered that there was no less than twenty gamblers on board and much dissatisfaction was expressed, because so many had chosen the same boat. It was soon agreed that ten or fifteen should return ashore at the first opportunity, and wait for another boat. Shortly after this determination was carried into effect, and it was while Mr. Green was standing on the hurricane deck, noticing the landing of a portion of his old friends, that his attention was arrested by a young man looking anxiously upon the departing gamblers. He was pale and agitated, and a tear-drop glistened in his eye. This was so remarkable, that even Mr. Green became excited and interested. He sought the youth, and asked him whither he was going? He replied that he "knew not where," as if to shun further notice, left the deck and descended into the cabin.—Green still more curious, followed him and by the expression of sympathy, finally induced him to unbosom himself. He said that his reply was correct—that he really did not know whither he was going.—He was the son of reputable parents in Boston, and had left that city a few weeks before for the purpose of visiting Louisville, "which place," he continued—"you perceived we have just passed." The reasons for this course were sad ones. He had a sister at Louisville who had moved thither, while he was yet a child. The death of that sister's husband had induced her to write to her brother to come on, to protect her in her widowhood and assist in settling upon the estate. His parents provided him with all the necessaries for the journey, gave him permission to tarry a few days at New York and Philadelphia should he think proper and also gave him two hundred dollars in money. All went smoothly and pleasantly until he arrived in Philadelphia. Here he took lodgings at a leading Hotel and soon formed an acquaintance with two young men of genteel exterior, plausible manners, and captivating address. Accompanied by them, he, during the day, visited several of the leading institutions and at night accepted an invitation to play a game of whist, the only game of cards with which he was familiar. Several days and evenings were occupied in a similar manner. He then determined to continue his journey, which he did, by taking passage in one of the Lines for Pittsburg. On appearing at the depot the next morning, he was delighted to find his two companions. They also had business out west, and they regarded it as a pleasure to have so agreeable a companion. After exhausting the ordinary topics of the day, the game of whist was again thought of and renewed.—They first played for cards, then for liquor, and finally for small sums of money. The youth became excited, and ere they reached the iron city, he had lost every dollar that belonged to him, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to pay his passage from Pittsburg to Louisville.

But again the strangers made their appearance on board an Ohio river-steamboat, and in the hope of recovering what he had lost, the deluded young man played again, when his gold watch was the sacrifice. On arriving at Cincinnati he was nearly mad. He then thought himself of a package which his mother had confided to him for his sister. He sought for it in his trunk, found and opened it. It contained a necklace as a lovegift, and an unsealed letter, in which was enclosed a bank note for \$100. Still tempted by the demon of gambling, and still anxious to regain what he had lost, he returned to his vile companions and whist. He played hour after hour, lost the money, then staked and lost the necklace. At this point, the horrors of his situation were indescribable. Louisville was at hand, but how could he meet his sister? How could he explain his folly, his infatuation and his crime? He had left home with a good name, on a mission of sacred duty, and he was now a thief and a robber. He had misemployed funds given under hallowed circumstances, and his condition was indeed desperate. Confused and perplexed he at last determined to rush from the boat, leave the rilled package at the house of his sister, return and follow the fortunes of the gamblers, who had tempted and betrayed him, in the hope that they would not be so heartless as to throw him off. But this hope was of short duration, for they were among the party that left the boat as above described, in consequence

of their being too many of the fraternity on board. It was while they were returning that he was noticed by Green, and that hence a tear forced itself to his eye, when he realized the loneliness and wretchedness of his condition. He was an outcast and a robber—had become so in a few days, from having ventured upon what he called an innocent game of whist, and thus he truly said, in reply to the question that had been put to him—that he knew not whither he was going. Green advised him to return to his sister and make a frank confession—but his heart failed him—he had not the moral nerve. He could not meet the being he had so bitterly wronged.—He gratefully accepted a slight loan from Green and soon after departed.

Two years rolled by. Green was again on the Mississippi, a passenger on the steamer Mediterranean, on her way from Orleans to Louisville. An accident which happened by which she was induced to stop near Plaquemine. While there, a fellow-passenger remarked that he had just witnessed a horrible sight upon the forward deck of the boat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Green—and immediately proceeded to the spot designated. He there beheld five men in chains—convicts, on their way from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, where the State Penitentiary of Louisiana is located.—Among them was young Melmont—(the name is of course fictitious)—the wretched youth whose unfortunate journey from Boston to Louisville, we have here so hastily described! He had but a few days before been convicted of forgery, and sentenced to the State Prison for five years! This gentle reader, is no fiction, but a true story, and the moral it conveys as to the danger of gambling, cannot be mistaken.—*Phila. Inq.*

Beautiful Extract.

I saw the temple reared by the hands of men, extending with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The storms beat upon it—the God of Nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its hall—the gay, the happy and the beautiful were there. I returned and the temple was no more! Its high walls lay scattered ruins—moss and wild grass grew wildly there, and at the midnight hour the owl's cry added to the deep solitude—the gay and the young who revelled there has passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother and the pride of his father: I returned and the child became old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood at the last of his generation—a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw an old oak stand in all its pride on the mountain—the birds were crouching on their boughs. I returned—the oak was leafless and sapless, the winds were playing at their time through its branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he, "when the morning stars sang together in joy over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from his sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heaven and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand toward heaven; and swear by Heaven's Eternal—Time was, but Time shall be no longer."

A DISAGREEABLE JOKE.—The N. Y. Sun says that a lady residing in Portland, Maine, expecting a large company to tea, sent for a quantity of cream of tartar to raise her biscuits. By mistake tartar emetic was got.—The biscuits were beautifully light, and the guests ate heartily, one lady exclaiming there "never was any thing so nice." The meal was hardly over when the emetic began to work, and the gentlemen and ladies fell to vomiting with might and main. One of the gents, a very fat man, imagining he was poisoned, sent for a doctor but before that functionary arrived the medicine had taken a severe course, leaving the patient in as bad a condition as a cleanly person could imagine. The cause of the vomit was soon discovered, and the party signed a "total abstinence from hot biscuit" pledge for six months.

GENEROUS.—A youth who, it is charitably presumed, had never "seen the elephant," recently found himself in the company of three young ladies, and generously divided a whole orange between them. "You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels. "Not at all," replied our innocent; "I have three or four more in my pocket!"

MY EYES!—The onion crop of Connecticut promises a most abundant yield.

THE COST OF FOLLY.

We know that the expenses of the present war have been, and are, great beyond any imaginable estimate of advantages from it, even if the wildest hopes of its projectors were realized.—We know that it has given us a national debt; and that in the contraction of imports which must attend the coming revolution in our relation with Europe, induced by the cessation of the famine, our revenues, under the present tariff, will be shrivelled into an impotent insufficiency, that may—the war continued—render direct taxation necessary. Yet we do not know how nor where we stand. The costs of this war are wholly unascertained. The administration perhaps cannot, perhaps dares not, ascertain them. Seneca said—"I keep an account of my expenses; I cannot affirm that I lose nothing, but I can tell you what I lose, and why & in what manner." Such should be the policy of a conscientious administration.

Were such an account presented to the American people in relation to this war it would astound them. They would discover that they have been raising up mortgages upon the industry and hopes of themselves and their children, in the future, of which they have not dreamed. In the unascertained costs of this war, in the waste, and wantonness, and corruption, there are millions upon millions, fraudulently incurred in dishonest partisan contracts, but consecrated by the seal of our country, that must be paid.—The sunlight of this administration has been faithful to its favorites—if it has reached none else. We trust that the coming Congress will probe this subject to the seat of the wound given to the country. Let the many Millions which the war has and will cost, be arrayed against the prospect of its advantages: we are content to abide by the decision of the people upon the balance thus struck.—*North American.*

COURTING.—A lawyer whom we knew well, did his courting off-hand. He had got a good practice and a high reputation, as well for what his noddle contained of Coke and Blackstone, as for being a very eccentric chap in all his ways, doings and sayings. His eccentricity got him into the notion it wasn't "meet that women should be alone," and so of a delightful summer's eve, when the roses smiled and the cowslips laughed, Sunday evening, too, mind ye, gentle reader, this:

Delightful hour of witching love,
he caught up his hat and was seen ascending the steps of the cottage beside the hill—where tripped

A lovely damsel, bright and fair,
She opened the door, as he politely asked, "is the Chief Justice within?" "No, sir," said the pretty one, "but will be shortly." "Ah, that's no matter," said Counselor, as he was curtised within the door, "I did not come to see the father; my client, is interested only in the testimony of the daughter. My client, madam, owns the mansion you see from yonder, and the pith of the suit is to ascertain if you would have any objection to becoming its mistress. I'll call next Sabbath evening for your answer." "Why, sir, it won't be necessary to suspend the suit. I think your client's case is founded in justice, and I am sure he will win his point without any special pleading; but as the father has been twenty-one years upon the bench, it would be decorous to see if his opinion does not confirm mine." Certainly, madam, said the lawyer, as the father entered the apartment. It is needless to say that the full court did not reverse the decision, and the happy pair signed the bonds and went into possession in four weeks from that night.

ANECDOTE OF DAVID CROCKETT.—David once visited a manager at Washington, and pausing a moment before a particularly hideous monkey, exclaimed, "what a resemblance to the Hon. Mr. —!" The words were scarcely spoken when he turned, and to his astonishment, saw, standing at his side, the very man whom he had complimented. "I beg your pardon," said the gallant Colonel, "I would not have made the remark had I known that you was near me; and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness, but," looking first at the insulted member of Congress, whose face was any thing but lovely, and then at the animal that he had compared to him, "hang me if I can tell whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey!"

A FAIR HIT.—"Here, you bog trotter," said a half dandy sogg-lock to an Irish laborer—"come tell the biggest lie you ever told in all your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch." "And by me sowl, yer honor's a ge, tleman," retorted Pat.