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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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POETICAL.

AUTUMN.

The flowers all are fading,
Their sweets are rifled now,
And night sends forth her shading
Along the mountain brow;
The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn;
The birds have ceased their singing,
And silent wait the dawn;
The harvest now is gathered,
Protected from the chine;
The leaves are sear'd and wither'd,
That late shone in their prime.
Thus when four score years are gone,
O'er the frail life of man,
Time sits heavy on his throne,
As near his brow we scan;
Like the Autumn leaf that falls
When winds the branches waive;
Like night-shadows, daylight palls,
Like all, he finds a grave.

GIVE.

Give to him that asketh thee!
If the poor pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store;
Give him food, and give him gold,
Give him shelter from the cold;
Aid him his lone life to live,
For 'tis angel-like to give.
Though world riches thou hast not,
Give to him of poorer lot;
Think thee of the widow's mite,
In the Holy Master's sight;
It was more a thousand fold,
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.
Give! it is the better part;
Give to him, the poor in heart;
Give of love in large degree,
Give of hope and sympathy;
Cheer to them who sigh for corn,
Light to him whose life is gone.
Give the gray-haired wanderer room;
Lead him gently to the tomb;
Let him not in friendless clime,
Float down the tide of time;
Hear the mother's lonely call,
She, the dearest one of all.
And the lost, abandoned one,
In thy pathway do not shun;
Of thy kindness she hath need;
Bind with balm the bruised reed;
Give, and gifts above all price,
Shall be thine in Paradise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harney's Dragoons.

The correspondent of the New Orleans Delta furnishes additional memoranda of the battles of the 19th and 20th August. The following is a paragraph from them:

After the works at Churubusco had been carried by storm, the Dragoons, under their valiant leader, Col. Harney, were ordered forward to pursue the retreating foe—and onward they went, like winged messengers of death, their bright sabres glittering in the sunbeams, amidst the huzzas of the light troops, flushed with the victory over the fort. The horses seemed to partake of the enthusiasm of their riders, and dashed forward with supernatural strength; and in this spirit and state of feeling they overtook the retreating army, and continued to cut them down to the very gates of the city, when the enemy in his fortifications at the city, seeing that the cavalry would inevitably run in behind his breastworks unless something desperate was done, opened his batteries with grape and round shot, through the masses of his own retreating soldiers. As soon as Col. Harney perceived the exposure of his command, he had the recall sounded and the Dragoons ordered back, but they did not hear in time enough to save the whole command, and some gallant officers were wounded. Capt. Kearney lost an arm; Lt. Graham, Lt. McReynolds, and a sergeant were killed, and two or three privates wounded.

The Art of Rising.

The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of the day.—He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself, jumping close-legged against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation, was dangerous, and a less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. The Duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you a hundred crowns, that I jump higher than your eminence," and the Duke and the Cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and was, six months afterwards, a Marshal of France.

The Last of the Signers.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Come to the window, old man!
Come and look your last upon this beautiful earth! The day is dying—the year is dying—you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life, mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown, that revealed the outline of his tall form, now bent with age—once beautiful in its erect manhood—rises a man from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin white hands.

Did you ever see an old man's face that combines all the sweetness of childhood, with the vigor of matured intellect? Snow white hair, falling in waving flakes, around a high and open brow, eyes that gleam with mild, clear light, a mouth moulded in an expression of benignity almost divine!

It is the Fourteenth of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last of the Signers.

Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the carpeted chamber, to the window, his dark gown contrasted with the purple curtains.

He is the last!
Of the noble Fifty Six, who in the Revolution, stood forth, undismayed by the axe or gibbet, their mission the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country. He alone remains!

One by one the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last a trembling column—glows in the sunlight as it is about to fall.

But for that pillar that crumbles, there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live not only in the presence of God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one, can never be forgotten.

The last!
As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound; he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration—he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work.

All gone but him!
Upon the woods—dyed with the rainbow of the closing year—upon the stream, darkened by the masses of shadow—upon the homes peeping out from among the leaves, falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

He will never see the sun rise again!
He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows that the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips!

He feels that the land of his birth has become a Mighty People, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

In the recess near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death chamber.

The old man turns aside from the window. Tittering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands—he raises his eyes to the face of the crucified.

There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There, where amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Savior—there, where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch.

The smile of the Savior was upon the Declaration on that perilous day, the 4th of July, 1776; and now, that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems to—He does smile on it again—even as his sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

Too Particular.

An Irishman once dreamt that he visited the Lord Mayor of London who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he wouldn't take a little sum'min'.
He replied that he wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch.
"Hot or cold?" inquired his lordship.
His guest preferred it warm, but while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber.—"Och!" cried he, comprehending what a fool he was to await for hot punch during the precarious tenure of a dream, "how I wish I'd said *could*."

Popping the Question.

It is well known to all who have been pricked with the darts of the "little god"—or, to every Benedict, at least—that of all the delicate steps in life, there is none that requires more care and caution, or is attended with more perplexity, than that designated by the heading of this article. "The course of true love never did run smooth;" but this part of the business is peculiarly full of snags, as the desperate struggles and flounderings of many an unlucky lover will testify. Many a fine-hearted bachelor, full of generous impulses and feelings, has been doomed to remain through life a lonely and useless half-pair of scissors, simply because, as with the inspired writer, among the things beyond the reach of his intellect was, "the way of a man with a maid." By what witchery one should ever be able to induce her, "her free unhouse condition," to "bring into circumspection and confine," is to these poor beings an impenetrable mystery. Yet there are some men who in wooing never experience the slightest embarrassment, much less, real perplexity or difficulty. Glegymen, for instance, it is notorious are always successful in making love, and from the first interview with any gay witch of a girl to the last, all goes on swimmingly. A writer, alluding to this fact, thus vents his astonishment: "The success of these men in love matters puzzles me to comprehend. Grave, emaciated, sallow divines, who never look the person in the face whom they address: who never speak above their breath; who sit on the uttermost edge of their chairs, a full yard distant from the dinner table—I have never known one of these scarecrows fail in getting a good rich wife. How it is, heaven knows! Can it be that the ladies ask them?"—*Yankee Blade*.

One of the most felicitous descriptions we have ever seen of the embarrassments incident to the operation of "popping the question," is the following:

"Much winding and caution, and previous sounding, is necessary when you have got a favor to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext of shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his state: a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsy, fonder of fun and frolic than anything in life. Even though she love you with all her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirits, and woman's ready knack of appearances; and though her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind, complacent looks, until you have told "your pitiful story," and then laugh in your face for your pains. It is not this either that I mean to express. Men are not cowards because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has coolness sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self-possession enough to back out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable, to march with due resignation to meet his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor pilgarlic, the lover, has a clear notion (persons in his condition are rarely troubled with clear notions) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination to go backward instead of forward; a check, a sudden stop to all his functions. He knows not how to look or what to say. His fine plan, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet raised upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation perversely takes a turn totally different from that by which he hoped to lead the fair one from different topics to thoughts of a tender complexion, and thus, by fine degrees, (his watching all the time, how she was affected, in order to be sure of his bottom, before he makes the plunge) to insinuate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received."

THE MAGIC OF A NAME.—A person in Cincinnati, who had made "night hideous" by his drunken outeries, and kept the watch at bay for several nights, was finally overcome by the magic of a name. Being assailed by a party of the police, he rushed in among them, calling for three cheers for Taylor. A watchman who was asleep near by, hearing his name mentioned, sprang to his feet, and going up to the man, said, "my name is Taylor!" "Your name Taylor?" said the fellow, "then it's no use contending with any of that name. I surrender unconditionally."

Anecdote of Stephen Girard.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Mercury:

Mr. Girard had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of twenty-one years expected Mr. Girard to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. Girard said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. Girard upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am free, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said Mr. Girard, "and my advice to you is that you go and learn the cooper's trade." This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest"—and the clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers and agreed with him upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in good earnest, and in course of time made as good a barrel as any one. He went and told Mr. Girard that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could. The young cooper selected the best materials, and soon put into shape and finish, three of the best barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. Girard said the barrels were first rate and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer, "make out your bill and present it." And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. Girard drew a check for twenty thousand dollars, and handed it to the clerk, closing with these words: "There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and loose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

What Temperance Can Do.

In Mrs. Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following passage, which a person will hardly read without emotion:

"We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork; a young woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England.—We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them. "My husband was a wheelwright and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, but the love for drink was strong in him and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound on a Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the poor children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! I didn't give thanks upon my bended knees that night! Still I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed; and glory to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings, so I felt there was no fear for him, and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a bran new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all, just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby, but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than our own!"

WISCONSIN.—Gov. Dodge has called an extra session of the Territorial Legislature, to meet at Madison on the 18th instant, for the express purpose of originating a new attempt to procure a State Constitution and be admitted into the Union.

Anecdote of Lorenzo Dow.

The Pittsburg Post does up anew the following capital anecdote of Lorenzo Dow:

A farmer came to Lorenzo one morning, as he was preparing to preach before a large country audience, and said: "Mr. Dow, I am told you know a sinner from his looks, and can tell a thief from his countenance. Now, sir, I have had an excellent axe stolen from me, and I shall be forever grateful if you will point out to me the rascal who took it, as in all probability he will be at the meeting to-day, judging from the crowds that are coming."

Lorenzo was not the man to deny the possession of any wonderful faculty that the people chose to ascribe to him; so he told the farmer that he would get him his axe.

Lorenzo mounted the pulpit, took out of his pocket a stone as big as his fist, laid it beside the bible, and commenced the exercises of the day. His sermon was on the subject of all the sins mentioned in the Decalogue, and he went on to give proofs from history of the retributive justice of Providence, in punishing in this life transgressors.—"Murder will out," said he; "guilt cannot conceal itself, and I am about to give you this beautiful morning, my dear hearers, an example of a terrible vengeance to follow the breaking of the eighth commandment. Two nights ago a fellow stole John Smith's axe; and I have been commissioned, by an authority which none of you will question, to knock down! drag out! sacrifice! destroy! utterly annihilate the miserable wretch! and send him, body, soul and breeches to the pitchy realms of an awful eternity! Poor sinner, you turn pale before the rock has crushed you!"

continued Lorenzo, as he grasped the stone and raised it in the attitude of throwing. "Don't dodge, you rascal! you can't escape me—don't dodge!"—He paused a moment, and pointed his long, crooked significant finger at a poor devil in the audience, who appeared to be in an ague fit, with his hair standing on ends, like the quills of a fretted Porcupine.

"John Smith!" cried he, "there is the chap that stole your axe!" The eyes of the whole congregation were turned on the conscience-stricken fellow, who looked as if he wished the mountains would tumble on him.

"You will restore Mr. Smith his axe, and steal no more, if I forgive you—won't you?" asked Lorenzo.

"If I don't darn me!" exclaimed the culprit, with a look and tone that showed the sincerity of his declaration. John Smith got his axe.

Sound Doctrine.

Have no faith in that species of goodness which is unwilling to pay its debts—"fine fellow," "good fellow," "whole-souled fellow," and that sort of thing is nonsense, leading to a belief that honesty and honor may be dispensed with, and that affection and esteem may be secured without them. Is he a "good fellow" who frolics and enjoys himself upon money which really belongs to other people? And is that a "whole soul" which while the washerwoman pines and suffers for the want of that which is due to her by the individual with the "whole soul," goes flaunting about in gay attire from carousal to carousal, and from one place of enjoyment to another? Have no faith in it; and neither suffer yourself to think well of those who have fine houses, fine furniture and fine parties, and are slow to pay for them, and slow likewise in paying for other things. Depend upon it that this open heartedness, as people call it, is all selfishness, narrowness and dishonesty—selfishness the most intense. He is a much better fellow than all these, who goes threepence, and refuses indulgence, until he can stand square with the world, though reckless profusion may deride him as mean. He is the man that pays his debts, if a possibility exists of having them, and we strongly incline to the conviction that a "debt paying man" is one of the best members of society—and that he should thus be honored. Let us all, then, editor and subscribers, "pay our debts."—*News Letter*.

BENEVOLENCE INDEED.—The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman, who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty dollars, requesting him to deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend said—"I will wait upon him early in the morning."
"You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

Ought Girls to Court?

We have often thought, (for editors never speak from experience,) that a young fellow must have a good stock of assurance—nay, of downright impudence, to go through the ticklish, terrible, torturing ordeal of a regular courtship. He has not only to run the gauntlet of sneering young gentlemen, but the gauntlet of gossiping old ladies; and to be talked of, and to be talked at; and to be the mark of watchful observation to the whole neighborhood in which his fair one resides. Nor is this all. If his addresses are only acceptable to one member of the family, and that member the depository of the garnered up love of a whole life, he is sure to meet the savage glances of savage brothers; and is just as sure to encounter other equally flattering manifestations of paternal, maternal, or fraternal opposition. Now this is all wrong. The exchanges should be more equalized; and some are sanguine enough to believe that the day is not very far distant when they will be equalized—when we shall hear of young ladies paying their addresses to young gentlemen—visiting them nightly at their houses—inviting them to ride, to walk, to eat ice-cream, and, as soon as matters are brought to an interesting crisis, "popping the question" itself.—Ah! what a delightful thing it would be, flurriedly waiting in our mother's parlor carefully brushed and strapped to be courted! To be tenderly stared at, night after night, by girl after girl! To have one's brown, rough hand occasionally sought for in the dim twilight, and occasionally squeezed! And to have one's waist delicately encompassed, (of course only after the "engagement,") by some of the most delicately tapering arms in the world!

We find the following noble sentiment—the key of fortune—in a little English periodical:

"The mystery of Napoleon's career was this, under all difficulties and discouragements press on. It was the problem of all the heroes; it is the rule by which to judge rightly of all wonderful success. It should be the motto of all, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called—"press on," never despair, never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way, however great the difficulties, or repeated the failure, "press on." If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for this to-morrow. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water into the desert, do not sit down or perish of this, but "press on"—a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it, if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world has lost its poetry and beauty; it is not so; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty, by a brave, a true, and above all, a religious life."

Early Rising.

It is a certain sign that our hearts are set upon a work, when the thoughts of it cause sleep to depart from us, and we awake readily, constantly, and early to the performance of it. David delighted in the holy exercises of prayer and meditation; therefore "he prevented the dawning of the morning," and was beforehand with the light itself; therefore his "eyes prevented the watches," that is, the last of those watches, into which the night was by the Jews divided; he needed not the watchman's call, but was stirring before it could be given. Climate and constitution will, doubtless, make a difference, and claim considerable allowance; but by Christians who enjoy their health in temperate weather, the sun should not be suffered to shine in vain, nor the golden hours of the morning to glide away unimproved; since of David's Lord, as well as of David, it is said, "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

A Fighting Parson.

We have seen it stated that one of the companies from Mississippi, at the battle of Buena Vista, was commanded by a Methodist preacher. Just before the battle commenced, and whilst the troops were forming, it is said he delivered the following pithy prayer, at the head of his company:
"Be with us this day in conflict, oh Lord! We are few, and the enemy are many. Be with us as thou wast with Joshua when he went down from Gilgal to Beth-horon and Ajalon, to smite the Amorites. We do not ask thee for the sun and moon to stand still, but grant us plenty of powder, plenty of daylight, and no cowards. Take old Rough and Ready under thy special charge. Amen! M-a-r-c-h!"
His company performed prodigies on the field that day.