

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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## POETICAL.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

### A SONG.

What though the sky is sometimes black  
And melancholy looks the weather?  
Fill up the sparkling cup, and think  
'Tis that which brings us altogether.  
Pass round the jest, nor of the sky  
Give to yourselves a single care;  
Hearts were no lighter, could you see  
The moon and stars all shining there.

A foolish fellow 'tis who whines  
Because his bread's not always buttered;  
Or trembling, falls before a threat  
Ere yet the words are scarcely uttered;  
Give unto us the man who meets  
Misfortune's frowns without sad fears,  
Knowing no lighter they would come  
Were he to sled ten thousand tears.

Some mourning, discontented wights,  
Are like the spoiled and petted boy,  
Who, wasting pleasure that he has,  
Seeks only those he can't enjoy.  
They think not of God's kindly gifts,  
But let each trifling grief annoy,  
And thus, in vain, ungrateful sighs,  
The precious hours of life employ.

The let us, friends, enjoy to-day,  
Nor fret ourselves about the morrow,  
For just as like it is to come,  
As full of joy as tis of sorrow,  
A thousand ills, a thousand cares,  
Hest the paths of every one;  
Take care of those, nor think of what  
May in the future have to come.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A TRAGIC STORY.

#### THE SKY-LEAPERS.

Much of the interest felt in beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the feeling that on lands such as these the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has seldom long tarried. So often, from the pass of Thermopylae to the heights of Mogarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain land so won has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately, gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to the bright example of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway, the tradition which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the listeners round a cottage hearth on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, at one time so frequent between these rival and neighboring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies, the remembrance of which is celebrated in a fine Norwegian ballad. It is a matter of history, that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway, to join their allies, the Swedes, and went along the only valley pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Galbrandsdal, by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived in Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jempletand, resolved to join their allies, of whose movements they had received intelligence, and escort them over the frontiers, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point, believing that the Norsemen would collect in the Southern country, where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows; which rendered the hills impassable, for the defence and certain protection of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden, a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since strewn with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier, where they arrived in the early part of the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foe; but all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains, but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them sure and willing guides in an expedition of such peril and importance.

At last old Sweeney Koping, the keeper of the little inn at which was the Swedes' head quarters, shouted with

the joy of one who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" he exclaimed, "could none of you think of the only man in Jempletand fit for the enterprise, and he here on the spot all the while! Where is Jaris Lindens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question, and the leaders were told to their regret that they must wait perforce till the morrow, for the only man able or willing to guide them (Lindens) had gone forth on a journey, and could not possibly return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no hope for it. To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our host; beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or mead.—Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow, "remember that all who would sleep, beyond those to morrow will need firm hands and true eyes. And good Sweeney, (addressing the inn keeper who was the chief person in the hamlet) look, well that no sound of our coming reach those Norse sluggards. There may be some here, who for their country's sake, would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manheim's freedom!" cried the host: "here sits Alf Stavenger; he knows those hills better than his own hunting pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must bide here in safe keeping till our men are well forwarded."

"I care not if I stay here to night and forever," replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time on the speaker; and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of the Northern youth, Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a caste of features bearing the traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful, lusty faces of his countrymen. "Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host. "Ay," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own hand cast you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy!"

"Has Emlen's father been rough?" inquired Sweeney.

"Name him not!" replied the young peasant angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me—let them look for their return."

"Ay, Skilman Harder may one day wish I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norway. Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel.—Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks."

"You will have a fearful passage first!" said an old peasant; there is no moon now, and it will be pitch dark long before you cross the Neræ."

"The night is to us as the noonday," cried a young soldier; for your crags we fear them not, were they as high as the blue heavens. Our life has been among rocks, and in our land we are called the "Sky-leapers."

"I will trust the young Norseman," continued the chief; "wounded pride and slighted love may well make him hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing away, but little time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they would along those narrow and difficult paths which skirt the face of the cliffs crossing the mountains.—Their guide told them, when it grew dark, they would be guided by lighted torches, to be procured and used as he should afterwards direct them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf could not help admiring the spirit, coolness and activity shown by the party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another by that natural, though unuttered friendship which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were feelings which led them to commune with their thoughts in silence.

After some hard and successful climbing, they halted at the close of the day, on the snowy summit of a ridge they had just ascended to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs up narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file, and their guide taking the lead of the column, kindled by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of

which each had, by his orders, gathered an abundance on their way. He said in a few brief and energetic words, "that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway, unless they choose to return; now were they to win their proud name of Sky-Leapers." He bade them move along rapidly, and steadily follow the light of his torch.

Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his, and thus, each pressing on the line before him, the track would not be lost in the turns and windings.

He placed the coolest and most active in the rear, that they might pass lightly and skillfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders, and keep the line of lights, which was their only safety, compact and unreserved.

What a change from the toilsome climbing which had wearied the most enduring spirit! They flew over the narrow slippery path, now lost and then emerging in the sharp turning of the cliffs.

The dangers of the Neræ, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly through the keen bracing night breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt, and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid, when almost close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the line of flying stars, with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him he cried in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger!"

"On, brave Stavenger! The Sky-Leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightning speed. Their torches flew along in one unbroken straight stream of fire, till a wild death scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence.—The depth was so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the sinking line, and their hearts died within them: there was no stopping their arrow flight—no turning aside without leaping into the sheer air.

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway. It is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his father land forever; still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew were undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was deterred, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jaris returned, he would be able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. "Ay," thought he, while this waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that here they should earn the proud name of Sky Leapers! that here those who warred with Norway should have their fate! I said that Skilman Harder would wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of feat and wonder! I promised they should sleep on our side of the hills! Now will I keep all that I have sworn. 'Tis a pity for them, too, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron—Emlen and Norway."

Alf well remembered one point where a long straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rocks, jutting far into the open air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve was needed, even by one well aware of the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily around the face of the abrupt precipice and avoid shooting straight over the edge of the rock. He had fixed upon this spot for the death leap; in fact the Swedes never could have passed it in safety without having before been apprised of the peril, and afterwards cautioned of its vicinity as they approached its brink.

When he looked back, as he led the line rapidly to the unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest followers roused him: he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn; but he had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers. With the sounding speed of the flyers pressing

hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forward as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning; and for a second, he fell giddy and senseless; every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink forever; and he listened with a cold thrill of awe and terror to the echoes of the death scream of the last of the Sky-Leapers.

### War of Christian Principles.

One of the conditions of the treaty with Mexico, it is said, is, that any further war which may break out between the two countries shall be conducted on Christian principles. Now we all know that this is an age of progress, and that all sorts of improvements are constantly taking place in all sorts of matters, but war on christian principles is certainly the latest, and if it be carried out, we think it will prove the greatest of them all.

Just imagine it; we think we can see the two armies drawn out in battle array. A fair field is before them; the ranks are formed, the positions are taken; the great guns are unlimbered. Gen. Scott is just about to give the order to fire, when an aid comes up and respectfully reminds him that "the war is to be conducted on christian principles," and that it will not do to fire. "Very true, very true," says the commander-in-chief, "but what are they? I have read Vauban, and Scheiter, and Turenne, and Cohorn. I have read the lives of the old conquerors, and have studied the campaigns of the greatest soldiers, but I never happened to come across these principles in any work upon the military art. Do you know anything about it Colonel?"

"No."

"Nor you Major?"

"I really don't know how to begin. I suppose it would not do to shoot. Suppose we send for the Chaplain."

The Chaplain arrives—"Do you know anything about this fighting on christian principles?"

"Oh yes; it is the easiest thing in the world?"

"Where are the books?"

"Here," and the Chaplain takes out the Bible.

"Really," says the General, "we ought to have thought of this before. It is a bad time to commence the study of tactics when the enemy is right before us; but I suppose we are bound by the treaty. What is the first thing Mr. Chaplain?"

"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"But these are not neighbors. They are Mexicans."

"The same book tells us, a little further on that the opportunity to do good to a man makes him our neighbor."

"Will you go on, Mr. Chaplain?"

"Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If a man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other."

"But while we are praying for the Mexicans they will be firing into us."

"No; they are bound by the treaty also. It works both ways."

"Then what is the use of our arms?"

"This is all provided for in the same book. Beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning hooks."

"Then I don't see as there is anything for us to do here."

### TOM TUNWELL; OR, THE HARMONIZING INFLUENCES OF ELECTIONS.

Tom Tunwell is a genius—a capital genius—for genius is his only capital.—His is of that class called by financiers "floating," in contradistinction to funded, and hence he is enabled to get swimmingly along. In ailment he is an epicure, preferring fluids to solids, and though not of the non-resistant or quaker creed, is frequently moved by the spirit. He despises a toddy, but loves a toady, and as a kind of satisfaction for the slings which outrageous fortune is ever making at him, he is in the frequent habit of tossing off gin slings. Debts, he says, are the peculiar privileges of gentlemen. The only one which he ever means to pay is the debt of nature, and before doing that, he will claim as many days' grace as 'tis possible for him to obtain. He thinks there must be something shamefully wrong in the structure of society, when the letter of a member of Congress can go free from one end of the country to the other.

Entertaining these peculiar ideas, it is not a matter of wonder if Tom sometimes finds his way to the calaboose, or if some obtuse cicerone, in the shape of a watchman, would involuntarily conduct him there. Tom was noticed last night, sitting on the soft side of a plank, opposite the new Municipal Hall, indulging in one of his peculiar ruminations on the event of the day. "They call this the age of invention, said Tom, but why does not some fellow take out a patent for providing drinks on tick; would not he be a benefactor of his species? Of course he would, because it 'ud be a substitute for specie. Or if a bill was introduced for perpetual elections, it would go far to obviate the difficulty. They talk of the good that missionary societies does, but they ain't no circumstance in humbling the exalted and exalting the humble, to an election by the people. You don't see no folks putting on airs in 'lection time; every feller is as good as another, and some a dam'd sight better. Candidates are never near-sighted: they sees every body; they ain't no teetotalers among them neither, for they treats every body; the very awkwardest of 'em could make a fortune, one would think, jest by teaching the principles of politeness at which they are a fay, as the French say.—Could anything on airth equal the hospitality of — to me last night, who is a candidate for Alderman in my ward. He brought me home with him; he was a little fresh—corned some folks call it—it is true, but that was because he wanted to show his constituents he was one of the people. Well, he rapped at the door; he held me by the arm; I don't well see how he could stand straight if he hadn't. When his wife opened it, he said, "Mr. Tunwell," said he, introducing me to that amiable lady—

"Mr. Tunwell, one of my best supporters," which at the time was literally true. "Why, Charles, my dear," said she, "you seem tipsy."

"No, I ain't—I ain't tipsy," said he, "but I'm fresh from the people," and, my eyes! didn't he treat me to a cold supper and to Scotch ale; and didn't I give for a toast the unbought suffrages of a free people, and didn't he say it was glorious! capital and so it was the only capital which I was operating on at the time. But I said something about my ward, didn't I? I'd like to know what ward is not mine? I'd like to see any one that would attempt to keep me from votin' wherever I'd—d please; I'd bring any one that would before the court on a *haby corpus*, on the charge of restriction' the right of franchise—on the charge of—"

"Having no visible means of support," said the watchman, who just happened to come up, and heard Tom's discursive comments.

"Hello, Charley," says Tom, for he well knew his man, "these are 'lection times, and it ain't constitutional to suppress free opinion. A feller can give his reasons for votin', can't he?"

"Come, move on to the calaboose," said the watchman.

"Oh, I see," says Tom, "that's movin' the previous question on me, and that ain't no better than gag law, no how you can fix it."

The watchman poked Tom off, and Tom kept arguing the constitutional question with him till he entered the watch house.

A young lady, scolding her beau for not sending her a pair of new shoes he promised her, writes in a postscript as follows: "P. S. Them shuz ort to be on hand (!) and the recklection stix out about a fact."

It is said that extensive orders for American stocks came over in the Caledonia. It is believed that vast sums of money will seek the United States for investment.

### A Bit of Humor.

We do not relish the truth the less for being occasionally spiced with a little humor. The following extract from the report of a committee on hogs, read before an Agricultural Society 'down east,' contains some excellent bits:

"Again: Some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or from China plates, is, it seems to me, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought then, to be judged charitably. At any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their breath by drinking whiskey. And as to your personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor the female among them picking their way up this muddy village, after a rain, in kid slippers."

Notwithstanding their heterodox notions, hogs have some excellent traits of character. If one happens to wallow a little deeper in some mire than his fellows, and carries off and comes in possession of more of this earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is they eat him as such.

And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections; and yet some Hogs have descended from very ancient families. They understand full well, the common sense maxim, "every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

### Wodging a Bullet.

John Quincy Adams once received the following challenge:

Sir—Your remarks in the House on Tuesday last, relative to my deceased friend and relative, I consider as a personal insult. Being at leisure to-day, I have prevailed on my friend, the Hon. Mr. Jamieson, (whom you will find to be a man of the strictest honor,) to call upon you and arrange for a proper settlement of the matter, as is customary among gentlemen.

Very respectfully your ob't servant,  
J. R. SATERLEE.

To which Mr. Adams made the following reply:

"MY DEAR SIR—I thank you for having afforded me the opportunity of half an hour's conversation with the agreeable and excellent Mr. Jamieson. As to the proposal which you were good enough to make—and which I presume is intended as an invitation for me to set myself up as a mark to be fired at—excuse me if I decline it. I can do so consistently, as I assure you I have not the honor to be a gentleman; but yet I remain,

Your humble and ob't servant,  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The paper, in which we find this correspondence, says that Mr. Satterlee afterwards met Mr. Adams with the intention of ening him; but the mild and benevolent countenance of Mr. A. deterred him from the assault. A short explanation, which succeeded, made Mr. Satterlee one of Mr. Adams' warmest friend and admirers.

EFFECTS OF SEVERITY.—A father in Troy recently chastised his daughter, 12 or 14 years of age, with a raw hide, for being suspected of dishonesty. One week after, she died from the effects of the punishment. The father, who is an industrious and trustworthy man, is almost crazy at the sad result of his ill-judged treatment of his only daughter.

REVERENCE FOR AGE.—How beautiful it is to see the young reverence old age! We never see a little boy bowing respectfully to an aged man in the street, but we feel sure that he is a good boy. Reverence is always due to aged people. Good nature and a proper education say to the young: Reverence old age. Gray hairs are crowns of glory, which found in the way of righteousness. The promptings of our kindly nature teach us to respect the aged, to rise up before the hoary head. The dim eye, the furrowed brow, and temples thinly clad,—who would not respect, reverence, and love them?

SPOOKS.—Much excitement is prevalent among the people of Doylestown, by a Ghost which, in the form of a veiled lady, is said to preambulate the streets at night.

DOING WELL.—A Kentucky lady has just presented her delighted lord, with three babies—two girls and one boy!—The editor who announces the tidings, innocently adds, that "she is doing well." Unquestionably she is!