

# Huntingdon Journal



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1848.

VOL. XIII, NO. 27.

## POETICAL.

### SACRED MUSIC.

BY EDWARD G. ABBOTT.

Through the open window,  
As a welcome comes,  
Breathes upon my forehead  
The warm breath of summer.  
The old forests murmur  
In the fragrant air;  
Leafy elves are telling  
Their sweet love-tales there!  
And the rivulets ramble  
Through the meadow grass,  
To the bathing flowers  
Singing as they pass!  
In the fairy concert,  
With sweet notes and high,  
Gentle birds are thrilling  
Music in the sky!  
Through the opening furrows  
Gleams the rushing share,  
While the plough-boy whistles  
To the listening air!  
All is love and labor,  
All is merry song—  
May the days that follow  
Swell the chorus long!

### The Search after Rest.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

When first the Dove, afar and wide,  
Skimmed the dark waters o'er,  
To seek, beyond the heaving tide,  
A green and peaceful shore.  
No leafy bough, nor life-like thing,  
Rose 'mid the swelling main,  
The lone bird sought, with faltering wing,  
The hallowed Ark again.  
And ever thus man's heart hath traced  
A lone and weary road;  
But never yet, 'mid earth's dark waste,  
A resting place hath found.  
The peace for which his spirit yearns  
Is ever sought in vain,  
'Till, like the Dove, it homeward turns,  
And finds its God again.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### IRELAND.

#### Removal of Mr. Mitchell.

The Dublin Freeman contains the following account of the departure of Mr. Mitchell: "Precisely as the prison clock struck four (on Saturday afternoon) the convict-van drew up at the front entrance of Newgate, and was immediately surrounded by two squadrons of dragoons under the command of Col. Maunsell and Col. Gordon. In a few minutes on official, bearing the warrant of Mr. Mitchell's removal, entered the prison and delivered the same to the high Sheriff. The mounted police and dragoons, with drawn sabres, formed four deep round the van. The door having been opened, Inspector Selwood gave the word at the prison gate "all is ready." One of the turnkeys then came forth with a bundle of clothes, which were understood to be the convict dress, and threw it into the middle of the van. Precisely at 8 minutes past 4 the gates were opened and Mr. Mitchell came forth with a firm step and a firm demeanor. He wore a brown frock coat, light waistcoat and dark trousers, and had a light glazed cap upon his head, the hair appearing to be closely cut. His hand and right leg were heavily manacled, and fastened to each other by a ponderous iron chain. He cast one quiet, dignified glance about and recognizing a friend who called out "Mitchell!" bowed and shook hands with him. He was then assisted into the van, accompanied by four or five inspectors of police. The door was immediately banged to, and the cortege moved forward at a double quick trot up Bolton st, and thence by the circular road to the north wall, where the Sheerwater government steamer was lying in readiness."

The cautions taken to prevent any attempt at rescue on the way to the place of embarkation were effective. There was, however, some rioting at Seville-place, on the North strand, where the police were assailed by a mob, the chief leaders of which were women. One amazon was conspicuous by her dourness.—She hurled brickbats and stones with unerring aim at the heads of the constabulary, cursing lustily the cowardice of the men at Dublin leaving the fighting to the women. All the efforts of the police to effect her capture were useless, and she finally escaped in the crowd of combatants.

A few hours after the sentence, the prisoners council, who, during the trial, had been more than once stopped in his line of defence, by the judge protesting that he was using language no less inflammatory and seditious than that for which the prisoner was on trial, rose in court to repeat and justify all he had said. "My Lords," he observed, amidst the utmost silence, "I wish now to state that what I said yesterday I adopt today as my own opinion. I here avow all I have said; and perhaps under this late act of Parliament Her Majesty's Attorney General, if I have violated the law, may think it his duty to proceed

against me in that way. Be this act as it may I now assert in deliberation that the sentiments I expressed with respect to England and her treatment of this country are my sentiments, and I here avow them openly."—"Call on the next case" was, of course, the only reply of the Court to this declaration, and the ordinary business was proceeded with.

[From the United Irishman, May 27.]

These are solemn days. We are walking on the brink of an abyss; fathomless yawns the chasm before us; if our hearts sink, if a nerve trembles, we fall and perish; if, on the contrary, our souls be brave, and our steps rapid, we will come forth from the danger triumphant. In these days cowardice is folly, and courage is wisdom. The man who shrinks from his post, and pins himself to his lady's apron string, must meet the dog's death which he deserves; but whenever a dauntless heart be beating, be sure God's angels are watching there. For two brave men who fall on the battle field, fifty cowards are slain. Valor is a very Ajax-shield, and he who possesses a bold spirit has a never failing talisman. What is the grandest biography that man can aspire to? He lived a brave man's life.—What is the sublimest epithet which can grace his tomb? He died a brave man's death. The coward breathes his last on a bed of down, with low whispering voices in his ear; the patriot falls across a barricade, and is dragged through mud and street filth—but the memory of the one dies with his body, while the other, entering a tomb, ascends a throne, and rules us from his sepulchre.

The time. It is a steel-toned era. Not the age for silvery tones and measured sentences. Not the age of rhetorical skill and tricks of fancy. The strong thing is now the only true thing.

The time. It is a glorious age. Old Earth sways to and fro, rocked hither and thither by the storm-breath of democracy. That great Lazarus—the people—has come forth from his tomb. The sleeping warriors are awakened. The clash of their swords is the death-knell of tyranny. And when all the nations are advancing in a "rhythmic march," shall we not keep the step? Dress up your ranks, fall in, and follow!

The time. It is no poetic, rainbow-hued, golden age. No gentle, sweet-voiced sovereign rules the world. Our only king is in the sword. At the flash of the patriot's steel the torch of freedom can alone be lit.

This is not the time for beggars' petitions. No more prayers; no more whining; no more dying in the ditch side; no more patient and persevering cannibalism; no more soup-kitchen pater-nity; no more of the grim farce, in which two millions of men, with red blood in them, and something resembling a soul by the grace of the devil and the advice of their pastors, bid farewell to the sun and committed suicide; no more of that gentle "law" which, like death, levels all distinctions, and places a high-souled patriot in the same filthy cell with a common burglar and a swindling Jew; no more of the licensed scoundrelism of pompous magistrates—which the other day consigned one of our best friends to a felon's prison, for walking through the streets of Dublin with his friends; no more of that accursed mockery, called "government," which has trampled into sterility every good seed of truth, and honor, and courage, which the just God had planted in this land, and left it without fruit or verdure. Away, away, with all this "specious fry of fraud"—with English rule and English robbery. Down to their native hell with aristocratic plunderers and vice-regal green-croppers.

Their hour is come. With the keen steel which will redder in the blood of the first foreign butcher, we will write Finis in the book of British crime, and trace the title page of Ireland's new history.

The people of this land have been dreaming an uneasy dream. The night mare vanishes at last, and the blood stream circulates in the country once more.—They can stir their arms and use their strength again. A voice was heard crying in the wilderness, and it has aroused them to sense and volition. A glorious fiat lux was re-echoed from one end of the isle to the other, and the clouds rolled off from our horizon, and the blue sky looked forth on us and blessed us. A revelation came unto the people, and they felt that they had only to say, "we shall do such a thing" and it was done—they felt at last, the everlasting truth on their benighted souls, that a people's will, and Omnipotence—as far as regards earth—are synonymous.

Let them come forth, then, in the sunlight, and take the rights which have been withheld from them so long—yes! take them, for they have only to stretch forth their hands and they will soon grasp

the treasure which they desire. Paris willed that it should be free, and Louis Philippe packed up his things, put his umbrella under his arm, and renewing his youth—eagle like—went forth a travelling.—Sicily willed that the Union act—which sucked out its life blood—should be repealed, and the first sword which gleamed in the patriot's hand, cut the parchment link that bound it to a foreign country—Milan—but why multiply instances? Is it not plain as that God liveth we shall receive, if we ask in the commanding tones of freemen, not in the whining accent of slaves?

Come forward then, ye suffering poor and prove to your oppressors that you are men, and not dogs. From the fields where you toil in the heat of summer and frost of winter, coaxing out of the heart of the earth those hidden riches which minister to your tyrant's luxury—from the filthy lanes where you cower in rags, and wet and misery, hiding your shame from the eyes of your fellow men, and gnawing (you have done it!) through the flesh of your own children, to fan the flickering flame of life within you—from the under ground cellars, where some of you endowed, mayhap, with high aspirations and sunny genius, grovel, worm like, in cold nastiness, cursing the rule which has crushed you down to dust, and extinguished the heavenly light within you—from the haunts of crime, where with breaking hearts, you sell the beauty which was intended to adorn the homes of virtue, that the Hungry fiend which is preying upon your entrails may be satisfied—come forth, come forth ye poor.—You wear the garb of humanity; you have the appearance of men. Let the garb have something within it—let the appearance clothe a reality. You were made to God's likeness. Premiers and aristocrats may deny it, but the Man God who died for you has said so. Blood circulates in your veins, too. You have rights to demand and wrong to avenge. You have as rich a fluid within your hearts as the tyrants who tramp on you. You are like them in physical formation. If they prick you do you not bleed? If they poison you, do you not die? You are stronger than they are. They are few and you are many. Up, then grapple with them, and try a fall or two. It is only when you have your hands round their waists that you can truly estimate their strength or weakness.

#### The Pope the True Reformer.

The Revolution in Europe, was started in Rome, beyond all question. The Pope himself was the first Reformer, who gave an impetus to the ball, that has since rolled with so much violence from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, and from the Danube to the Po. The Pope having been reproached for all this, has thus replied in a letter to a member of the French National Assembly, no doubt Lamartine:

"The different governments have been long reproaching me as the cause of their disasters and embarrassments. I have replied, that in granting concessions to my people I did but follow the advice which those powers gave to my predecessors. If I have counselled the people to obey their rulers, I have engaged rulers to do justice to their people. Nor is it my fault if the people have risen against sovereigns who have rejected my counsels. As to Italy, not only have I never opposed the war as a sovereign and as an Italian. But as Priest and Pope, all Christians being my children, I must do my best to prevent their slaughtering each other.

#### A Bit of Romance.

The Philadelphia papers tell a story which savors so much of romance that it might be discredited, were not the particulars all fully substantiated. On Thursday last an advertisement appeared in the Ledger of that city, in which John Dawson, a young man, desired to learn something of his relatives, from whom he had been separated eighteen or twenty years. It appears that in the year 1829, when about four years of age, he was stolen from his parents, then living in Philadelphia, by a man named Charles Ingelfritz, who took him on board a boat bound for New Bedford, and subsequently carried him on various voyages to all quarters of the globe. The boy, though conscious of having been stolen from his parents, could obtain no clue to the fact, until one day, Ingelfritz, while intoxicated, spoke of having taken him from Philadelphia.—This induced the young man to advertise in the person of Daniel Bro-sann, residing in M'Coy's Court, South Front Street, Philadelphia. The father identified him by certain marks upon his person. The meeting took place on Saturday, and the joy on the part of both is said to have been indescribable. The father, and a brother and sister were all that survived, his mother having become deranged and died years ago.

#### GEN. TAYLOR SURROUNDED.

The following clever specimen of playful narrative is furnished by a correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune:

IBERVILLE, May 25, 1848.

The good people of Iberville have been in an excitement for some days, created by an expected visit from Gen. Taylor, he having promised to call on some of his numerous friends in that parish and partake of their hospitality. Quietly and unheralded, accompanied by D. D. Avery, he presented himself yesterday at noon, (Tuesday,) at the residence of J. N. Brown, Esq., where he partook of a sumptuous dinner, and then proceeded to the house of a warm personal friend, Col. R. A. Stewart, where he established himself for the day. The General was in remarkable fine spirits, and since he has thrown aside the military dress and comes out in a new suit of black, it seems as if he had turned back the wheels of time and stricken the marks of ten years from his capacious brow.

It so happened that on the very evening of the arrival of Gen. Taylor at Col. Stewart's, the beautiful residence of Mr. Simon Le Blanc was lighted up until it seemed one blaze of light, and within its precincts were heard the sounds of revelry. The patriarch's youngest daughter had a few hours before stood at the bridal altar, and hundreds of relatives and friends were joyously celebrating the event. The rumor went through the crowd that Gen. Taylor had arrived in the neighborhood.

The beautiful bride, the troupe of bride's maids, the whole circle of Louisiana's fairest daughters that graced the festive scene, repeated the honored name, while the gentlemen more boisterously gave vent to their feelings of admiration. In a few moments the ladies formed a plan to "capture the old hero." They felt confident that they could do what Santa Anna and twenty thousand picked troops could not. Three lovely young ladies were at once organized into a powerful army, supported by several gentlemen.

The affair was entirely successful; the light artillery got on the gallery of the house unperceived, as it was raining very hard at the time, and boldly entering the sally port, carried old Zack in fifteen seconds. At the time, he was firmly seated in a large red-backed arm chair; Colonel Stewart supporting him on the right, his accomplished lady on the left.

The General on the first attack attempted to manoeuvre, but it was a total failure; the ditch was on the wrong side, and the first discharge of a little more grape of bright eyes set him fluttering, and with a few random shots he surrendered at discretion long before the heavy artillery in the rear was brought into action. Old Zack, however, displayed considerable presence of mind even under the novel position of a defeat, and capitulated that he should ride to the wedding in the carriage with his cap-tiva-tors, and be treated otherwise with all the consideration of honorable warfare.

Gen. Taylor was instantly hurried off for fear of a rescue, as there were large forces of the enemy hovering about, all anxious to get him into their possession. He acted in a most resigned manner throughout, and as far as we could judge, showed a little of La Vega's spirit, being rather pleased with his place of imprisonment.

On arriving at Mr. Le Blanc's he was conducted with due ceremony into the crowded rooms. A buzz of excitement followed, and when the old general was seen, the waving of fair hands and loud shouts of "Welcome General Taylor," followed; a "bridal favor" was immediately pinned on his right shoulder and another imprinted on his lips, and he became the observed of all observers.

The General was literally crushed under favors; he however maintained his position. It would be impossible for us to detail all the interesting incidents of the occasion, and perhaps it would not be improper for us to notice that the little grandson of Mr. Simon Le Blanc, who rejoices in the winning name of Zachary Taylor, was placed in the old General's arms, he prophesying that it was bound to be a General some of these days.

SIGNIFICANT.—There was a large meeting at Buffalo on Wednesday evening of the portion of the Democracy opposed to the nominees of the Baltimore Convention. Among the speakers was John Van Buren. One little incident which occurred during his address is worthy of record. He was reviewing the merits of the two candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people, and asked, is General Taylor fit for the Presidency? Scarcely had the words escaped from his lips, when there went up a responsive "Yes—yes—yes" from the multitude.

#### GAMBLING.

BY H. W. BECHER.

#### Scene the First.

A genteel coffee house—whose humane screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles, and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes. There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar, and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out and the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand: he does not love the drink nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both. Why is he here? He is a whole-souled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine upon the importunity of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil the friend's pleasure by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours—the prudent liquor-fiend made it safely dumb. The night is getting old; its dark air is growing fresher: the east is grey: the gaming and drinking and hilarious laugh are over, and the youths wending their way homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says, they did not hear and will not hear. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling: all were gentlemen; there was no cheating: simply a convivial evening: no stakes except the bills incidental to the entertainment. If any man blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious bigot, let him croak!"—Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling. Let us then look at

#### Scene the Second.

In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing in the morning when the forgotten candles burn dimly over the lengthened wicks, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands.—Pale, watchful, though weary, their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each other's face. Hours have passed over thus. At length they rise without words: some with a satisfaction which only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move away from their lost money. The darkest and also the fiercest of the four, is that young friend who first sat down to make a game! He never will sit so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? "I have a right to gamble: I have a right to be damned, too, if I choose: whose business is it?"

#### Scene the Third.

Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined at first with expostulation, and then with only silent regret, then consenting to take part in the spoils, and finally he has himself decoyed, duped and stripped them without mercy.

Go with me into that dilapidated house not far from the landing at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room.—Around that broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or broken chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards smouched with tobacco, grease and liquor. One has a pirate face burnished and burnt with brandy; a stock of grizzled matted hair half covers his villain eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket.—Close to him wheezes a white-faced, dropsical wretch, vermin-covered and stenchful. A scoundrel Spaniard and a burley negro, (the jolliest of the four,) completes the group. Here hour draws on hour, sometimes with threat, and oath and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, and temper, too, each charges each with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows, and the whole gang burst out the door, beating, biting, scratching and rolling over and over in the dirt and dust. The worst, the fiercest, the drunkest of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game.

#### Scene the Fourth.

Upon this bright day, stand with me if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung! At last a guarded cart drags on a thrice guarded wretch. At the gallows ladder his courage fails. His coward feet refuse to ascend; dragged up, he is supported by bustling officials; his brain reels, his eye swims, while the meek minister utters a final prayer by his loaded ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment, his convulsed limbs stretch down, and hang heavily and still: and he who can begin to gamble to make up a game, and end with stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played the last game—himself the stake.

☞ N. P. Trist has removed to the town of West Chester, in this State.

#### A Nut for the Curious.

A singular phenomenon occurred this spring at the farm of Martin Mull, Esq., in Falls township. His orchard is composed of the usual varieties. The blossoms on one of the Fall pippin trees, which bears excellent fruit, has been peculiarly fatal to nearly all the bees of every description that have visited it—the humble bees in an especial manner. The ground is thickly strewn with the dead. The bees after visiting several blossoms in their usual way, would be apparently attacked with vertigo, as if they had taken some deadly narcotic, and descend in spiral circles to the ground. Some would be dead very soon, others would linger a considerable time before they would die; and but few would recover to escape. The tree is now thickly set with young fruit. No other trees in the orchard produced such or similar effects on the bees, nor was it ever observed before on the trees in question.—Bucks Co. Intelligencer.

☞ God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers on the stem—upon the rain drop that refreshes the sprig of Moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chamber—upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon his works he has written, "None of us liveth to himself." And probably were we wise enough to understand these works we should find there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes—which may not, in some way or other minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant; the star that is most useful in the heavens—we admire the most.

And is it not reasonable that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens all minister—man who has power of conferring deeper misery and higher happiness than any being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will: is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living—not for himself, but for others?

☞ A party of young men were dining at a public house, and among sundry dishes served up for the occasion, was a chicken roasted. One of the gentlemen present, made an ineffectual attempt to carve it, when he stopped suddenly, and called for the landlord who was in another part of the room.

"Landlord," said he, "you might have made a great deal more money with this chicken before me, than serving it up in this way.

"How so?" asked the landlord, starting.

"Why, in taking it around the country to exhibit it."

"Exhibit a chicken? Who would give anything to see a chicken?" said mine host, getting a little riled.

"Why every body would have paid to see this one, for you might have informed them, I have no doubt with truth, that this is the same rooster that crowded when Peter denied his master!"

"ROUGH AND READY."—We take pleasure in recording the following happy hit, given by Mr. T. W. Whitley, of Covington, during the delivery of a speech in support of General Taylor for the Presidency. "My veteran opponent," said Mr. W., "objects to Gen. Taylor on the ground of scholarship.—'This question,' said he, with all due deference, should be referred to the Mexicans, 'for,' said Mr. Whitley, 'the old General, I believe, taught school in their country, and turned the whole of Buena Vista into a college, and as to penmanship,'" said Mr. W., raising his voice to a high pitch, "with a steel pointed pen, he wrote his name a thousand miles in length, on the arid plains in Mexico, so ineffable, that time itself shall not erase it."

HORRIBLE.—A mad dog attacked a child about eight months old in New Orleans, a few days since. Before the child could be rescued, life was extinct—the dog had gnawed away better than one half of the victim!

ALMONTE.—This distinguished Mexican is about to visit the United States with his family, and will probably take up his permanent residence in the city of New Orleans, where he spent much of his youth, and acquired much of the valuable information he possesses. He has lost all his popularity in Mexico, and is thoroughly disgusted with the country.