

Huntingdon



Journal.

BY JAS. CLARK.

POETICAL.

WEDDED LOVE.

ADDRESSED BY A YOUNG WIFE TO HER DESPONDING HUSBAND.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—tis not well
To let thy spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the care that swell
Life's current to a flood;
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts by gathering up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The land-marks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now! I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken!
Proud, noble, gifted, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldest be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this weary weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its power control,
Familiar to thy wife;
For dearest thou could stoop to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest! from the dream
That fetters new thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished for goal, the guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on
Until its bounds be won;
That quenchless ray, thou'll ever prove,
Is fond, undying, WEDDED LOVE!

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WINTHROP'S SPEECH.

On the 4th inst. the corner stone of a monument to the memory of Washington, was laid at Washington city, in the presence of a vast multitude of the people from every part of the Union. ROBERT C. WINTHROP of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House, delivered a great and powerful speech on the occasion. We are not able to publish his remarks at length, but cannot refrain from giving the following eloquent extracts from it, which deserve to be printed in letters of gold, and should be read and pondered by every American citizen, no matter in what section of this great Union he resides. Speaking of the farewell address of the immortal Washington, Mr. Winthrop says:

"In that incomparable address in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them, in solemn terms, to 'cherish public credit; to 'observe good faith and justice towards all nations; avoiding both 'inveeterate antipathies and passionate attachments' towards any to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, 'lest instead of warming, it should consume; to abstain from characterizing parties by geographical distinctions; to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge; to respect and uphold religion and morality; those great pillars of human happiness; those firmest props to the duties of men and of citizens.'

"But what can exceed, what can equal the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the Union of the States. 'It is of infinite moment' says he, in the language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating. 'That you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discontenancing what ever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignant, frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to efface the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.'

"The Union, the Union in every event, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, the Union in any event, let it be our sentiment this day!"

"Yes, to-day, fellow citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever!"

Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun; till that sun shall set to rise no more; draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

"Proceed then fellow citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the corner stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American People to the illustrious Father of his country! Build it to the skies; you cannot out-reach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!

"But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We and those who come after us in successive generations are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope, and joy upon the pathway of human Liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

"Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON!"

A Beautiful Allegory.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And stars shone, and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its pure slumbers. Morning came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then come the ardent sun-god sweeping from the East, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserter and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze, who had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curls of innocent childhood, came tripping along on the errands of mercy and love, and when she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away when her generous task was performed—yet not without reward, for she perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by a grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees.

Thus charity, like the breeze which gathers a fragrance from the humble flowers it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume to bless and to cheer.

"Will you give me them pennies now," said a big news-boy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No I won't." "Then I'll give you another pounding," "Pound away, you fool. Me and Dr. Franklin agree. Dr. Franklin says, 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

[From the National Intelligencer.]
ANOTHER "DOWNING" LETTER.

Private Letter to Major Jack Downing.

POST OFFICE, DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE, JUNE 30 1848.

DEAR NEPHEW:—Bein' our army is about breakin' up in Mexico and coming home, I thought the best chance to get a letter to you would be to get your old friends, Mr. Gales and Seaton, to send one that way, and may be it might come across you somewhere on the road, if so you are still in the land of the living.

Your aunt Kesiah is in a great worriment about you, and is very much frightened for fear somethin' has happened, because we havn't heard nothin' from you since your last letter. I try to pacify her, and tell her the fighting was all over, and nothin' to do but to finish up the court martial the last time you writ, and that there isn't going to be any more annexin' till Mr. Cass comes in President and you'll soon be along. But all wont pacify her; she's as uneasy as a fish out of water, and says she lays awake half the night thinking of them garillas, for fear they've got hold of you. So I hope you'll write home as soon as possible, and let us know whether you are dead or alive, and set your aunt Kesiah's heart to rest.

For my part I hope you will hurry along back as fast as you can. Our politics is very much mixed up and in a bad way about the Presidency. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how it's comin' out. It was a very unlucky hit when President Polk sent old Zack Taylor down to Mexico. He wasn't the right man. But then I 'spose Mr. Polk had no idea of what sort of a chap he had got hold of. It can't be helped now but it's like to be the ruin of our party. The Democratic party haint seen a well day since Taylor first begun his Pally Alto battles; and now we are all shiverin' as bad as if we had the fever and agay. I dont know, after all, but this annexin' Mexico will turn out to be an unlucky blow to the party; for what will it profit the Democratic party if they gain the whole world and lose the Presidency? Ye see, the Whigs have put up Taylor for President; and it has completely knocked us all into a cocked hat. There isn't one half of us that knows where we stand or which way we are goin'; and there isn't a party fence in the country that is high enough to keep our folks from jumpin' over. They are getting kind of crazy, and seem to feel as if old Hickory had got back again, and they was all runnin' to vote for him. The Whigs laugh and poke fun at us, and say that they have got as good a right to have a Hickory as we Democrats have. We put up General Cass first, and thought we should carry it all hollow; for he's a strong man and took a great deal of pains to make the party like him all over the country. And if the Whigs had done as they ought to, and put up Clay, or any one that they had a right to put up we should have carried the day without any trouble. But the conduct of the Whigs has been shameful in this business. Instead of taking a man that fairly belonged to 'em, they have grabbed hold of a man that got all his popularity out of the war, and was under the pay of our Administration, and has been made and built up by our party, and the Whigs had no more business with him than they had with the man in the moon.—But, for all that, the Whigs had the impudence to nominate him. Well, that riled our water all up, so we couldn't see bottom nowhere. But we soon found there was a shiftin' and whirlin' of currents, and the wind and tide was settin' us on the rocks, in spite of us. We soon see that old Rough and Ready, as they call him, was going to be too much for Cass. But, as we was all making up our mind that it was gone with us, Mr. John Van Buren, of York State—he's a smart feller, a son of President Van Buren, and a chip of the old block—he sings out, "Dont give up the ship yet; if one hoss ain't enough to draw the load, hitch on another." Well, the idea seemed to take; and they stirred around and got up another Convention at Utica in York State, to see who they should put up, and they all pitched upon President Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren patted them on the shoulder, and told 'em to have good courage and go ahead, for they was on the right track, but they must hitch on somebody else besides him, for he had made up his mind four years ago not to take hold again. But they stuck to him with tears in their eyes, and told him there wasn't another man in the country that could draw like him alongside of Cass, and if he had still any patriotism for the party left he mustn't say no. And they worked upon his feelings so much that at last he didn't say no. So now we've got two candidates, Cass and Van Buren, and good

strong ones too, both of 'em; and if we can't whip Taylor, I think it's a pity—I know as well as I want to that we shall give him a pesky hard tug. Some are afraid we aint hardly strong enough yet, and they've called another Convention to meet in Buffalo the 9th of August to put up another candidate. But others are faint-hearted about it, and say it's all no kind of use; we may put up twenty candidates, and Taylor will whip the whole lot; it's a way he has; he always did just so in Mexico. If they brought twenty to one agin him, it made no odds, he'd whip the whole ring, from Pally Alto to Bonita Vista.

So you see what sort of a pickle we're in, and how much we need your help jest now. But there's one thing I have on my mind pretty strong. You know this appointment in the Downingville Post Office, that you got Gen. Jackson to give me, has always been a great comfort to me and it would be a sad blow to me to loose it now in my old age. I wish you would make it in your way to call and see General Taylor as you come along home and try to find out how he feels towards me; because if he is to be elected any how, I cant see any use there would be in biting my own nose off for the sake of opposing his election. And I dont think that patriotism to the party requires it; and I'm sure prudence requires it.

When you get to Washington, call and see Mr. Richie and try to comfort him; I'm told the dear old gentleman is working too hard for his strength—out at nights in the rain, with a lantern in his hand heading the campaign. Try to persuade him to be calm and take good care of himself. And be sure and ask him how the Federals are going this election, for we cant find out any thing about it down here. I used to know how to keep the run of the Federals, but now there are so many parties, the Democrats, and Whigs, and Hunkers, and Barnburners, and Abolition folks, and Proviso folks, all criss-crossin' one another, that I have my match to keep the run of 'em. But your aunt Kesiah says the clock has struck, and I must close the mail.

So I remain your loving uncle,
JOSHUA DOWNING, P. M.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

You know my opinion of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with ten fold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her weddin' gown, for qualities that wear well. One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—John Randolph.

SORROW FOR THE ERRING.—The little I have seen of the world, says Longfellow, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatened voices within; health gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my friend with him from whose hands he came.

Frightened Black.

A most singular instance of terror is recorded in the *Journal de Medicine*, a female of advanced age, who was so affected with horror on hearing that her daughter with two children in her arms, had precipitated herself out of a window, and were killed on the spot, that her skin, in a single night, from head to foot, became as black as that of a negro. The same passion turns the hair white, of which many instances are now on record.

"No party had ever a higher motive for exertion, than has the great Democratic party of the United States."—Gen. Cass' letter of acceptance.

That's a fact. It has the motive of self preservation. It's root, hog, or die.

Presentation of a Medal to General Taylor.

At New Orleans, on the 3d inst., a ceremony of a most interesting character took place at the St. Charles Hotel. It was the presentation of the gold medal ordered by the State of Louisiana as a gift to Major General Zachary Taylor. A number of persons were present at the presentation, although it was not generally known that it was to be made. The medal was presented by Levi Pierce Esq., to whom the General replied as follows:

Gentlemen—I receive the beautiful gift of Louisiana, which you offer me in her name, with sentiments of profound gratitude and love.

It was her pleasure to have invited me on a former occasion a magnificent sword in a manner most flattering to a soldier's feelings. I was, gentlemen, even then, overpowered by that memorial of her kindness, and felt how much I owed to my position in the army for honors which perhaps more properly should go to the untitled soldier.

But a rich gift like that was not enough for Louisiana; she comes again to shower honor upon honors, already too thickly poured, on an undeserving citizen. And here, for the victory won by my brave soldiers at Buena Vista, she gives me this enduring memorial of her affection and her kindness.

It is true there were high and gallant deeds done on the heights of Buena Vista and noble and precious blood drenched the parched earth and stained for many a long step its craggy borders; but gentlemen, of the glory won then I have claimed no more than a soldier's share. The honor to lead in the fight was a high one, and that I faltered not in this duty, in this watchful and responsible place, was enough to satisfy my ambition. Duty was the star of my attraction, and to do it I would bring at all times all my strength to prostrate opposing parties. In performing this duty a small portion of glory has fallen on the army under my command—then let it rest on me. Other men, with an equal heart and purpose, doubtless could have done as well as I. My comrades in many battles since have testified to this by their skill and courage, and they like myself, know full well how much is due to the subaltern and to the rank and file.

Gentlemen, I feel some pleasure in knowing that compliments like these paid to the commanding officer, in spirit if not in terms, always include this brave soldier; and I think I err not when I vouch for their satisfaction for all persons when their country votes them its public thanks.

To Louisiana, then, I return my most grateful obligations, and I pray you, gentlemen, bear them to her citizens, as a feeble acknowledgment of a large debt I owe this noble State.

Paddy and the Echo.

"Patrick! where have you been this hour or more? You must not absent yourself without my permission."

"Och, niver more will I do the like, sir."

"Well, give an account of yourself—you seem out of breath."

"Faith, the same I am; I niver was in such feare since I came to Ameriky.—I'll tell you all about it sir, when I get breath onst agin."

"I heard ye tillin' the gentlemen of the wonderful echo, sir, over in the woods behind the big hill. I thought by what ye said ur it, that it bate all the echoes in ould Ireland, sir, and so it does, by the powers! Well, I jist run over to the place you was spakeng uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful creature. So said I, "Hillo, hillo, hillo!" says I, and sure enough the echo says, "Hillo, hillo, hillo, ye noisy rascal!"

"I thought that was very quare, and says 'hillo,' agin."

"Hillo, yourself," says the echo, "you begin it furst."

"What the devil are ye made uv?" says I.

"Shet your mouth," says the echo.

"So, said I, 'ye blatherin' spalpeen, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye isn't, I'd hammer ye till the mother uv ye wouldn't know her impin' son."

"And what do you think the echo says to that, sir?" "Scamper ye bastie a Paddy," says he, "or faith if I catch ye I'll break ivry bone in your ugly body." An' it hit my head with a stone, sir, that was nigh knocking the poor brains out uv me. So I run as fast as ever I could: and praised be all the saints, I'm here to tell ye uv it, sir, I am."

Best Preservative.

When a young man has a love for reading, and of course a healthful relish for intellectual pleasures, he has become possessed of one of the best preservatives against dissipation.

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Refusing to Drink with Washington.

Towards the close of the Revolutionary war, says Dr. Cox, an officer had occasion to transact some business with Gen. Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that business. Before leaving, he received an invitation to dine with the General, which was accepted, and upon entering the room he found himself in the company of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. As they were mostly strangers to him, and he was of a naturally modest and unassuming disposition, he took a seat near the foot of the table, and refrained from taking part in the conversation. Just before dinner was concluded, General Washington called him by name and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

"You will have the goodness to excuse me, General," was the reply, "as I have made it a rule not to take wine."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise and horror ran around the room. That a person should be so unsocial and mean as never to drink wine, was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly intolerable! Washington saw at once the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them:—"Gentlemen," said he, "Mr. — is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of any thing against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principles in their social intercourse with me. I honor Mr. — for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which, I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient reasons."

He Don't Swear.
Major Gaines, of Kentucky, said, in his speech at Faneuil Hall:—"Taylor does not swear. I have known him long, have slept in his tent and been on the most intimate terms with him; yet I never heard him utter a profane word. Once, though, I remember his telling me, he was sorely tried. It was at the battle of Okeechobee, where the Missouri volunteers were so hard pressed, that they fell into disorder, and finally retreated. 'Where are you going?' asked Col. Taylor, riding up to their head.—They said that they had been ordered to retreat. 'You lie, you scoundrels!' answered Taylor. 'And,' said old Zack,

— for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which, I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient reasons."

Deserters from the Army.—A writer in the New Orleans Delta states that since the commencement of the war there were at least one thousand deserters from the American to the Mexican army; that numbers of them were recognized at Queretaro by their old comrades; and that they have been the main stay of the Mexican Government in repressing manifestations of mutiny