

# Huntingdon Journal



BY JAS. CLARK. HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1849. VOL. XIV, NO. 29

## THE FATHER IS COMING.

BY MARY MOWITT.

The clock is on the stroke of six,  
The father's work is done,  
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,  
And put the kettle on!  
The little wind is blowing cold,  
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the world.  
His coming o'er the world space,  
He's stronger than the storm;  
He does not feel the cold, not he,  
His heart it is so warm;  
For father's heart is stout and true  
As ever human bosom knew!

Stay, do not close the shutters, child,  
Far, far along the lane,  
The little window looks, and he  
Can see it shining plain;  
I've heard him say he loves to mark,  
The cheerful fire-light through the dark.  
And will he do all that father likes,  
His wishes are so few!  
Would they were more, that every hour  
Some wish of his I knew!  
I'm sure it makes a happy day,  
When I can please him any way!

I know he's coming by this sign,  
The baby's almost wild;  
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—  
Heaven bless the merry child!  
His father's self in face and limb,  
And father's heart is strong in him!

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—  
He's through the garden gate;  
Run, little Bess, and open the door,  
And do not let him wait!  
Shout, baby, shout and clap thy hands,  
For father on the threshold stands!

## SCENES OF THE LAST WAR.

### MRS. MADISON'S FLIGHT FROM WASHINGTON.

The following account of Mrs. Madison's flight from Washington, and of the saving of Stewart's portrait of Gen. Washington, when that capital was taken by the English during the late war, is from Mr. C. J. Ingersoll's forthcoming history:

Part of Col. Carberry's regiment of regulars was quartered not far from the President's house, in the large hall of which were stored munitions of war.—Two cannon, served by four artillerymen, were planted before the front door. Mrs. Madison gathered the most precious cabinet papers, some clothing and other important articles, packed in a carriage, and made ready for what all anticipated—flight. Dr. Blake, the Mayor of Washington, twice called to warn her of the peril of her situation, and urged her departure. The four artillerymen fled, leaving her alone in the house, with no attendants but servants, the most intelligent and reliable of whom was one called French John, Mr. John Siousa, a native of Paris, who came to this country as a seaman on board the French frigate *Didon*, accompanied by the *Cybele*, another frigate, in 1804, commissioned to take back Jerome Bonaparte, whose marriage with a beautiful American wife gave umbrage to his ambitious and imperious, and soon to be Imperial brother. Talleyrand addressed his master the emperor, when crowned, deploring the "degradation of a whole family of American cousins;" and then Mr. Siousa, with several others of the French crews of the two frigates, deserted from an imperial navy to establish himself in this country, and become the father of sixteen republican children. Living first in the service of Mr. Merry, when British Minister to the United States, and afterwards of Mr. Erskine; from his family Mr. Siousa went to that of Mr. Madison, as his porter, and is yet living, messenger of the Metropolitan Bank of Washington.

Not long after the Mayor's second call on Mrs. Madison, pressing her departure, she still lingering for tidings of her husband, his faithful, brave young slave, Jim, returned with his master's last note, in pencil, directing her to fly at once. The horses already harnessed to the carriages, were ordered to the door, and with her female servants in one, and only a little black girl in her own, Mrs. Madison drove off.

The afternoon before, Mr. George W. P. Custis, of Arlington, on the other side of the Potomac, opposite to Washington, grandson of Mrs. Custis, General Washington's wife, in whose family he was brought up—a gentleman fond of painting, and of all memorials of his grandmother's husband, particularly every variety of portraits of Washington—called at the President's to save a full length picture which has been among the few ornaments of the presidential mansion during its ten incumbencies, from that of the first Adams, on the removal of the seat of government, in 1800, to the District of Columbia. The picture, in 1814, hung on the west wall of the large dining room, instead of the east wall of the small parlor where it is now. The President promised Mr. Custis that it should be taken care of, and Mrs. Madison deemed it her duty not to leave such a trophy for the captors. It is one of Washington's likenesses by Stewart, stamped with his superiority as a portrait painter, the head and face

strongly resembling the original. Negligent as Stewart was of all but the face of his pictures, the person of Washington was left for another artist, Winstantley, to whom President Adams' son-in-law, Wm. Smith, stood for the body, limbs, posture, and manner of this parody; so that Washington's tall, gaunt person, his shape air and attitude, are much better given by Trumbull's representation of him in the several historical pictures which fill pannels in the rotunda at the Capital. Mrs. Madison, with the carving knife in her hand, stood by while French John and others strove to detach the picture unimjured from its heavy external gilt frame, and preserve it whole on the inner wooden work by which it was kept distended and screwed to the wall.

Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, a gentleman intimate in the President's family, entered on the affair at Bladensburg, while the French porter, John Siousa, and the Irish gardener, Thomas McGaw, were laboring with a hatchet to take down the picture, and remonstrated against Mrs. Madison risking capture for such an object, which Mr. Carroll urged, ought not to delay her departure. Her letter to her sister, Mrs. Washington, states that the picture was secured before she left the house: Mr. Siousa, who is highly worthy of credit, thinks she was gone before it was done, as the letter expresses the accomplishment. The Irish gardener, to whose aid, in the midst of the work, Mr. Jacob Barker came in, according to Siousa's recollection, while he was gone to bring an axe, got the picture down from the wall, and placed it in the hands of Mr. Barker; with whom, according to Siousa's statement, there was no other person except a black man, whom Siousa took for Mr. Barker's servant. Carried off, upheld whole in the inner wooden frame, beyond Georgetown, the picture was deposited by Mr. Barker in a place of safety. The Presidential household god, the image of the Father of his Country—by whom its chief city was fixed near his home, and by whose name it was called—was thus snatched from the clutch or torch of the barbarian captors. Such, as near as it can be ascertained, is the truth of its rescue, which has been embroiled in newspaper polemic by several claimants to part of the honor.

Mrs. Madison, driving to Georgetown; went first to the residence of the Secretary of the Navy, then to Bellevue, and joined by the families of Mr. Jones and Mr. Carroll, returned to the town, insisting that her terrified coachman should take her back towards the President's house, to look for him, whom she unexpectedly found near the lower bridge, attended by Mr. Monroe and Mr. Rush, who all reached the President's house soon after she left it, and stopped there a few minutes for refreshments. Col. Laval, with some of his dragoons, the regulars, and a company or two of volunteers, also stopped there, thirsting for drink, which was furnished in buckets of water and bottles of wine, set before the door for a hurried draught, during which short stay many things were taken out of the house by individuals; most of them, probably, to be secured and restored as some were, but not all; for the Secretary of the Treasury's fine duelling pistols, which the President took from his holsters and laid on the table, were carried off, and never recovered. As soon as the executive and military fugitives disappeared, Siousa, solitary and alone in the house, who had before secured the gold and silver mounted carbines and pistols of the Algerine minister, which are now in the Patent Office, carried the parrot to Col. Taylor's residence, and left it there in charge of the French minister's cook; and then returning, shut all the doors and windows of the President's house, and taking the key with him, went for security to the residence of Dasekhoff, the Russian minister, then at Philadelphia. The British broke open the house and burned it, as before stated, without discovering, as is believed, anything they deemed worth preserving. If they found a feast there, as one of them relates, like happy's food, it was consumed in the orgies of their filthy debauch.

While the ladies of Mr. Jones and Mr. Carroll's families lingered in Georgetown for Mrs. Madison, she accompanied her husband to the bank of the Potomac where one small boat was kept ready, of the many others all sunk or removed but that one, to transport the President, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Carroll to the Virginia shore. The boat was too small to carry all at once, so that several trips were necessary, as the shades of night set in upon them like departing spirits leaving the world behind, to be ferried over an inevitable Styx. President, secretary, attorney, and commissary general seemed condemned to an immortality of at least contempt and malediction in the world.

About that time it must have been, if ever, as Mrs. Madison is clear in her recollection was the case at some time, that Cockburn's proffer reached them of an escort for her to a place of safety; for it was impossible till nightfall, till when he did not enter the city; imperfect remembrance of which event may give color to Gen. Armstrong's impression, derived from Dr. Thornton, that Ross and Cockburn tendered the President a proposal for a ransom of the public buildings; two distinct proposals, if any such were made, of which the escort for her was declined, and the ransom for the city repulsed with disdain.

Mrs. Madison, after seeing her husband over the river, drove back, attended by John Graham and nine volunteer cavalry, to her female companions, the families of Mr. Jones and Mr. Carroll, in Georgetown. The President's orders were to pass the night wherever she could find a convenient, safe place in Virginia, and join him next day at a tavern sixteen miles from Georgetown, which was the appointed place of meeting. Moving slowly onward, the road encumbered by baggage wagons and other hindrances, their progress was so tedious that the ladies sometimes left their carriages and walked, as the least irksome and dangerous mode of proceeding, in the midst of tumult until they reached, after nightfall, the residence of Mr. Love, two miles and a half beyond Georgetown, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, where they begged a night's rest. Mr. Love was abroad with the troops, but soon returned.

His lady, indisposed, made the best arrangements practicable for so large an irruption of unexpected guests, for whom sofas and other substitutes for beds were arranged as well as could be; and they passed a frightful, miserable night, all disconsolate, several in tears, Mrs. Madison sitting at an open window gazing on the lurid flames and listening to the hoarse murmurs of the smouldering city, while several disorderly militia around the house aggravated the din, and begrimed the gloomy scene. Before daylight the next morning the caravan of frightened ladies, in sad procession, took their departure under Mrs. Madison's lead, for the rendezvous appointed with the President. Consternation was at its uttermost; the whole region filled with panic-struck people, terrified scouts roaming about and spreading alarm that the enemy was coming from Washington and Alexandria, and that there was safety nowhere. Among the terrible rumors, one predominated that Cochrane's proclamation was executed by Cockburn, inducing the slaves to revolt, and that thousands of infuriate negroes, drunk with liquor and mad with emancipation, were committing excesses worse than those at Hampton the year before, subjecting the country to their horrid outrages. About noon the air was charged with two-fold electricity of panic and storm, as the ladies pursued their weary and disconsolate retreat. Gen. Young commanding a brigade of Virginia militia, in his official report to the investigating committee of the House of Representatives, says that they were delayed on their march to join Gen. Winder, "by an alarm of a domestic nature, which he was so credulous as to believe, from the respectability of the country people who came to him for protection; he halted his brigade, and sent out light troops, and one troop of cavalry, to ascertain the fact, which finally proved erroneous." The terror of Cockburn's formidable enormities was more conquering than arms.—General Young next day actually stopped Mrs. Madison, insisting that she must not be suffered to go without an escort.

**KILLING TIME.**—We have just remarked a man on the other side of Broadway, walking pensively and alone, to whom the sudden acquisition of wealth has given the power and inclination to "give up business," and to "do nothing" for the rest of his life. Ah! whether it be "the ton" or not, it is evidently the hardest work in the world to do nothing. We know of at least a dozen of persons in our range of acquaintance, who are trying to kill time, kill time. How they will pray one day for the life of the time they would now kill! Do you remember Charles Lamb's description of his sensation on being emancipated from his daily labor at the India House? "It was like passing from life to eternity—I wandered about, thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. When all is holiday there are no holidays." Think of this thou man of sudden wealth; and if it should so chance that thou hast been a tallow-chandler in thy days of usefulness, make a clause in the bill of sale that shall reserve to thee the right of still assisting at the "factory" on "melting days!"—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

## A JOKE UPON AN ELEPHANT.

A very intelligent elephant was shown some years since, in a caravan of wild beasts at a fair in the west of England. One of those practical jokers whose wiles in pouring melted butter into a friend's pocket, or conveying a putrid oyster into his plate, had been doling out some gingerbread nuts of the first quality to the elephant, who received the instalments, small as they were, with satisfaction and gratitude, manifesting the latter by the spontaneous performance of some of his tricks between the somewhat protracted intervals of supply. Suddenly his benefactor produced a large paper parcel, weighing some two or three pounds, and presented it *en masse*. The elephant took it as it was, and consigned the whole to his powerful crushing mill. Hardly, however, had he swallowed the dose, before he gave a loud roar, and exhibited all the symptoms of suffering severely from internal heat, handing, yes, handing, for the trunk acted as dexterously as a hand, the bucket to his keeper, as if beseeching for water, which was given to him, and of which he continued to pour floods sufficient to drive a mill, down his capacious and burning throat.

"Ha!" said the joker, addressing his victim, "those nuts were a trifle hot old fellow, I guess."

"You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you want the bucket at your head and serve you right, too."

The dispenser of pepper and ginger took the hint; for there was an angry glance in the drinkers eye, while the distressed beast was pumping up his sixth bucket full; and in good time he took it, for he had scarcely cleared the entrance of the show, when the empty bucket was hurled after him by the elephant, with such force and correctness of aim, that if he had been a moment later, his joking would in all probability, have terminated his life on the spot.

A year had wasted away, and the wayfarers from the country villages trod over the withered leaves that had, when fresh, green, and vigorous, shielded their heads from the summer's sun, as they again bent their steps to the same annual autumnal fair where the elephant had been before exhibited, and where he was again ready to receive company.

Our joker was again among his visitors, and forgetful of his narrow escape from the bucket, which at the time another wit observed he had been near kicking, came as before, with one coat pocket filled with "best nuts," and the other with hot nuts. He gave the elephant two or three nuts from the best sample, and then he drew forth and presented him with a hot one. No sooner had the elephant tasted it than he seized the coat tail of his tormenter, and with one whirling sweep of his trunk lifted him from the ground, till the tails giving way the man dropped half dead with fright, and with his coat reduced to a jacket. The elephant, meanwhile, quietly inserted the end of his trunk into the pocket containing the best nuts, and leisurely proceeded, keeping his foot on the coat tails, to discuss every nut of them. When he had finished the last, he trampled upon the pocket containing the hot nuts, till he had reduced them to a mash and then, after having torn the tails to rags, threw the soiled fragments at the head of his facetious friend amid the derision of the assembled crowd.

**IMPULSE.**—Men, who are called impulsive are much slandered. Are not the most noble, generous actions which adorn the annals of the world, referable to this agent? Reason is even exalted above impulse; but how fallible is reason! Is it not often opposed to faith, and does it not lead to the most dangerous errors? So far as the boundaries of our experience extend, warm impulse has prompted more good deeds than cold reason. We should sooner trust that man in whose breast glows the fire of enthusiasm, than him who, cool, and collected at all times, seldom acts without suspicion and often deliberates till the hour of advantage has passed.—Faults, committed without reflection, are certainly not more venial than premeditated sin. He who errs hastily repents sincerely; but the wrong done upon calculation is never willingly repaired. Would that society were more lenient to impulse! Even when productive of harm, it is unselfish, and the consequences to which it leads are hurtful to no one so much as to its possessor. Pity is no stranger to the impulsive man, and not seldom do the tears of sympathy fall from his eyes. To friendship he is faithful, and for love he would sacrifice both interest and worldly esteem. Let us be compassionate, therefore, to the errors of impulse, while we respect the calm dictates of caution and prudence.

## "Roll up the Map of Europe!"

Was the exclamation of Pitt, as he heard of the battle of Austerlitz, and, with the unerring presence of a great statesman, saw through the vista of the future the terrible chaos and uncertainty surrounding everything, so long as the march of the Man of Destiny went victoriously on. Full fifty years have come and gone since the sun of Austerlitz went down; the youngest Pitt has lain in the grave as long, and yet may we say with the same eloquent appositeness, "Roll up the map of Europe!" Turn which side soever we will, we see thrones shaking, crowns falling. The whole continent is trembling with revolution. Rebellion rings in our ears, from the pillars of Hercules to the gates of Warsaw. Blood and slaughter in Genoa and Brescia and Naples; war, and all manner of civil strife in Spain and Germany; Denmark and Prussia blowing up each other's ships, and bombarding each other's towns; France quiet, but seemingly only in a disturbed and feverish sleep, not without token of a bloody re-awakening—which may Heaven and the sure pikes and guns of General Changarnier avert. From the complexion of the advices brought by the last steamer but one, peace, we had dared to hope, was gradually reassuming her dominion; but the character of the intelligence we have now before us, forbids the indulgence of so pleasing an illusion. What the end of all this commotion is to be, no man can tell. The politics of Continental Europe at present are, it seems to us, as uncertain as they were a brief 12 months ago, if we make a slight exception to the credit of France and Paris. "Roll up the map of Europe!" then, until such times as we can say "Here, to-day, are the civil boundaries of this republic, or that monarchy, or that duchy," without being compelled on the morrow to look for the dividing-line of nations, as we would a line drawn in the sand on the sea shore which every succeeding wave washed from the sight. "Roll up the map of Europe."—*N. Y. Express.*

**INGENUOUS.**—An Irish woman called at a grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it in a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel.

"And why not ask for a half gallon, and have done with it," said the grocer.

"Oh, bliss your little bit of a soul," answered she, "its for two persons."—*Utica Gazette.*

The above is decidedly Irish, but not half so ingenious as the trick that was played upon Mr. S—, who kept a grocery down by the canal bridge, in years gone by. An Irishman having gone beyond his usual time without any of the *ardent*—then deemed so much a necessary of life by all—and being "short" withal, took a jug, introduced into it a quart of water, and proceeding to the grocery of S., called for a couple of quarts of whiskey. It was measured and duly immersed in the water of the jug. "You'll trust me till next week," interrogated the customer. As he well knew it would be, the credit was refused, and S. indignantly withdrew his two quarts from the jug, leaving the Irishman in quiet and peaceful possession of one third of the mixture, with which he went his way, rejoicing over the success of his "Yankee trick."

**FRENCH POLITENESS.**—A young gentleman, lodging in a narrow street of Paris, lately conceived himself enamored of a lady who appeared occasionally at an opposite window. With the freedom of modern Lovelaces, he enclosed a copper coin in a billet doux, to give it the necessary weight, and threw it with sufficient force against the closed sash, to break a pane of glass and go through. His own window was left open, and, in a few minutes after, a cold roast chicken entered from the opposite side, to the leg of which was tied the following note:

*Monsieur.*—You take advantage of a means of corresponding with my wife which proves you to have read the Spanish romances with some profit. While I allow your ingenuity, however, allow me to express a wish that, in your future love letters to her, by the post, you will let the enclosed weight be of silver instead of copper, that I may be able to repair the broken pane of glass at your expense. Your humble servant. X.

Woman is the last, most perfect work of God. A Lady is the production of silk worms, milliners and dressing maids.

Men are made in the image of God. Gentleman are manufactured by tailors, barbers, and boot blacks.

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Absence of body.—*Punch.*

## The Militia.

An old friend who served many years in the militia and goes in strongly for an annual display of the "bulwarks of the nation," has handed us the following speech, said to have been delivered by a Colonel at his last parade. He wants it published; and we comply with much pleasure. The Colonel, after handing his three-cocked hat to the fourth corporal, arose and said:

"GENTLEMEN:—The militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts and bars the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of nature's dominions. The republic would be a miserable consarn but for the militia. It keeps the ardent spirits of military effluence in a glow of Icelandic fervosity. I'm attached to it to myself. I think it's rich! The system can't be bettered, and Adjutant General Irwin may as well join up trying. Folks call it farce. I don't see nothing to laugh at. 'Taint every body that can put on the regimentalities, and look like old Mars, the god of War, with a decided touch of Julem Seizeher thrown in for gravy. No sir-ee!—There ain't a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all rigged in the full equipments of glory, with straps on his breecherloons, aplets piled up on both shoulders, brass buttons from head to tail, silver stars shinin' on his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawn sword in his hand; Such a sight is enough to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie!

"I believe the prelusent delirium of this destined Republic is centred in its militia. It can't stand without it. With it, it's proud motto is, 'Divided we stand until we fall.'

Stop cheering—you frustrate me.

"Gen. Washington belonged to the militia, and so did Sippio Africanus; so did Boneyparty; and so did Wizzigoth, who ravished all Europe, and burnt its fences and stone walls; and so also, sagers, do I!

"I believe if a'l our doors should burst through the parafurnailye of the animal economy, and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency kerslump into the broad savannars of this smilin' land of asses milk and untamed honey; that thobing astir could put 'em out but the militia! That are a fact! Three cheers for the militia in general, and the 999th regiment in partiklar!

Who's afraid? What's Mexico, Kili-forniko, and Oregon? Who's afraid of them? Sagers, the immortal 999th can thrash the life out of them ar yaller, half Spanish varmint Mexico, any mornin' afore breakfast. Our motto is 'Liberty and death! now and forever! one and inseparable!'—Whoorry for Kalifornico! Down with Mexas!"

**Anecdote of Adams and Clay.**

When these distinguished Statesmen were at Ghent, negotiating the treaty with Great Britain, they occupied a room together. Mr. Clay, who has always been a warm admirer of female beauty, had often remarked the comely looks of their chambermaid, and had once or twice joked with Mr. Adams about her. One morning he arose some time before Mr. Adams, and on his way to the breakfast table, he met the pretty maid referred to. Saluting her in his usual easy and graceful manner, while a smile played upon his countenance, he solicited the pleasure of a kiss. It may here be necessary to state that Mr. Adams' eyes always presented a watery appearance, which at times made him look as if in tears. The chambermaid, not knowing the cause, we presume, replied to Mr. Clay, "I do not like to disoblige you, but you will excuse me, when I assure you that I have just refused Mr. Adams the same liberty, with tears in his eyes." We need not say that Mr. Clay had too much gallantry to press his suit; but he subsequently met Mr. Adams, who joined him in a hearty laugh. *Newark Eagle.*

☞ Tobacco is said to be a cure for the Cholera. It will be hard to tell after a while, what is not a cure for Cholera—and people dying all the time with it as usual.

☞ The Springfield Republican says that there was once a man in that town who was so polite as to say, as he passed a hen on her nest, "Don't rise, ma'am."

☞ "Now then, Thomas, what are you burning off my table there?"

"Only the paper what's written all over, sir; I nint touched the clean."

Speaking of powder, reminds us of a lady we saw yesterday, with so much of it on her face, that she was refused admission into an omnibus, for fear of an explosion. Wonder if she didn't blow up the driver.—*Syracuse Reville.*