

Huntingdon

BY JAS. CLARK.

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TO DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLUCKI.

methinks it were no pain to die,
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the West.
To gaze my fill on you calm deep,
And like an infant fall to sleep.
On earth, my Mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in your sea
Of endless blue tranquility,
The clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfolding
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the way
With starting dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.

I cannot doss all human fear :
Know the greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

Interesting Sketch of Minnesota.

H. H. Sibley, delegate from Minnesota, has furnished, at the request of the Hon. H. S. Foot of the U. S. Senate, the following interesting description of the new Territory in the North West, which is worthy of perusal, as giving a correct and favorable account of its extent, capabilities and progress :

That part of Minnesota which lies east of the Mississippi river, constituted a portion of Wisconsin Territory, before the admission into the Union of the State of that name, with curtailed boundaries. The St. Croix, and a line drawn from the main branch of that stream, to the mouth of the St. Louis river, on Lake Superior, now divide Wisconsin from Minnesota. On the west of the Mississippi, the parallel of 43 deg. 30 min., is the line of division between the State of Iowa and Minnesota west to the Missouri. All the country up the latter stream to its junction with the Whitewater, and along that river to the British possessions, thence eastwardly following the line of 49 deg. to its intersection of the extreme north west boundary of Wisconsin, in Lake superior, appertains to Minnesota Territory. The area embraced within these limits contains between 140,000 and 150,000 square miles, equal in extent to New York, Virginia and Pennsylvania combined.

This immense region is bountifully and watered by the Mississippi, St. Peters, Missouri rivers, and the Red river of the north, and their numerous tributary streams which traverse it in every part. There are also innumerable bodies of fresh water, which abound in fish of various kinds—the white fish especially being found in great numbers in the more northern and larger lakes. The general character of Minnesota is that of high, rolling prairie; but the streams and lakes are bordered with heavy bodies of timber, which contain every species of wood known along the Mississippi below, except beech and sycamore. At a point about eighty miles above the falls of St. Anthony, west of the Mississippi, commences a large and remarkable forest, which extends to the south, nearly at a right angle across the Minnesota St. Peter's river to the branches of the Makato or the Blue Earth river. This vast body of woodland is more than one hundred and twenty miles in length, and from fifteen to forty in breadth. Many beautiful lakes of limpid water are found within its limits, which are the resort of innumerable wild fowl—including swan, geese, and ducks. The dense thickets along its border afford places of concealment for the deer, which are killed in great numbers by the Indians. The numerous groves of hard maple afford to the latter, at the proper season, the means of making sugar, while the large cotton woods and butter-nuts are converted into canoes by them for the transportation of themselves and their families along the water courses and lakes. At the approach of winter, the bands of Sioux, save those who rely exclusively upon the buffalo for subsistence, seek the deepest recesses of the forest, to hunt the bear, the deer, and smaller fur bearing animals, among which may be enumerated, the raccoon, the fisher, and the marten. In this beautiful country are to be found all the requisites to sustain a dense population.—The soil is of great fertility and unknown depth, covered as it is with the mould of a thousand years. The Indian is here in his forest home, hitherto secure from the intrusion of the pale faces; but the advancing tide of civilization warns him that ere long he must yield up his title to this fair domain, and

seek another and a strange dwelling place. It is a melancholy reflection, that the large and warlike tribes of Sioux and Chippewas, who now own full nine-tenths of the soil of Minnesota, must soon be subjected to the operation of the same causes which have swept their eastern brethren from the earth, unless an entirely different line of policy is pursued by the government towards them. If they were brought under the influence and restraint of our benign laws, and some hope extended to them, that education and a course of moral training would at some period hereafter entitle them to be placed upon an equality, social and political, with the whites, much good would be the result;

The soil of Minnesota is admirably adapted to the cultivation of all the cereal grains. Wheat, oats, and barley are already raised in considerable quantities, and corn grows to great perfection. Wheat and barley afford a sure crop, even in the British Red river colony, which is in latitude 50deg.

What will be the result in the cultivation of fruit trees in our territory has never been tested; but there is no reason to doubt that the experiment will be successful, with all those species which are produced in the same parallel of latitude elsewhere. Minnesota is destined to be a great agricultural region, and her prairies are well calculated for the raising of stock. There is also such an extent of water power throughout its broad surface, that no reason can be perceived why manufactures should not flourish also. The reports of those scientific men who have explored the country justify us in the belief that our territory is rich in copper ores, and more particularly in Galena or lead. Whether coal exists is a problem yet to be solved. If it shall be found in any considerable quantities, the discovery will be of more real advantage to Minnesota than mines of silver or gold.

On the upper portions of the Mississippi and St. Croix valleys lies the great region of pine, which will continue to prove a source of wealth to the Territory and future state for a century to come. The manufacture of pine lumber already occupies a very large part of the industrial labour of the people. The quantity produced during the last year must have exceeded eight millions of feet, although the amount is but conjectural, as I have no reliable data upon which to base a calculation.—Much of this is needed for home consumption, caused by the rapid increase of population, but the larger portion is rafted to St. Louis, where it meets with a ready sale. This branch of business is in the hands of hardy, enterprising and respectable men, who, enduring every species of privation in their wild homes are too often fated to encounter heavy losses from the uncontrollable floods which set at defiance, equally, the strength and skill of man.

The climate of Minnesota is not subject to sudden variations, especially in winter. Although in some years the snow falls to considerable depth, yet, as a general rule, we have far less than is the case either in New England or in the northern part of the State of New York. The comparative absence of moisture in our country is attributable to the fact that no very large bodies of water are to be found, although, as I have before stated, small lakes abound. During the coldest weather in winter, the air is perfectly still; consequently, the temperature is much more tolerable, and even pleasant, than could be supposed by those who reside in the same latitude on the stormy Atlantic coast.

The navigation of the Mississippi is not to be relied on, after the first week in November; and steamboats arrive in the spring about the 10th or 12th of April; so that the river may be considered as closed about five months in the year.—I have known steamers to reach St. Paul as late as the 18th or 20th of Nov., and to get back safely to Galena, and to return by the first of April; but this is not usually the case.

St. Paul is the present capital of the Territory. It is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi, about six miles below Fort Snelling, and eight miles by land from the falls of St. Anthony. It is now a town of twelve or thirteen hundred inhabitants, and is rapidly augmenting in population. Stillwater is a thriving village on lake St. Croix, about eighteen miles from St. Paul by land, and twenty-five from the Mississippi. It is second only to St. Paul in size, and is increasing steadily in wealth and population. There is also quite a village at the falls of St. Anthony, which is one of the most lovely spots in the upper country, and also at Marine Mills, on the St. Croix river, Sank rapids, on the Mississippi, seventy-five miles above the falls, and at Mendota, at the mouth of the St. Peter's river. Point Douglass is at the junction between the Mississippi and St.

Croix rivers. It is a charming place and it is destined to be the site of a town of commercial importance.

Pembina is the name of a settlement on our side of the line of the British possessions, and contains upwards of a thousand souls, principally persons of mixed Indian and white blood. These people are active and enterprising, hardy and intrepid, excellent horsemen, and well skilled in the use of fire-arms.—They subsist by agriculture and the chase of the buffalo. They desire to be recognised as citizens of the United States, as do some thousands of their kindred, who now reside at Selkirk's colony in the British territory, but who are anxious to emancipate themselves from the iron rule of the Hudson Bay Company. These people are only awaiting some action on the part of the government of the United States, to join their brethren at Pembina. They would form an invaluable defence to that exposed frontier, in case of difficulties hereafter either with the British government (to which they are much disaffected) or with the Indian tribes.

I might state in this connexion, that the Indians generally through our Territory are kindly disposed towards the whites and anxious to avoid a collision. This is emphatically the case with the Sioux and Chippewas.

I would remark, in conclusion, that the people of our Territory are distinguished for intelligence and high toned morality. For the twelve months or more prior to the establishment by Congress of a government for Minnesota, although, in the anomalous position in which it was left by the admission of Wisconsin into the Union as a State, it was uncertain to what extent if any, the laws could be enforced, not a single crime of any magnitude was committed. The emigration to Minnesota is composed of men who go there with the well-founded assurance, that, in a land where nature has lavished her choicest gifts—where sickness has no dwelling place—where the dreaded cholera has not claimed a single victim—their toil will be amply rewarded, while their persons and property are fully protected by the broad shield of law. The sun shines not upon a fairer region, one more desirable as a home for the mechanic, the farmer, and the laborer, or where their industry will be more surely requited, than Minnesota Territory.

I have thus glanced, in a cursory and imperfect manner, at the state of things in our country. Much more might be written on the subject; but enough has been stated to enable you to form a general idea of a Territory which is destined to be admitted into the Union as a State in the course of a very few years, and to eclipse some of her proudest sisters. I am, dear sir, yours,

very respectfully,

H. H. SIBLEY.

The First Marriage.

Marriage is of a date prior to sin itself, the only record of a paradise that is left to us—one smile that God let fall on the world's innocence, lingering and playing still upon its sacred visage. The first marriage was celebrated before God himself, who filled, in his own person, the offices of guest, witness and priest. There stood the two god-like forms of innocence—fresh in the beauty of their unstained nature. The hallowed shades of the garden and the green carpeted earth smiled to look upon so divine a pair. The crystal waters flowed by, pure and transparent as they. The unblemished flowers breathed incense on the sacred air answering to their upright love. An artless round of joy from all the vocal natures was the hymn, spontaneous nuptial harmony, such as a world in tune might yield ere discord was invented. Religion blessed her two children thus, and led them forth into life to begin her wondrous history. The first religious scene they knew was their own marriage before the Lord God. They learned to love Him as the interpreter and sealer of their love to each other; and if they had continued in their uprightness, life would have been a form of wedded worship—a sacred mystery of spiritual oneness and communication. They did not continue. Curiosity triumphed over innocence. They tasted sin and knew it in their fall. Man is changed; man's heart and woman's heart are no longer what the first hearts were. Beauty is blighted. Love is debased. Sorrow and tears are in the world's cup. Sin has swept away all paradisean matter, and the world is bowed under its curse. Still one thing remained as it was. God mercifully spared one token of the innocent world—and that the dearest, to be a symbol forever of the primal love. And that is marriage. This one flower of Paradise is blooming yet in the desert of sin.—Rev. Dr. Bushnell.

Somebody has well said, "The rich depend on the laboring poor for their work; on the merry poor, for their amusement; on the learned poor for instruction; and on the pious poor for sanctification." "Were it not for the poor, how miserably poor would the rich be; yet with all their dependence on those who work for, amuse, and instruct them, they affect an "independence" that is truly ludicrous.



Journal

NAPOLEON--WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM WARREN.

Fifty years have not yet passed away, since two men, the most distinguished of modern times, ceased from among the living. They came forth alike from the midst of a Republic. Each, for a time, held in his hands the destinies of a nation. Toward each was directed the admiring gaze of a whole continent. Each held an absolute sway over those by whom his superiority was acknowledged.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the human race, has a man risen from comparative obscurity, to the loftiest heights of military glory, so rapidly and triumphantly, as Napoleon. Nature, in mingling the element of his character, seemed bent on mischief. From his childhood he was distinguished for his firmness, which not unfrequently degenerated into unreasonable obstinacy. In early youth, choosing arms for his profession, and possessed of an ambition which no disappointment could destroy, and which no success could satiate, it needed no prophetic inspiration to predict his course in after life. His opinions, once formed, however hastily, whether right or wrong, were rarely changed. His plans, which astonish by their apparent rashness, none but Napoleon would have devised—none but Napoleon could have accomplished. He never calculated the chances of a failure. Though any of his undertakings required the sacrifice of many thousand lives, yet was his course marked by no hesitation. At one time we beheld him traversing the streets of Paris, with all the honors of a triumph. At another, he is surrounded by a rebellious mob, whose rage the sword and the bayonet are scarcely able to restrain. To-day, from the ice-crowned summits of the Alps, he falls with the avalanche upon his astonished foes. To-morrow, he seeks in vain for peace at the hands of his conquerors. Now we hear the voice of the populace, as with a wild enthusiasm, they hail him Emperor of France, and anon, the lonely island of the ocean has become his resting place—the dashing billows as they break mournfully upon the rocky shores of St. Helena, chant his funeral dirge—and the worm of the charnel makes a luscious feast on what was once Napoleon.

How unlike this was the dazzling, but far more glorious career of our own revered Washington. Engaging early in the glory of the colonies for independence, he exhibited talents, which showed that he was destined not to follow but to lead. Soon is he placed in command of the whole American forces, and ever shows, by his wisdom, his prudence, and his firmness, that he is by no means unfit for his station. The motives which urged him onward, were pure and honorable. Looking into the recesses of his heart, we find there no traces of an unholy ambition. The God he worshipped was the King of kings—the end he aimed at, the deliverance of his country. Never do we find him within the walls of the capitol, enforcing his authority by violence and arms; but the breezes of midnight pause and listen, as they sweep by in some lonely solitude, uttering the homage of his soul in prayer, or seeking counsel of the God of battles. He accomplished his object. The shackles of oppression were broken. His country was free. He might have reigned as a monarch; but "he preferred the retirement of a domestic life to the adoration of a land, he might almost be said to have created." He passed his days in honored repose, and dying, shed a deep, yet hallowed gloom all over a whole continent.

Napoleon, like motherless Minerva, seemed to spring into existence, clad in complete panoply. For a time he hurried on, with all the fury and desperation of a fiend incarnate, from conquest to conquest. He hangs for a brief period on the lofty summits of the Alps—stays a moment in his course to apply the torch to kindling Moscow—and rushes on madly to defeat in the plains of Waterloo. Thus robbed of his imperial power, and deprived of all the insignia of royalty, the feeble glimmering of his faded glory sheds but a twilight radiance over the lonely island of Helena. Well may his countrymen erect over his rescued bones the stately mausoleum, and grave the history of his glorious deeds upon the monumental marble.

For Washington, we ask no such memorials. The towering monument, or the time defying Marble, are unnecessary to perpetuate his fame. His name is graven deeply upon the hearts of his countrymen—his virtues are inscribed in living characters on tablets of memory. We are unworthy to speak his praise. Let Hamlet be his eulogist. "How infinite in faculties! in form, and moving; how expressive and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" Let Marc Antony give his epitaph:

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN."

Logic.—A gentleman asked a country clergyman for the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you; but if the young man could preach better than me, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

The cigar man was regularly taken in and done for—caught in his own trap. With great reluctance he changed the spurious note, and the operation cost the intended victim but about a shilling.

As he was leaving the store, one of the boys touched him on the shoulder.

"You're one of 'em," said he, "and I'll bet

high that you're a Yankee."

"I ain't any thing else," replied the geese man, "and while I'm in this small village, I mean to keep my eyes open."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

SACRAMENTO CITY, Dec. 23d, 1849.

Dear Relatives—I am now in the thriving city call Sacramento, which nine months ago was not known; you may think it a big yarn, when I tell you that this said city now numbers about six thousand inhabitants. There are but few houses here, the majority of the inhabitants lives in tents, and canvass houses. There are a great many suffering and dying from exposure, as this is the wet season, and I myself have experienced three days pretty heavy rain. I am not living in the above named city, but am located in the gold region about forty miles east.

I came here a few days ago, for a load of provisions, and was caught in the rain, and consequently was detained about a week.

To-morrow I shall leave for my home. There are seven of us living in a good log building; but only

three of us work together; we have not made

anything yet. If we have luck in getting this

load of provisions up, we will have enough to do us for about five months. Provisions are very

high this fall. Flour \$20, per cwt. Pork

\$25 per cwt. Corn meal about the same in proportion. Rice 10 cts. per lb. Apples 65 cts. per lb. Onions \$1, per lb. Coffee 12cts. per lb. Sugar 25 per lb. Good beef \$30,00 per pair, (but I bought a pair for \$19, which was reasonable price.) Other things are in about the same proportion. When persons buy their stuff they have to pay 50c. per cwt. for having it carried to the mines; this is California. We bought two miles, one for \$85, and the other for \$40 which carry about one hundred and seventy pounds each. I have a pony of my own which I brought over the plains, but I must leave him on the commons, for the wet weather has near about killed him. If you were here to-day you would think it awful to see the immense number of cattle and horses that are lying dead in town. But man and beast fare about alike in this wonderful country, though where gold can be found in any of the mountains south of this place; and on some of the northern, and eastern also. You no doubt have heard many exaggerated tales, as well as some true ones about the gold diggings. The stuff is here; for I have dug it, and hope to dig more if my health will permit; it is not very good at present. With regard to the manner in which we lived and travelled while coming here. It was very rough, (no fruit,) and when we leave our home, which was a large tree, we sometimes would take a mule, and a pair of blankets and a few sea biscuits; when night came we had to hunt a new home under some old oak, where the ground was smooth, and grass for the mule, for he had to hunt his own living. This is California; and this I have done many a night, and slept as sound as a rock, and expect to do it going home, and probably a nice moist night I may have. This is a small sketch of gold living. I will now tell you how we dig it. We in the first place get a pick, shovel, iron spoon and a large tin pan; and then we get in some creek, on a bar formed by high water, dig until we fine solid rock, and there we may find it; but if not on the rock, no stopping there; perhaps two or more days work lost, sometimes we find it in little ravines where it is scattered all along. Some men make fortunes, while others make but a living; it is like all gold digging, or gold making; you must have luck, work hard, and then save all you get. I have often seen fifty dollars dug in one day. There was a jump found close by me one day that weighed three ounces. I have one now worth nineteen dollars; but such things and places are scarce. I got through my journey safe and sound, and hope to do well. But if any of my friends have the gold fever give them a dose of picks and shovels and work it off with tin pans filled with gravel and mixed with a few cents worth of gold dust; and I think it will cure them. I was offered work the other day at my trade (which is Tinning) at ten dollars per day, and board, for the winter, which was a very good offer indeed; but as I had gone to so much expense in getting up stuff, I thought I would wait until Spring and then if mining proved as bad with me, I would quit it, and work at my trade. I speak of Spring, but it is all Spring and the proper name would be wet and dry season. It is said here that it stops raining in February, and then it is Spring. Snow never falls in the valleys. (the grass is shooting up finely) but it can be seen all around us on the mountains. I shall write no more at present, but ask you to answer this soon, for I am anxious to hear from you. Give my love to all.

I still remain your sincere friend,

JAMES LOWER,

Diamond cut Diamond.

The other day a gentleman who had occasion to cross New York in a cab, found on alighting, that he had no change in his pocket. The only shop at hand was a cigar store in which were some three or four fellows beside the proprietor puffing the villainous weed,

The gentleman entered, requesting the cab-man to follow him, and handing a five dollar bill to the "Yorker," asked him to change it. The cigar vendor handed him a three dollar bill and the rest in silver, out of which the cabman was paid, and went on his way rejoicing.

But a moment afterwards, the gentleman looking at the bill, found it to be a very suspicious looking document, purporting to be a promissory note of the Dogtown Lumber and Mining company, or some such ambiguous and apocryphal institution. Finding that he had been shaved, he asked the cigar vendor if that was a good bill.

"A good bill! yes! I wish I had ten thousand of 'em," was the answer. "Bill?" (winking to a villainous boy) "Isnt that's a good bill?"

"Good as wheat!" said the boy; and "good, good!" was echoed around the shop.

"Very well," said the gentleman, "I asked for information. You seem to have no doubt of the genuineness of the note, and as you were

kind enough to accommodate me, I think the best thing I can do is to break it at your counter.

Gentlemen, try another cigar apiece at my expense.

The cigar man was regularly taken in and done for—caught in his own trap. With great reluctance he changed the spurious note, and the operation cost the intended victim but about a shilling.

As he was leaving the store, one of the boys touched him on the shoulder.

"You're one of 'em," said he, "and I'll bet

high that you're a Yankee."

"I ain't any thing else," replied the geese man, "and while I'm in this small village, I mean to keep my eyes open."