



Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

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TO CARRIE.

And is it thus, am I forgot?
Then welcome give my bones to rot;
My only hope of heaven has fled,
Come hours that mourn me with the dead.

It is, I see it in my dreams,
My after days in darkness seem;
Sweet, fond remembrance, must it be
That I must bid farewell to thee?

My inmost soul must then forget,
And help my sun of life to set;
And bid a long farewell to bliss,
To teach thyself forgetfulness.

CARRIE, my days of joy were few,
Until my heart beat for you;
My dawn of life is now o'ercast,
By that request, "FORGET THE PAST."

Take back that unkind wish of thine,
And let me worship at thy shrine;
I can't forget! I will not try!
I dare not—will not—say, good bye!

Why should remembrance give thee pain,
Since we can never meet again?
A mother's love, a brother's pride,
Has marked thee for another's bride.

I know, if thou had'st thy own will,
Thy virgin heart would love me still;
I know thy heart once beat for me,
As fond as mine now beats for thee.

My shipwreck'd heart has struck the reef,
The hull must soon go down with grief;
The stranded cords cling round the mast,
The ruined emblem of the past.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

THE BATTLE OF DRESDEN.

BY J. T. HEADLY.

On the evening of their approach, St. Cyr wrote to Napoleon the following letter:

Dresden, 23d. Aug., 1813; ten at night.

"At five this afternoon the enemy approached Dresden, after having driven in our cavalry. We expected an attack this evening; but probably it will take place to-morrow.—Your Majesty knows better than I do, what time it requires for heavy artillery to beat down enclosures, walls and palisades."

The next night, at midnight, he dispatched another to him, announcing an immediate attack, and closing with "We are determined to do all in our power; but I can answer for nothing more with such young soldiers."—Immediately on the reception of the first letter, Napoleon surrendered his command to McDonald, and turned his face toward Dresden. Murat was dispatched in hot haste to announce his arrival and reassure the besieged. In the middle of his guards, which had marched nearly thirty miles a day since the commencement of the war, he took the road to the city.

To revive his sinking troops he ordered twenty thousand bottles of wine to be distributed among them, but not three thousand could be procured. He, however, marched all next day, having dispatched a messenger to the besieged to ascertain the exact amount of danger. Said Napoleon, to the messenger Gourgaud, "set out immediately for Dresden; ride as hard as you can, and be there this evening—see St. Cyr, the King of Naples, and the King of Saxony—encourage every one. Tell them that I can be in Dresden to-morrow with forty thousand men, and the day following with my whole army. At day-break visit the outpost and redoubts—consult the commander of engineers as to whether they can hold out. Hurry back to me to-morrow at Stolpen, and bring a full report of St. Cyr's and Murat's opinion as to the real state of things." Away dashed Gourgaud in hot speed, while the Emperor hurried on his exhausted army. Gourgaud did not wait till day-break before he returned. He found everything on the verge of ruin—the allied army was slowly enveloping the devoted city, and when, at dark, he issued forth from the gates, the whole summer heavens were glowing with the light of their bivouac fires, while a burning village near by, threw a still more baleful light over the scene. Spurring his panting steed through the gloom, he at midnight burst in a fierce gallop into the squares of the Old Guard, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the anxious Emperor. The report confirmed his worst fears. At day-break the weary soldiers were roused from their repose, and though they had marched a hundred and twenty miles in four days, pressed cheerfully forward; for already the distant sound of heavy cannonading was borne on by the morning breeze. At eight in the morning, Napoleon and the whole advanced guard, reached an elevation that overlooked the whole plain in which the city lay embodied; and lo! what a sublime yet terrific sight met their gaze. The whole valley was filled with marching columns, preparing for an assault; while the beams of the morning sun were sent back from countless helmets and bayonets that moved and shook in their light. Here and there volumes of smoke told where the batteries were

firing, while the heavy cannonading rolled like thunder over the hills. There, too, was the French army, twenty thousand strong, packed behind the redoubts, yet appearing like a single regiment in the midst of the host that enveloped them. Courier after courier, riding as for life, kept dashing into the presence of the Emperor, bidding him make haste if he would save the city. A few hours would settle its fate. Napoleon, leaving his guard to follow on, drove away in a furious gallop, while a cloud of dust along the road, alone told where the carriage was whirling onward. As he approached the gates, the Russian batteries swept the road with such a deadly fire that he was compelled to leave his carriage and crawl along on his hands and knees over the ground whilst the cannon balls whistled an incessant shower above him.

Suddenly and unannounced, as if he had fallen from the clouds, he appeared at the Royal Palace, where the King of Saxony was deliberating on the terms of capitulation. Waiting for no rest, he took a single page as not to attract the enemy's fire, and went forth to visit the outer works. So near had the enemy approached, that the youth by his side was struck down by a spent musket ball. Having finished his inspection, and settled his plans, he returned to the Palace, and hurried off couriers to the different portions of the army that were advancing by forced marches toward the city. First, the indomitable guards and the brave cuirassiers, eager for the onset, came pouring in furious haste over the bridge. The overjoyed inhabitants stood by the streets, and offered them food and drink; but though weary, hungry and thirsty, the brave fellows refused to take either, and hurried onward toward the storm that was ready to burst on their companions. At 10 o'clock the troops commenced entering the city—infantry, cavalry, and artillery pouring forward with impetuous speed—till there appeared to be no end to the rushing thousands. Thus without cessation, did the steady columns arrive all day long, and were still hurrying in, when at 4 o'clock the attack commenced. The batteries that covered the heights around the city opened with their terrible fire, and in a moment Dresden became the target of three hundred cannon, all trained upon her devoted buildings. Then commenced one of war's wildest scenes. St. Cyr replied with artillery, and thunder answered thunder, as if the hot August afternoon was ending in a real storm of heaven. Balls fell in an incessant shower in the city, while the blazing bombs traversing the sky, hung for a moment like messengers of death over the streets, and then dropped with an explosion that shook the ground, among the frightened inhabitants. Amid the shrieks of the wounded, and the stern language of command, was heard the heavy rumbling of the artillery and ammunition wagons through the streets; and in the intervals, the steady tramp of the marching columns, still hastening to the work of death—while over all, as if to drown all, like successive thunder-claps where the lightning falls nearest, spoke the fierce batteries that were exploding on each other.—But the confusion and death and terror that reigned through the city, as the burning buildings shot their flames heavenward, were not yet complete. The inhabitants had fled to their cellars to escape the balls and shells that came rushing every moment through their dwellings; and amid the bustle of the arriving armies, and their hasty tread along the streets, and the roll of drums, and rattling of armor, and clangor of trumpets, and thunder of artillery, the signal was given for the assault—three cannon shots from the heights of Raacknitz. The next moment six massive columns, with 50 cannon at their head, began to move down the slopes—pressing straight for the city. The muffled sound of their heavy, measured tread was heard within the walls, as in dead silence and awful majesty they moved steadily forward upon the batteries.

It was a sight to strike terror to the heart of the boldest, but St. Cyr marked their advance with the calmness of a fearless soul, and firmly awaited the onset that even Napoleon trembled to behold. No sooner did they come within range of artillery than the ominous silence was broken by its deafening roar. In a moment the heights about the city were in a blaze; and the fifty cannon at the head of these columns belched forth fire and smoke, and amid the charging of infantry, the bursting of shells, the rolling fire of musketry, and the explosion of hundreds of cannon, St. Cyr received the shock. For two hours did the battle rage with sanguinary ferocity. The plain was covered with dead—the suburbs overwhelmed with assailants, and ready to yield every moment—the enemy's batteries were playing within

fifteen rods of the ramparts—the axes of the pioneers were heard on the gates; and the shouts, and yells, and execrations rose over the walls of the city. The last of St. Cyr's reserve were in the battle, and had been for half an hour, and Napoleon began to tremble for his army. But at half past six the Young Guard arrived, shouting as they came, and were received in return with shouts by the army, that for a moment drowned the roar of battle. Then Napoleon's brow cleared up, and St. Cyr for the first time, drew a sigh of relief.

The gates were thrown open, and the impetuous Ney, with the invincible Guard, poured through one like a resistless torrent on the foe, followed soon by Murat, with his head-long cavalry. Mortimer sallied forth from another; and the Young Guard, though weary and travel worn, burst with loud cheers on the chief redoubt—which, after flowing in blood, had been wrested from the French—and swept it like a tornado.

Those six massive columns, thinned and riddled through, recoiled before the fierce onset like the waves when they meet a rock; and slowly surged back from the walls. In the meantime, dark and heavy clouds began to roll up the scorching heavens, and the distant roll of thunder mingled with the roll of artillery. Men had turned this hot August afternoon into a battle storm, and now the elements were to end it with a fight of their own. In the midst of the deepening gloom the allies now for the first time aware that the Emperor was in the city, drew off their troops for the night. The rain came down as if the clouds were falling, drenching the living and the dead armies; yet Napoleon, heedless of the storm, and knowing what great results depended upon next day's action, was seen hurrying on foot through the streets to the bridge over which he expected the corps of Marmont and Victor to arrive. With anxious heart he stood and listened, till the heavy tread of their advancing columns through the darkness relieved his suspense; and then, as they began to pour over the bridge, he hastened back, and traversing the city passed out at the other side, and visited the entire lines that were formed without the wall. The bivouac fires shed a lurid light over the field, and he came at every step upon heaps of corpses, while groans and lamentations issued from the gloom in every direction; for thousands of the wounded, uncovered and unburied, lay exposed to the storm, dragging out the night in pain. Early in the morning, Napoleon was on horseback, and rode out to the army. Taking his place beside a huge fire that was blazing and crackling in the centre of the Old Guard, he issued his orders for the day. Victor was on the right; the resistless Ney on the left, over the Young Guard, while St. Cyr and Marmont were in the centre, which Napoleon commanded in person.

The rain fell in torrents, and the thick mist shrouded the field as if to shut out the ghastly spectacle its bosom exhibited. The cannonading soon commenced, but with little effect, as the mist concealed the armies from each other. A hundred and sixty thousand of the allies, stretched in a huge semicircle along the heights, while Napoleon, with a hundred and thirty thousand in a plain below was waiting the favorable moment in which to commence the attack. At length the battle opened on the right, where a firing was heard as Victor pressed firmly against an Austrian battery. Suddenly Napoleon heard a shock like a falling mountain. While Victor was engaging the enemy in front, Murat, unperceived in the thick mist, had stolen around to the rear, and without a note of warning burst with twelve thousand cavalry on the enemy. He rode straight through their broken lines, trampling under foot the dead and dying. Ney was equally successful on the left, and as the mists lifted, it showed the allied wings both driven back. The day wore away in blood—carts, loaded with the wounded, moved in a constant stream into the city; but the French were victorious at all points, and when night again closed over the scene, the allied armies had decided to retreat.

☞ Mankind are more what they are made by mankind than they are made by their Creator. The wolf is ferocious, because hunted from a whelp. The snake turns upon you, because you disturb and pursue it. The child grows surly, because unjustly coerced. But above all, man becomes unjust and cruel, because pursued with cruelty and injustice by his brother man.

☞ Some one says that the dissolution of the Union is a Chimera got up with the design of frightening the North into a compromise. Exactly!

☞ The citizens of Boston have raised \$20,000 for Prof. Webster's family.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

THE PULPIT ON DISUNION.

The following eloquent and patriotic sentiments were delivered before the Arch Street Presbyterian congregation, on Sunday morning last, by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, in his inaugural sermon:

Paul's principle as set forth in the text, applies as well to the Civil, as to the Social and the Ecclesiastical. A Christian minister amid the *partisan-ship of a community's politics*, is to "know nothing save Christ Jesus and him crucified." His duties as a preacher are superinduced duties. As God's Ambassador he comes to man divested altogether of factitious differences. To the sovereign and the slave—to the mighty man and the menial—to the creature fawning on the foot-cloth of a throne, and the freeman standing proudly before kings in the glory of immortal manhood—to all alike, he comes, bearing the same flaming credentials of God's anger and God's love; standing in his high place of embassy, he is not to look that the Holy Ghost will descend from Heaven to give point to a lesson of statesmanship, or power to an axiom of political economy. He is to look on man as a spirit whose nationality is but a decaying garment, a spirit winged for soaring to that high world where men of all kindreds and peoples are one in Christ. He is to forget all minor interests. He is to forget all human distinctions. He is to "let the dead bury their dead." He is to "know nothing save Christ Jesus and Him crucified."

Meantime we would not be misunderstood here. Far be it from us to bow before this most foul, yea favorite infidel clamor, whereby a Christian minister, by the imposition of Ecclesiastical hands, is held thereafter divested of all rights as a man and a citizen; even under the shadow of the cross, he will not—he may not—he cannot forget his country. Paul, amid the surpassing glories of a commonwealth like ours, would have cried with even more than his Roman exultation, "I am an American citizen." Our beloved land, with its boundaries the broadest—its government the freest—its institutions the noblest the world ever saw, is God's great gift to every man who breathes its blest air, and exults in its sunshine. And woe be to that man, whether Civilian or Ecclesiastic, who dare lay down at a fools bidding his great birth-right, or prove receding to one of its ennobling prerogatives—who dare leave American liberty, an unpurged thing, to be marred by the hand of unskillful legislation, or wrecked amid the conflicts of self-seeking ambition—who dare fail in one title of all he can do to give steadfast strength to American name and American nationality.

God's pity on the creeping thing that can listen unmoved to the whisper of Disunion that rises even now upon the ear! Perish the heart that throbs not in agonizing desire that this glorious sisterhood be never broken! Palsied be the right arm that feels not its sinews tighten like steel, to speed our soaring eagle in its flight to the sun! Stricken be the bosom that bares not itself in full strength to roll back this desolating surge that would sweep all these glad and godful and glorious things away as wrecks upon the billows! Not know my country!—not honor my country!—not struggle for my country! Why then would I be a creature without soul, unworthy my ministry—unworthy my manhood.

Nay, nay—such political wisdom, I will know—I must know—because absolutely in it, I am to know Christ crucified. For, my audience, dear as to every American Christian must be his country—dear, because of the prayers of its consecration, and the blood of its baptism—dear, because of its great breadth and mighty power, and glorious fame—the home of the free—the hope of the oppressed—the beacon to the nations—the cradle of that infant liberty, which yet, when its limbs shall have waxed strong, will leap from its swaddling bands in great manhood, and go forth in a giant's path, to shake down the despotisms of a world in rushing Omnipotence! Yet to his loving heart is it dearest of all, as the great instrument under God to bear on to its consummation his adorable Gospel! He sees Christ in American nationality! Christ, the God of all Providence, presiding and preserving it—as the great spring in the mechanism of a triumphing Evangel. And to him it seems that to sever this blessed Union, were to loose the silver cord of man's hope, and to break the great wheel at the cistern. And every Christian minister will stand by the Union—and pray for the Union—and struggle for the Union—and preach Christ and him crucified as the cement of the Union, till his right arm is withered, and his tongue dumb in death!—*Phila. Inquirer.*

A Daughter's Love.

There is no one so slow to note the follies or sins of a father as a daughter. The wife of his bosom may fly in horror from his embrace, but his fair haired child cleaves to him in boundless charity. Quickened by the visitation of pain to the parental dwelling, her prayers are more brief but more earnest—her efforts doubled and untiring—and if she can but win a smile from that sullen and gloomy face, she is paid, oh, how richly paid for all her sleepless cares and unceasing labor. The father may sink from deep to deep, from a lower to yet a lower depth—Satan's kinsman and Satan's prey. Those who in a happier hour received largely of his benefactions may start when they behold his shadow, and accelerate their pace to get beyond it; all may forsake him—God and the world—all but Satan and his daughter. Poor child! if thou canst not save, thy feeble torch made as bright as thy power can make it, throws at least a flickering light upon the path, till the object of thy unquenchable love has forever left thee, and is shrouded in the thick darkness; and when undone, when gone from thee, and gone forever, though thou mayst wed thy early love and know all in him thy young heart pictured, yet, again and again, in the midst of thy placid joy, even with thy smiling infant on thy knee, the lost one will not be forgotten. Seeing the past as it were only yesterday, forgetful of thy little darling, thou wilt exclaim, from the depths of thy ever-mindful and affectionate spirit, "My father, Oh, my father!"

How to Increase Beauty.

There is a divine contagion in all beautiful things. We alternately color objects with our fancies and affections, or receive it from a kindred hue,

"Like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

This principle pervades all nature, physical and moral. Let those who would trace an expression of serenity and tenderness on a human face, watch a person of sensibility as he gazes upon a painting by Claude or Raphael. In contemplating a fine picture, we drink in its spirit through our eyes. If a lovely woman would increase her charms, let her gaze long and ardently on all beautiful images. Let her not indulge those passions which deform the features but cultivate, on the contrary, every soft affection. It will soon become an easy task, for one good feeling suggests and supports another. We insensibly and involuntarily adapt our aspect to our emotions, and long habits of thought and feeling leave a permanent impression on the countenance. Every one believes thus far in physiognomy, and acts more or less decidedly upon his behalf. But even the effect upon the features of a transient emotion is truly wonderful. A fierce man often looks beautifully tender and serene when either caressing or caressed, and deceives us like the ocean in a calm, which, at times, is the gentlest of all things.—*Richardson's Literary Leaves.*

Perils of Falsehood.

"When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind.—Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to the most serious crimes. With partners in trade, with partners in life—with friends, with lovers, how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties!—How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been their guiding and controlling motives, instead of prevarication and deceit! 'Any vice,' said a parent in our hearing a few days since, 'any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled and deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unwholesome exposure—may come.'"

☞ An importer in New York attempting to smuggle diamonds in a letter, had them forfeited to the Government.—Their cost was \$600. This is rather more than the *ad valorem*.

☞ Pleasure is like a cordial; a little of it not injurious, but too much destroys.

Grumbling Against Editors.

It is amusing to hear the contradictory complaints which are sometimes made against a newspaper. A prefers a quarto sheet—B declares he could never get the "hang" of one. C admires the elegance and neatness of fine type—and old Mr. D abhors a paper that requires a microscope. E wonders you insert so few sentimental ghost stories—F detests your abominable lies and cock-and-bull-stories. G would like to see an exact and minute account of Congressional and Legislative proceedings—H curses the journal that contains the endless hodge-podge doings and undoings of selfish partisans and demagogues. I won't subscribe because your news department is so contracted—J takes the "city" papers, and has read your stale items a week ago. K has a mortal antipathy to a paper crowded with riots, horrible accidents, frightful robberies, and other demoralizing statements—L is mad as a hare because his miserable paper contained no account of that bloody murder last week. M detests your stereotypical advertisements—and all N wants of the paper is to see what's for sale.—C threatens to discontinue because your editorials lack ginger, and don't lash private vices—P, a leaden-head, points you to—"s paper, and wonders you never moralize like him. Q hates the rascally abolitionists—R holds in perfect contempt the dastard editor who is too cowardly to avow his abhorrence of Slavery. S demands long and solid articles.—T wants the close packet essence, and not the thin diluted mixture. U extols a journal that reaches him "a week before it is printed;" and V tells you he is not quite green enough to be gulled by such despicable humbuggery. W is astonished that you never print sermons—and all that X cares for is fun. Y is on fire because you will not deduct more for advance pay—and Z is amazed at the impudence of a publisher who duns him for three years' subscription and yet objects to being paid in trade.—*Yankee Blade.*

TIME.

Beyond the mere definition of this term, how little can be said of its meaning. Time is an indefinite part of an unfathomable whole—it is a fraction of eternity—of whose laws we know nothing, save that they are regulated by the celestial bodies and by the imperfect understanding of man. Time, then, is so mysterious that of its laws we know comparatively nothing, and our progress is such that, strictly speaking, it is never present. "Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Of all the subjects brought before us, none is devoured with more eagerness than that illustrating the ways of lengthening the time, or temporal life, of man. That this subject excites universal interest we need but one day's experience to prove; discuss upon it in public, and you have exclusive attention; dwell upon it in private, and you become lost in conjectures; and yet, with what recklessness and apathy is existing life squandered! Time is not given to us for an animal gratification; it is given to us that we may educate, mature and enoble our minds, by reflecting on the knowledge and virtue of society around; and, finally, that we may prepare ourselves to receive the mysterious truths of time, and the happiness of eternity.

Social Virtues.

Kindness, forbearance, meekness, tenderness, love—sweet virtues! let them be cultivated in every bosom. Who would feel like fretting or scolding, if he had in exercise a forbearing spirit.—Who would seek for opportunities for revenge, if love reigned in his bosom? Oh, be kind, and tender, and forgiving. Study to possess and cultivate the blessed social virtues—those virtues that make up the happiness of heaven. If all were as amiable as it is in their power to be, we should not feel like saying—

"There's something every day to make
The changeful spirits sad;
A word to cause the heart to ache,
When it is sweetly clad."

But in every face we should read the lessons of love and kindness. If we should feel the wing of sorrow pressing one hour, a dozen hands would be extended to our relief, and a thousand smiles would fall like sunshine on our path.

☞ How short the years are when we are getting old! Till we are out of our teens, Time not only "hides his scythe among the flowers," but actually seems to be mowing by the day. No sooner, however, do we turn the corner of thirty than he is after us with a swarth that cuts into our years as if they were made up of weeds or wet paper.

☞ Massachusetts has about three millions of dollars invested in School houses. A good investment.