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### Poetical.

Written for the Journal.

#### IS FREEDOM DOOMED?

Alas! for Liberty when Faction rules,  
When blind Enthusiasm sways the mind  
And, like the blackened tempest bursting forth,  
Sweeps the "great Nation" with disorder wild,  
Columbia sighs! O'er Freedom's virgin form  
Ruin suspends its glittering sword—angry,  
And threatens to avenge her wrongs— to slay  
The injured Goddess that her injurers  
May learn, not realize, her real worth.  
The Patriot seems concerned. The good, the wise,  
The great in groups assemble round her Fame  
And, trembling, talk about her end's approach.  
But why? Is a nation an epitemera?  
Or worse, is Freedom but a frantic spell?  
Dost think her Temple doomed? and time itself,  
Urged on by Fate, her surest enemy?  
That nations like the thistle-down will rise—  
To float awhile on time's dim atmosphere,  
Through storms and many eddying changes  
whirled,  
Then sink and take their place with "things  
that were?"  
You point to Sparta and Leonides—  
Her King—to Rome and Thiebes, with crumbling  
gates,  
And all the history of the past, and bid  
Us learn. Learn what? That Time with with-  
ering touch  
Did strike a blow at Freedom's throbbing heart,  
That made those star-crowned States a stygian  
sty  
Enveloped in the gulf of moral woe?  
How so? If Rome has tottered to the ground,  
And Spartan columns crumbled to the dust,  
That owls and dragons find a refuge there,  
Could we assert that Time hath done it? No.  
What read we on the tomb of nations gone?  
'Beneath the lumber of demolished States—  
'Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck  
'Of things that were, here lie proud nations, Kings  
'And Lords, who peopling with false gods  
'The skies, have sunk in moral darkness—  
'With heart and hands debased—dark passions  
rose  
'And to their revel with red eyes they rushed,  
'Till Freedom, blind and maniac, sought the rest  
'The suicide would find?"  
..... Time only testifies  
With darkened annals to the deeds of wrong  
Dependence in false gods, and dark debauch  
Which but potent fair Freedom's fall—  
The very thought is then a traitorous one!  
That Freedom, like the forest leaf, must rise  
And play awhile upon the gust, then sink,  
The envious nations scorn, to rise no more.  
T. W.

### Family Circle.

#### Unchangeable.

In the little compass of an hour, how many changes might we mark had we the eye of Omnipotence: from happiness to misery, from oppression to power, from wealth to poverty, from life to death; the fleet progression of uncertain griefs and joys, dooms us continually to change. And in a wider sense in whatever light we view the marts of commerce, the wonders of science, we find them continually liable to this fiat, some in the brief passage of a little moment, others by the slow rotation of lagging years.  
The tides change, the atmosphere changes, and earth itself is daily undergoing a slow but sure transformation. Gradually the old landmarks disappear before the solemn tread of centuries. The green slopes where the sunlit verdure has flourished in its emerald beauty of ages, are forever blighted by the fiery breath of the volcano, and the soft valley whose bosom seemed fit only for the pressure of an infant's dimpled feet, is rent asunder; its broken fragments clinging to the unsightly hills that some convulsion has thrown up from the heated earth.  
But while we feel the truth of all this, there is a blessed thought, that, coming in the sombre twilight, or the quiet mid hour of night, sheds a soothing calmness upon the soul, nay fills us with rapture and holy trust, and it is this: There is One that changeth not; forever and ever, he will be the same unchangeable God. Heaven and earth, bearing though they do the impress of His eternal mind, shall pass away and there shall be no record of those who once bore mortal forms. It is a delightful theme, this immutability of Jehovah, though all too high for our irreverent grasp, yet made somewhat comprehensible to the most lowly mind by the very contrast that marks every thing around us perishable.

Never trust to appearances, or high pretensions,—for the drum, notwithstanding all its noise, is empty within.

### Young Ladies Should Think.

I am often pained to witness how prodigal many of the young ladies of our land are, of their leisure time. The wrong notion which many of them have, that they shall not be respected, unless they follow the fashions of the day to all their ridiculous extremes, that they might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion—is doing as much toward retarding the advancement in useful knowledge of young ladies as everything else besides. If, by any means, it could be made fashionable to be well informed on the various important topics of the day—to be well-read in history, in geography, &c.—to be able to give an opinion when asked, founded on good sense and general reading—if this could but become the fashion—how increased in interest would much of female society become. It is far from my intention to say that this does not now prevail to some extent—for I know it to be true—but it is far from being general. The attention that a female wins, and the gratification she imparts who is able to maintain a conversation upon general subjects, as though she had occasionally thought upon them, are good evidence how much such female society would be sought for, if it were even more common. I do not hesitate to express my belief, that the endless round which many young women run, to keep pace with the fashions in dress, is more fatiguing, and requires more patience than to store their minds with useful knowledge.  
The demands of fashion upon females, are unceasing, and where the means are limited to gratify it, requires incessant labor, often to the ruin or prejudice of health. But to read, and think—to array the mind in the beauties of this world and the truth of the next, may be done at indeed a trifling expense and with much satisfaction.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Life and Services of Gen. Scott.

Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, in Virginia, on the 13th day of June in the year 1786. He finished his studies at the College of William and Mary, and was admitted to the bar in 1806. After practicing law in Virginia about a year, he emigrated to South Carolina.

Our difficulties with England caused Congress to pass an act in April, in 1808, to increase the army. Scott applied immediately for a commission in one of the regiments about to be raised, and in May, 1808, was appointed a captain of light artillery.

War was not actually declared until June, 1812. The interval between 1808 and the declaration of war, was one of great political excitement. Scott sided with the Democratic party, supported the election of President Madison, and approved, advocated, and wrote in favor of war measures.

In July 1812, Scott was Commissioned Lieutenant-colonel in the 2d Artillery, and proceeded to the Niagara frontier. In October of that year Lieutenant Elliot applied to Scott for assistance in men to capture the Adams and Caledonia, two British vessels-of-war then laying under the protection of the guns of Fort Erie. The vessels were both captured; but Elliot was compelled to abandon the Adams. She got aground, and the British attempted to retake her, but were repulsed by the gallantry of Colonel Winfield Scott. This was the first time he met the enemy, and here, as in every subsequent engagement when he was first in command, he was victorious.

A few days after was fought the memorable battle of Queenstown Heights. Scott was the hero of the day, and covered himself with glory. The battle raged for many hours, and was fought on the parts of the Americans with most fearful odds against them. The British army, having been reinforced, number not less than thirteen hundred men, while the Americans were reduced to less than three hundred.—Finding that the militia on the opposite shore refused, or were unable to cross to their aid, and that succor was hopeless, Scott's heroic band was at length compelled to surrender. But their gallant deeds upon that day carried inspiration to every American heart. The disgrace of Hull's surrender was wiped off—the taunts of the enemy checked—the character of the American army redeemed.

Scott was carried a prisoner to Quebec. While he was there, an incident occurred which had a most important bearing upon the future conduct of the war, and is deserving of particular attention.

While Scott was a prisoner at Quebec, the British attempted to enforce their doctrine of perpetual allegiance in regard to certain Irish prisoners found in the ranks of the American army at Queenstown. The following is a description of the scene:

"Scott, being in the cabin of the transport, heard a bustle upon deck and hastened up. There he found a party of British officers in the act of mustering the prisoners, and separating from the rest such as by confession, or the accent of voice, were

judged to be Irishmen. The object was to send them in a frigate, then alongside to England, to be tried and executed for the crime of high treason, they being taken in arms against their native allegiance. Twenty-three had been thus set apart, when Scott reached the deck. The moment Scott ascertained the object of the British officers, he commanded his men to answer no more questions, in order that no other selections should be made by the test of speech. He commanded them to remain silent, and they strictly obeyed.—This was done in spite of the threats of the British officers, and not another man was separated from his companions. Scott was repeatedly ordered to go below, and high altercations ensued. The Irishmen thus selected were sent to England. As soon as Scott was exchanged, he proceeded to Washington and reported the whole affair to the Secretary of War by a written communication. The report was transmitted to Congress, and Scott, in personal interviews, pressed the subject upon the attention of members. An act was accordingly passed on the 3d of March, 1813, vesting the President with the power of retaliation. In an engagement soon after Scott captured a number of prisoners.—True to his pledge given at Quebec, he immediately selected twenty-three of the number to be confined in the interior of the country, there to abide the fate of the twenty-three Irishmen taken at Queenstown and sent to England for trial. The result of this firm resolution on the part of Scott and of the legislation consequent upon his efforts, was not only to save the lives of the 23 Irish prisoners, but to compel England, throughout the remainder of the war, to respect the rights of our naturalized citizens, by virtually abandoning her claim to perpetual allegiance. Just after the close of the war, as Gen. Scott was walking along one of the wharves of New York he was hailed by his old Irish friends, for whom he had interfered at Quebec. They had just been released from the English prisons, and now rushed to embrace him as their deliverer.

At the capture of Fort George, on the 27th of May, 1813, Scott led the advanced guard. He landed on the Canada shore of Lake Ontario, formed his command on the beach, and sealed the banks behind which the British forces were drawn up, fifteen hundred strong. The action was short and desperate, but ended in the total rout of the enemy. Scott was the first man to enter the fort, and haul down the British flag with his own hands.

On the 10th and 11th of November, 1813, Scott defeated the enemy in two actions—one at Fort Matilda, the other at Hoopole Creek.  
On the 9th of March, 1814, when only 27 years of age, Scott was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.  
The battle of Chippewa was fought on the 4th of July, 1814. Scott, with 1900 Americans, met on the open plain and routed with the bayonet 2000 of the veteran troops of England—the very flower of the army. As the two armies approached to close quarters, Scott called aloud to McNit's battalion "the enemy say we are good at long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron! I call upon the eleven instantly to give the lie to that slander! Charge!" They did charge. Before Gen. Brown could come up with the rear division of the American army, Scott had already won the day, and was in hot pursuit of the flying enemy. The British had been beaten with their own boasted weapon—the bayonet. The valor and skill of the *Boy-General* of twenty-eight had vanquished all the boasted powers of her world renowned veterans.

General Brown, in his official report of this battle says: "Brigadier General Scott is entitled to the highest praise our country can bestow. His brigade covered itself with glory."  
The battle of Lundy's Lane (or Niagara, as is frequently called) was fought on the 25th of July, 1814, just three weeks after that of Chippewa. The battle commenced about forty minutes before sunset, and continued until midnight. Here again Scott was the master spirit of the fight.—American valor again triumphed over the veteran regiments of Britain. Scott had two horses killed under him, was wounded in the side, but still fought on until the close of the battle, when he was prostrated by a wound in the shoulder.—This was the hardest fought battle of the war. Our limited space will not allow a more extended notice of its details, and, indeed, it would be superfluous to recapitulate the events of that glorious day, familiar as they are to every American school-boy.—Where so many have gathered imperishable laurels, it was truly a proud honor for the youthful Scott to be hailed by universal consent, "the hero of Lundy's Lane."

For his gallantry in these actions, Scott was soon after promoted to the rank of Major General. On November 3d, 1814, Congress passed a resolution awarding a gold medal to Major General Scott, "in testimony of the high sense entertained by

Congress of his distinguished services in the successive conflicts of Chippewa and Niagara, and of his *uniform gallantry and good conduct* in sustaining the high reputation of the arms of the United States."

Soon after the treaty of Peace President Madison tendered to Gen. Scott a place in his Cabinet—that of Secretary of War. This complimentary office was declined from motives highly creditable to Gen. Scott.

Being still feeble from his wounds, he soon after went to Europe for the restoration of his health and for professional improvement. He was also entrusted by the Government with important diplomatic functions. He executed his instructions in so satisfactory a manner that President Madison caused to be written to him by the Secretary of State, a special letter of thanks.

In 1832, Scott was ordered to take command of the Black Hawk war. He sailed from Buffalo for Chicago with nearly 1000 troops in four steamboats.

On the 8th of July, while on the voyage, the cholera broke out among the troops with fearful violence. On the boat in which Gen. Scott sailed with two hundred and twenty troops, there occurred in six days one hundred and thirty cases of cholera and fifty-one deaths. After General Scott had proceeded from Chicago to the Mississippi River, the pestilence again broke out among his troops. During the prevalence of this dreadful scourge, his devoted attention upon his suffering soldiers excited the admiration of all who were present. In the language of a letter written at the time by an officer of the army: "The general's course of conduct on this occasion should establish for him a reputation not inferior to that which he has earned on the battle field; and should exhibit him not only as a warrior, but as a man,—not only as the hero of battles, but as the hero of humanity."

After the termination of the Black Hawk war, Gen. Scott and Gov. Reynolds were appointed by the United States Government, commissioners to treat with the North-western Indians in reference to all pending difficulties. In the various conferences held with the deputations from the various tribes, it became the duty of Gen. Scott to conduct the discussions.—This he did with great ability and ingenuity, and the result of the commission was to procure a treaty, just to the Indians and highly advantageous to the United States,—the Indians ceding the title to more than ten millions of acres, being a great portion of the lands of Iowa and Michigan.

After the termination of the Black Hawk war and the treaty with the Indians, Gen. Cass, the Secretary of War, wrote in reply to Gen. Scott's official report as follows:

"Allow me to congratulate you upon this fortunate consummation of your arduous duties and to express my entire approbation of the whole course of your proceedings, during a series of difficulties requiring higher moral courage than the operations of an active campaign under ordinary circumstances."

Directly on his return from the Black Hawk war, Gen. Scott was sent by President Jackson on a confidential mission of great responsibility. South Carolina nullification then threatened to embroil the nation in civil war. There was imminent danger that the strife would at once begin between the citizens of Charleston and the United States troops stationed there.—The object of the President in sending Scott to South Carolina at this time, was to prevent, if possible, any direct act of collision, and at the same time enforce the laws of the Federal Government. Scott's moderation and discretion while at Charleston, saved the country from the horrors of civil war. The full history of his valuable services on that occasion, cannot now be written, as much of it still remains under the seal of secrecy.

On the 20th of January, 1836, Gen. Scott was ordered to take command in the Florida war. There he did all that the greatest military talent could accomplish. But the malice or envy of a brother officer, by misrepresentations made to the President, procured his recall, for the purpose of having his official conduct subjected to the opinion of a Court of Inquiry. The Court after full investigation, pronounced the charges against Gen. Scott unsustainable, and further, "that he had been zealous and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, and that his plan of campaign was all devised and prosecuted with energy, steadiness and ability."

In 1838, Gen. Scott was sent by the President to the Canada frontier—then in a state of fearful excitement on account of the burning of the Caroline within the American territory. The whole population of northern New York was about to march into Canada to avenge the wrong which had been done to the national honor. The object of the administration was to preserve the peace between two nations until pending difficulties could be settled

by negotiation. For this purpose Scott was sent to the frontier. There he labored night and day, passing rapidly from point to point, superintending and directing the action both of the military and civil authorities—and frequently along the line of 800 miles, addressing immense gatherings of the excited citizens. He succeeded in his mission beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. The peace of the country was preserved.

During the same year he was ordered to the delicate service of removing the Cherokee nation beyond the Mississippi. Here he displayed at once the highest degree of energy, sagacity and humanity.

The leading journals of the day were filled with encomiums upon the conduct of Scott in these services. The National Intelligencer of September 27th, 1838, says: "The manner in which this gallant officer has acquitted himself within the last year, upon our Canada frontier and lately among the Cherokees, has excited the universal admiration and gratitude of the whole nation."

In 1839 arose the North Eastern Boundary difficulty. The *disputed territory* was about to become the battle ground between the troops of Maine and New Brunswick. War was considered inevitable. In this crisis Gen. Scott was again deputed by the Government to calm the rising storm. His able services on that occasion showed him to be possessed of the highest talents as a statesman and diplomatist. A war considered inevitable was prevented—the honor of the country preserved—and Scott returned with fresh laurels upon his brow, and "the hero of Lundy's Lane" was hailed on all sides as the "*Great Pacificator*."

The services of Gen. Scott in the Mexican war are of so recent a date, and so fresh to the recollections of the American people and the whole civilized world, that it is useless to do more than make a passing allusion.

On the 10th of March, 1847, General Scott arrived before Vera Cruz. On the 14th of September, 1847, he planted the stars and stripes over the National Palace in the City of Mexico. Within these six months, San Juan D'Ulloa—the American Gibraltar,—was stormed, and the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Curubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, were fought and won. With less than ten thousand fighting men, he attacked and routed, again and again, thirty thousand of the best troops of Mexico, posted behind the strongest fortifications, and fighting with the courage of desperation. Nothing of military achievement recorded in ancient or modern history, can excel the glory of that march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico.

Such is a brief sketch of one whose life has been devoted to the service and glory of his country—and whose patriotism is enlarged enough to extend to the whole nation.

#### TRUST IN GOD.

To thee I turn,  
When sorrow droops the wing,  
And winter has no spring,  
And every stream is dry  
That ran in gladness by:  
To thee I turn.

To thee I turn,  
When friends I love forsake,  
And bends the heart to break,  
And on each face I see  
The smile of treachery:  
To thee I turn.

To thee I turn,  
In every hour of pain,  
When help from man is vain,  
And find a sweet relief,  
While joy gives place to grief:  
To thee I turn.

To thee I turn,  
My Father turn to thee,  
When glory fills the skies—  
When every pleasure dies—  
To thee I turn.

As women are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than men, it is really strange that they do not form down those vines of men which so often prove fatal to their own tranquility. Many a female who would not refuse to dine with a profligate, would think herself foully insulted were she invited to take tea with a courtizan; and yet, the only difference between the two is, that one wears pantaloons and the other pantaloons, the *moral* is the same.

A person being asked the other day whether he was in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, replied: "partly—I go for the liquor—barring the law."

It is a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face, but a bad sign when it is all concentrated in his nose.

A person once sent a note to a waggish friend for the loan of his *nose* paper, and received in return his friend's marriage certificate.

### Humorous.

From the Pittsburg Register.

By the Grape Vine Telegraph Line, in connection with the Virginia Fence, and Mason and Dixon's Line, we have received the following interesting correspondence—far "ahead of the foremost," which we hasten to lay before our readers:

WHEATLAND, June 5, 1852.

Dear Cass:—What is the matter? In the hour of my trouble—in the hour of my tribulation too—am I forgotten then?—Your long continued silence makes me fear I am. Believe me, friend Lewis,

My heart in desolate Eclipse  
With recollection teems;  
And oft I ask with trembling lips  
Dost thou remember Jeems?

Dear and lamented Quintuple, we are both beaten, and (like the Egyptian mummy) "dead and buried"—but not yet "embalmed." A pair of old coats (where are Marcy's pants?) we are laid aside forever. "When I remember all!"—the money I have spent, the letters I have written in favor of "the peculiar institutions of the South," the hungry bellies I have filled, and the flowing bumpers I have caused my followers to quaff, I begin to detest the unwashed democracy, and almost wish with the Roman Emperor (you know, dear Lew, I was always a little classical!) that mankind had but one head that I might sever it at a single blow. Alas! Alas! that the rose of Lancaster should, after sweetly blooming in May, be blighted by the frosts of June, and—one alas, only—that the great Michigan, is a gone goose forever and ever. It is our "manifest destiny" to live in retirement and die in obscurity.—Some future Gray, pregnant with funeral fire, from beneath the weeping willows of the village church-yard, will doubtless weave together some joint epitaph, something like the following:

Here lies old Cass and Jimmy Beck,  
By foes to earth untimely struck;  
Deserted by their former toadies  
They sleep in death—alas old fogies!

Hereafter, my dear Lewis, I shall cashew politics, and take unto myself a wife, and far removed from the crowd's ignoble strife, endeavor to find peace and happiness in raising pigs, poultry, and potatoes. When I was Secretary of State, I often wrote to persons for whom I had no great esteem, "with assurances of distinguished consideration."

I remain yours truly,  
BUCHANAN."

P. S.—Franklin Pierce is no luminary, and Wm. R. King is a prince. BUCK.

WASHINGTON, June 7, 1852.

Dear Buchanan:—Your friendly note is received. The "noise and confusion" having partially subsided, I shall answer it in the same Christian spirit, and offer a few words of advice and consolation. Bulwer probably told the truth when he said that "in the lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail!"—but the line can never be appropriately applied to middle aged and old fogies. Notwithstanding this, you should not repine. Above all, my kindly cherished friend, scout the idea of letting out the last drop of Democratic blood, and do not for a single instant think of throwing yourself into the arms of your ancient friends, the Federalists. If not struck with "political blindness," you will cheerfully acquiesce in the result, though it may have pierced you to the heart, and doing so, you will show some wisdom in submitting to a fate you could not shun.

You think of taking a wife. That's right. At your age a man should have a good nurse. You will thus not only contribute to your own happiness but, like a good citizen, possibly make a small addition to the next census, and, ecstasie thought! James Buchanan, Jr., may be President of the United States in "the good time coming."

I spent no money to advance my political prospects, and I am seriously concerned to learn that your little fortune, for a year past, has been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less."

The two-thirds rule is outrageous. As Kossuth would remark, it afforded "material aid" to my opponents. It is my intention to commence a crusade against it, so soon as opportunity will permit. As regards it, "masterly inactivity" is not the true policy.

Your friends here are well. Douglass is swelling like the toad in the fable, but Houston, (alas for the thunders of San Jacinto,) fear will seek consolation in the bowl, and in that event, will muddy his famous Mexican blanket.

With you, I think that Franklin Pierce is not a Drummond light; but it is well known that Billy King is. CASS.

P. S.—Since the nomination is over, I am in favor of letting old Grund and Major Lynch have a free fight; and, if necessary, I will be willing to show fair play.

Every seven minutes a child is born in London, and every nine minutes one dies.