THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VII. No. 1.] HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1842. [WHOLE No. 313.

TERMS
OF THE
HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half.

Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for the year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS

FOR

The Huntingdon Journal

[illegible] Teague, *Orbisonia*; David Blair, *Shade Gap*; Benjamin Leese, *Shirleys'* [illegible]; Elias Smith, Esq. *Chilcottstown*; Jos[illegible] jr. *Coffee Run*; Hugh Maddern, *Springfield*; Dr. S. S. Dewey, *Birmingham*; James Morrow, *Union Furnace*; [illegible] *Warrior Mark*; James Davis, *West township*; D. H. Moore, Esq [illegible]*town*; Eli Galbreath, Esq. *Hollidaysburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Aaron [illegible], *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, Esq. *Morris township*; [illegible] Hunter, *Neff's Mill*; James Dyson, *[illegible] Shrub Creek*; Wm. Murray, Esq. *[illegible]sville*; John Crum, *Manor Hill*; Jas. Stewart, *Sinking Valley*; L. C. Kessler [illegible] *Creek*.

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.

WHEREAS William Pollock, of Winchester Furnace, Cromwell township, Huntingdon county, has assigned all his property, real, personal and mixed, to the subscribers in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said William Pollock, are hereby notified and required to come forward and make payment to before the 10th day of January next. Those neglecting this notice will find their accounts &c. left in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having unsettled accounts with the said William Pollock, are desired to call with the subscribers immediately, for the purpose of making settlements. The books of said Pollock will be left at Winchester Furnace for settlement; and the subscribers will be found at that place on Thursday and Friday of each week until the time above mentioned.

DAVID BURKET, } Assignees of
WM. B. LEAS, } Wm. Pollock.
AB'M. LONG. }

Dec, 8, 1841.

MECHANIC'S LIEN.

HUNTINGDON COUNTY SS.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of Huntingdon County Greeting:

Whereas Samuel Duff and Joseph Hunter acting and trading under the firm of Duff and Hunter, have filed a claim in our County Court, of Common Pleas, for the county of Huntingdon against Samuel E. Barr (reputed owner) for the sum of twenty dollars and forty nine cents, with interest from the 1st May 1841 for work done on certain frame stable, sixteen feet high, twenty eight feet long and eighteen feet wide, erected, built and situate on the North east end certain lot or piece of ground, adjoining lot of James Stewart on the South East and by Stone creek on the North west at Tavey's Fort in Barree Township in the said county, on the road leading from Pine Grove to Green Wood, also, a further claim of 63 dollars and 19 cents, with interest from the first of May 1841, for work done to a certain frame house and building for a dwelling house, two stories high, 30 feet wide by 15 feet front, situate at McAlavey's Fort aforesaid—the same building being attached to and adjoining a certain two story frame hous occupied as a tavern at said McAlavey's Fort, on the South East end of the lot aforesaid; and whereas it is alleged that the aforesaid several sums of money still remains due and unpaid to the said Duff and Hunter. Now we command you that you make known to the said Sam. E. Barr and to all such persons as may hold or occupy the aforesaid several buildings, that they be and appear before the Judges of the said court at a court of common Pleas to be held at Huntingdon on the 2d Monday of January next to show if any thing they know or have to say why the said sum of twenty three dollars and forty nine cents should not be held of the said building to the use of the said Duff & Hunter according to the form and effect of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided, if to them it shall seem expedient, and have you then and there this writ. Witness the Hon. George Woodward Esq. President of said court at Huntingdon the seventh day of December, A. D. 1841.

JAMES STEEL, Prot'y.

Dec. 15, 1841.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration upon the first and final account of the estate of Henry L. M'Connell Esq., late of Huntingdon county, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber residing in said county. All persons therefore indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to

DAVID SNARE, *Adm'r.*

Huntingdon, Dec. 1, 1841.

POETRY.

From the Perry Freeman.

"Among these new Stars, one, a little lower than that of Bethlehem, has just appeared above the horizon. It is the Star of WOMAN'S INFLUENCE."

Wisdom comes slowly—there are truths.
Which like a distant star,
Shall meet the gaze of erring man,
And lure him from afar·
From the dark portals of the grave,
By vice and folly led,
The power of woman still can save
When all but hope has fled.

Strong in her weakness, woman's power
O'er the hard heart of man,
Has not yet reached its glorious hour,
Nor finished half its plan:
The star-light of an orient morn,
By woman's influence given,
O'er the dark paths of vice and sin,
Can make of earth a heaven.

And what shall man be, when her light
Shall beam upon his soul,
And lead him from that starless night
Which mocked his own control?
Shall shine upon his troubled path,
And gild his dreams of peace?—
Shall stay the rising floods of wrath.
And bid his sorrows cease?

Aye, what shall man be, when her love
Which parts not at the grave,
To his unfeeling heart shall prove
It has the power to save;
And on his fainting spirit fall,
Like dew upon the flower·
And days of peace and joys recall,
In that lone dismal hour?

Lo! on the couch of guilt and woe,
A human form is there;
Without a hope on earth below,
Or e'en the sinner's prayer!
And close beside that lonely bed,
Unaw'd by pain or strife,
By pure affection's fervor led,
Is seen the faithful wife!

From the first moment when she gave
Her young and trusting heart,
To him who held the power to save,
And never more to part—
Till, when beside that couch of pain.
She held his throbbing brow
And knew she minister'd in vain;
Nor did she falter now.

Her heart ne'er thought, her lip ne'er spoke
One word of ill or blame;
Nor in his darken'd soul awoke
Repress'd resentment's flame:
Tho' the world wrong'd him, tho' his name
Had felt detractions power,—
Her love clung closer in his shame—
Grew warmer in that hour,

When friends forsook, and hate pursu'd,
And love had fled afar;
Her angel spirit, unsubdu'd,
Shone like a lovely star,
And e'er his pathway shed the beams
Of hope and happier hours;
And give him back the golden dreams
He felt in youth's bright bowers.

In the deep midnight of the mind,
When reason leaves her throne,
And man, bereft of hope must meet
His naked heart alone;
And stretch'd upon a dying bed
To struggle with dispair;
Tho' ev'ry earthly friend has fled,
Fond woman still is there.

O woman! woman! wealth may buy
Man's fealty, but not thine;
Thy vows are register'd on high,
Upon a deathless shrine,
And when the final hour shall come,—
And Time's last page is seal'd—
Thy spirit finds its future home—
Thy worth shall be reveal'd.

Bloomfield. Nov. 30, 1841.

A GOOD RULE.—A man who had climbed up a chestnut tree; had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with such force as to break his ribs. A neighbor going to his assistance. remarked to him that. "had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided the accident."—"What rule do you mean?" said the other indignantly. "This," said the philosopher, "never to come down a place faster than you go up."

"Egad! this is pot luck," as the fellow said when he tumbled into the boilers.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A Horse Story.

Some newspaper celebrity has been bestowed upon an origiual bit of drollery, called a 'Theatrical Auctioneer,' promulgated first in this paper, some ten or twelve months ago.— From the same humorous source we have another bit of facitia, though not of so sparkling a character as the other.

Our Jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country horse dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of a horse. *He* was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

I say said he, I want to see the auctioneer, that auctions off horses here on Saturday.

I'm the individual, said the auctioneer what can I do for you?

"Well, I've got a horse I want to sell provided I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a leetle thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly.'

Very good; will you have him advertised?

Well, I guess I don't know that. What do you tax?

One dollar first insertion; fifty cents for every time after.

That's two dollars for three times; I reckon you may put him in the newspaper *once*, stranger, and after that let him slide.

Very good; what color is he?

Rather brown than otherwise.

Is he sound?

Sound? O, sound as a dollar—should'nt like to warrant him, though!

All right; I'll advertise him and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by 12 o'clock.

I jest want to tell, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, but you may let him go for five.

Exactly! and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?

Well, no, I'm not disposed to be hard, any how; I rather calculate not!

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse dealer.

Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half is only offered for the animal before you. —One dollar and a half—going—going—going.'

'*Sell him sir, he's a dying*!' whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

'Gone!' shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half·

After the sale the horse dealer was the first one up at the desk for settlement.

Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse,' said he.

'Not long,' said the clerk, there's your account sale; you have to pay us just fifty cents more than the horse brought.

'Po-litical-destruction!' exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then, with a satisfied manner, he continued. '*Its cheap enough*!' there's a fifty cent piece. *Cheap enough.* I couldn't a gin him away at no price, & it would have cost two dollars and half to bury him. Jest half a dollar saved.—Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. *Cheap enough.*

Benjamin Franklin.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, several years since, relates from personal knowledge, the following anecdotes of Franklin, illustrative of the character of the man who could bide his day.

By nature perhaps like George Washington, whose character, by the way, is greatly misunderstood, he was a man of strong passions, which, after many years, by continual guardianship, trial and severe disipline, he had brought entirely under his control· This, we say positively, was the character of Washington; this we believe to have been the character of Franklin.

We happen to know something of the Doctor's determination, however, in two cases; both growing out of the same event where the natural temper of the man broke out—blazed up like smothered fire—became visible, as it were, all at once, in spite of himself. Some time about the year 1768, he was in this country acting as agent for some of our transatlantic possessions. The troubles had already begun there. One day, he went before the privy council, as agent, with a petition from the Assembly of Massachusetts; or more carefully speaking—one day when a petition from the provincial assembly of Massachusetts Bay. already presented by him, was taken up, he was treated with great indignity, insulted, greatly abused by the solicitor general, Wedderburne. He bore it without any sign of emotion. All eyes were upon him. No change or shadow of change, went over his face. His friends were amazed at his forbearance. They wondered at his equanimity, they were almost ready to reproach him for it. Such untimely self command could only proceed from indifference to the great cause, or, so they thought, from a strange moral insensibility. On his way from the place of humiliation, they gathered about him. He stopped, he stood still; his manner, look, voice, were those of a man, who has quietly concentrated every thought and every hope under heaven, all his energies upon a single point. His master shall pay for it, said he and passed on.

The other circumstances grew out of the same affair. As a mark of special consideration for the privy council, the Doctor appeared before them in a superb dress, after the court fashion of the time. He wore it bravely—he looked uncommonly well in it. Finding, however, that this courtly garb, thus chosen, thus worn had been no avail, as a refuge or a shelter to him; that on the contrary, it had only made him a better mark, and exasperating his adversary; that worse than all, his considerate loyalty had been misunderstood for a piece of duty adulation, or, worse yet, for a piece of wretched foppery; he went on, leaving the council, straightway home; threw the dress aside, and from that hour, never wore it again, till the day on which he went with full power into the court of the Bourbons, to sign the treaty between France and America--the United States of America! What must have been his feelings! That paper gave the death blow to British dominion over the western world. It was done; the threat was accomplished!—Franklin was at peace with himself; the majesty of Great Britain had paid, bitterly paid for the insolence of the solicitor general.

The Last Speech.

It is perfectly original, for we were present, and if there ain't a touch of the sublime about it, then we are no judge. Readers imagine to yourself the orator standing upon a stump with outstretched arms, his eyes standing half way out of their sockets, and the *amber* streaming off his maiden chin, then you will justly appreciate this flow of eloquence. To the speech:

"Gentlemen—I are a candidate; and as the green moon waynes in yonder hemisphere so does aunt Charity make the milk fly from old cherry of a cold frosty morning. As the sun rises in yonder horizon and wastes the darkness of nighter, so does my Zebede's jowler turn and scamper through the 'collard, patch when a hornet stings him or sister Sally scalds him with hot pot liquor. Yes Gentlemen you've all hearn talk of neighbor Brown's thrashing machine—haint you? Well it shells out the corn, I rather guess. Gentlemen, has you all hearn as how the Inguns has surrendered peace and gone beyant the Massasipi? Well they did. For in the langwidge of Ginerll Tyler, "Sink or swim, ferry or no ferry, I cling to the constitution; and if they had'nt left, they'd been shot. Gentlemen, these are my sentiments; and I'll hold on to 'em till the skin come off my hands.—And, as I did not rise to make a speech with these few remarks I'm done.—*Raleigh Rasp.*

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ARMY.—The boys and girls in our common schools—the true standing army. These soldiers are in citadels which rise up around us the noblest bulwarks against ignorance, that worst enemy of the human race. Whoever builds a school house or teaches a good school, is erecting the strongest monument of freedom. If the time shall ever come, when this great government shall totter, when this Beacon, now the wonder of the world, shall wax dim, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people, "and the people perish for the lack of knowledge."

AN AWKWARD POSITION.—A fellow named *Hanknald*, confined in Newport (R. I.) jail for robbing the Providence Post Office, made a most unfortunate attempt to break out on Monday night of last week He made a hole in the wall large enough as he thought to afford him a "passage way to liberty;" but upon getting about half way through, he found it equally impossible to "go-ahead" or to go astern. He could neither advance or retreat a single barleycorn; but there he was firmly embedded in stone as the antidiluvian toad in a Derbyshire mine. Even a Recorder's *habeas corpus* could not *have had the body* without assistance from a stone cutter's chisel. Mr. Hanknald was as securely poised between the open air and his own dungeon, as the coffin of Mahomet between the heavens and the earth; and there he would have remained till doomsday if the turnkey had not come the next morning to his assistance. Help was then obtained, and after a good deal of labor the unfortunate gentleman was finally quarried from the "Geological formation" in which he had voluntarily become an *interstratum.—N. Y. Courier.*

A Tough Story.

A REAL KENTUCKIAN.

The following very amusing scene occurred in one of the oyster cellars in this city, a few evenings since, of which the author of this was an eye witness, and can vouch for the truth of every word of it.

A tall, raw-boned, lantern-jawed looking personage entered, and, after looking very wistfully around the cellar for a few minutes, thus addressed the proprietor of the establishment.

Kentuckian.—I say, stranger, have you got any terrapins?

Proprietor.—Yes sir.

K.—Cook me one of the largest you have.

P.—Yes sir. Do you wish to take it home with you, sir?

K.—Yes, I want to take it away with me. How soon will it be ready?

P.—In about twenty minutes, sir.

The Kentuckian went away, and at the time specified, again made his appearance.

K.— Is that terrapin ready?

P.—No, sir. Take a seat; it will be ready in a few minutes; it is so large, it will take longer to cook on that account.

K.—Well, that is cookin', I will eat some of your stewed.

After having discussed the "stewed," and washed them down with a pint of Gray's best, the Kentuckian seated himself, occasionally replenishing his mug, until, having exhausted the fifth one, and almost his patience, he again inquired as to the fate of his terrapin.

P.—It is ready, sir. What have you got to carry it home in--or perhaps you would like it sent for you?

K.—No--don't put yourself to any trouble, I will carry it myself.

The terrapin was brought, and set on the table before him.

K.—I rayther guess I shall want a few fixins with that article.

P.—Trimmings, I suppose you mean, sir?

K.—You may call 'em what you like, here in Philadelphia, but I call 'em fixins.

The trimmings having been set before him, he called for a glass of brandy and water, and he commenced "thiding" the "article" in a manner that showed conclusively, that he intended to carry it away himself. After remaining in the box for nearly an hour, he again made his appearance at the bar.

K.—Well, sir, how much do I owe you?

P.--Let me see--one bowl of stewed, five pints of beer, a glass of brandy and water and a large terrapin—one dollar and twenty-five cents, sir.

K.— Well, now, that's modest! I will pay your bill on one condition.

P.-- What is that, sir?

K.—That you pay me for the wear and tear of my teeth. For, by Susey Tompkins' brindle cat, if that "tortle" was not one of them that Noah took into the ark with him, there's no accountin' for age, that's all.

P.--But, my dear sir, we cannot help it, if the terrapin *was* tough, for my cook boiled it two hours to get it tender.

K.--Tough! sole leather was no touch to it. It was sole leather and Indian rubber combined. I will, I reckon, carry it home with me, sure enough, but how in the name of Davy Crockett, am I to get shut of it when I get there. I will get a gross of Brandreth's pills, as soon as I settle with you. There's your money, but I'm d—d if you mus'n't pay the dentist for putting my teeth on edge again; and I'll bet five hundred dollars, there's not a man in this cellar, can eat such a terrapin without going into fits. I see you have another one crawling about in that box, and if you will keep him for me for twenty years from the first of next January, I will come and eat him too, for I know he *could not be tougher than the one I have eaten!* Good night. [Exit Kentuckian, amid a roar of laughter.]—*Messenger.*

A Sad Tragedy.—A young man in Canton, Illinois, named Selfridge, a week since, pointed a rifle at a young and amiable sister in sport, and instantly shot her dead. The unfortunate young man has since become deranged.

Fatal Duel.—A duel was fought at Johnsonburg, Ky., a few days since, between a Dr. Nottis and Mr. Hardwick, a lawyer. A woman was the cause. They fought at twelve paces, with rifles, and both shots fatal. Another instance of the infamous code of honor.

The young unmarried ladies are as much opposed to the "Bankrupt Bill," because they say it prevents *attachments.*

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY,

Transmitting a Report upon the state of the Finances.

SIR: In obedience to the directions of the act of Congress of the 10th May, 1840, entitled "An act supplementary to the act entitled 'An act to establish the Treasury Department.'" the Secretary of the Treasury respectfully submits the following report;

I. Of the Public revenue and expenditure.

The balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January 1841, (exclusive of the amount deposited with the States, trust funds, and indemnities, and the amount due from banks which failed in 1837,) was, as stated in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury submitted to Congress on the 3d of June last - $987,845 03

The receipts into the Treasury during the three first quarters of the present year amount to - $23,467,072 52

Viz:

From customs -	$10,847,557 44	
From lands	1,104,063 06	
From miscellaneous and incidental sources - -	90,791 69	
From bonds of bank of U States	662,049 47	
From Bks. which failed in 1837 - -	51,127 30	
From treasury notes per act of March 21, 1840 -	1,524,703 80	
From treasury notes, per act of Feb. 15 1841. -	5,956,932 90	
From loan, per act of July 21, 1841 -	3,229,946 86	
The receipts for the 4th. quarter, it is estimated, will amount to	6,943,095 26	
From customs -	4,000,000 00	
From lands	350,000 00	
From miscellaneous and incidental sources	30,000 00	
From bond of B of U States- -	10,315 29	
Prom treasury notes -	250,000 00	
From loan—Received $2,202,780 02		
Estimate for balance qr. 100,000 00		
	2,202,780 02	

Making the total estimated receipts for the year - - $30,410,167 77

And, with the balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January last, an aggregate of - 31,397,512 80

The expenditures for the 3 1st. quarters of the present year amounted to $24,734,346 97

Viz:

Civil list, foreign intercourse and miscellaneous -	$4,615 363 81
Military service - -	10,834,104 45
Naval service - - -	4,229,986 94
Treas'y n'ts redeem'd including interest -	5,027 811 13
Public debt -	27,080 64
The expenditures for the 4th quarter are estimated, on data furnished by the respective departments, at - -	7,290,723 73
Viz:	
Civil, miscellaneous, & foreign intercourse	1,581.205 44
Military service .	3,169,773 54
Naval service	1,966,560 80
In. on loan - .	70,000 00
Principal and in't. on Treasury notes	503,181 95
Making - - -	32,025,070 70
And leaving a deficit to be provided for on the 1st January 1842 . .	627,557 90

It being essential that this deficit, arising from the failure in effecting more than a portion of the loan authorized by Congress at its last session, should be provided for by the means that might be at once available, it is recommended that an immediate issue of Treasury notes be authorized, to meet the emergency.

II. Of the estimates of the public revenue and expenditures for the year 1842

The receipts for the year 1842 are estimated as follows:

From customs - . $19,000,000 00

(Arising from duties accruing in 1841, and payable in 1842, $3,400,000