

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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**THEODORE H. CREMER.**

**TERMS.**

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## BANK NOTE LIST.

Rates of Discount in Philadelphia.

### Banks in Philadelphia.

Bank of North America	par
Bank of the Northern Liberties	par
Bank of Penn Township	par
Commercial Bank of Penn'a.	par
Farmers' & Mechanics' bank	par
Kensington bank	par
Schuykill bank	par
Mechanics' bank	par
Philadelphia bank	par
Southwark bank	par
Western bank	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Manufacturers' and Mechanics' bank	par
Bank of Pennsylvania	par
Girard bank	10
Bank of the United States	22

### Country Banks.

Bank of Chester co.	Westchester	par
Bank of Delaware co.	Chester	par
Bank of Germantown	Germantown	par
Bank of Montg'ry co.	Norristown	par
Doylestown bank	Doylestown	par
Easton Bank	Easton	par
Farmers' bk of Bucks co, Bristol	Bristol	par
Honesdale bank	Honesdale	1 1/2
Farmers' bk of Lanc.	Lancaster	1 1/2
Lancaster bank	Lancaster	3
Lancaster county bank	Lancaster	3
Bank of Pittsburgh	Pittsburg	1 1/2
Merch'ts' & Manuf. bk.	Pittsburg	1 1/2
Exchange bank	Pittsburg	2
Do, do, branch of	Holidaysburg	2
Col'a bk & bridge co.	Columbia	2
Franklin bank	Washington	1 1/2
Monongahela bk of B.	Brownsville	1 1/2
Farmers' bk of Reading	Reading	1 1/2
Lebanon bank	Lebanon	1 1/2
Bank of Middletown	Middletown	1 1/2
Carlisle bank	Carlisle	1 1/2
Erie bank	Erie	3
Bank of Chambersburg	Chambersburg	1 1/2
Bank of Gettysburg	Gettysburg	1 1/2
York bank	York	1 1/2
Harrisburg bank	Harrisburg	1 1/2
Miners' bk of Pottsville	Pottsville	1 1/2
Bank of Susquehanna co.	Montrose	35
Farmers' & Drovers' bk	Waynesborough	3
Bank of Lewistown	Lewistown	2
Wyoming bank	Wilkesbarre	2
Northampton bank	Allentown	no sale
Bucks county bank	Reading	no sale
West Branch bank	Williamsport	10
Towanda bank	Towanda	90

### Rates of Relief Notes.

Northern Liberties, Delaware County, Farmers' Bank of Bucks, Germantown	par
All others	1 a 1/2

### FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

### CHRISTIAN COUTS,

WOULD most respectfully inform the citizens of this county, the public generally, and his old friends and customers in particular, that he has leased for a term of years, that large and commodious building on the West end of the Diamond, in the borough of Huntingdon, formerly kept by Andrew H. Hirst, which he has opened and furnished as a Public House, where every attention that will minister to the comfort and convenience of guests will always be found.

### HIRE TABLE

will at all times be abundantly supplied with the best to be had in the country.

### HIRE BAR

will be furnished with the best of Liquors, and

### HIRE STabling

is the very best in the borough, and will always be attended by the most trusty, attentive and experienced ostlers.

Mr. Couts pledges himself to make every exertion to render the "Franklin House" a home to all who may favor him with a call. Thankful to his old customers for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their custom.

Boarders, by the year, month, or week, will be taken on reasonable terms.

Huntingdon, Nov. 8, 1843.

### CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

The subscriber is now prepared to furnish every description of CHAIRS, from the plain kitchen to the most splendid and fashionable one for the parlor. Also the

**LUXURIOUS AND EASY CHAIR FOR THE INVALID,**

Jan. 11th 1843.

### TO LET.

The Washington Hotel, in the borough of Bellefonte, now in the tenure of George Armstrong, will be let for a term of years, from the first day of April next. It is the old stand kept by the late Evan Miles, in his life time, for upwards of twenty-five years, and is one of the best in the interior of Pennsylvania. Apply to the subscriber in Bellefonte, Centre county.

REBECCA MILES.

Dec. 27, 1843.

**T. H. CREMER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
HUNTINGDON, PA.**

ABRAHAM McDONOUGH,  
No. 113 South Second street, two doors  
below Dock, Philadelphia,  
May 3, 1843.—1 yr.

## POETRY.

The following beautiful lines from the pen of genius and loveliness are worthy of their glorious theme:

*From the Louisville Journal.*

### HENRY CLAY.

The day was beautiful—around our bark  
In sparkling waves the flashing waters stirred,  
When, on the deck, one form I chance'd to mark,  
That made my quick heart flutter like a bird—

I turned away,

Yet something whispered, ere his name I heard—  
"Tis HENRY CLAY!"

How like a vision float before me now,  
While fancy stamps with seeming truth the whole,  
That stately form, that pale, expansive brow,  
Those lips where smiles in bright succession stole,

That eye of blue,

From whose unshadowed depth his very soul  
Seemed shining through!

Worshipping genius, I had long desired  
To meet this modern Cicero; and when  
My glances sought the glimpse my heart required,  
A man more than mortal grandeur awed me then.

For as he trod,  
Though but a man amid his fellow men,  
He looked a God.

Oh thou, by fears unmoved, by threats unbent  
Amid the struggling tides that round thee roll—  
The meekly great—the purely eloquent—  
The bright one speeding onward to the goal—

The firm—the true—

In whose all glorious praise I feel my soul  
Exulted too—

Were I some gifted spirit, whose bright lays  
Glow with high thought and wild poetic fire,  
Would I sing for thee a song of praise,  
Such as thy loftier spirit should inspire;

But o'er the strings

No poet bends; a light hand sweeps the lyre—  
A woman sings.

Yet I may breathe thy name, and bid thee press  
On 'mid the adverse waves that round thee beat;  
Such barriers pave the way to sure success,  
And firmness gathers strength from past defeat;

The torrent's force,

Though turned aside, still struggles on to meet  
Ia destined course.

Not for the narrow views of party band,  
Not for their fierce praise, our loud applause;  
Dost thou stand forth the champion of thy land,  
The firm defender of our sacred laws;

To light the flame

Of patriot zeal, to aid thy country's cause,  
Thine only aim.

—

**CROCKETT.**

Tho' sad was his fate, and mournful the story,  
The deeds of the hero shall never decay—  
He fell in the cause dear to freedom and glory,  
And fought to the last, like a lion at bay.

When rang the loud call from the nation oppress'd,  
And her valleys, with slaughter of brave men  
Were red;

Twas the pride of our Crockett to help the distressed'  
And the watchword in Texas was heard, Go  
ahead

His death-dealing rifle no longer shall shower  
Its unerring balls on the proud, haughty foe,  
Cut down in the spring-time of life's budding  
flower—

His tombstone, alas! are thy walls, Alamo.

Then may we not hope, since valor has crown'd  
him,

And o'er him bright fame her mantle has spread;  
In the soul's parting hour good angels were round  
him,

Bid the spirit arise to the skies, "Go ahead!"

—

DEATH IN HIGH PLACES.

"Death! the great counsellor, who man inspires  
With every nobler thought and fairer deed;  
Death! the deliverer, who rescues man;  
Death! the rewarder, who the rescued crowns."

DEATH IN HIGH PLACES.—It is well occasionally to review the doings of the great leveller of the human race, were it only to mark his impartiality. If ever he was partial, it has been in recent times to public functionaries of the United States. The frequency of death in high places of late is remarkable. To say nothing of the long list of official men, whose dust is now with the long line of low monuments in the Congressional burial ground, within the past two or three years, the fatal wand of the great disenchanter has touched many of the sons of ambition and of fame, and turned them to cold and lifeless clay. If this article should meet the eye of any of this class, let it not be passed too lightly over, since they are in the shambles and will soon have to go the same way. A little while since, Rodgers sat at the head of the Navy Board, and was enrolled at the head of the Navy List. His name has been transferred to the roll of Death, and the hardy sailor has cast his last anchor in the grave. He sleeps among the brave, the eloquent and the wise—as they were. In the same neighborhood lies Tingey, who for many years served under the government of his country. After sailing many years over the sea of life, sometimes, in sunshine, sometimes in the tempest, he too made fast near his comrade. Not far was he carried from his command at the Navy Yard to his lowly bed in the earth. "Earth to earth—dust to dust." Next followed Stevens, struck down from the same station by the unconquerable foe, the conqueror of all who never strikes his flag to the boldest and the bravest. At night, Stevens was in the midst of apparent health. In the morning, the spirit had departed! It was a time of sudden death among public men. He was joined unto the congregation

of the dead. It was not long before Patterson followed. He was that brave and troublesome to the world, who, at New Orleans, rejoicing in the common victory over the armed myrmidons of England, could not maintain the conflict with the old enemy, equally expert and dreadful on the land and sea. He struck his colors and was conveyed to the silent companionship of the Commodores and Generals, whom the Spoiler has delivered over to the guardianship of the grave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!

But if the power of arms does not avail with this foe, still less does he yield to the force of argument or the eloquence of appeals. If the warrior must lay his laurels at his feet, the statesman and the civilian cannot be expected to do less. On the 4th of July, 1842, Samuel L. Southard, acting Vice President of the United States, and Francis S. Key, an eminent lawyer, each delivered an eloquent address at the East lawn of the Capitol, under the shade of wide-spread trees, to a multitude of Sabbath School teachers and children. Before the revolution of another Independence Day, they had both ceased from among the living, and were entombed with the lowly dead. Key, like Pickney, of Maryland, and Webster, of New Hampshire, died in the midst of action. Almost literally were they carried from the bar to the grave! from the high elevation of mental toil to the lifeless inanity of death. But they had done well in their day and generation, and left an unmarred name to their friends and country. Not only was the Senate, the House, the Bar, and the Army visited by the Great Leveler, but the Judicial Bench has received a summons: Marshall, its light and its glory, *ornamentum, tuner et decus*, as Cicero would say, had not long disappeared; but it was by the slow process of disease, pre-admonishing his friends, that they must prepare their minds for the extinction of that illustrious light. But Philip Barbour, who sat on his left, had no warning. His spirits ran high at night. In the morning he was dead. No friend was near to witness his last agony, to receive his last breath. He was found in his bed a mass of clay—the spirit gone! Save me from thus dying! If kind Heaven will deign to answer that prayer! Oh may my eyes, as they grow dim in the last struggle, look on the faces of those that love me, see perhaps the starting tear, and read in the expression of the features of the living, that sympathy for the dying which is above all price. At the funeral of Judge Barbour, Rev. Geo. G. Cookman, then Chaplain to Congress, delivered an address in his usual style, which was distinguished for simplicity, pathos and power. He delivered his message to the great ones before him with fidelity, as well as feeling. "Be wise now, therefore," said he, "Oh ye Rulers, be instructed, ye Judges of the earth, kiss the Son, lest he be angry," &c. In a few weeks he went down into the depths of the Ocean with all on board the President. The President! what a fatal name was that in 1841! Returning from the inauguration of Harrison, I met Cookman. He shook me by the hand, "Farewell," said he, "I am off to England, I am going to visit my aged father, and to drop a tear on the grave of my mother." Alas! he was neither to see the one, nor weep over the grave the other. "Nor wife, nor friends, nor sacred home" was he again to see—That tremendous catastrophe bereaved, in his case, a wife and six children of their husband and father. Oh Death! all modes, as well as "all seasons are thine own."

In this way was the Conqueror dealing out his fatal shafts on the right hand, and on the left, when as if to attract a degree of attention he had never yet commanded since the day that Washington obeyed his high behest, he struck at the loftiest victim he could find and the nation trembled under the blow. The inauguration of Harrison was sublime, but the funeral, who shall describe it? That was a day never to be forgotten. And who was that Chief, that rode at the head of so many brave men? tried in battles on the land and on the sea, who in full military dress followed the mortal remains of the then Commander-in-Chief to the last resting place! Macomb; and in a few weeks the solemn sepulchral rites were performed for him. He had won in health described the peculiar style of the military salute to the deceased President, as the body was borne to the tomb. The Major General's salute was soon paid to him! Such is life.

Never did those lines of Gray appear more true and impressive than after reviewing such a history: "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour, The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Edmund Burke not only exclaimed poetically, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," but in homelier prose said he "would not give a pack of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in the world!" If this was his testimony in life, what must it have been in death? Shall not this nation see in all this the hand of Providence?

[N. Y. Jour. Com.]

A woman should never take a lover without the consent of her heart; nor a husband without the concurrence of her reason.

The Ladies of New Orleans, God bless them, have decided that O. K. means only kissing, nothing else in the world.

Attempts at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism—as he that struggles tightens those cords he does not succeed in breaking.

*From the New York Tribune.*

### THE DUTY TO LABOR.

The world owes me a living, and I'll have it; says some blackleg, as he finishes a luxurious repast; "here, landlord, another bottle of prime Madeira!" Half a dozen empty headed fops, who sat gazing on him by stealth, in silent admiration, hail the sentiment with a shout of rapturous applause! "That's it! the world owes us a good living, and we'll have it!"—landlord! more wine here! "we won't go home till morning." "Let's go it while we're young." "Who cares for expense?" The consequence of this is the pilfering of money-drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, genteel loafers, and so on, until one of these enterprising gentlemen, in eager pursuit of the "good living" the world owes him, puts the wrong man's name to a check, or in some kind way gets a ticket for the marble palace at Sing Sing,