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WHIG SONGS.

Gallant Harry.

TUNE—Royal Charlie.

Once more at our country's call,
We're here this night to rally,
From cottage low and stately hall,
From mountain top and valley.
Come east, come west,
Come strive your best;
Oh! freedom do not tarry,
But strike the blow, your foes o'erthrow,
And shout for gallant Harry!
But strike the blow, your foes o'erthrow,
And shout for gallant Harry.

When doubt and gloom o'er spread the land,
And coward hearts have trembled,
Who was it foremost took his stand,
And never yet dissembled,
Come south, come north,
Come boldly forth,
And strike for Clay and glory,
For this he'll stand the test of time,
And live in noblest story!
And live in noblest story!
For this he'll stand the test of time,
And live in noblest story!

Then pass his honor'd name around,
Till evers catch your thunder,
The universal glad rebound,
Shall make the Tories wonder!
Come one, come all,
Let naught appal,
Brave boy's no longer tarry,
But stand by him who never quail'd,
Our true and gallant Harry,
Our true and gallant Harry,
But stand by him who never quail'd
Our true and gallant Harry.

There's not a lass in this broad land,
The lad who don't give heart and hand,
To glorious, gallant Harry!
Come east, come west,
Come all the rest,
'Tis ours the day to carry,
And once again our foes o'erthrow,
Led on by gallant Harry.

Then here's a health to Harry's cause,
Let not the wild notes tarry,
Thy noble name our hearts blood warm,
Thrice great and gallant Harry,
We'll strive our best,
And know no rest,
Till we the ship shall carry,
And all our foes o'ercome or won,
Subdued by gallant Harry,
Subdued by gallant Harry,
And all our foes o'ercome or won,
Subdued by gallant Harry.

Our Western Hope—our hope of all,
Through us shall not miscarry,
For now we're pledged to rise or fall,
With noble, gallant Harry!
Come o'er the plains,
Through sun or in rains,
We'll not again miscarry!
The summons heed,
With steadfast creed,
The cheer of Tip and Harry,
Come o'er the plain,
Through hall or in rain,
Be true and steady,
Be wary and ready,
From traitors and treason our councils to free,
We'll stand by gallant Harry.

Harry of Kentucky, Oh!

TUNE—Green grow the Rushes, Oh.

There's naught but care throughout the land,
The nation can't be lucky, O!
Until her men go heart and hand,
For Harry of Kentucky, O!
Huzza for old Kentucky, O!
True Harry of Kentucky, O!
Prosperity again we'll know,
Through Harry of Kentucky, O!

The opposition know him good,
Though contrary they say, my boys,
Their tory chiefs are only nuth,
Compared with our true Clay, my boys,
Huzza for old Kentucky, O!
True Harry of Kentucky, O!
Their candidates will be no go,
'Gainst Harry of Kentucky, O!

Sly Benton, he is Bent-on spoils,
And swears the tariff shall not go,
But whigs will give him for his toils,
Clay balls for his rag mint-drops, O!
Huzza for the old Kentucky, O!
True Harry of Kentucky, O!
The bright mint-hall again shall flow,
Through Harry of Kentucky, O!

His tariff then our rights shall guard,
From foreign speculators free,
And keep our money to reward,
Our native tailors' industry,
Then shout for old Kentucky, O!
And vote for old Kentucky, O!
The good old times again will grow,
From pure Clay of Kentucky, O!

THE RESPONSE OF OLD HUNTINGDON.

In pursuance of public notice previously given, a large and respectable meeting of the friends of Clay, Frelinghuysen and Markle convened at the Old Court House, in this borough, on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst.

A procession was formed at the upper end of town, preceded by martial music and a splendid transparency, ten feet long, with "Henry Clay, Frelinghuysen and Gen. Markle" inscribed on the one side, and "Protection, Distribution and National Currency" on the other.

On arriving in the Court House the meeting was organized by the appointment of the following officers:

JONATHAN M'WILLIAMS, Esq., Pres.
THOS. T. CROWWELL, Esq.,
Gen. S. M. GREEN,
BRUCE BLAIR, Esq.,
Maj. JOSHUA GREENLAND,
WILLIAM SUMMERS,
JOSHUA ROLLER,
Col. John G. Stewart,
Brice X. Blair,
T. H. Cremer,
Secretaries.

A "Clay Song" was then sung—tune, Hurrah, hurrah.

On motion of A. W. Benedict, Esq., a committee of twenty, consisting of the following gentlemen, was appointed by the Chair, for the purpose of preparing resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting:—

A. W. Benedict, Joseph Hudson, David Jeffries, Thomas Foster, Peter Wolf, Michael Decker, Dan'l. Africa, Jr., John Fleener, Joseph Summers, Henry Nightwine, William Crabb, Isaac Linsinger, D. G. Nash, Sam'l. Fridley, Philip Taylor, Dan'l. Teague, Israel Grafius, James M. Johnston, Wm. Hammond.

Mr. COXBY being called on, addressed the meeting in an able and eloquent manner.

The committee, through their chairman, then submitted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we most heartily approve of the nomination of HENRY CLAY and THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States, and that we join in the exultation that fills the east and the west, the north and the south, and hail it as a certain omen that the people are rising in the mastery of our destiny.

Resolved, That we respond to the nomination of Gen. JOSEPH MARKLE for the office of Governor of this Commonwealth; that he is a candidate in whom we recognize an honest and industrious farmer, whose pure hands have never been stained with official bribes—a man who never desired or sought office—a soldier who has "done the state some service, and they know it"—one who, as a public man and a private citizen, will always prove himself faithful and true; and is eminently deserving of the suffrages of his fellow-citizens.

Resolved, That we believe it to be the imperative duty of the Government to encourage and foster the industry of our own citizens, whether Farmers, Manufacturers or Mechanics, and therefore we advocate a PROTECTIVE TARIFF—the Whig Tariff of 1842—which infuses plenty, prosperity and happiness into the country.

Resolved, That we demand the Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Domain, because it is of right belongs to the People, and, if obtained, will enable us to pay the interest of our State debts and relieve us from the burdensome taxes that are now weighing us down.

Resolved, That we most heartily rejoice in the defeat of the infamous British Tariff Bill introduced into Congress by our opponents to destroy our Domestic Industry.

Resolved, That we are opposed to John Tyler's favorite hunting, the ANNEXATION OF THE UNITED STATES TO TEXAS, *per se*, and that we recommend that "His Accidency" and his party slope for Texas at once, and let James K. Polk and Locofocoism go unmoored in the Grand Larceny of Annexation.

Resolved, That the Locofoco party are in favor of the repeal of the Tariff of 1842, as the votes of their representatives in Congress fully prove; that they only want power to consummate their purpose; and that JAMES K. POLK, their new leader is an open and avowed enemy of the PROTECTIVE POLICY, and in favor of the REPEAL OF THE WHIG TARIFF OF 1842, and the advocate of FREE TRADE, as his speeches abundantly manifest.

Resolved, That GEORGE M. DALLAS, who has been nominated to play second fiddle to his junior, James K. Polk, in the Locofoco farce, is a man of vacillating principles—one day for and the next day against a National Bank—and of such wild, radical and destructive notions that the People will never honor him with the office of Vice President of the United States.

Resolved, That HENRY A. MUHLENBERG, received the nomination of the Locofoco party for Governor through the influence of the present Executive, whose favorite he is, and if elected would but continue or extend the present Lumbering Administration, of which the People have long been anxious to rid themselves.

Resolved, That it becomes our opponents, who now acknowledge, that in 1838, and 1841 they elevated to the chair of State, one who is alike destitute of moral and political integrity to make charges

against the moral worth of any man—and that we hold it as the best evidence that they do not believe their own standers—that they make such things objections, as their previous conduct, is an assurance, that to them they are recommendations for office.

Resolved, That the charge that Mr. Clay is a duelist comes with a bad grace from a party who once boasted of the firmness of the old Roman, who when he sent the fatal bullet through Major Dickinson said with coolness, "stand and take it like a man."

Resolved, That the White Slavery falsehood as told by the Locos, about Mr. Clay, carries with it its own contradiction—for if Mr. Clay was in favor of White Slavery, he would join their ranks; sure that the "knee crooking knaves," would serve him as they do their present masters.

Resolved, That the inducements for the annexation of Texas, though they may be powerful and mighty are light when opposed in the scale of reason to treaty obligations and respect for that integrity of character by which the United States have sought to distinguish themselves since the establishment of their right to the claim of a place in the great family of nations.

Resolved, That it would be far more to the honor of the United States to assume the debts of the Bankrupt States, than those of Texas, as it is the duty of nations as well as individuals to be just before they are generous.

Resolved, That we go for CLAY, FRELINGHUYSEN and MARKLE and pledge Old Huntingdon for 2250 majority in October and November for our candidates.

The meeting then joined in the song "Clear the way for Henry Clay"—tune, What has caused this great Commotion.

On motion, A. W. BENEDICT, Esq., addressed the meeting in a lucid and forcible speech.

Another song was sung—"Harry and Home Protection"—tune, Roun the Bow.

JOHN BLANCHARD, Esq., was then called for and responded in a speech, characteristic of the man—neat, pertinent and convincing.

On motion it was resolved that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the "Huntingdon Journal," the "Hollidaysburg Register," and in the Whig papers published at Harrisburg.

The meeting then adjourned with three cheers for Clay, Frelinghuysen and Markle.

The Win Pedler and Sleepy David.

"A Yankee among the Nullifiers."

BY A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too cute for us in every thing except horse flesh, and some times in that. It was this day a year ago, and at this very spot, that I entered my horse *Southern*, for a purse of two thousand dollars. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short he was the best horse at that time in all Carolina. There were, to be sure, two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him but they were no tunc to *Southern*, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment, when who should come along but a yankee with a tin cart?—He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse you ever set eyes on. He was a lean, slapsided, crooked legged, rough-haired, milk and molasses colored son of a gun as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact, his owner called him *Sleepy David*. In short sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the pedler, whose exterior corresponded marvelously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zedac Baker, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

Your horse? exclaimed I—what better enter him for the turkey buzzards?

'Not a you know on, Mister,' returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit. 'To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him *Sleepy David*; but he's a jo-fired smart horse for all that. He's like a singed cat, a darned sight better than he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him agin' some of your South Carolina horses. To be sure I didn't come all the way from home on purpose; but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time in so as to kill two birds with one stone—for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a playguy good speck. But I had to hurry on like the nation, to get here in season—and that's one reason my horse looks so kind of shabby and out of kilter this morning.'

'But for all that he'll perform like day's work I tell you.'

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he had said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him to be gone, and not trouble me with his Yankee palaver.

'Why, Mister,' said he, 'this is a free country and a man has a right to talk or let it alone, just as he can afford. Now I've taken a good deal of pains to get here this morning, in order to run *Sleepy David* agin' some of your Southern horses. I ain't a joking, I am in earnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars and I should like amazingly to pick it up.'

'You talk about picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of cart on your feet!—Away with you, and don't trouble us any further.'

'Well, if I can't run, then I suppose I can't—but I'm darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have to come to the races, and then can't be allowed to run after all.'

'It's to late now—by the rules of the course, the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet.'

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow; having no idea he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

'How much might be entrance money?' drawing out a purse containing a few pence in coppers.

'If it's more than a quarter of a dollar or so I'll plank on the nail.'

'It's two hundred dollars.'

'Two hundred dollars!' exclaimed the yankee; 'by golly, what a price! why they axed me only a quarter of a dollar to see the elephant and the whole caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! why you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load of tin ware, hoes, wagon, and all, would fetch that at Miliken's auction. But Mister don't you suppose I could get in for ten dollars?'

'Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes.'

We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge, and asked if twenty dollars would do, then twenty-five, then a hundred; and finally he could not make a bargain for less than a regular sum, he engaged to give it, providing he could find any one to loan him the money; for which he offered to pawn his wagon load of notions and *Sleepy David* to boot.

He asked one, then another to accommodate him with the loan, declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse, the money should be returned, and would give a dozen tin whistles into the bargain.—He, however, got 'more kicks than coppers,' until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and liked to see the spot go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice; though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him, and merely playing the possum all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle. Here he was also accommodated; and then taking *Sleepy David* from his cart, he scrambled upon his back, and then took his station on the course.—

You never saw a fellow like that.

'Not by a tarnation sight!' exclaimed he, 'why do you think I'm such a tarnation fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then not run after all?'

Others, who wanted to see the sport though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed—saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt he would carry off the purse.

'That's what I mean to do,' exclaimed he, 'I haint come here for nothing, I can tell you, wake up *Sleepy David*, and look about you—you must have your eyes open to-day. It's no time to be smoozin' when there's money at stake.'

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, opened his eyes, pricked up his ears, and actually showed some signs of life.

The signal was given to start. Away sprang the Southern horses, leaving *Sleepy David* far in the rear, and the pedler verging from side to side as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along with his tail dragging close to his haunches and his nose stuck out straight before him; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

But they improved as they proceeded—the pedler sat more jockey-like, and the horse evidently gained on the others.

It was now thought that the Yankee had got enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectations however, he persevered, and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

'The fellow's a fool,' said one.

'He don't know which side his bread is buttered,' said another, or else he would't risk any more money on so desperate a stake.'

'He's safe enough there,' said a third, 'for he has no money to risk.'

Here, however, every body was mistaken again for the pedler hauled out an old greasy pocket-book and planked the thousand dollars; it was covered of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered; and to suspect the Yankee was after all more knave than fool. I had no fears, however for the purse. *Southern* was not a horse to be distanced in one day, and especially by such a miserable looking animal as *Sleepy David*.

The second heat was now commenced—and, if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse *Southern*, that confidence was strengthened, as I again saw him coming ahead of the rest, I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo, and behold! the pedler's horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward, as if the deal kicked him on the end, and stretched his neck like a crane, won the heat by a head.

Every body was astonished. 'That horse must be old Scratch himself,' said one. 'At least, he has an evil genius to back him,' said a third.—'I was sure he would play you some Yankee trick before he got through.' Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee in the mean time, offered to plank another \$1000; but nobody would take the bet.—

And it was well they didn't for at the third heat *Sleepy David* not only distanced every horse, but even came in a quarter of a mile ahead of *Southern* himself.

'There, by golly!' said the Yankee as he dismounted, 'I'll take that as kette purse if you please, and the other cool thousand! I knew well enough that poor Southern horses couldn't hold a candle to *Sleepy David*.'

Twenty-ninth of February.

This day is an extraordinary day, a day which returns again only in four years. We could enter into historical details on the subject of leap-year established by Julius Caesar, nearly nineteen centuries ago, and make a long chronicle about it.—But we shall only say that for a woman who makes pretensions to youthfulness, it is a precious advantage to be born on the 29th of February. There are in the Parisian world many wonderful personages born on that day, who profit by the favorable to grow old but one year in four; they never reckon on a year more except upon the anniversary of their birth-day. It is true, however, that many other women count in the same way without being born on the 29th of February.

This day gives rise to many mistakes, and strange incidents. The last story, we know on this subject, happened between one of our dandies, who lounges most elegantly at the opera, and a capitalist, famed for his exorbitant usuries.

The dandy wanted to borrow money, the capitalist wanted to lend it: the affair was quickly concluded.

'You will give me your note,' said the capitalist opening his portfolio.

'Willingly,' replied the dandy. 'It is agreed that you are to let me have one thousand francs. We fix the expiration of the note to one year; I will give you my note for three thousand francs.'

'You must add the interest.'

'That is no more than fair.'

'For you cannot suppose I will lend money gratis.'

'Of course not.'

'Money is so scarce these times! So add the interest to the capital.'

'How much will that make?'

'A thousand francs for a year would amount to a 200 francs, which amount to a 200 francs. If you think the money to dear you have only to say so, and there the affair will end,' continued the capitalist shutting up his portfolio.

'No, no! I will do so,' replied the dandy hastily.

'Well then, draw the note.'

'What day of the month have we?'

The capitalist looked at his journal and said: 'The 29th.'

The dandy wrote: 'On the 29th of February, I will pay to M. — or order the sum of 4,200 francs, for value received. Paris, the 26c.'

'All right,' said the capitalist as he read it over—and he counted out the three thousand francs to the borrower, who laughed in his sleeve.

Leap-year is very deceiving, since even an usurer can be outdone by it. Our lender perceived too late the snare into which his crowns had fallen.—He wished to reclaim them; he asked for a second edition of the note, reviewed and corrected, but his request was denied.

'You may call in four years, my dear sir,' replied the dandy; and thanks to your happy error, your conscience may be at rest, for you have, by this mistake, lent your money, at ten per cent, which, for a man like you, is at a virtuous rate.'

[New Mirror.]

A Pleasing Incident.

DEPARTURE FROM BALTIMORE.

The papers have teemed with accounts of the spirited proceedings in Baltimore, on the 2nd of May last; and all that could be said of the enthusiasm and beauty manifested in Baltimore street, has been uttered. Never, in this country, was there such a display. But we are happy to state that the enthusiasm of the ladies was not exhausted on that day, nor was it confined to Baltimore street, the great artery of the city, along which the procession moved. But whenever and wherever an opportunity presented, there were exhibitions of continued sympathy in the objects of the Convention, and of encouraging approval of the conduct of the delegates.

On Friday morning, the cars left the depot in the western part of Pratt street, with about five hundred passengers; and these were detained nearly an hour in a lower part of the city, where the engines were attached to the cars, and then the movement was recommenced. This brought to the windows, doors and gates, old and young, rich and poor, mistress and servant. From the upper windows beamed forth smiles of beauty, and white handkerchiefs were waved by pearly hands. Heads nodded time to the Clay bands of music in the cars, and bouquets were thrown towards the retiring visitors. At the first door the housewife, who had hastened from her breakfast, held a child by one hand and waved a napkin with the other. At the gate, the servant had thrust forth her hand and lent her approval to the scene, while the curbstone was lined with boys and girls, whose screams of joy and rejoicing were as sharp upon the ear as an octave flute. In another section a different class had drawn to the door—a matron, swinging aloft a part of the dress of her child. Her next door neighbor had come to the door empty handed; she looked round for something expressive of her feelings, and seizing her apron she gave a flourish of approval. Her next neighbor was no less patriotic in feeling, but was still more scantily supplied with the means of expressing her feelings. She had no handkerchief at hand, and she looked down for her apron, but even that was missing; so she took what came next to hand and flourished away at a great rate.

At the depot, on the opposite of Baltimore, there are a few squares of red brick houses, prettily finished. Here the widows, doors, and side walks were lined. While cries of hurrah for Clay and Frelinghuysen, were sent up from the curbstone, waving handkerchiefs and smiles marked the widows. Here the cars paused a few minutes, as it was found difficult to overcome the high grade with such a load, and we all had a better chance of looking out upon the people. We noticed in one small but neatly finished house, that no one occupied either the lower windows or the door, and we thought it probable that a loco-foco lived there. At length we saw a handsome young woman hastening to the window to wave her handkerchief. She was suddenly intercepted by a young man who shoved her back. Just then a middle aged lady was seen running to open the front door, to swing her handkerchief. The young man snatched the handkerchief from her, and shoved her back. Meantime the young woman was coming forward again, but she was again stopped by the youth. And this was repeated a great many times, to the great delight of the passengers in one of the cars in front of the house. At length the young woman sprang to the window; the young man was not quick enough to prevent her, but he turned short on the other female, who, not liking this interference, seized the youth by the collar, and placing her knee against his back, gave him a shove that landed him flat upon the sidewalk. The good woman then swung aloft her handkerchief at the door and shouted 'Hurrah for Clay'—and Frelinghuysen,' said the more delicate voice at the window, while thunders of huzzas rose from the delegates, and the band poured out the strain of 'Clear the way for old Kentucky,' and the cars went on.—U. S. Gazette.

A Capital Joke.

A good natured laugh has run around our village lately from a story that is too good to confine to such narrow borders. For several weeks past a large white owl has been seen flying about in this vicinity. His 'Wisdom' has attracted many shots from marksmen, which whether too small, or poorly aimed, have not been effectual. One day, not long since, he was seen perched upon a wall, a few rods west of the village, and several 'good shots' among 'our first young men' started in pursuit. Creeping warily behind walls and through bushes, they would attain a desirable proximity and 'let fly.' The grave and reverend president of the night was imperturbable, however. Some fired two or three times, but the great eyes still glared unmoved: one marksman would retire satisfied and another would succeed. There-sult was the same. Some came back boldly laughing and others slinking 'with covered arms,' for the village was in a roar of laughter. A stuffed owl had been made to personate the live specimen that had been actually seen, and those eager to do execution had learned that it was not well to shoot white owls very early in April.—Barre Gaz.

What would be the consequence if the chartists in England were to get the upper hand? The government would be thrown down.

John B. Weller of Ohio, declines being again a candidate for Congress.