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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From Graham's Magazine of September.

The Bereaved.

BY AMELIA.

The moon within our casement beams,
Our blue eyed babe hath dropt to sleep,
And I have left it to its dreams,
Amid the shadows deep,
To muse beside the silver tide
Whose waves are rippling at thy side.

It is a still and lovely spot
Where they have laid thee down to rest;
The white rose and forget-me-not
Bloom sweetly on thy breast,
And birds, and streams with liquid lull
Have made the stillness beautiful.

And softly through the forest-bars
Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
Float ever in, like winged stars,
Amid the purpling glooms;
Their sweet songs borne from tree to tree,
Thrill the light leaves with melody.

Alas! the very path I trace,
In happier hours thy footsteps made;
This spot was once thy resting place,
Within the silent shade,
Thy white hand trained the fragrant bough
That drops its blossoms o'er me now.

'Twas here at eve we used to rove,
'Twas here I breathed my whisper'd vows,
And sealed them on thy lips, my love,
Beneath thy apple-boughs.
Our hearts had melted into one,
But Death undid what love had done.

Alas! too deep a weight of thought
Had filled thy heart in youth's sweet hour;
It seemed with love and bliss o'er fraught,
As seeing g passion-flower
Unfolding 'neath a southern sky,
To blossom soon, and soon to die.

Yet in these calm and blooming bowers
I seem to see still,
Thy breath seems floating over the flowers,
Thy whisper on the hill;
The clear, faint starlight, and the sea
Are whispering to my heart of thee.

No more thy smiles my heart rejoice—
Yet still I start to meet thine eye,
And call upon the low sweet voice
That gives me no reply—
And list within my silent door
For the light feet that come no more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Not a drop more, Major, unless it's
Sweeten'd."

In a small village, in the southern section of our State, resides a certain Major, who keeps a small, cosy, comfortable little Inn, famous for its sweeten'd drinks, as well as jovial landlord; and few of the surrounding farmers visit the neighborhood, without giving the Major a friendly call to taste his mixtur'. The gay host, with jolly phiz, round person, bright eye, and military aid, deals out the rations spiced with jokes, which, if they are not funny, are at least, laughed at, for the Major enjoys them so vastly himself, that his auditors are forced to laugh out of pure sympathy.

A good old couple, who resided about six miles from the Major's, for a long period had been in the habit of visiting him once a month, and as regularly went home dreadfully sweeten'd with the favorite mixtur', but of late, we learn, the amiable relations existing between the Major and his old visitors have been broken off by green-eyed jealousy. On the last visit, good cause was given for an end being put to any more "sweet drinking."

"Uncle Merril, how are you any how?" was the Major's greeting, "and I declare if the Missus aint with you, too!"—just as if he expected she wouldn't come.—"What'll you take Missus? shall I sweeten you a little of about the best Cincinnati rectified that ever was totes into these 'ere parts?"—it just looks as bright as your eyes!" and here the Major winked and looked so sweet there was no resisting, and she did take a little sweeten'd, and more, after a very brief period, she commenced repeating.

The hours flew merrily by, and even found the old couple so overloaded with sweets, that it was with great diffi-

culty they could be seated on the old grey mare, to return home; but, after many a kind shake from the host, and just another drop of his sweeten'd, off they jogged, see-sawing from side to side, on the critter, the old lady muttering her happiness, and the old man too full to find words to express himself.

"Sich another man as that Major," says she, "ain't nowhere—and sich a mixtur' as he does make, is temptin' to temperance lecturers. He is an amazin' nice man, and, if any thing, he sweetens the last drop better than the first. Good gracious! What a pleasin' creature he is!"

Ever and anon these encomiums on the Major and his mixture broke from the old lady, until of a sudden, on passing a small rivulet, a jolt of the mare's silenced them, and the old man rode on a short distance in perfect quietness. At length he broke out with—

"Old woman, you and that're Major's conduct, to-day, was *rayther* unbecomin'—his *formalities* was too sweet to be mistook, and you ain't goin' thar agin in a hurry."

"Silence" was the only answer.

"Oh, you're huffy, are you?" continu'd the old man. "Well, I guess you can stay so, till you give in"—and on he jogged, in a silently jealous mood. On arriving at the farm, he called to a negro to lift the old lady off, but Sam, the nigger, stood gazing at him in silent astonishment.

"Lift her off, you Sam, do you hear?—and do it carefully, or some of her wrath'll bile out. In spite of the Major's sweetin' she's mad as thunder."

"Why, de lor', massa, de old 'oman aint dar," replied Sam, his eyes standing out of his countenance. "Jest turn round, massa, and satisfy youself dat de old 'oman clar gone and missin'—de lor!"

And sure enough, on a minute examination by the old man, she was "found missin'." The Major wa scharged at once with abduction, instant measures were taken for pursuit, and a party despatched to scour the roads, on proceeding about two miles on the road to the Major's, the party was suddenly halted at the small rivulet, by finding the Missus with her head lying partly in the little stream, its waters laving her lips, and softly murmuring—"Not a drop more, Major, unless its sweeten'd!"—St. Louis Reveille.

Advice to Maidens.

BY M. M. NOAH.

The classical song which commences with "O take your time Miss Lucy," has proved very disastrous to young ladies who have been controlled by it. Every thing is done in a hurry in this world therefore get married as quickly as possible. Husbands are like birds, if you don't bring them down at once, they are off.

Love is an idea; beef is a reality.—The idea you can get along without; the beef you must have. Do not then allow any refined sentimentalism to interfere with what judicious and calculating parents call an advantageous settlement.

Young girls will have twinges of the heartstrings we know, but these are like other complaints incidental to youth, they go away suddenly without any bad effects. Dyspepsia often produces melancholy, which is attributed to disappointment of affection, but bran bread and apple sauce will speedily remove this complaint.

Some girls have imaginations so tender that they believe themselves in love with every man who says a civil word to them. These unfortunate creatures should take the shower bath every morning, and take frequent exercise on horseback.

Romance should be confined to circulating Libraries and boarding schools; it is well enough in these places, but out of them it is sadly out of the way. It is unreasonable that the elective franchise should not be exercised by a person of foreign birth, until after such a length of residence among us, that he may be supposed to have become, in some good measure, acquainted with our constitution and laws, our social institutions, and the general interests of the country; and to have become an American in feeling, principle,

asking his age, get a list of his effects.—If these make a goodly appearance, never mind his looks but conclude the bargain at once. You will learn to love him when you feel the necessity of such a passion. In the mean time endure him.

There used to be many Alionos & Melissas in the world, and there was much misery in consequence. Now-a-days, people are more sensible. They have an eye to the real; they are matter of fact, and see more substantial comfort in a well furnished home than a dozen sonnets, more beauty in a bountifully supplied table, than a score of love letters. All this betrays a good deal of sound sense, which maidens would do well to profit by.

STEAMBOAT WIR.—A friend who never made a joke in his life, but enjoyed the article hugely, when manufactured by others, condescended to give us the following at second hand: Travelling lately on the North River, he overheard two ladies in an adjoining state room, who kept incessantly calling upon that indispensable Figaro, the Steward.

"Steward," cried one, in a smothered voice, as if of intense suffering, "do come and open this window, or I shall die!"

The window was accordingly opened, but directly the other lady exclaimed—

"Steward, do come and shut this window, or I shall die!"

This too, was obeyed, when the first order was repeated, following by the other in the same terms—and this continued until things began to grow serious, and the poor steward commenced turning very red and perspiring with vexation.—At this moment a gentleman, who had been a quiet observer of the scene, cried out in a loud voice:

"Steward, why don't you wait upon the ladies? Shut the window till one of them is dead, and then open it and finish the other."

DEFERRED ARTICLES.



THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"One country, one constitution, one destiny."

HUNTINGDON,
Wednesday morning, Nov. 27, '44.

C. V. B. PALMER, Esq. (No. 59, Pine street below Third, Philadelphia,) is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements.

A Sign of the Times.

It is said that coming events cast their shadows before. The following extract from the speech of the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, delivered at the great Whig meeting in Faneuil Hall, on the 8th inst., is indicative of what now agitates strongly the public mind:

* * * I say that, in my mind, there is great necessity for a thorough reformation of the naturalization laws. (Cheers, loud and long continued.) The result of the recent elections, in several of the States, have impressed my mind with one deep and strong conviction: that is, that there is an imperative necessity for reforming the naturalization laws of the United States. The preservation of the government, and consequently the interests of parties, in my opinion, clearly and strongly demand this. All are willing and desirous, that the blessings of a free government should be open to the enjoyment of the worthy and industrious from all countries, who may come hither for the purpose of bettering their circumstances, by the successful employment of their own capital, enterprise or labor. But it is unreasonable that the elective franchise should not be exercised by a person of foreign birth, until after such a length of residence among us, that he may be supposed to have become, in some good measure, acquainted with our constitution and laws, our social institutions, and the general interests of the country; and to have become an American in feeling, principle,

character and sympathy, as well as by having established his domicil among us?

Those already naturalized have, of course, their rights secured; but I can conceive no reasonable objection to a different provision in regard to future cases.

It is absolutely necessary also, in my judgment, to provide new securities against the abominable frauds, the outrages, flagrant perjuries which are notoriously perpetrated in all the great cities. There is not the slightest doubt that in numerous cases, different persons vote on the strength of the same set of naturalization papers; there is also a little doubt that immense numbers of such papers are obtained by direct perjury, and that these enormous offences multiply and strengthen themselves beyond all power of punishment and restraint by existing provisions.

I believe that it is an unquestionable fact that masters of vessels, having brought over emigrants from Europe, have, within thirty days of their arrival, seen those very persons carried up to the polls, and give their votes for the highest officer in the National and State governments.—

Such voters, of course, exercise no intelligence, and, indeed, no volition of their own. They can know nothing either of the questions at issue or of the candidates proposed. They are mere instruments, used by wicked and unprincipled men and made competent instruments only by the accumulation of crime upon crime. Now, it seems to me impossible that every honest man, and every good citizen, every real lover of liberty and the constitution, every real friend of the country, would not desire to see an end put to these enormous abuses. I avow it, therefore, as my opinion, that it is the duty of us all to endeavor to bring about an efficient reformation of the naturalization laws of the United States.

I am well aware, gentlemen, that these sentiments may be misrepresented, and probably will be, in order to excite prejudice in the minds of foreign residents.—Should such misrepresentations be made or attempted, I must trust my friends to correct it, and expose it.—For the sentiments themselves, I am ready to take, myself, the responsibility. And I will only add, that what I have now suggested is just as important to the rights of foreigners, regularly and fairly naturalized among us, as it is to the rights of native-born American citizens.

(The whole assembly here united in giving twenty-six tremendous cheers.)

The present condition of the country imperatively demands this change. The interest, the real welfare of all parties, the honor of the nation, all require that subordinate and different party questions should be made to yield to this great end. And no man who esteems the prosperity and existence of his country, as of more importance than a fleeting party triumph, will, or can, hesitate to give in his adherence to these principles. (Nine cheers.)

The Result in New York.

The New York Express thus eloquently and forcibly accounts for the triumph of James K. Polk and the Anti-American party in that State. The Editor says:—"The State of New York has given her electoral vote to James K. Polk, and that electoral vote, if he is elected, has given him the office of President of the United States. We need not say that we record this result with no satisfaction, for we regard it as a calamity to the people of the country, and an especial affliction to all its business prospects.—The result indeed, in this State, is more than a public affliction. It disgraces us in our own eyes and before the whole people. We know not upon whom to cast the blame for such a result, except, upon our opponents, and some thousands of Abolitionists—the latter of whom could have prevented the election of James K. Polk. They have chosen, with some honorable exceptions however, and in the exercise of an undoubted right, to give their influence entirely to the election of a man hostile to all their views, and nominated and now elected by southern votes and Texas influence. If they can reconcile their conduct with their principles, be it so. We have no animadversions to cast

upon them beyond the result to which they have contributed, and which they must in their hearts deplore. They could have prevented the evil, and so could the Whig party in spite of them but for the FRAUDS of their opponents.

To this result, then, we must come at last: *That fraudulent Foreign votes have given the electoral vote of the State of New York to James K. Polk, and that the same frauds perpetrated elsewhere has given him a majority of the electoral votes of the country.*

Our enemies cannot conceal this fact. It is beyond disguise.—It is seen in the vote of St. Lawrence and Jefferson. It is seen along the river counties, and everywhere where there has been foreign material to make voters of. Most melancholy of all, it has been seen in many of our public courts, where, with indecent haste, and in the indulgence of a proscriptive spirit against the Whigs, there has been the manifestation of a great partiality for sympathizers in politics, and where justice has been trampled under foot. What have our courts of law to do with Politics? What right have our Judges to bring their party predilections upon the Bench? Is this the price of the places they received, and is justice thus to be mixed up with party strife, scrambles for office, and the schemes of political sportsmen to defraud the People of their rights?

FROM NINE TO TEN THOUSAND CITIZENS WERE MADE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, WHO NEVER VOTED BEFORE THIS ELECTION ON TUESDAY LAST. More foreigners were made citizens by thousands than the majority given to Mr. Polk,—and the worst feature of all has been, as we had abundant testimony during the process of naturalization, that PENNSYLVANIA had as much influence in the manufacture of foreign voters, as the truth itself. What is true of New York city, is true of the counties that give the greatest Locofoos gains in the extreme parts of the State, and what is true of the State, is true of the Union.

The victory of the Locofoos is not that of AMERICANS, but a triumph of IRISHMEN and GERMANS over AMERICANS. They proclaimed boldly before the election, "Americans shan't rule us,"—and they have kept their word. We live to see the day when more than the balance of power is in the hands of those who are neither bone of our bone nor flesh of our flesh,—of men who have no love for the country in which they live,—no true attachment for the Institutions which have given them a home better than their own,—no sympathy for what is American.

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The Result in Pennsylvania.

It will be seen by referring to our election table that Pennsylvania whose great interests depend altogether upon the maintenance of the present Tariff, has cast her electoral vote for Polk & Dallas—Free Trade, Texas, Slavery, Land Robbery and War. Thus, in the language of a contemporary, has "poor Pennsylvania, like the blind Ass, in the fable, been made to bear the burden of her own degradation. She has voted against the gallant HENRY CLAY, the great advocate of her cherished policy, whose voice has always been heard in favor of her own interests, and she has been led ignorantly to her own destruction, by the lying, scoundrel demagogues, who are the despised instruments that Southerners use, and then throw away."

The cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and the counties of Philadelphia, Huntingdon, and Allegheny, and the noble German counties of Somerset, Lancaster, Dauphin, Lebanon and Union,

have given majorities for Clay worthy of their intelligence; while the Coal and Iron counties of Luzerne, Columbia, Centre, Northumberland, Schuylkill, Berks and Carbon, have forfeited all claims to National protection for their Coal and Iron, by voting for their enemy, JAMES KNOX POLK. To the Wool growing counties, Washington, Fayette and Green, and the iron counties of Cambria, Indiana, Armstrong, and Jefferson, have given majorities for Polk.—"Wool ought to be duty FREE."

Poor Pennsylvania, she is the scorn and derision of the whole Union.

[Pa. Intelligencer.]

IT IS DONE!

The news by the Southern Mail yesterday was such as to dispel the last hope of those who would hope to the last of the election of Mr. Clay.

Rejoice, then, LABORERS of America! for by the votes of a great portion of your number it has been decided that Protection to American Industry is not among the duties of your Government, and that the workman who cannot support his family on such prices as he could realize when exposed to unrestricted competition with the cheapest labor of Europe, ought to go to the Poor-House!

Shout forth your joy, ABOLITIONISTS! for your efforts, your votes, have powerfully contributed to fasten on the country a South Carolina, dynasty, which recognizes the fortification and perpetuation of Slavery as one of the first objects of our Federal compact, and, to this end, the Annexation of Texas to this country—no matter at what cost of unjust War, or broken Faith, or doubled Taxes, or the world's intense scorn, as a chief object of our National Policy?

Grim and swarthy MINERS! make the caverns of Pennsylvania and the long chain of the Alleghenies resound with exultation over your victory! Your votes have powerfully aided to put out the fires of your forges and silence the clang of your triphammers; with a Tariff such as Polk advocates and McDowell demands, we shall have our Iron from England and you may go there to make it if you like. LOAFERS around the grog shops of our Manufacturing village, subsisting on the earnings of your wives and children in the factories—give an extra glass and an extra yell for Polk & Dallas, and down with Cooney Clay! The time will come when you can no longer riot thus on the wages of your families; therefore make the most of the present, inventing curses on those who have idled and squandered, rejoicing in the hope that your victory will soon bring all to a common level of bankruptcy!

What if there be sadness and despair among the thrifty, the thoughtful, the industrious—is there not illumination, revery and extra blue ruin at the Five Points* and in nine-tenths of the three thousand drunkard manufactories of our city? Does not Ignorance and Vice exist, if only to see Intelligence and Virtue perplexed and afflicted? Let universal Rowdyism strain its throat in one more exertion of Clay and three cheers for Polk & Dallas! The work is done!

N. Y. Tribune.

*Vote of the Five Points District—(3d of Sixth Ward,) Clay 183; Polk 668—nearly four to one.

(Vote of Corlear's Hook, (7th Dist. Seventh Ward,) Clay 204; Polk 471—over two to one.

Remarkable Rock.

One of the most remarkable rocks of which we have any knowledge, has been lately discovered in the middle of that great inland Sea, Lake Superior. By a gentleman who has recently returned to this city from Copper Harbor, we learn that a shaft of Trappe rock has very lately been discovered, rising in the lake from 150 to 200 miles from land, and ascending above the surface of the water, a distance of not above four feet. What renders it more extraordinary is, that it stands alone, and all around it so far as examinations have been made, no bottom has been reached by any of the lead lines used on the lake, and the point of the rock itself does not exceed an area of more than six or seven feet square, and so far as observations of it have extended, it does not appear to enlarge in size as it descends. It has already, he states, become a source of alarm to the mariners who navigate the lake, who take special care in passing to give it as wide a berth as possible. It is too small—to remote and dangerous to admit of a light, and therefore its removal has become a matter of serious importance, and will doubtless pertain to the duty of government. A single blast of sufficient depth would probably do it, but the surface of the rock being so near that of the water, and the space so narrow as to forbid any regular lodgment for workmen, they would have to be attended constantly by a vessel of sufficient size to resist any sudden storm of the lake, and the vessel would also have to be kept constantly under way, as no harbor or even bottom for an anchor is within a days sail.

The discoverers relate that the rock appears to be a place of general resort for the Salmon Trout of those lakes, as they found them there in almost incalculable numbers, having, during their short stay, caught several barrels with no other instrument than a rod of iron, on one end of which they turned a hook. They tried with all their lines on board,