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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 566.

TERMS.

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POETICAL.

For the Journal.

LINES.

Hail, meek-eyed Peace! wh'er thy footsteps stray,
Contentment still attends thy devious way,
Or in the vales or on the mountain's strand,
And 'neath thy arm Pomona crowns the land,
Shakes her sweet blossoms from the scented trees,
Bids the wild perfume float upon the breeze,
The shoots to spring, the tender flowers to giv'w
In all the colors of the sky drawn bow;
Wealth, at thy touch, like wisdom's heavenly birth,
Springs forth matured, and from the teeming earth
Young Gladness smiles to view the rip'ning grain,
With russet mantle robe the bashful plain:
Shouts to behold the simple hamlet rise,
And blue smoke wreathing upward to the skies.
Parent of Plenty! when, with sorrowing eye,
From cherished haunts thou art compelled to fly,
Who bears the brands, and o'er the scene afar
Invokes the presence of unsparring War;
The linstock waves, and wakes the sulph'rous roar,
Until, affrighted, thou art seen no more,
Employed the strength thou nurtured for thy lan,
And nerves his homicidal arm— but man!
Yes, man prepares to point the cannon's breath,
Wing'd, as the simoom, with the shafts of Death,
And to the glad and peaceful earth impart
The desolation of his fiery heart.
In vain may Pity plead to him to spare,
Her voice finds no responsive token there;
In vain the harmless villager may fly,
In vain may stand, his foemen to defy!
Red pours the volley! on his native plain,
He sinks, unheer'd, ne'er to rise again.
What! shall the warrior stay in mid career,
To lend to craven prayers a pious ear,
Forsake the sword, for Justice' equal scale,
The prize of valor for some love-sick tale,
Weigh every act—preceptive morals read,
And live forcible of a soldier's need?
A soldier's need! Aye, murder, burn, destroy,
Involve a world in strife—the banes of joy!
Be thou a demon, and delight in blood—
Provide for death—his fill of human food,
Wrap towns in flames, go near the earth's rich sod,
And desecrate the temple of thy God!
Traffic with life—ambitious to be great,
And hide thy crimes in ceremonial state—
Assume a crown, and prate of "right divine,"
And own no other will to guide but thine:
Then look to man to herald forth thy praise
In tones of prose and panegyric lays;
And bid posterity inscribe thy name
In the high temple of eternal Fame:
Thy name! 'twill last beyond the enduring stone,
A beacon, flaming to lead others on;
To be as thou wert, to mankind, or worse,
To ape thy deeds, and live thy fellow's curse;
And such is man! a tyrant or a slave,
Inured to suffering, he's "ignobly brave,"
Resigns his person to a madman's will;
Whose freaks of humor either spare or kill:
Or, wofully nurtured, runs the race of crime,
To win an Immortality from TIME.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TWO SAM DANA'S; OR, TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

"Dad, I'm going to turn over a new leaf next week," said Sam Dana, junior, to his parental projector, Sam Dana, senior—they were hoking corn together near the Dana family domicile, in the town of Bow.

The two Sam Danas looked as near alike as two peas, especially Sam, junior; he looked a shade younger, otherwise he might have been taken for a chip of the old block, block and all. At the sound of the other's voice, the elder Dana rested his chin on the end of his hoe-handle, and peered at his sturdy offspring, as if doubtful of the meaning and intent of the familiar words. Sam, junior, immediately fixed himself in a similar position, fixed his sharp hazel eyes on that of his "dad," and went on. "Yes, dad, I'm going to turn over a new leaf. Next week, you know, I'm one and twenty, out of my time, I'm off. You see, dad, I've worked on this patch of land ever since I was born, and I calculate I've been a smart boy—haven't I?" (Sam, senior, nodded his head.) "Well, if I always stay here, I shall always be a smart boy and nothing else. I want to go round; I want to see the fashions; I want to speculate; I want to be somebody; I want to put the dollars in my pocket—darn it dad; I want to go it, I will go it—I'm off. I've made up my mind, no use to say nothing, can't alter me. I'm going, going, g-o-i-n-g, gone!—the day my time is out, I'm g-o-n-e, gone! What do you say to that?" "Say—I say you're a jackass!"

"Dad, I calculate you're mistaken." "Well, perhaps you'll be sure to make one of yourself, if you ain't."

"Dad, I calculate you'll find yourself mistaken." "I tell you, Sam, now that you'll be sorry. I did just so when I was out of my time; I cleared out from home, and before I had been gone for three weeks, I was glad to get back again, and you'll be in that same predicament in less than a week, or I'm no judge of horseflesh."

"Dad, I've heard you say a thousand times that every generation grows wiser! now I calculate that I am one generation wiser than you were at my age. I'm going—no kind of use to talk agin it."

The dialogue closed; they eyed each other sharply for a moment; the senior Dana raised his chin from the end of his hoe-handle, grasped it firmly, and renewed his labor with the strength of two men. Sam, junior, followed suit with none the less of energy in his manner, and side by side they continued at work for an hour without a word spoken by either, digging as if for dear life. The elder Dana was evidently working himself into a fever of passion; at last he came to a stand still, at the same moment ejaculating a stentorian "Sam!"

Sam came to a full stop, straightened up with a no less emphatic "Dad!"

"What in thunder are you working so fast for," demanded the senior, and at it he went again still harder than before, and after him went Sam, the younger, as hard as he could dig, and if the dinner horn had not sounded a moment after, they would have worked themselves out of their boots. The moment they heard the horn, the elder Dana shouldered his hoe, and struck a bee line for the house. Sam followed in the steps of his predecessor, filed into the shed, hung their hoes in their proper places with military precision—next into the wash-room, washed their hands and faces with the same silent emphasis that had distinguished their hoeing for the last hour—wiped, adjusted their hair, shot into the dining-room, and down to the table they sat face to face, and again they looked fiercely at each other.

"You're a fool!" said Sam Dana.

"You're my dad!" said the other Sam.

"You're going to make a fool of yourself."

"I calculate not," quietly replied Sam.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. Dana.

"That boy, that boy's the matter," said her husband, in tones that told his feelings were somewhat ruffled.

"Why, Sam, what have you been doing?"

"Nothing, mother, only talking a little."

"Only talking? do you hear that? he says he's only talking—did you ever hear anything like that?"

"Well, dad, did I do anything else?"

"Do? did? you talked like a fool, Sam."

"Now, husband, do keep cool, and tell me what the trouble is—you get so wrothly if things don't go to suit you—now what's the matter?"

"Ask Sam."

"Sam, what is the matter?"

"Ask dad."

"Well, I guess you had better eat your dinners, and you'll feel better after it," replied Mrs. Dana pettishly, peukering up her mouth and nose slightly, perhaps contemptuously.

Dinner disappeared wonderfully quick—the elder Sam laid it to it with great strength and speed; the younger Sam kept his eye on his author and strove to keep pace with him in all his movements—they finished together; they left the house in precise order; they shouldered their hoes as orderly as veterans; they re-commenced their labors in the field at the same moment; and together, for near two hours, they toiled as if hoeing for a wager—the silence was broken by a sharp, quick "Sam!" from the elder Dana, at the same instant coming to a stop.

"Well!" was the instant reply.

"Go to the tailor and get measured for a freedom suit!"—and at it they went again; another half hour passed in silence, and then came again, "Sam!"

"Well," said the individual.

"I'll give you \$100 to start with."

Another half hour passed; they began to slacken their speed.

"Sam?"

"Well?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Going peddling!"

They hoed a full hour at a moderate pace.

"Sam?"

"Well?"

"I'll give you the red horse and wagon."

A few minutes more of moderate hoeing, and the elder Dana "guessed" that it was time to drive up the cattle, so Sam started for the pasture, and the father started for the house—the trouble was all over.

Sam went to town for his freedom suit—his old clothes were nicely mended, washed and packed away in his chest—his mother and sisters were busy all the remaining time of his minority, "fixin' off Sam," and when the day came for him to leave home, all were pleasant, and with a light heart he drove off.

Sam was happy. After he had driven over the hill, he pulled up his horse to have a talk to himself. Said he—"I'm a man—Sam, you're a man; twenty-one yesterday—old horse, you're mine—Sam owns you—old wagon, I own you—you're Sam's property—a cool hundred in your pocket, Sam—a chest full of clothes—(here he threw open the lid)—twenty pairs of socks, sixteen shirts, and lots of drawers—a suit of new clothes, bright buttons, six pairs of new boots, and what is this!—two nice pies, some cheese, and a pound-cake—that's the gal's work. I own the whole of this crowd—horse, wagon, chest, contents and driver, ha, ho!" and Sam laughed long and loud; then he halloed, shouted, laughed again, speechified to the old horse, talked to Sam, drummed on his chest, crowed, barked, cackled, imitated everything he could think of, by turns. Sam Dana was a happy fellow—quite crazy with joy.

Sam drove on. An hour and a half after he left his father's house, he hitched his horse in front of the Melville pottery. With the proprietor he bargained for a little load of earthen ware, such as milk-pans, bean-pots, jugs, &c. agreeing to settle for the load as soon as he could turn it into cash, and then take another on the same terms, and so continue as long as the arrangement should be agreeable to both parties.—His load was soon selected, carefully packed in his wagon, and away he drove. After proceeding a few miles over the country, Sam stopped his horse and took a bird's-eye inventory of his load, calculated his probable profits if he had good luck, lunched off his mince pies and cheese, and was just preparing to mount and drive on to market, when his horse took a sudden fright and started off like a deer. Sam pursued, yelling "Whoa," like a madman. The old horse sheered off the side of the road, and over went the wagon, down a steep, rugged bank—the body parted from the forward wheels—chest and earthen ware went helter-skelter in crashing, smashing confusion down the precipice. Sam stopped a moment, gave a prolonged whistle, and dashed after his horse as fast as his legs could carry him. At the end of an hour and a half's chase he returned, and after considerable trouble he succeeded in getting his wagon together, gathered up his clothing which had been disturbed in the general smash, collected in a heap the fragments of his load, and took a parting look at it, with the consoling remark, that it was of no use to cry for spilt milk. He then mounted his cart and drove off to a neighboring tavern, where he put up for the night.

Next morning, in good season, Sam Dana hitched his horse in front of the Melville pottery, and made his way into the counting-room.

"Well, Mr. Dana," said the proprietor, "have you turned your load so quick?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam, triumphantly, "I have turned it, and I can turn fifty loads more."

"Is it possible? Well, you shall have just as many loads as you want."

"I guess I'll settle for the load I took along yesterday," said Sam.

The bill was produced, Sam paid the cash, and merely remarked that he didn't know as he should want any more ware—wished the potter a good day, mounted his chest, and drove in the direction of Bow.

On arriving at his homestead, he unharnessed his old horse, turned him out to feed, lugged his chest up stairs to its old place, rigged himself out in his working suit, shouldered his hoe, made for the cornfield and went to work. Sam Dana, jr., is entirely cured of his straying notions; he says he got cured for something less than fifty dollars, and he intends in future to keep clear of all attacks of the troublesome complaint; in short, he means to spend his days in the land where he was brought up, free and happy, turning the soil for a sure return of profits and independent livelihood. Sam Dana is a sensible fellow; and there are others who might as well profit by his experience and example.

STRANGE BEDFELLOW.—At a ladies temperance meeting not long since, one of the members remarked that the Temperance cause had been a blessing to her—"for," added she, "I slept with a Barrel of Rum for ten years, but now, since my husband signed the pledge, I have a Man to sleep with. Then all the spinsters laid their hands on their hearts, and said—A Man!"

MONTEREY.

We were not many—who who stood
Before the iron steel that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shout is hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way,
Where fell the dead, the living steep,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And having full their murderous blast,
Storming home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play:
Where orange bougias above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—who who pass'd
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us have not confess'd
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey.

STICK TO IT.

In Lunenburg county, Virginia, there resided many years ago on Squire Collins, who was, as they termed it, a "fast liver;" and in his immediate neighborhood, one Jeff Green, who was a very poor man. As the story runs, Jeff had been pressed for the necessities of life, and borrowed meat from Squire Collins and from all the neighbors, under the promise that as soon as he killed his hog, he would return the meat he had borrowed of them. He had borrowed more than a hog from the Squire, and as much as two hogs from others. The morning Jeff intended killing his hog he went over to the Squire. "You know the time has come around for me to kill my hog, and I can't pay you all, so I come, as I owe most of it to you, to know what I must do?"

Now the Squire possessed a good deal of cunning, and was not disposed to be outdone—so he advised Jeff to kill his hog and hang it up under the peach tree in his yard—then get up about midnight and take it away—next morning go round to those he borrowed of, and tell them that he killed and scalded his hog, hung it up in his yard under the peach tree, and that some person had come there and stole the hog, and he had nothing to pay them with. "Then," says the Squire, "the people you borrowed meat from will pity you and let you off, but mind, Jeff, you must stick to what you say."

"I will, Squire," said Jeff. Jeff killed the hog, scalded and hung it up under the peach tree. The Squire had been watching his movements, and was determined not to be a loser by Jeff—so as soon as all was quiet, the Squire got into the yard and carried off the hog. The next morning Jeff called on the Squire in great haste, and said—"Squire, you know yesterday afternoon I killed my hog, and after scalding him hung him under the peach tree, and do you think some person didn't come and steal him, sure enough."

"That's right," said the Squire, "you are doing very well. Mind, Jeff, and stick to it."

"Yes," said Jeff, "but may I be hanged if they haint gone and stole the hog, sure enough!"

"Excellent," said the Squire, "stick to it, Jeff, and they will believe you—stick to it, Jeff."

A Small Calculation.

Suppose a man drinks four glasses of liquor a day at five cents a glass—in a week he spends one dollar and forty cts., and in a year seventy-two dollars and eighty cents. This will buy the following articles:

Four barrels of flour, say	\$24 00
Four pairs of boots, say	15 00
Forty pounds of butter,	10 00
One hundred pounds of beef,	8 00
A new hat,	4 00
A new satin vest,	5 00
A bonnet for wife,	5 00
Sweetmeats for children,	1 80
	\$72 80

In a neighboring State, the following whimsical epitaph graces the tomb-stone of a renowned dancing master:

Man's life is vapor,
And full of woes;
He cuts a caper, and
Down he goes.

A COLD PROSPECT.—Christmas day falls on a Friday this year, and if we are to have faith in an ancient ballad, a hard winter may be expected. The ballad runs thus:

"Yf Crystmas day on the Friday be,
The fyrste of winter harde shall be,
With froste and snowe, and with flode,
But the laste ende thereof ys goode."

The Potato Pestilence.

Complaints have been made in England that the Archbishop of Canterbury has established forms of prayer for food for the people, while the votes of the Bishops are against the admission of corn. The pious Archbishop Whately refuses to permit the prayers to be read. Douglas Jerrold thus discourses of the proceeding:

"When the soldiers of Charles V. had sacked Rome, and imprisoned the Pope, the Emperor ordered public prayers to be offered up in all the churches of Madrid, beseeching the interposition of Heaven on behalf of his holiness, though his own sign manual, received by the commander of his forces, would have restored the Pontiff to immediate liberty.—This case has often been cited as an illustration of hypocrisy maximized. Perhaps it has a parallel in the conduct of our own government of the present day, who, through his Grace of Canterbury, have directed that prayers should be offered up in the 14,490 parish churches in England and Wales, that scarcity of food may be averted, while they continue a duty on the import of foreign corn. We need not make any comment on this profane mockery—it will be supplied by the indignation of our readers."

A Profane Swearer Nonplussed.

We have the authority of the Knickerbocker for the following:

"In Schoharie county there lives a man whose addiction to swearing is such that his name has become a by-word and reproach; but by some internal thermometer he so graduates his oaths as to make them apply to the peculiar case in hand; the greater the mishap or cause for anger, the stronger and more frequent his adjurations. His business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which he collects in small quantities and transports in an ox-cart. Upon a recent occasion, having by dint of great labor, succeeded in filling his vehicle, he started for the ashery, which stands at the brow of a steep hill; and it was not until he reached the door, that he noticed, winding its tortuous course down the long declivity, a line of white ashes, while something short of a peck remained in the cart.

"The dwellers by the way side and they that tarried there, had assembled in great force, expecting an unusual anatomical display. Turning however to the crowd, the unfortunate man heaved a sigh, and simply remarked: 'Neighbors, it's no use; I can't do justice to the subject!'"

The Horrors of War.

The following incident is given in a letter, dated Monterey, October 7, addressed to the Louisville Courier:

"While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his ghastly wound with a handkerchief she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It made me sick at heart, and turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes towards heaven, and thought, great God! and is this war? Passing the spot the next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it—emblems of her errand.—We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hail."

Judicial Dignity.

The following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding judge in—

This learned functionary was supported on his right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P. was called to give evidence.

"Take off your bonnet, madam."

"I had rather not, sir."

"Zounds and brimstone, madam, take off your bonnet, I say."

"In public assemblies, sir, women generally cover their heads. Such, I am sure, is the custom elsewhere, and therefore I will not take off my bonnet."

"Do you hear that, gentlemen? She pretends to know more about these matters than the judge himself! Had you not, better, madam, come and take a seat upon the bench?"

"No, sir, thank you; for I think there are enough of old women there already."

THE NEW PLANET.

Mr. Wm. Lassall, in a letter to the London Times, states that he has discovered, with his telescope, that Le Verrier's newly discovered planet has a ring and a satellite. With regard to the ring he is not prepared positively to announce its existence, though he feels sure of it; but of the existence of a star, having every aspect of a satellite, he says there is not a shadow of doubt.

An English paper, speaking of this new planet, says:

"The present distance of the new planet, expressed in common measure, is about 3,200,000,000 English miles from the sun, and about 3,200,000,000 from the earth. Its distance from Uranus, whose motions it disturbs, is about 150,000,000 miles. Its diameter is estimated at 50,000 miles. That of Uranus is about 35,000; of Jupiter 86,000; of Saturn 79,000; of the earth 8,000. Its cubic bulk is to that of the earth as 250 to 1. The new planet is the largest in our system, except Jupiter and Saturn; and since these two planets, as well as Uranus, are each attended by a train of satellites, it is extremely probable that the new planet will have a similar accompaniment. We had the pleasure of seeing the planet on Thursday night from Colton Hill. It comes to the meridian a few minutes before nine, and is within a short distance of Saturn. With a power under 200, it is not distinguishable from a fixed star."

It is thought the new planet will be called "Neptune."

A REMARKABLE CASE.—A remarkable law suit, which has been pending two years, in Russia, has just been decided by the Emperor. A wealthy Russian General was betrothed to the beautiful daughter of a Polish nobleman, near Warsaw, and obtained his consent to the marriage. On the day fixed for the ceremony, the bridegroom appeared, attended by a captain and two officers, the first disguised as a priest, and the latter as his witnesses, and the unsuspecting bride was married to her Russian lover by this false priest. Two years after, the general became tired of his wife, and desired her to return to her father's house, at the same time informing her how she had been deceived. She, at first, thought he was jesting, but her cruel husband soon convinced her of the fatal truth, and shut the door of his house upon her. Her indignant father immediately brought an action against the general; but, of course, lost it in all the Courts against the Russian general, till, at length, the sentence came before the Emperor, who decided as follows:—As the general is not really married to his wife, the marriage is null and void, but as the wife has been most scandalously imposed upon, he is dismissed with the loss of his salary and his office, without having any claim to another appointment. His whole property is given to the lady whom he has so wantonly deceived, and he is not permitted even to marry again.

GETTING 'EM MIXED.—We once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York.

"My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat the heads of which were so close together, that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk round on the top of it anywhere."

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones.

"No sir," continued he; "they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me!"

"A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time!"

"Well, I do declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I have got part of two stories mixed."

"Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker, you're too late to come to supper."

Has been changed, in the course of advancing refinement, so as to read— "Will the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq., have the goodness to withdraw for a few minutes, as in consequence of his late arrival, it will be wholly impossible for him to take his evening refreshment at the first table."

Mr. Jones was in the habit of getting occasionally somewhat "balmy," and one night he was discovered by a neighbor leaning against the side of a church for support. He hailed him with—"Hallo, Jones, you look serious; think of joining the church?" "Well," replied Jones, "I incline considerably that way at present!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.—Miss Louisa West, a girl fifteen years of age, at Georgetown, Kentucky, committed to memory, accurately, the whole New Testament in six weeks, at the same time tending to her other domestic duties.