HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:] CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH. [EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XI, NO. 47. HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 9, 1846. WHOLE NO. 567.

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The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at $2 00 a year, if paid *in advance*, and if not paid within six months, $2 50.

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

Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for $1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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POETICAL.

THE THREE CROWNS.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

She wore the crown of Beauty,
A queen of hearts was she:
And proud and strong men at her feet
Adored on bended knee;
She seemed a thing to worship,
So regal was her grace,
And such a seal of majesty
Impressed her perfect face.

Her cheeks were red with beauty,
Her smile was rich with pearls,
Her white brow shone like purity
Amid her golden curls.
Her eyes were like deep fountains
Beneath the southern skies,
In which the richest blue of heaven
In pure reflection lies.

Her voice was like the wild bird's,
That sings her hymn at even;
Her radiant smile came o'er the soul
So like a dream of heaven.
She wore the crown of Beauty,
But wore it in her pride,
And Envy with her withering breath
Walked ever by her side.

She wore the crown of Genius—
She ranged the field of thought;
She studied nature's beauteous book,
With holy lessons fraught;
And tomes, that are to others
Impenetrably sealed,
Unclasping at her magic touch,
Their precious lore revealed.

With footsteps like the zephyr,
She climbed Parnassus' height,
And from its rainbow coronet,
Wove garlands of delight;
By Helicon's pure fountain
She often paused to drink,
To cull the never-fading flowers
That clustered on its brink.

Her mind was like pure waters,
Where richest pearls abound;
Her fancy strung them playfully,
And threw them flashing round;
She wore the crown of Genius,
To which earth's monarchs bow;
But it was fever to the heart,
And ice upon her brow.

She wore Religion's circlet—
A thorny crown it seemed,
From which no sheen of yellow gold,
No diamond lustre gleamed;
But from its pure white blossoms
Exhaled a fragrant balm,
That lay upon her heart and life,
A blessing and a charm.

Above her fair young forehead
It shone serenely bright,
And Beauty's rose and Genius' gem
Grew glorious in its light;
That crown of holy meekness
She wore in perfect peace;
It shed a light of truth and love,
And filled her soul with bliss.

Wo to the crown of Beauty!
Its flowers grew pale and sere,
And its adorers fled like birds,
When autumn days are drear;
Wo to the crown of Genius!
'Twas cold upon her brow;
Alas! 'tis only o'er the grave
Its living jewels glow.

All hail! Religion's chaplet—
We bless its heavenly power;
There's healing in each verdant leaf,
And balm in every flower;
No blight, no change, no withering,
Comes ever to that wreath;
It blooms, a balm, a bliss in life,
A glorious hope in DEATH!

CHURCH-GOERS.

Two lovely ladies dwell at H——,
And each a-churching goes;
Emma goes there TO CLOSE HER EYES,
And Jane—TO EYE HER CLOTHES!

☞ Some poet has worked out the following specimen of literature and rhyme:

O, Sally! 't is my cheaf delite,
To gaiz upon your eyeses brite;
My luv for you, by gosh, cirpasses
The luv I feel for rum and 'lasses.

CAKES AND COFFEE.—The N. Y. Despatch says that Horace Greely treated the printers and *attaches* of the Tribune to hot coffee and cakes in honor of the election of John Young. City Items, Esq., presided at the coffee tub; and Horace attended in *propria personæ* to the "hurrying up *them* cakes."

☞ "A man can't help what's done behind his back," as the loafer said when kicked out of doors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRED GRISWOLD.

A SKETCH OF A PEDLAR'S LIFE.

FRED GRISWOLD was what might be called a speculating pedlar. Born and brought up as he had been, in Connecticut, he possessed all that shrewd cunning and knowledge of mankind so essential to one of his calling, and for which the Yankees are so celebrated—he knew his man at a glance, and could guess the kind of goods a man would want by the looks of his premises. He was not, however, as the reader may suppose, a dealer in wooden nutmegs, tin ware, brass clocks, or any thing of that nature, but a regular travelling merchant, with a "little of everything," from a paper of pins to the most splendid broad cloths.

He was a native of Connecticut, as was before stated, but he had migrated to the western part of New York, and settled in the town of C——, which place he made his head-quarters, and from whence he made excursions into Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, &c. He had followed the profession from the age of fourteen, and his favorite policy was never to refuse any thing a man might offer in payment for goods, trusting to his own ingenuity to dispose of the articles thus obtained to advantage; and he seldom lost money upon them.

At one time he was travelling with his load through a new settlement in Ohio and stopped his team before a neat looking log house, whose owner was at work, putting together one of those substitutes for a fence, now known as a "brush fence," around his garden.

"Hallo, friend," said Fred, "do you wish to purchase any thing to day?"

"Can't," said the man, pausing a moment, "I havn't any mouey—nothing to pay with."

"O, never mind," replied Fred, in his usual bland tone, "I'll take most anything."

The man saw he was determined to have a trade, and so in order to get rid of him he said—

"Well, sir, I am just building a piece of brush fence, and if you'll take that, I don't know but what we can trade."

"Oh, I'll take it if you'll keep it until I call for it."

"Oh, yes, I'll do that," said the man surprised at the accommodation of Fred, and trying to assign some reason for it in his mind. He finally concluded that Fred had heard of him, and intended to do him a favor; and as he was really needy, he determined to accept it in the spirit in which it was offered. So a bargain was made for his fence, he received goods at a high price, but as long as he could pay in brush fence, he thought they were cheap enough at any price.

Two or three years passed, and though Fred often called at the house and did considerable trading, yet he never demanded payment on his note. In the course of time, when the man began to prosper, he burned up his rude fence, and substituted a neat picket in its place. But in two weeks after this was done, Fred came that way again and called.

"Morning, Mr.——," said he on entering. "I have found a place where I can dispose of my fence to advantage, and have called for it."

The man saw he was caught in a trap, and as there was no way of getting out of it, he paid Fred the money, laughed at the joke, and bade him good morning.

Fred gained considerable by this. He not only made a fair profit on his merchandize, but secured the friendship and patronage of the man, and likewise all the influence he could command in the neighborhood, which was considerable, to secure him the patronage of others.

Among Fred's numerous friends was Judge Newton, who resided in the Northern part of Pennsylvania. Fred always made the Judge's house his home when he traveled in that part of the country. The Judge was a fine jovial old fellow, fond of a joke and always trying to get a joke upon Fred when he stayed with him.

One day, sometime in the year 183–, Fred was passing through, and put up with him over night. In the morning he was determined to drive a trade of some kind with the judge, offering to take anything in payment.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the judg, laughing, "I've got a first-rate grindstone out in the yard, and if you will take that, I will trade it out.

"Very well," said Fred, "I'll take that; it's just as good pay as I want."

They went out to the wagon, and the Judge "traded out" his grindstone, which Fred loaded on his wagon and started. He had not gone far before he saw a customer, and stopping his team, accosted him—

"Good morning, Squire. Want anything in my line, this morning?"

"Well, I don't know, Fred," replied he, in a bantering tone—"got any grind stones?"

Now it happened that the man really did want a grindstone; he was acquainted with Fred, and spoke in the manner he did, because he had no idea that Fred had one.

"I like the looks of that stone," said he, after examining it, "and want one very much, and you take any thing in payment, so I'll give six cents a pound for it (four cents was the regular price) provided you take such property as I turn out to you in payment."

"Certainly," said Fred, "I always do."

"Very well. How much does it weigh?"

"Just forty-eight pounds," said Fred, as he proceeded to unload it.

"Now come with me, Fred," said the Squire grinning, "and get your pay."

Fred followed him to the stable.

"There," said the squire, pointing to a bull calf just six weeks old, which was standing in the stable, "there is a first rate calf worth about three dollars, which I suppose will pay for the grindstone."

"Very good, just as good pay as I want," said Fred, as he unfastened the calf and led him to his wagon. "But stop a moment," said he, "I shall be back this way in about two weeks, and if you will keep him until then, I will pay you for it."

"Oh, yes, I'll keep him for you," said the Squire, laughing as Fred drove off, at the idea of having beat him.

He supposed Fred would never call for the calf, but he did not know his man; and when he called, the Squire had nothing better for it than to give him up his property.

Fred then travelled onward, and as it was now near night, he concluded to put up with the Judge. As he alighted at the gate, he was met with a hearty shake of the hand, and a "How are you, Fred? What did you get for your grindstone?"

"Oh, I sold it in a day or two, at a first-rate profit, I tell you. Got 6 cents a pound for it."

"Ah!" said the Judge, in surprise. "But what have you got there?" now for the first time noticing the calf.

"Oh," said Fred, indifferently, "that's a calf I am taking to Colonel Davis up our way, I got it of Judge Brown over the mountains. The Colonel made me promise to fetch him one, and he seems to set a great value on him; but for my part, I consider it nothiag but a common calf, not worth more than three dollars."

It might do as well to mention that this was about the time of the great excitement about imported stock, and that Judge Brown, of whom Fred spoke, was a man known to Judge Newton to be a heavy importer of foreign stock, particularly the Durham. Judge Newton had endeavored to purchase some of the stock, but as it was at that time very scarce, and bore an exceedingly high price, he had been unsuccessful. His curiosity was at once aroused, and he became very anxious, after he had examined it a little more closely, to purchase it.

"It's one of the regular Durhams, sure, said he, musing, "and a very fine one at that; if you will part with him, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for him."

"Could'nt part with him for any such money. Col. Davis is to give me seventy-five dollars as soon as I get home."

"Well, you won't take him clear home with you, and if you'll let me have him, I'll give you fifty dollars."

"No, I can't do it; I've disappointed the Col. two or three times already, and he would'nt like it if I should disappoint him again."

"But," said the Judge," now becoming anxious, "you can tell him you have not been over the mountains."

"I don't know about it, Judge," said Fred, after a pause. "As you say, it's someways home, and will cost something to get him there, and if you will give me seventy-five dollars, I don't know but you may take him."

The Judge was delighted with his purchase, and paid over the money on the spot. As they were taking the calf to the barn, Fred remarked—

"I say, Judge, I don't know what there is about that calf that makes him worth more than any other. I believe I can get as many such as I want, for three dollars."

"Perhaps you can," answered the Judge, "in a few years, when they are plenty."

In the morning as Fred was starting, he said—

"I hope, Judge, when you have any more grindstones to sell, you'll remember me."

"Thank you, I will," replied the Judge not exactly understanding what Fred was driving at.

May be he did'nt.

A few days after Fred was gone, the Squire, of whom Fred had bought the calf, was passing; when Judge Newton called him to tell him that he had at last succeeded in obtaining some of the far-famed stock. The Squire expressed a desire to see it, and they proceeded to the barn.

"Is that the one?" said he.

"Yes."

"Who did you buy him of?"

"Of Fred Griswold; I paid him $75 for it."

The Squire burst into a loud laugh. "Why, Judge," said he, as soon as he could speak, "I sold him that calf a short time ago for a grindstone."

The Judge was perfectly astounded. He thought of it a moment, and then said—partly to himself, and partly addressed to the Squire,

"Yes—I sold him that grindstone.—He has beat me at my own game! He told me the calf was not worth more than three dollars. Don't say anything about this, and you may have the calf and welcome."

The Judge went back to the house muttering—"BEAT!"

Fred often called there after this, but Judge Newton never reverted to the subject—neither did he ever wish to dispose of any more grindstones!"

THE EDITOR.

The editor is the dupe of destiny.—His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take-in.—His land of promise is a moving bog.—His bed of roses is a high-backed chair, stuffed with thorns. His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles. His honors resolve themselves into a capital hoax—his pleasures are heavy penalties—his pride is the snuff of a candle—his power but volumes of smoke. The editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone—the thousand pretenders about town notwithstanding—is indeed the identical martyr commonly talked of as the most ill-used individual. He seems to govern opinion, and is, in reality a victim to the opinions of others. He incurs more than nine-tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one-tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him—the merits of it are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad article appear, the editor is unsparingly condemned—if a brilliant one be inserted, 'Anonymous' carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist in the substitution of 'if it be' for 'it is,' and the insertion of the word 'however,' here and there, to impede the march of a fine style. 'Commas and colons' are the only points he is reputed to make—his niche of fame is merely parenthesis; he is but a note of admiration to genius; his life is spent in ushering clever people into deserved celebrity—he sits as charioteer, outside the vehicle in which prodigious talents are driven to immortality.

It is his fortune to insert all his contributors in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself for want of space. He is always to 'go in,' but expires unpublished at last. He bestows present popularity on thousands, without securing posthumous renown as his own share.—His career in this life is a tale of mystery—"to be continued in the next."—He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiosity then looks out at the corner of its eyes, and with brows and lips pursed up, querulously ejaculates, 'who is he?' If, by chance, praise instead of censure should be meditated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they are going to cowhide him. Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure that they are not indebted for that polish to the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or harsh period in some favorite contribution?—Oh, the editor has altered it, or neglected to revise the press! But if the editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice abused for what he rejects. It is a curious feature of his destiny, that if he strike out but a single line of an article, whether in poetry or prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd, that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be by far the best thing the author ever wrote.

Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is the first essential for an editorship, and it is at the same time insisted on, that judgment is exactly the quality which the editor has not. An author is praised in a review—he is grateful to an individual writer, whose name he has industriously inquired for; an author is condemned in a review—he is unspeakably disgusted with the editor. Week after week, month after month, the said editor succors the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent—he pens or promulgates the praises of friends—of their books, pictures, acting safety-lamps and steam paddles—but from the catalogue of golden names, his own is an eternal absentee.

MOST AWFUL SHIPWRECK,

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE—THE STEAMER 'ATLANTIC' WRECKED ON FISHER'S ISLAND, LONG ISLAND SOUND—GREAT LOSS OF LIFF—SUFFERING OF THE SURVIVORS, &c.

[From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.]

The morning boat from Boston brings full and heart-rending particulars of the loss of the noble steamer Atlantic, with about FORTY lives!

She left Allyn's Point for this city at about half past 12 o'clock on Thursday morning, with between 70 and 80 persons on board, as nearly as can be ascertained. including passengers, crew, servants, &c., and had just got well under way when the steam chest exploded and the wind at the same time shifted to the southwest and blew almost a hurricane. Many persons were scalded and the air resounded with their cries. Captain Dustan immediately called all hands to the forward deck and ordered them to heave over their anchors, but the violence of the gale and the sea, which broke constantly over the bows, rendered it the labor of an hour to get all three out. The steamer worked heavy, plunging her bows under at every lurch and dragging her anchors. Between the time of anchoring and daylight she had dragged her anchors about eleven miles. The fires were put out at day light, and the passengers and crew suffered greatly from the intensity of the cold, as the only means of keeping warm was by wrapping themselves in blankets and walking briskly about the boat.

All began to look to their own personal safety, put on the life-preservers and prepared themselves for an emergency. The doors, shutters, settees, &c., &c., were detached and cut away, for rafts to drift ashore upon, whenever she should strike. The gale increasing in violence, Capt. Dustan ordered about forty tons of Coal to be thrown overboard, in order to lighten the vessel.

About noon on Thursday, the smoke pipes, which were very large and heavy were ordered to be thrown overboard.—This was done, the Captain assisting, and the steamer was eased for a short time, as there was less surface offered to the force of the wind. The steamer continued to drift however, and everything looked hopeless.

The danger increased so rapidly, that between 2 and 3 o'clock Capt. Dustan ordered the decks to be cleared of all merchandize—of everything that was in the way. Cases of boots, shoes, barrels of flour, stoves, &c., &c. including one package said to contain $7000 worth of plate, were thrown overboard. There were six to eight thousand dollars worth of lace on board, belonging to one of the passengers—who had previously said that he would give the whole to any one who would put him safely ashore. This lace was afterwards seen strewn along the beach.

All these efforts, however, to save the steamer were unavailing. No person worked harder than Capt. Dustan, and his passengers and crew. After their repeated and united efforts had failed, all hopes of safety were over, and all felt desirous and anxious that the steamer should strike the beach.

About midnight she parted one of her cables, there being four out, one attached to 3000 weight of furnace bars, and the others to anchors. After this the gale continued to increase, and blew a perfect hurricane. She was driven still nearer the shore, but passed a point that all expected she would strike upon. She then drifted about 11 miles further, making in all 22 miles, which occupied 48 hours, of terrible uncertainty and suffering. She then struck, stern first, on a ledge of rocks on Fisher's Island. A tremendous sea threw her up on to the very top of the ledge, so far up, indeed, as almost to throw her over on to the other side. This was the crisis in the disaster. It was terrible and heartrending in the extreme. In five minutes after she struck she was in pieces. In these five minutes, at least one-half of those on board the Atlantic were taken from time into eternity. The screams, the crash, the roar of the sea was dreadful.

There were 6 females, 4 children and 2 infants among the passengers. All the females were drowned or crushed to death. Only one of the children was saved, and he was the only one of the family of which he was a member. His father, mother, married sister and a young sister, and two young brothers were on board. The poor little orphan thus saved, and thus thrown alone on the world, is only 12 years of age. The 2 infants were drowned, frozen or crushed to death.

OFFICERS, CREW AND PASSENGERS LOST.—Capt. Dustan, of the Atlantic; Dr. Haasler, of the Navy; Lieut. Norton, of the Army; A Clergyman named Armstrong; Orlando Pitts, Sec'y Boylston Ins. Co. Boston; —— French, Clk. in Merchants' Ins. Co. Boston; Mrs. Hilton, Stewardess; Sarah Johnson, Chambermaid; Sarah Ruby, of Providence, do.; Eliza Wacob, servant to Mrs. Lewis; John Walton, Mrs. Jane Walton, John Walton, James Walton, Eleanor Jane Walton, all of one family, from West Newburg, Pa.; Robert Vine, Jacob Walton, of the same family, saved; John Glenson, Thomas Gedney, Michael Dougherty, Charles Ryley, John Macfarlin, of the crew, lost.

The Atlantic.

A painful interest continues to surround this ill-fated vessel. We gather a few additional particulars from the N. York papers:

We are indebted to Mr. Goold, of Adams & Co's Express, one of the survivors, for the following particulars:

Up to the time he left Fisher's Island, (Saturday night) 38 bodies were found. The names of ALL we are unable to obtain. All the women aboard the boat were drowned. Five of them were cabin passengers, two deck, and three chambermaids, all of whose bodies have been found. Nothing indicated a great alarm among the passengers, up to the time of her striking. Most of them were in the ladies cabin when she struck, as he understands, and he apprehends that a great many perished there by being crushed.

The report of the robbery of the passengers, by cutting and rifling their trunks, valises, &c., Mr. G. believes to be entirely false. It is true, he states, that a great many of the trunks came ashore with nothing in them, but that was caused by the action of the waves. No appearance of a knife could be perceived; and in fact all the baggage that came ashore, as far as he could ascertain, was taken care of by Mr. Winthrop.

Disadvantage of a Homely Wife.

You can't get along in the world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn and twist, and brush and fix till she gets completely vexed with her own ugliness, and then she'll go right off and spank the baby.

She'll never be pleased with herself—and that's the reason why she'll be always fretting or scolding at somebody or other. She'll be quarrelling with all the pretty girls in the neighborhood.

And then she must have so many finger-rings, ear-jewels, flounces and ostrich feathers—so much all-fired expensive, flaring finery, to make her look any way nice at all, that no reasonable man can stand it.

The glaring colors and flashy dress patterns recently brought into market, were gotten up especially for the benefit of *ugly women*, to draw the attention of men from their *faces* to their *frocks*. We never see one of those gaudy dresses in the streets without involuntarily shuddering and feeling an uncontrolable apprehension of meeting one of Shakspeare's "shrivelled shrews," or a "made up" figure, ornamented with one glass eye, a stray tooth, and a tongue hung on a pivot to illustrate perpetual motion. Never marry an ugly wife unless you are a universal genius, or have a large capital, for if you hav'nt got the "pewter" you will have to be a painter, jeweller, calico printer, and furbelow maker general, and get little but squalls and scratches for your pains—in other words, as Sam Veller says, you will be in a perfect *cat*-egory.—*Punch*.

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES.—B. Sterigere, Esq., Prosecuting Attorney, in company with constable Murray, visited a house in Airy street, in this borough on Saturday last for the purpose of a search. They succeeded in finding a press used by counterfeiters for printing bank notes, a quantity of bank note paper and a jar of ink, but the plates were not to be found. How it was abstracted, or by whom, is a subject for further inquiry. The persons residing in the house were arrested, and in accounting for the presence of the articles seized, represented that they had been brought there by a person during the summer, who had occupied a room in the house as a boarder for some ten days, and on leaving had stowed them away, promising to call for them at some subsequent time. They also declared their ignorance of the purpose for which they were intended.—*Norristown Herald*.