

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK :

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR:]

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WHOLE NO. 575.

## TERMS.

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## POETICAL.

From the U. S. Gazette.

### TWILIGHT HOUR.

This is the hour that I love best  
Of all the hours of day,  
When, sinking slowly to his rest,  
The day-god fades away;  
When all so tranquil and serene,  
The wind scarce breathes a sigh,  
And here and there a star is seen  
To twinkle in the sky.

Oh! this sweet hour doth seem to me  
Almost as if 'twere given,  
When from the cares of day set free,  
To raise the thoughts to heaven;  
For as I watch the distant sky,  
That glows with many a star,  
I think of that dear friend on high,  
And that bright world afar.

I think of all the loved, the lost,  
Who from this world hath flown,  
And with the ransomed heavenly host,  
Surround the Father's throne.  
Oh fancy waves her magic wand,  
And 'mid the shade of night,  
Those dear ones from the spirit land  
Will gleet my ravished sight—

O, as the zephyr voice I hear,  
Sigh with a plaintive moan,  
I often list with anxious ear  
For some remembered tone,  
Some voice that here forever still,  
In rapturous strains of love,  
Joins in the joyous songs that swell  
The harmony above.

### FLOWERS.

Ye are the Scriptures of the earth,  
Sweet flowers fair and frail,  
A sermon speaks in every bud  
That woos the summer gale.

Ye lift your heads at early morn,  
To greet the sunny ray,  
And cast your fragrance forth to please  
The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,  
Ye slumber for a while;  
Then waken unto glorious life,  
And bid creation smile.

Thus when within the darksome tomb,  
Our mortal frames shall lie,  
The soul, freed from the bounds of sin,  
Shall join the choir on high.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SUPERSTITION.

It is singular, but it is true, that superstition prevails in this day of knowledge. It is an impossibility to reason people out of the belief that the breaking of a looking-glass; the howling of a dog; the howling of a cow at night, the gnawing of an insect upon the wall, etc. prognosticates the near approach of death to some member of the family.—After the death of a child, a parent, or a brother, we have heard persons remark with all sincerity—"I knew some one would die—I was forewarned of it. I heard a groan one day under the window, and no one was there." We have also heard the remark, after the death of a friend—"I expected it—our dog dug several graves in the yard, and these were the signs of death." Foolish as this language may appear, we hear it time and again, especially from those who live in the country, and are less informed. These very persons who are thus superstitious, had they lived in the days of Mather, would have been firm believers in witchcraft, ghosts and hobgoblins. And while they are thus deluded they are wretched. The barking of every dog—the burning of every candle—the breaking of every glass, makes them turn pale with fear. They are warned of death in every breeze. Night brings them but little repose. The death-tick may be heard, or they may be warned of the grim destroyer in a terrible dream.

Gen. Walstein, who lived in the seventeenth century, was singularly superstitious, though he was brave and intrepid on the field of battle. In 1625, while planning one of his campaigns, he sat up all night, as usual, on such occasions, to consult the stars. Sitting by his window, but in contemplation, he felt himself violently struck on the back. Feeling that he was alone, and

his chamber door locked, he was seized with affright. He doubted not this blow was a messenger from God to warn him of his speedy death. He became melancholy, but his friends knew not the cause. His confession, however, discovered the cause, and one of the pages of the general confessed that, being intent on playing one of his comrades a trick, had hid himself in Walstein's apartment, and, mistaking him for his friend, had struck him on the back. While his master was examining the room, he jumped out of the window. The confessor pledged his word that no evil should befall the page, and felt happy to be able to quiet the general. Great was his surprise when he heard Walstein order the immediate hanging of the young man. He would hear no words; the gibbet was prepared, the page delivered up, and the executioner provided. The whole army, from principal officers to the lowest in rank, felt indignant towards the general, while the confessor threw himself at the feet of Walstein, begging for the life of the youth, but in vain. The page mounted the ladder, and in a moment more the unfortunate youth would have been in eternity, when the general cried out—"stop!" and in a loud voice exclaimed—"Well, young man, have you now experienced what the fears of death are! I have served you as you have served me—now we are quit." More dead than alive, the poor youth descended from the gibbet amid shouts of joy from the whole army.

Thousands of people suffer from their superstitious notions, when, if the cause of certain noises and signs were explained, they would see at once how foolish they had been. There is a natural cause for everything. The death-tick in the wall is from a little insect; unpleasant dreams arise from severe exertion of over-heating. The faces and forms we sometimes imagine we see before us are caused by defects in our vision. We have warnings enough of death in the falling of the leaves; the decay of nature, and the death of friends, without making ourselves eternally miserable by our superstitions.

### Gen. Taylor.

The unostentatious appearance of old Rough and Ready, has never been more happily described than in the following paragraph by G. de L., in the N. York Spirit of the Times:

"Winding down a hill, our column was halted to let a troop of horse pass. Do you see at their head a plain looking gentleman, mounted upon a brown horse, having upon his head a Mexican sombrero, dressed in a brown, olive-colored loose frock-coat, gray pants, wool socks and shoes! From under the frock appears the scabbard of a sword; he has the eye of an eagle, every lineament of his countenance is expressive of honesty, and a calm, determined mind. Reader, do you know who this plain-looking gentleman is? No. It is Major General Zachary Taylor, who, with his military family, and a company of Dragoons as an escort, is on his way to Victoria. He never has around him any of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but when the battle rages, when victory hangs upon a thread, when the bravest even dread the galling fire, you will find foremost among them all, that brave and gallant general, whose presence alone insures a victory."

WELL ANSWERED.—A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was much given to browbeating the witness, asked him what distance he was standing from the pines when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff. The carpenter replied, "just five feet four inches and a half."

"Pray then, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible that you can be so exact as to the distance?"

"I thought," said the carpenter, "that some fool or other might ask me, so I measured it."

A HEAVY LOAD OF STAKES.—Dan Marble occasionally lets off a joke that will keep. He saw a fellow staggering about the race track the other day, with more liquor than he could conveniently carry. "Halloa! what's the matter now?" said a friend whom the inebriated individual had just run against.

"Wh—hic—why," said the fellow, so drunk that he was hardly able to articulate, "wh—hic—why, the fact is a lot of my friends have been b-b—hic—betting liquor on the race to-day, and they've got me to hold the stakes for them."

RECITATION.—"Class in 'rithmetic, take the floor," said the professor. "Zebbuton, what is a unit?"  
"A unit, is a—"  
"Next."  
"A ewe-nit is a little bit of a female feller found on sheepes."  
"Take your seats."

### CAPTAIN NO. 1, OF COMPANY NO. 2.

The following rich specimen of sarcasm and wit, is taken from a speech recently delivered by JAMES FOX, Esq., of Dauphin county, in the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg. It is in reply to Mr. Hasson, the member from Cambria. To appreciate it properly, the parties should have been seen and heard. Mr. Fox said—

A word more, Mr. Speaker, in regard to my roley-boley friend from Cambria, and I have done. That valiant and redoubtable second edition of Col. Pluck, has indulged himself in denouncing the Whigs and their principles thus:

"From the earliest period of the American Revolution down to the present time, the Whigs have always been Tories.—Their principles are identified with the black-cockade Federalists, and they have never failed to exult in the victories of our enemies. In the county of Cambria a Volunteer Company, composing 104 men, started for Mexico, and there were only sixteen Whigs in it."

I ask, sir, why is not the "representative of the frosty sons of thunder," himself, now marching towards the battle-field? I can easily imagine, from the ginger-pop patriotism of the gentleman, that he could not enter a company as a private soldier, but I would have supposed, from his enlarged proportions, and comprehensive love of country, that he would tender himself to the Governor of the Commonwealth, as a whole Company, officers, privates and all, of which he was Captain No. 1, of Company No. 2!!

I fancy I can now see the gentleman standing on the summit of some mighty mountain in Cambria, robed cap-a-pie in the soldier's garb, swelling with patriotic indignation at the boldness of Mexican braggadoecia, his face rosy as a summer's pepper, and suffused with a compound of tears and other mucilaginous liquids, bidding a rapid adieu to the cliffs and quagmires, the toads, frogs and snakes of his own, his darling Cambria. Behold him tearing himself from the scenes of his childhood, and marching with hurried steps to the field of slaughter. Company No. 2, commanded by Captain No. 1, is now on the plains of Mexico; "his heart is in the fray and eager for the fight." The music of the life and drum are lost in the hoarse thunder of the cannon's roar, the beams of Heaven are partially obscured by the dust and smoke of battle, when the gallant Captain No. 1, of Company No. 2, is seen emerging from the shanties or chapparel. Around his head he wears a wreath of shamrock, over his back is spanned a coat of scarlet, significant of his murderous intentions, his breeches woven to the leg as though the flesh had been melted and run into them, on either shoulder floats a mackerel, in his left hand he carries a brick-bat, and in his right flourishes the mighty shillelah. Thus armed and equipped, straddled upon a mule, gorgeously caparisoned, he enters the arena, and looks fiercely forth for the mighty Santa Anna himself.

"Heeds up, Captain No. 1, attention Company No. 2, count off in sections of four, and march at whaling distances for sixteen. Behold that lubberly spalpeen, Santa Anna, and follow your General," and, darting for his rival, like a true knight of the olden time, he strikes the shield of the mighty chief. The astonished followers of the Mexican General recoil at the fearless courage of the stranger soldier. "Git out o' me rood, Mister Santa Anna, or I'll be the dith of ye, shouts Captain No. 1, of Company No. 2. "Sur, I'm the decendant of Teddy O'Toole; I was born in the town of Limerick, in the county of Tipperary; I am the ripresentative from Cambria county, and the right arm of the Dimmicratic party of Pinnsylvania; I've travelled a thousand miles to see you, an' by the un-decayed shens of St. Patrick, and the strawberry leys of Kate Killarney, but I'll be the dith of ye," and suiting the action to the word, he rushed headlong against his antagonist. It was a most fearful and mighty attack. It combined the enthusiastic energy of Falstaff, the serene judgment of Quixotte and the skill and strategy of an animated, living, blood and bones, Jack o' Clubs. Sir, it was irresistible, it staggered the plumed warrior of the South, and both riders fell to the earth. It was a dreadful and most intensely interesting moment. The palfrey of the gentleman was seen darting across the plain, his darling shillelah was flying through the air like the stick of a rocket, and last, though not least, the unmentionables of the gallant, though unfortunate Captain No. 1, of Company No. 2, were rent asunder, and, like Cardinal Woolsey, he was left "naked to his enemies." Sir, misfortune commands our pity and respect, and we here drop the curtain, mentioning, however, that the latest ac-

counts from the seat of war, represent the Captain as being totally bewildered, and running to and fro like the affrighted sons of Jerusalem, and exclaiming, in imitation of the Duke of York, at the battle of Bosworth, "A horse, a horse, my laurels, my military laurels, for a horse; but if you've got no horse, I'll swap 'em for my jackass!"

### GEN. TAYLOR'S LETTER.

The value which the brave and humane General Taylor sets upon the lives of his soldiers, as manifested in his unwillingness to throw away fifty or a hundred of them, unnecessarily, in storming Monterey, has suggested to a friend a characteristic anecdote of General Jackson, strongly evincing the same trait in that stern, valiant and unquestioning sagacious commander, to whose memory the circumstance does such honor that we are happy to be able to present it to the public, on the high authority of the person to whom Jackson made the statement.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

"Our informant arrived at N. Orleans on the fourth of February, 1815, (about four weeks after the crowning victory over the British,) and being an intimate personal friend of Jackson, proceeded to the general's headquarters, and passed nearly the whole night in conversation with him, and mainly upon the incidents of the recent great battle. After narrating many of the circumstances of the conflict, General Jackson said—"I suppose you have wondered why I permitted the British army to retire from the field and make good their retreat, without attempting to hinder or molest them, after they had been so thoroughly crippled in their attack on our lines." His friend replied—"No, General, I did not; because I knew you would not have taken the course you did, without good reasons." "Yes," said Jackson, "I had good reason for my conduct. I knew that my brave volunteers were invincible in their patriotism, and that, behind those breast-works, they could defend themselves against the best troops in the world. But I knew that in the open field their want of military experience and discipline would expose them to the terrible loss from the fire of the well-drilled veterans of the British army, still capable of opposing several complete battalions to me. It is true, I could have routed them and cut off their retreat, and destroyed or captured their whole force, but it would have been at the sacrifice of hundreds of my best volunteers—an unnecessary sacrifice, because my success was complete without it. I had done all that was to be desired. And then—to think of throwing away the lives of brave volunteers!"

said the old General, indignant at the idea of such a wanton sacrifice—"my brave Tennessee volunteers! many of whom, mere boys of 18 and 20, were brought to me, at Nashville, from the country by their parents, in some instances by their widowed mothers, who said to me, 'Here General, is our only son'—or, as sometimes, when one parent brought three or four boys to me, 'Here are our sons! Take them, and make them fight for their country! Make good soldiers of them! But don't expose them unnecessarily! Take good care of them, General!'" "Why," continued Jackson, "by the—I wouldn't give the lives of twenty of my brave Tennessee volunteers for the whole British Army."

A powerful expression of that generous humanity which so well becomes true courage, and of a just appreciation of the value of the life of an American citizen. And, much as we regret to repeat, the characteristic profanity which accompanied it, we are reminded by its associations, of that oath which Sterne says, "the ascending spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with it, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever!"

We rejoice to know that Taylor, with all of Jackson's successful courage, has in no particular less than Jackson's humane horror of the waste of his gallant soldiers' lives, for the empty glory of the extermination of a conquered and retreating foe.

BE SAVING.—Be saving—not stingy. There is a disposition to waste which should be strongly condemned. A mean, miserly wretch we despise; but a wasteful, prodigal, lazy spendthrift we more than despise. He who will kick aside a nail, because he is too indolent to stoop and pick it up, may see the day when he will be thankful for a nail's worth of bread to eat. We never knew a prudent, economical, saving man to come to want; but we have known scores of individuals, born to wealth, who, by not looking out for mills and dimes, have died in want and misery.—Part. Bulletin.

### Chewing Tobacco in the House of God.

The following appeal to tobacco chewers is taken from the Methodist Protestant, published in Baltimore. We insert it in the hope that it may arrest the attention, and improve the habits, of those in this community, who are addicted to the highly censurable practice of chewing tobacco, and squirting the juice while in Church:—Ed. Journal.

A word I would drop to the Church-going folk, Of country and town, and not in a joke. Now chewing tobacco and spitting the juice In the House of the Lord, can find no excuse, But want of politeness, or rather of grace, Or want of respect for the hallowed place; Yet here it is practised by A, B and C. And here it is followed by E, F and G. You never need ask where these gen'ry sit, Just look on the wall and you'll see by the spit; In dark filthy puddles it spreads on the floor, From the pulpit all round each way to the door. The scene is disgusting! and how must you feel, If in such a place, you're expected to kneel? Yet often it happens these men are so good, They bend on their knees while others have stood. Still, they return to their labor again, Still chewing their quid and spreading the stain. A scandal to men!—a scandal to grace! Here decency blushes and covers her face! Do throw out your chew ere you enter the door, And never so rudely behave any more! But down with your cash for the sand and the soap, And the horrible job of cleaning all up. E. H.

### THE FAMINE IN IRELAND. DEATHS FROM STARVATION.

The Hibernia Steamship brought news of the terrible ravages of Famine in Ireland. The English papers received at our office are full of heart rending details of starvation and death. What a spectacle! The granaries of this country overflowing, the poorest living luxuriously, speculators realizing fortunes by dealing in wheat and corn, while the curse of Famine is brooding over every rood of land in poor Ireland.

The Freeman's Journal announces 1200 notices to foreclose mortgage on Irish estates. According to a statement in the same paper, out of a population of 8,000,000, 2,500,000 in ordinary times are destitute, and the total cost of providing for these is £11,315,000. How it asks, "is this enormous sum to be paid by a country whose gross rental amounts to only £10,000,000?"

To give some idea of the terrible distress, we present a few startling details.

At Skibbereen, Ballydehab, Scull, Castlehaven, Castletown, and other places, ten or twelve funerals a day are common, and collections are made in the churches to provide coffins for the destitute.

The "Nation" heads a paragraph, "the coroners too few." The coroners, it says, in Mayo, begin to be too few to hold the inquests. "Death by starvation," "Death from utter destitution," are verdicts which have become fearfully frequent.

The Cork Examiner says, that in the neighborhood of Castlebar, one meal of cabbage a day is the only food of the inhabitants.

In the neighborhood of Crookhaven, says the same paper, a collection was made on Sunday, to purchase a bier to take the dead bodies to the grave without coffins; for so numerous had become the deaths, the living are no longer able to purchase coffins.

O'Connell, at the usual weekly meeting of the Repeal Association, said that the state of country was ten-fold worse than one week before. The frost had set in, and cold and hunger were doing their work. In Connaught there were forty seven deaths from starvation in one week—forty seven cases in which coroners had rendered the verdict of "death from starvation."

The benevolent clergyman of the little parishes near Dunmanus Bay, said to a special reporter "My dear sir, no description that I could give would for a moment adequately tell the misery, wretchedness, and sufferings, of my poor people. They are in the most frightful state of destitution that can be possibly imagined. They are living almost entirely upon a description of sea weed called mairvan, for they have long eaten up whatever cabbage and turnips were in the country!"

"In a second house I visited in Maroom," says a special reporter, "I found no less than half a dozen members of a family huddled together in a heap, composed of hay, straw, rushes, shavings, and God knows what, with no covering whatever, save the rags that constitute their only habiliments. They were obliged to throw themselves indiscriminately together, so as to keep warmth in their attenuated frames."

The Cork Examiner contains a letter signed N. M. Cummins, J. P., Ann-mountain, Cork, addressed to the Duke of Wellington. We give an extract: I went 15th instant to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland which I visited, as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I saw there. It is situated on the eastern side of Castlehaven harbor, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to wit,

ness scenes of frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes which presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearance dead, were huddled in a corner on some straw; their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse cloth, their wretched legs hanging about naked above the knee. I approached in horror, and found, by a low moaning, they were alive; they were in fever—four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the details; suffice it to say, that in a few minutes I was surrounded by at least two hundred of such frightful spectres as no words can describe. By far the greater number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on. In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavor to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neck-cloth was seized from behind by a gripe which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant just born in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins—the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found, lying upon the mud floor, half devoured by rats."

Amid all this horrible desolation, the work of distilling rum from corn still goes on.

The demand for fire arms is beyond all calculation. Whatever else they sacrifice, the Irish peasantry will have arms. The restraints of law are fast giving way. Robberies of all descriptions abound. The soldiers are constantly on the alert to prevent the plunder of corn and flour by those whom hunger has driven to desperation.

### The Potato Crop.

Success in raising the potato in this country is important, the more so now that the failure has become so general in Europe.

The following remarks, if acted upon, will prevent the disease, and insure a large and profitable crop. Select a good clay soil (and previously lined always preferred), plow and harrow the ground thoroughly, which may be done most effectually by using, in addition to the common, the subsoil plow, which not only assists in pulverizing, but also in a great measure secures the crop against loss from very wet and dry seasons.—When the potatoes are cut into pieces of suitable size for planting, having on each piece a good germ, sift plaster over them, and stir the pile with a shovel until the raw parts of the potato become coated, which prevents bleeding, at the same time invigorates and strengthens the plant. Plant in drills as usual; previous to covering, however, strew leached ashes, mixed with a small quantity of lime, over the planting, at the rate of a shovelful to each yard (more or less according to the strength of the soil). When the vines are about ten inches out of the ground, spread over the hills and vines a mixture of ashes and plaster—a man with a bag over his shoulder containing this mixture, throwing it right and left, will soon perform the task. If the weather becomes wet, sultry, or otherwise unfavorable to the crop, it will be well to sow lightly over the vines powder of sulphur, an article certain of effect against mildew, and other similar diseases of plants, and is also a powerful stimulant to vegetation.—American Farmer.

STRONG CURIOSITY.—A few nights ago a well dressed person knocked at a door in Derne street, Boston, and obtained a light to look after something which he said he had lost on the sidewalk. Several passengers, one after another as they came along, offered to assist him in the search, and asked him what he was looking for. He evaded a reply, and conjecturing it was something valuable, the people loitered round to see it found. After an hour's search, the man exclaimed that he had got it! "What is it?" cried several in a breath. "It's a cent," said the man, a little ashamed; I didn't care anything about it, but I wanted to see where the darn'd thing went to!"

A GOOD ONE.—Prentice says there are Whigs enough going to Mexico to whip the Mexicans, and a sufficient number remaining at home to whip the locofocos.