HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

VOL. XII, NO. 10. HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 10, 1847. WHOLE NO. 580.

Terms.

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.

☞V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

OFFICES:

Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.
Boston—Number 16 State street.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

STEAM IRON RAILING FACTORY,
RIDGE ROAD,
Above Buttonwood Street, Philada.

AT this establishment may be found the greatest variety of Plans and beautiful Patterns of IRON RAILINGS in the United States, to which the attention of those in want of any description, and especially for Cemeteries, is particularly invited.

The principal part of all the handsome Railings at Laurel Hill, Monument, and other celebrated Cemeteries in the city and county of Philadelphia, which have been so highly extolled by the public press, were executed at this manufactory.

A large Wareroom is connected with the establishment, where is kept constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made Iron Railings, Ornamental Iron Settees, Iron Chairs, new style plain and ornamental Iron Gates, with an extensive assortment of Iron Posts, Pedestals, Iron Arbors, &c. Also, in great variety, Wrought and Cast Iron Ornaments, suitable for Railings and other purposes.

The subscriber would also state that in his Pattern and Designing Department he has employed some of the best talent in the country, whose constant attention is devoted to the business--forming altogether one of the most complete and systematic establishments of the kind in the Union.

ROBERT WOOD, Proprietor.
Ridge Road, above Buttonwood st.
Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1847—6m

HOVER'S FIRST PREMIUM INK.

NO. 87
North Third Street, Philadelphia.

THE celebrity of the INKS manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained not only through the United States, but in the West Indies and China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared, with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Ink, Indelible Ink, and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

HOVER'S ADAMANTINE CEMENT, a superior article for mending Glass, China, Cabinet Ware, &c., useful to every housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞ Pamphlets containing the numerous testimonials of men of science and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry street, Philadelphia, by JOSEPH HOVER,
jy27:'47-y] Manufacturer.

IRON COMMISSION HOUSE,

THE undersigned continue the Iron Commission busines, for the sale of all kinds of IRON, at *No. 109 North Water Street, Philada.*

Their long experience in the Iron Trade, and their extensive acquaintance with consumers and dealers throughout the United States, gives them the advantage of obtaining the highest market prices. And their business being confined exclusively to the Iron trade, enables them to give it their *entire* attention. ☞ All consignments will receive prompt attention.

[feb24-6m] ORRICK & CAMPBELL,
No. 109 Water st., & 54 N. Wharves, Philada.

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!

THOMPSON & CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
No. 40 Market Street, Philada.

OFFERS for sale a large stock of Fresh Drugs, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, to which they call the attention of Country Merchants and Dealers visiting the city.

Coach, Cabinet, Japan, Black, and other Varnishes, of a superior quality. Also, White and Red Lead, Window Glass, Paints and Oils--cheaper than ever.

☞ T. & C. are also proprietors of the Indian Vegetable Balsam, celebrated throughout their own and neighboring States as the best preparation for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c. Money refunded in every instance where no benefit is received. [Philadelphia, jan27-6m

Brooms, Buckets and Cedar Ware.
MANLY ROWE,
No. 63 North Third st. 2d door above Arch,
PHILADELPHIA.

I am enabled this fall to offer an unusually large assortment of the above articles. Also—Willow and French Baskets and Coaches, Wash Boards, Matts, Clothes-pins, Nest Boxes, Wood Bowls & Trays, Boston Blinds, Sickles, Oil Paste Blacking, Shoe Brushes, Clamps, Hand Scribs, Wall Brushes, Dusters, &c. and Wooden ware of every description.

Country Merchants will take notice that as I am now manufacturing extensively, and receiving directly from the Eastern Factories, I can furnish the Fall Trade with superior goods at prices greatly reduced from what I have hitherto been selling.
Sep. 16, '46.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT BARGAINS
IN HATS & CAPS,
At the old established cheap Hat and Cap Store, No. 196 Market street, second door below Sixth, Philada.

WE extend a general invitation to the citizens of Huntingdon and its vicinity, as well as to all others, to our store. We have on hand a large and complete assortment of Hats and Caps of every style and variety, which we are selling full one-fourth lower than the usual prices, namely:

Extra Superior Beaver Hats,		from	$2.50 to	$350
"	"	Brush "	"	2.00 to 3.00
"	"	Silk "	"	1.25 to 2.00
"	"	Moleskin "	"	2.50 only.

Good Hats as low as $1.25 and upwards. Also, a complete stock of Caps, cloth, fur trimmed, glazed, silk oil cloth, velvet and fancy Caps; fine Otter, Shetland Fur Seal, Musk Rat, Hair Seal Caps, &c. &c., at lower prices than they can possibly be had elsewhere. From our extensive sales, we can sell, for a smaller profit than others can. Call and be satisfied, it is to your interest.

Merchants, Storekeepers, Hatters and others, who buy to sell again, supplied on reasonable terms.—Be sure and call at No. 196 Market Street, second door below sixth Street.

GARDEN & BROWN.
September 1, 1846.

LINN, SMITH & CO.,
(Successors to Potts, Linn & Harris,)
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
No. 213½ Market Street, Philada.

KEEP constantly on hand a full assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Surgical Instruments, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Window Glass, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, &c. &c., all of which they offer to country merchants, and others, on the most advantageous terms. All orders, by letter or otherwise, filled with the greatest care and despatch.

CLAUDIUS B. LINN,
HORACE P. SMITH,
feb17-6m] ALEANDER MORGAN.

HARRIS, TURNER & IRVIN,
WHOLESALE
DRUGGISTS,
No. 201 Market Street, one door above Fifth, North Side, Philadelphia.

IMPORTERS and Wholesale Dealers in DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Patent Medicines, Obstetrical Instruments, Druggists' Glassware, Window Glass, Paints, Oils, Dyes, Perfumery, &c.

Druggists, country Merchants and Physicians, supplied with the above articles on the most favorable terms. Strict and prompt attention paid to orders. Every article warranted.

JOHN HARRIS, M. D.,
sept23. JAS. A. TURNER, late of Va.
WM. IRVIN, M. D.

CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

Steam Refined Sugar Candies—12½ cents per pound, Wholesale.

J. J. RICHARDSON, No 42 Market street, PHILADELPHIA, takes pleasure in informing the public, that he still continues to sell his very Superior Steam Refined Candy at the low price of $12.50 per 100 pounds, and the quality is equal to any manufactured in the United States.

He also offers all kinds of goods in the *Confectionary* and *Fruit* line at corresponding low prices, as quick sales and small profits are the order of the day.

Call or send your orders, and you cannot fail to be satisfied. Don't forget the number, 4 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

J. J. RICHARDSON.
September 1, 1846.

CLOTHING!
BUCK & MOORE,
254 Market Street, Philadelphia,

HAVE constantly on hand every description of Clothing, all of which are cut, trimmed and made in a manner not to be surpassed, and are warranted cheaper than the same quality of Goods in any other establishment in the United States.—Also, every description of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING Goods at reduced prices. Those visiting the city will find it to their interest to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

sept30-1y. BUCK & MOORE,

Steam Umbrella Manufactory.
No. 104 Market Street, Philadelphia.

WM. H. RICHARDSON, in addition to various other improvements, has applied Steam Power to the manufacture of UMBRELLAS, and is enabled to sell them at very low prices.

Merchants are invited to call and see his Works and examine the assortment. [nov18-4m

John Scott, jr.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Huntingdon, Pa.—Has removed his office to the corner room of "Snare's Row," directly opposite Fisher & M'Murtrie's store, where he will attend with promptness and fidelity to all business with which he may be entrusted in Huntingdon or the adjoining counties.
Huntingdon Sept. 23, 1846.

George Taylor,

ATTORNEY AT LAW--Attends to practice in the Orphans' Court, stating administrators' accounts, Scrivening, &c. Office in the diamond, three doors east of the "Exchange Hotel."
feb28-'44

A. W. Benedict,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Huntingdon, Pa.—Office at his old residence in Main street, a few doors west of the old Court House. He will attend to any business entrusted to him in the several Courts of Huntingdon and adjoining counties.

S. Steel Blair,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hollidaysburg, Pa., Will attend attend to all business entrusted to his care in Blair, Huntingdon and Indiana counties. apr8-'46

J. Sewell Stewart,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Huntingdon, Pa.—Office in Main street, five doors west of Mr Buoy's jewelry establishment.

JUSTICE'S blanks of all kinds for sale at this office.

POETICAL.

DAILY WORK.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime:
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheel of Time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! Let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great;
No feud with rank—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate,
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need;
And can retain
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers:
The more we work the more win;
Success to Trade!
Success to Spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!
And joy to him, who o'er his task
Remember's toil is Nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks—
And never sinks
His independence as a man!

Who only asks for humble wealth,
Enough for competence and health;
And leisure when his work is done,
To read his book
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting sun,
Who toils as every man should toil
For fair reward, erect and free:
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be!

MISCELLANEOUS.

BATTLE WITH A MADMAN.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

I was once called upon in my senior year to watch with an insane student.

It had snowed all day, but the sun had set with a red rift in the clouds, and the face of the sky was swept in an hour perfectly clear. The all-glorious arch of heaven was a mass of sparkling stars.

Greyling slept, and I, wearied of the cold philosophy of the Latin poets, took to my "Book of Martyrs."

It was a description in the harrowing faithfulness of the language of olden times, painting almost the articulate groans of an impaled christian.

The walnut faggots had burnt to a bed of bright coals, and I sat gazing into it, totally unable to shake off the fearful incubus from my breast. The martyr was there—on the very hearth—with the stakes scornfully crossed on his body; and as the large coals cracked asunder and revealed the brightness within, I seemed to follow the nerve rending instrument from hip to shoulder, and suffered with him pang for pang, as if the burning redness were the pools of his fevered blood.

"Aha!"

It struck on the ear like the cry of an exulting fiend.

I shrunk into the chair as the awful cry was repeated, and looked slowly and with difficult courage over my shoulder. A single fierce eye was fixed upon me from the mass of bed clothes, and, for a moment, the relief from the fear of some supernatural presence was like water to a parched tongue. I sank back relieved into the chair.

There was a rustling immediately in the bed, and starting again. I found the wild eyes of my patient fixed steadfastly upon me. He was creeping steadily out of bed: his bare foot touched the floor, and his toes worked upon it as if he were feeling his strength, and, in a moment, he stood upright on his feet, and with head forward and his pale face livid with rage, stepped towards me.—I looked to the door, he observed the glance, and in the next instant he sprang over the bed, turned the key, and dashed it furiously through the window.

"Now," said he.

"Greyling!" said I.

I had heard that a calm and fixed gaze would control a madman, and with a most difficult exertion I met his lowering eye, and we stood looking at each other for a full minute like men of marble.

"Why have you left your bed?" I mildly said.

"To kill you," was the appalling answer; and, in another moment the light-stand was swept from between us, and he struck me down with a blow that would have felled a giant. Naked as he was, I had no hold upon him, even if in muscular force I had been his match, and without a minute's struggle I yielded; for resistance was vain. His knee was upon my breast, and his left hand in my hair, and he seemed by the tremulousness of his clutch to be hesitating whether he should dash out my brains on the hearth. I could scarce breathe with his weight upon my chest, but I tried with the broken words I could command, to move his pity. He laughed as only a maniac can, and placed his hand on my throat. Oh, God! I shall never forget the fiendish deliberation with which he closed those feverish fingers?

"Greyling, for God's sake, Greyling?"

"Die, curse you!"

In the agony of suffocation I struck out my arm and almost buried it in the fire on the hearth. With an expiring thought I grasped a handful of red hot coals, and with my remaining strength pressed them against his side.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed with the first breath, as my eyes recovered from their sickness, and I looked upon the familiar objects of the Chamber once more.

The madman sat crouched like a whipped dog in the farthest corner of the room, gibbering and moaning with his hands upon his burnt side. I felt that I had escaped by a miracle.

The door was locked, and in dread of another attack, I threw up the window, and to my unutterable joy, the figure of a man was visible upon the snow near the out-buildings of the college. It was a charity student who had risen before day to labor in the wood yard. I shouted to him, and Greyling leaped to his feet.

"There is time yet!" said the madman; but as he came to me with the same panther like caution as before, I seized a heavy stone pitcher standing in the window seat, and hurled it at him with a fortunate force and aim. He fell stunned on the floor. The door was burst open at the next moment, and calling for assistance, we tied the wild Missourian in his bed, bound up his head and side and committed him to fresh watchers.

* * * * * *

We have killed bears together at Missouri salt lick since then; but I never see Wash Greyling with a smile on his face without a disposition to look around for the door.

PRETTY GOOD.

Who is the author of the following we know not. It was found in an old newspaper that looked as if it was printed when Adam was a boy:

Sambo was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying. Sambo being strongly devoted to his master, had by dint of long practice, made himself an adept in giving plausibility to his master's largest stories.

One day when the master was entertaining his guests in his customary manner among other marvellous facts, he related an incident which took place in one of his hunting excursions.

"I fired at a buck," said he, "at one hundred yards distance, & the ball passed through his left hind foot, and through his head: just back of his ear."

This evidently producing some little doubt in the minds of his guests, he called upon Sambo to corroborate him.

"Yes, massa," said the almost confounded slave, after a moment's hesitation, "me see de ball hit 'im. Jes as massa lif up de gun to he eye, de buck lif up him foot to scratch him ear, an massa's ball go through him foot an' head at de same time."

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Sambo's explanation, and swallowed the whole without further hesitation; but when his guests were gone, Sambo ventured upon his master's good humor so far as to remonstrate.

"For mighty sake, massa, when you tell a nudder sich a big lie, don't put um so far apart; me hab deb'lish hard work for get um together."

A New Fashioned Hat.

The Baltimore Clipper says:—A few days since, a passenger in one of our railroad cars, having paid his devoirs to Bacchus too earnestly, fell into a doze on his seat. In his dodging to and fro, his hat fell off, when he commenced groping on the floor for it. Unfortunately his hand came in contact with a spittoon, plentifully supplied with tobacco juice. Mistaking this for his hat, after considerable difficulty, he succeeded in grasping and raising it, when he turned the whole contents on the crown of his head, supposing that he was replacing his hat. The unsavory liquid, and the universal roar of laughter which ensued, awoke the inebriate to consciousness, when he shook the spittoon from his head, and cried out in a rage, "Who the d——l spit tobacco juice in my face—none of your tricks upon travellers." The scene was highly amusing, and should be lithographed for the benefit of those who "rise up early in the morning to take strong drink."

PRINCE MURAT.

The Boston Post has a long letter from Tallahassee, Florida, in which occurs the following notice of a naturalized citizen, whose name, when borne by his father, made some noise in the world:

"Among the prominent citizens of Florida we find a live prince, the son of Murat, King of Naples. Prince Achille Murat is a singular genius. Inheriting all his father's courage, but little of his chivalric love of glory, he has settled down on a plantation, the quiet citizen and spectator of the affairs of the world. Various anecdotes are related of him. The Prince once fought a duel. He came on the ground with his surgeon, and took his station smoking a cigar. He quietly puffed, and when the word was given he fired. The unfortunate Floridian, his antagonist, was shot and fell. Murat's surgeon, seeing his employer bolt upright, ran to assist the fallen. The prince, who had a little finger cut nearly off by the other's ball, called to his surgeon—"What for you you go there? See you, doctair," holding up his finger dangling by a bit of skin, "I want you cut my finger off. Let him, poor devil, go. He got what he come for. I pay you vun hundred dollars to come here to cut bullet out of my body, if that rascal shoot him in. Let him pay for his own carving. If he not satisfied, I give him another ball, just so soon as you can cut off my finger."

But one ball did satisfy his antagonist and they retired. The Prince is fond of hunting, and he goes in for the profits of the field and moor. Nothing that swims the water, flies the air, crawls or walks the earth, but that he has served upon his table. Alligator steak, frogs' shins, boiled owls and roasted crows are found palatable; but there is one animal that the Prince don't like. The buzzard is one too many for him. "I try him fry; I try him roast; I try him stew; and I make soup of him, but the buzzard is not goot. I have no prejudice against him, but I cook him every way, and then I no like him." Buzzard soup! think of that! It takes a Frenchman to develope the resources of a new country!

Anecdote of Dr. Nott, of Union College.

On the evening preceding Thanksgiving, not many years ago, two students left the Colleges, with the most *foul* intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine fat chickens that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot one ascended the tree, while the other stood with a bag ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the doctor himself had just left his house, with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately stole away, without notifying his companion, among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much possible.

The other immediately laying hand on the old rooster, exclaimed—"Here's old Prex, will you have him?"

"Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag.

"Here's Marm Prex," said the all-unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?"

"Yes," again responded the Doctor.

"Here's son John, will you have him? Here's daughter Sal, take her," and so on, until he had gone regularly through naming chickens after the Doctor's family.

The old man then walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down, and streaked it for the colleges. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion, that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one, it must have been to Dr. Nott.

Expulsion, fines and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts, until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible; so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the rogues, and said—"Young gentlemen, here's old Prex, and Marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens—"to which shall I help you?"

The mortification of his students may be imagined.

ANECDOTE.

THE WAY THEY PULLED THEM UP, AND LET HIM FALL.

The following amusing adventure, given by a correspondent writing from Buffalo, actually took place in the town of *M*—, in Ohio, two years ago. It would have made even the late Isaac Hicks, laugh at a solemn "Seventh-day" meeting. "Farmer ——, had two daughters, very interesting young ladies, yet in their teens, who were quite romantic in their notions. Their father was an aristocratic member of the Baptist church, and of course was very particular as to the "company" his girls should "keep." Now it happened that these two pretty girls became acquainted with a couple of young bucks, clerks in an adjoining village, and, to use a common phrase, "took quite a shyin' to 'em." To this the old gentleman was very much opposed, as he intended to match his daughters himself. But "'twas no use" talking to them; while week after week wore away, and found the young men constant visitors. At length, in order to enforce obedience, the old man found himself driven to the necessity of locking up his foolish children, who had presumed without his consent to fall in love with a couple of poor tradesmen.—The sweet girls were accordingly confined on Sunday afternoons in the back bed room in the second story, which fronted the barn yard; a very romantic "look out." Under the window was a pile of stones, which had been left after repairing the cellar-wall in that corner. For two or three successive Sabbath evenings, the usual period of visiting their inamoratas, the lovers had climbed, by means of the sheets of the bed, which were let down from the window by the heroic girls, up to the apartment of their imprisoned lovers, and from nightfall until rosy morning did revel in the "ambrosial delights of love's young dreams." But this clandestine courtship could not be continued without being at last discovered. One lovely Sabbath, just at twilight, the father, coming from the barn, thought he saw something rather ominous hanging out of the back window so he walked noiselessly around to ascertain the "nature of it." There hung the fatal "flag of surrender;" and the old man giving it a slight jerk, commenced the ascent. He was lifted gently from off his feet, and felt himself gradually "rising in the world." 'Twas a very heavy weight, the daughters thought; and to tell the truth, it *was* a corpulent "body corporate" at which they were hopefully tugging away.—But lo! his head has reached the window sill; and now, just as his old white hat appeared above the window, his affectionate daughter "dropped him like a hot potato;" and, with something like the "emphasis of a squashed apple dumpling," the old man came in instant contact with mother earth; while the two knights of tape and scissors, who were not far off enjoying the scene, "made hasty tracks from the settlement"—leaving nothing behind them but bodily misery, horror-stricken damsels, and their own coat-tails streaming on the night air!"—*Knickerbocker.*

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.—The Poughkeepsie Telegraph states that two mechanics, one a Whig and the other a Locofoco, were arguing the other day on the subject of the Tariff and protection until at length the Whig exclaimed, "you say then, you are against protection, and go with Polk for Frade Trade." "Yes I do," says the Loco, for I don't believe in the doctrine that helping rich manufacturers helps us at all, nor do I want to see any more factories in the country." "Well said the Whig, if you oppose manufacturing because some men engaged in that business as well as farming and trading are rich, let me ask you one or two questions. Suppose Wm. Davis, Matthew Vasser and James Hooker should determine to build a factory in this town, to cost two hundred thousand dollars, and go on and lay out the money, who would get it? Why the mechanics and laborers the most of it. Suppose they should then put it in operation and pay out five hundred thousand dollars a year to the hands employed in it, where would the money go?" "What the hands didn't save, would go to merchants and mechanics in town, and the farmers around." Now take your own party ground, and instead of having any factories built and put in operation in this country, all that business is carried on in England, who would get the money paid out by the owner then?" The Locofoco paused, and—vanquished.

☞ The Legislature of Delaware has passed a law submitting the question of "License or no License" to the people of that State.

☞ The price of fire-wood at Saltillo, Mexico, ranges from $35 to $40 per cord.