

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XII, NO. 12.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 24, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 582.

## 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.

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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.  
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## Applications for License.

To the Court of Quarter Sessions of Huntingdon county, at April Session, 1847:

**THE** petition of Samuel Steffy, of Jackson township, in the county of Huntingdon, respectfully sheweth: That your petitioner is desirous of keeping a public house or tavern in the house he now occupies, being in said Jackson township, on the road leading from Pine Grove to Lewistown, and from Nell's mill, by way of Marblehead, to Lewistown—that he has provided himself with necessaries for the convenience and accommodation of strangers and travellers.—He therefore prays your honors to grant him a license to keep a house of public entertainment in said house, and he will, &c.

**SAMUEL STEFFEY.**  
We the undersigned, citizens of Jackson township, hereby certify, that the house now kept by Samuel Steffy as an inn or tavern in Jackson tp., is necessary to accommodate the public, and entertain strangers and travellers, and that the said Samuel Steffy is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well prepared with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

George Wilson, John Stain, John Fagan, John Wilson, Lewis Evans, George Rudy, Wm. Mears, William Goodwin, Wm. D. Rankin, John McClelland, John Dickey, Michael Henninger, Robt. Wilson, Henry Rudy, Matthias Lightner, jr., John Biechdal. [m10-3t]

To the Court of Quarter Sessions of Huntingdon county, at April Session, 1847:

**THE** petition of Alexander Carmon, of the borough and county of Huntingdon, respectfully represents: That he is desirous of keeping an inn or tavern in the house now occupied by him, for the ensuing year—that said house is situated in the borough and county of Huntingdon, on the corner of the Diamond, in Main street, and has been kept by him as a public house for many years past—that he is well provided with every necessary for the accommodation of the public and entertaining strangers and travellers. He therefore prays the honorable court to grant him a license for said purpose, and he will ever pray, &c.

**ALEXR. CARMON.**  
We the undersigned, citizens of the borough of Huntingdon, and county of Huntingdon, do certify, that such inn or tavern above prayed for by Alexander Carmon, in the house occupied by him as an inn or tavern for many years past, is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that the said applicant is a man of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Frederick Krell, Geo. A. Steel, Benj. J. Kough, W. S. Hildebrand, C. B. Wilson, Wm. Steel, David Colestock, Saml. Steel, Jno. Armitage, E. M. Jones, Peter Livingston, J. Williamson, C. Courts. march 10-3t

To the Court of Quarter Sessions of Huntingdon county, at April Session, 1847:

**THE** petition of Joseph Forrest respectfully represents: That your petitioner occupies that large and commodious house situated in the borough of Petersburg, in the county of Huntingdon, which is calculated for a public house of entertainment, and from its neighborhood and situation is suitable as well as necessary for the accommodation of the public and the entertainment of strangers and travellers—that he is provided with stabling and all conveniences necessary for the entertainment of strangers and travellers—that he has occupied said house as a licensed inn from the 1st of April last past, and is desirous of continuing the same. He therefore prays the court to grant him a license to keep an inn or public house of entertainment in said house, and he will ever pray &c. **JOSEPH FORREST.**

We the subscribers, citizens of the borough of Petersburg, in said county of Huntingdon, in which the above mentioned house prayed to be licensed is proposed to be kept, do certify, that Joseph Forrest, the above named petitioner, is a man of good repute for honesty and temperance—that he is well provided with house room, stabling and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Jno. R. Hunter, John Westbrook, R. F. Hobbs, Daniel Updyke, Wm. C. McCauley, Roswell Wright, James Temple, Geo. Updyke, Albert Owen, William P. Hamilton, Henry Neville, Geo. Barker, James Murphy. [m10-3t]

**Lewistown Money taken at Par!**

**THE** subscriber has on hand Thrashing Machines, which he warrants to be good, and offers them for sale very cheap. He will also repair Thrashing Machines, and furnish castings at his shop in Allegheny street, opposite the stable of the Pioneer Line of Boats, Huntingdon, on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. He would also remind his friends and the public generally, that he still carries on the coach and wagon making business in all its branches.

**EDMUND HAWKINS.**  
August 16, 1846—1f

## Retailers of Merchandize.

Classification of Retailers of Merchandize in Huntingdon county, by the "Appraiser of Mercantile Taxes," for the year commencing on the first day of May, 1847:

	Class.	Amount Of License.
<i>Alexandria borough.</i>		
Bucher & Porter,	12	\$12 50
Gemmill & Porter,	13	10 00
Moore & Swoope,	13	10 00
Henry C. alker,	14	7 00
Michael Sissler,	14	7 00
<i>Birmingham.</i>		
James Clark,	13	10 00
Blakely,	14	7 00
<i>Barree Township.</i>		
James Maguire,	13	10 00
A. W. Graft & Co. (liquor),	13	15 00
Benjamin Hartman,	14	7 00
Couch, Read & Co.,	14	7 00
<i>Cromwell.</i>		
Blair & Madden,	13	10 00
Thos. E. Orbison & Co.,	13	10 00
A. J. Wigton & Bros.,	14	7 00
Samuel Isett,	14	7 00
<i>Cass.</i>		
Robert Speer,	14	7 00
James Henderson,	14	7 00
<i>Clay.</i>		
Benjamin Leas,	14	7 00
<i>Dublin.</i>		
A. C. Blair & Co.,	13	10 00
<i>Franklin.</i>		
John S. Isett,	14	7 00
Samuel Isett,	14	7 00
John Harnish,	14	7 00
David Stewart & Co.,	12	12 50
Samuel Wigton,	13	10 00
Martin Gates,	14	7 00
John H. Shoenberger,	12	12 50
<i>Hopewell.</i>		
James Entriken, (liquor),	12	18 75
A. & E. Plummer,	13	10 00
<i>Henderson.</i>		
Milliken & Kessler,	12	12 50
m. Buchanan,	14	7 00
Irvin, McEahan & Co.,	13	10 00
<i>Huntingdon Borough.</i>		
John N. Prowell,	13	10 00
Wm. Stewart, (liquor),	13	15 00
Fisher & M'Murtrie,	12	12 50
Swoope & Africa,	13	10 00
B. E. & W. M'Murtrie,	13	10 00
William Dorris,	13	10 00
Thos. Read & Son,	13	10 00
Jones & Simonton,	13	10 00
George A. Steel,	14	7 00
James Saxton,	12	12 50
Marks Goodman,	14	7 00
Johnston & Long,	14	7 00
George Hartley,	14	7 00
<i>Jackson Township.</i>		
Hall & Rawle,	13	10 00
S. S. Cummins,	14	7 00
A. Cresswell & Co. (liq.),	13	15 00
D. S. Bell, (liquor),	13	15 00
William Couch, (liq.),	14	7 00
<i>Morris.</i>		
S. P. Wallace & Co.,	13	10 00
George H. Steiner,	13	10 00
<i>Porter.</i>		
S. Hatfield & Son,	13	10 00
James Irvin & Co.,	13	10 00
<i>Shirleysburg Borough.</i>		
Allen O. Brown,	13	10 00
John Long,	13	10 00
John Lutz, (liquor),	14	10 50
Henry Brewster,	13	10 00
David Fraker,	14	7 00
<i>Shirley Township.</i>		
Samuel H. Bell,	13	10 00
<i>Springfield.</i>		
Madden & Blair,	13	10 00
<i>Tod.</i>		
Reuben Trexler's heirs,	14	7 00
Likely,	14	7 00
<i>Walker.</i>		
Jas. Campbell, (liquor),	13	15 00
Simon Ake,	14	7 00
Given & Orlady,	13	10 00
<i>West.</i>		
Hunter & Co. Neff's Mill,	13	10 00
Hunter & Co. Petersbg's,	13	10 00
A. & N. Cresswell,	13	10 00
<i>Warriorsmark.</i>		
Benjamin F. Patton,	13	10 00
A. Stevens,	13	10 00

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** to the above named Dealers in Merchandize, that I will attend at the Commissioners' Office, in the borough of Huntingdon, on Tuesday, the 13th day of April next, for the purpose of hearing persons who may desire to appeal from the above classification, as to the amount of their sales for the previous year.

Those of the 12th class are estimated to sell to the amount of \$10,000 and less than \$15,000; those of the 13th class, to the amount of \$5,000 and less than \$10,000; those of the 14th class to an amount less than \$5,000. When liquors are sold, fifty per cent. in addition is charged.

**W. S. AFRICA,**  
Appr. of Mercantile Taxes.  
ALL persons interested, are hereby notified, that Jacob Shinefelt, committee of John Shinefelt, a lunatic, has filed in the Prothonotary's office of Huntingdon county, his account of the execution of said trust, which will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county for confirmation on the second Monday of April next.

**JAMES STEEL,**  
Prothonotary.

## POETICAL.

### TO A SISTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DEAR SISTER!—while the wise and sage  
Turn coldly from my playful page,  
And count it strange that ripened age  
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;  
I know that thou wilt judge aright  
Of all which makes the heart more light,  
Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!  
Swing wide the moon-lit gate of dreams!  
Leave far once more the land which teems  
With wonders and romances!  
Where thou, with clear-discerning eyes,  
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
Beneath the quaintly masking guise  
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set  
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret  
The roots of spectral beeches:  
Again the heart-fire glimmers o'er  
Home's white-washed wall and painted floor,  
And young eyes widening to the lore  
Of fairy folk and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain  
Which lights that holy heart again,  
And, calling back from care and pain,  
And Death's funeral sadness,  
Draws round its old, familiar blaze  
The clustering groups of happier days,  
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And knowing how my life hath been  
A weary work of tongue and pen,  
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men,  
Thou wilt not chide my turning,  
To coo, at times, an idle rhyme,  
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,  
Or listen to Life's noon-day chime  
For the sweet-bells of Morning!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was so terribly cold—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening of the year—New Year's Eve. On this dark evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they! They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were so large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself.

The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day—no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast. The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily around her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast goose in the street! It was New Year's eve, and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but still she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her—and it was as cold at home; they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundles, strike it on the wall and warm her fingers. She drew one out—*ritch!* how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame, like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat before a large iron stove, with brass balls on the top; the fire burnt so nicely, and warmed so well. Nay, what was that? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them too; then the flame went out, the stove vanished—she sat with the stump of the burnt match in her hand. Another was struck, it burnt, it shone, and when the light reflected upon the wall, it became as transparent as crystal, and she looked directly into the room where the roasted goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, steamed so temptingly on the table, which was laid out and covered with shining white cloth and porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprang off the dish, and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back; it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the

match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas tree—it was still larger and more ornamented than she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's the last Christmas; a thousand candles burnt in the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher, she saw they were bright stars—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone has been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall; it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh, I know you will be gone away when the match goes out—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas tree!" and she struck in haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle—she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high in splendor and in joy, and there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety—they were with God!

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile around her mouth, dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen; in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's.

### WORKING GIRLS.

Happy girls—who cannot but love them! With cheeks like the rose, bright eyes and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work. Our reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives.—Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day and live to follow the fashions, who never earn the bread they eat and the shoes they wear—who are languid and lazy from one week's end to the other. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mincing along, or jump a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or fly. They have no affectation—no silly airs about them.—When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being and not a painted, fallen angel.

If girls knew how sadly they miss it while they endeavor to show off their unsold skins, and put on a thousand airs—they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies, who are so far above them in intelligence—in honor—in everything—as the heavens are above the earth. Be wise, then, you who have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf and begin, though late, to live and act as human beings—as companions to immortal man, and not playthings and dolls; in no other way can you be happy and subserve the designs of your existence.

### A FLIGHT OF BUZZARDS.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal learns from a correspondent at Missouri, Pike county, of the sudden appearance in that vicinity of an immense flight of the great American Vulture, of several miles in length, and containing millions of these aerial scavengers—they were a long time in passing, and in millions, at some time to darken the whole horizon. The writer says they came nearly from due north, and steered nearly south; he said the whole element was darkened; some flew so low as to be within the limits of the boughs of the tallest trees, others so high as scarcely to be seen; the train supposed to be about two miles long; at one time the whole canopy seemed to be darkened with these birds from east to west, north to south, from the top of trees to as high as the sight could reach, was one dark cloud. Many of the inhabitants thought it ominous of dire calamities. One opinion was that it prognosticated a great slaughter of our forces in Mexico.

### JOHN RANDOLPH, THE ORATOR OF VIRGINIA.

We extract as follows from the life of John Randolph, by L. Sawyer:—"The most difficult part remains to be performed, a description of Mr. Randolph's character. This has been in a partial manner developed, as we have proceeded by degrees to unfold his political and private life, so that the reader may form a tolerable estimate of his pretensions in the two-fold relation in which he has been presented. "Take him all in all, he was a man whose like we may never see again."

He was "*sui generis*," and as such, it is next to impossible for the biographer to classify or fix his proper rank in the scale of human destiny. It is difficult to find a parallel (the usual recourse of Plutarch and his successors) to draw a comparison between him and any known personage in ancient or modern times, as a more familiar and invariable standard from which to infer their respective merits, and thus form a correct and impartial decision.

From what is known and admitted by juxtaposition or contrast, we might be enabled by induction, to learn what was before unknown. He was elevated so high above his contemporaries by the greatness and originality of his genius, like a "winged Mercury newly alighted on a heaven-kissing hill," as well as from his strong aristocratic prejudices, his pride and selfish qualities, that we are not permitted to approach near enough to catch the delicate lineaments of his physiognomy.

As an orator, he was more splendid than solid; as a politician, he wanted the profound views of a great statesman; and a large stock of patience, gentleness and pliability, to lead and guide a party successfully in its struggle for power, while he was too intolerant and indocile to be led by one, or to go through the drillings and discipline required as regular in the ranks. He was incapable of the confinement, the application, and the drudgery of office. His genius, to use one of his favorite figures, (which is not original, but borrowed from Swift,) might be compared to a fine edged knife, used for the common purpose of severing paper, that is apt to slip or turn aside from the right line, and endanger the hand of the operator, while a man of moderate abilities, but of business habits, who might be likened to an ivory folder, will go through the task smoothly and steadily, though of a duller edge or of more homely material.

He wanted consistency of political conduct as well as a uniform and acknowledged code of principles, and no party could, during the short period of his fortuitous junction, calculate upon any two successive votes, when the emergency arose that required them. He was possessed of a fine taste for literature, a general reader, a ripe scholar, particularly in the department of Belles Lettres; by which acquisitions he was well supplied with apt illustrations to embellish and enrich his oratory. He levied his contributions from the wide dominions of ancient and modern literature, with the undisputed authority of a conqueror, which he stored away in his capacious memory, as an inexhaustible magazine, to distribute with judicious discrimination upon every subject that arose in debate. Although in the course of his long political career of more than thirty years, he spoke volumes, and some of his speeches towards the close of it were verbose and irrelevant, yet he never failed during some part of them to arouse and astonish his audience by some classic allusions, happy similes, "some thoughts that breathed and words that burned," some beautiful and striking metaphor, and most mellifluous & harmonious periods."

**MECHANICS.**—They are the palace-builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry. Not an edifice for devotion, for business or comfort, but bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their calling—how sublime is their vocation!—Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men—who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race!—Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown.

**A HIT AT WIDOWS.**—It is said that on a certain time, a Chinese widow being found fanning the grave of her husband, was asked why she performed so singular an operation. She said she had promised not to marry again while the grave remained damp, and that as it dried very slowly, she saw no harm in assisting in the process.

### SCRAPS OF CURIOUS INFORMATION.

It is said that the most extraordinary instances of corpulency occur in England. One of the most remarkable instances was that of Mr. Bright, a tallow chandler of Maiden, in Essex, who died in the 29th year of his age, Nov. 12, 1753. Seven persons of the common size were easily enclosed in his waistcoat. A stocking which was too small for him was large enough to hold a child four years old. He was comely in person and affable in manners; he weighed forty-two stone and twelve pounds. The celebrated Daniel Lambert, who was much older weighed ten stone more than Mr. Bright; he died in 1809.

Currants were first introduced into England in 1533. They were brought from Zante. The Barberry bush was brought to this country for the purpose of making hedges. Its tendency to spread into the fields soon made it be regarded as a nuisance. We believe it was first planted in Brookline, from whence it has gradually advanced into the interior.

Forks were in use in Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, according to Voltaire. A writer of travels in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says: "At Venice each person was served (besides his knife and spoon) with a fork to hold the meat, while he cuts it, for they deem it ill manners that one should touch it with his hand." Another writer, A. D. 1608, after describing the manner of using forks in Italy, adds:—"I myself have thought it good to imitate the Italian fashion since I came home to England."

Almonds are said to have come into England first from Barbary, about 1548; Apples from Syria, about 1522; Apricots from Epirus, about 1540; Cherries from Pontus, as early as A. D. 100; Gooseberries from Flanders, before 1540; Grapes from Portugal 1528; Mulberries from Italy, 1520; Peaches from Persia, 1572; Plums from Italy, 1522; Quinces from Austria, 1573; Strawberries from Flanders, 1530; Raspberries from Virginia, before 1696.

The origin of Rice is traced to Ethiopia; that of Buckwheat to Asia; of Asparagus to Asia; of Horseradish to China; of Potatoes to Brazil; of Cabbage to Holland; of Parsely to Egypt; of Beans to Greece; of Peas to Spain.

Historians relate that the Emperor Maximus was 8 feet and 6 inches in height. In the reign of Claudian, a man was brought out of Arabia, 9 feet 9 inches tall. John Middleton, born in Lancashire, England, was 9 feet 3 inches high. Patrick Cotter, the celebrated Irish Giant, born in 1761, was 8 feet 7 inches in height.

Needles were first manufactured in England by a negro from Spain, during the reign of Queen Mary the bloody.—At his death the art was lost, and not recovered again till 1569, in the reign of Elizabeth, when Elias Growse, a German, according to the chronicle Stowe, taught the art to the English.

### NEW PLAN OF COURTSHIP.

At a wedding, recently celebrated, were some twenty-five young persons, all of them in a condition which, for various reasons, they generally concurred in regarding as undesirable, viz: *the unengaged*. One of the gentlemen of the party suspected the prevalence among them of feelings, that might easily be exchanged for others infinitely more fixed and agreeable. He accordingly proposed the selection of a President, a person worthy of all confidence, whose duty it should be to receive from each individual a folded paper inscribed with the name of the person handing it in, and also with the name of another person, of the other sex, whom the first would be willing to marry. The President, in addition to the restraints of his own sense and honor, was to be put under a solemn pledge of eternal secrecy. All refusing to accede to the proposition, were for the time to leave the room.—Those whose choice was reciprocal, that is, whose papers contained the *same two names*, were to be privately informed; while the selections of the others were to remain undisclosed. The result was that the trial was made—all shared in the experiment—and eleven people were found to have made themselves happy, and their several unions were subsequently consummated.

☞ An inquisitive country gentleman once accosted a boy who was feeding pigs, thus:

"Boy, whose pigs are those?"  
"The sow's, sir."  
"Well, then, whose sow is it?"  
"Father's."  
"Well, well—who's your father?"  
"If you will mind the pigs, I will run home and ask my mother."

☞ He who loves none but himself cannot expect any one to love him.