

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

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## POETICAL.

### TO WHO! TO WHO!

'Twas on a cold autumnal night,  
A dismal one to view;  
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus' light,  
And not a star appeared in sight,  
As the thick forest thro'  
Muggins—as usual—"blue,"  
Beat homeward "tacking" left and right;  
When all at once he "brought up," right  
Against an old dead yew;  
At which he "rounded to,"  
And "squaring off" as if for fight,  
Said with an oath I shan't indite,  
—"Infernal scoundrel you!  
'Light—an' I'll lick you—black or white!"  
Just then above him flew  
An owl, which on a branch did light,  
A few feet o'er the booby wight,  
And then commenced "To whoo—  
Te-whoot—Te-whoot—Te-who!"  
Quoth Muggins—"Don't you think to fright  
A fellow of my weight and height  
With your Te-whoot-ter whoo,  
You cursed bugaboo!  
An' if you're Belzebub, it's quite  
Un-necessary you should "light—  
For Muggins ain't your "due."  
My money matters are all right!—  
THE PRIESTER'S PAID UP—HONOR BRIGHT!"  
Threaten the Owl with "dread;  
And Muggins mizzled too;  
But there are other chaps who might  
Be caught out late some dismal night,  
Who HAVEN'T PAID WHAT'S DUE!"  
They know—to WHO, TO WHO!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LOVE OR MONEY.

BY BUZZ.

Bob Harney was a young man of very social temperament; and this fondness for society led him into associations, by no means improving to his purity or his purse. He soon ran through his patrimony; but having a kind brother, he was enabled to make another start in the world.

Again his habits reduced him; and again his brother assisted in his recovery. But what tyrants our evil practices are. Bob soon had additional evidence of this truth. His prodigality brought him down again; and to make his situation more desolate, his brother having determined to see what effect throwing him on his own energies would have, refused him any farther aid.

"What shall I do now?" ruminated Bob. "My brother has declined being my banker, and there is no other person I can think of trusting to so responsible an office. I must take care of my own funds. Yes, I see I must advocate the sub-treasury. But the treasury is empty; and something must be done to increase the revenue. Let's see; what shall it be? Overseeing? No; that won't do, unless over my own negroes; and these I don't happen to have just now. Hard work of some kind! This I could never endure. Speculation? Yes; that's the idea; but in what! capital might be necessary; and this, like negroes, has stepped out!" "Ah! I have it now," continued Bob, after a few moments deep reflection; "I'll speculate in matrimony. A matter o' money—just the thing for me."

The next week found Bob in a fine carriage, drawn by a pair of excellent horses, with driver and out-rider to match. These he had succeeded in borrowing from his brother; and he was now speculating in matrimony.

His course lay towards Charleston; and the second night, after his leaving home, came upon him just as he was opposite the residence of a rich widow, some miles from that city. The lateness of the hour was sufficient apology for his requesting accommodations for the night. These were readily granted; and soon his heavy trunks, that required two strong negroes to carry, were in the house; and himself seated at a cheering supper.

The lady was social. She new his family, by reputation, and from him learned that he was on his way to Charleston to purchase negroes, of which she thought the weight of his trunks good evidence. His departure next morn-

ing was accompanied with an invitation to call upon his return. But a few days had elapsed when he was back. He reported the market unfavorable to present purchases, and seemed disposed to visit while waiting for a change in it.

He remained in the neighborhood a few days; but these were enough, in which to settle the fate of a rich young man in the estimation of that young widow. They were engaged. Bob postponed the purchase of negroes for the present, and began preparing himself for the wedding.

The matrimonial ceremonies were performed, and Bob, by promising faithfulness in the duties of a husband, became master of a large fortune.

The next morning, as the mild rays of the sun spread a brightness through their room, the husband awoke, raised himself upon his elbow, and gazing intently upon the placid and handsome features of his wife seemed in deep reverie. He aroused himself, and imprinting a kiss upon her rose-bud lips, awakened her.

"My dear," said Mr. Harney, repeating the delightful salutation, "my dear, have you married me for love or money?"  
"For love, of course, my dear," said Mrs. Harney, throwing her soft arms around her husband's neck, and pressing him affectionately to her bosom. Mr. Harney reciprocated her embrace, and very calmly said:

"Well, then, I am exceedingly glad to hear it, my dear—for I have not got the first dime."

Bob sent back his brother's carriage, horses, driver and out-rider; and of the "rocks" he had in his trunks, made a pavement before the door—the stepping stones to his fortune. Finding herself sure enough married, his wife made every effort to make her husband happy and to be so herself; nor did she fail.—Bob made, under her tuition, an excellent husband, and became a man of superior domestic business habits.—St. Louis Revue.

### A NEW PHILOSOPHY.

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

What nincompoop was it that invented those lines? The idea is perfectly preposterous. We deny the truth of the whole assertion, and will prove that we are correct.

Happiness is the end and object of our existence. Well, friend reader, imagine yourself snugly ensconced in bed—the curtains drawn, the mosquitoes fed, the cold north wind howling around your door, the hour, 5 o'clock in the morning; you turn over on your right side, yawn and prepare to leave your luxurious couch—your "better half" throws her white arms around your neck, and whispers in an insinuating tone of voice—

"My dear, don't get up yet; there's no hurry this morning; it's so cold!" You take her advice, kiss the nectar off her rosy lips, tuck the blanket in at the sides, and once more you are wrapt in Elysium. There's happiness for you—the aim of human wisdom is but to attain happiness, and he who attains it with the least possible exertion is certainly a very wise man. Ergo, the man who lies abed on a cold winter morning, is both happy and wise.

We have disproved two of the assertions, so now for the third: "Makes a man wealthy," &c. A single illustration which we can adduce, will show the utter fallacy of this assumption.

A certain man was reproving his son for slothfulness, and among other things he told him that in walking out one morning very early, he had found a purse full of money.

"Ah! my dear father," said the astute youngster, "but the person who lost it must have been up before you."

So, good reader, if you have a "spare rib" by your side, we advise you to lie closely in bed these cold mornings, at least until the fire is made, for we have clearly proved that there is neither wealth, wisdom nor happiness in early rising; this we have found from sad experience. And if you are not blessed with a rib, we advise you by all means to get one as soon as possible; for be assured that then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate the feeling manner in which we speak of the joys of "a little more sleep and a little more slumber," and a little more folding of the arms across the breast.—Georgia Herald.

A sleepy deacon who sometimes indulged in popular games, hearing the minister use the words "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Hold on—it is my deal!"

A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed at the letter A and asked him if he knew it, "Yes sir." "Well, what is it?" "I know it very well by sight, but I don't know it by name."

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## SHORT PATENT SERMON.

The following are the words of my text:

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself—  
Myself it said unto me,  
Beware of thyself, take care of thyself,  
For nobody cares for thee.

My hearers, 'That this is a selfish world every one finds out about as soon as he ceases sucking and begins to watch for bread and butter. Even the little pigs know it as they root each other aside, and scramble over one another's backs, to get at the swill trough. The lame chicken, too, feels it most lamentably as he hobbles along far in the rear of his flock, and arrives, in time just to be too late for the last crumb; and when a hungry hawk darts among them, he must look out for himself or he is a gone chicken. What do the other chickens care for his safety or welfare? Not a gravel stone. In the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, you behold my friends, a dark picture of selfishness, unilluminated by a single ray of mutual kindness or common sympathy—and mankind presents one equally as dark. The thistles of selfishness overspread the whole social, moral, political and religious world; and as for eradicating them, you might as well undertake to dig the "root of all evil" (the love of money) from the human heart with the pickaxe of theoretical piety.

My friends—years ago—after wandering about the world, and inspecting its complicated machinery—often foolishly putting faith in professed friendship—often, having discovered the main-spring of all human actions—I sat down upon the stump of consideration, and I talked to myself; myself talked to me, and we both talked together. We came to the conclusion that, as the devil was after everybody, everybody must look after himself. So I buttoned up my coat, took out my jack-knife, and cut me a stick of independence, and trudged along—caring a fig for nobody, since nobody cared a pumpkin-seed for me.—What is friendship, my brethren! It is a bee that sucks only when there is honey to be got, and carries the treasure to its own hive; a shadow upon the dial—present when shines the sun of prosperity, and absent when lower the clouds of adversity; a useless dog—always about when not needed, but out of whistling distance when wanted the most.—In short, as my friend Goldsmith says, friendship is but a name; a charm that lulls one into a dangerous sleep; a shadow, that follows Wealth and Fame, and leaves poor drudge-tail Poverty to get out of the mud and mire the best way she can.

Individual!—beware of yourself—take care of yourself! You know what human nature is: immutable as a mountain, unalterable as a gelding, and unchangeable as a bad dollar bill. Therefore, belong to no society established for mutual assistance. Such societies are for the benefit of a few, not for the mass. They may drop a blessing here and there, into the laps of the really deserving; but, in the abstract, they are all fiddle-sticks. They are calculated to encourage laziness and engender carelessness. They act as an opiate to ambition, and a paralyzer to the arm of industry. The friendship of such societies is a charm that lures to sleep. Believe in no Foolerite doctrine of Socialism. It is all very pretty to dream about Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson; but you can't make the system work, till men are furnished with new and different hearts—human nature turned inside out—and love of lucre, and a desire to emulate and excel, are eradicated from every bosom: which can never be—and, therefore, let Heaven be plastered with praises!

The world was made to progress—propel—and the Almighty never intended our first parents and their children to be pent up in a garden patch, with nothing to do but lounge, sleep and stay their stomachs with the spontaneous productions of the earth. Were it so, how much higher position should we now occupy in the scale of being than the brute creation? Not two inches.—No, it is intended that we should advance, spread, expatiate; and so the God of Nature has implanted in each individual ambitious desires, a love of self-aggrandizement, and an ardent desire to rise, in some way, superior to his fellow-mortals around him; and all he wants is plenty of elbow room, a clear track, and no favor from your dull, plodding philosophers, who, because they can't keep up themselves, insist upon all taking hold of hands and jogging on together.

My young friends, I wish to impress it upon your minds that others don't care so much for you as you may imagine.—They, no doubt, would like to see you do well in this world; but they are not going five miles out of the way to do you a good turn. So if you wish to at-

tain the summit of honor, wealth and distinction, you must spit upon your hands, stick in your toe-nails, and climb away, without waiting for somebody to give you a boost. You can accomplish a great deal, if you have only a mind to try; and the best way to make you try, is to convince you of the fact that you can never fatten upon the friendship of a hollow and deceitful world, which is so freely bestowed because it costs nothing, and is worth nothing to nobody. As soon might you think of getting a corporation by inhaling the steam from a dinner-pot, or going to bed and dreaming of doing homage to the beauty of a beef-stake. I say unto you, my friends, make an effort to take care of yourselves individually, and you'll probably do it; but should sickness come upon you unawares, and hang on like a bull-dog—should you sink deeper in the mire of misfortune at every effort to extricate yourselves—while patience is perishing and hope is dying—then call upon Heaven for fortitude; upon Charity for a penny, and upon me for advice; and verily you shall be attended to. So mote it be!  
Dow, Jr.

### GEN. TAYLOR'S PONY.

Gen. Taylor's mare at Victoria was about a mile above that of Gen. Patterson, and between the two the Tennessee cavalry were encamped. Gen. Taylor was riding from his quarters to Gen. Patterson's one day, upon a beautiful Mexican pony, and on his route passed close to a Tennessee trooper, who was rubbing down his horse. Totally ignorant of the rank of the plainly dressed old man, and struck by the beauty of his animal, he accosted him with, "Look here, stranger, wouldn't you like to swap that ar' pony?"

"No, friend," quietly responded the General; "he is a favorite nag of mine, and I do not desire to part with him."  
A comrade of the trooper's recognizing the General, said to him in an under tone, "Bill, you d—d fool, don't you know you're talkin' to? that's General Taylor."

Now Bill regarding General "Old Rough and Ready" as the greatest man on the face of the smiling earth, was terrified at finding that he had put his foot in it, and stammered out, "G—g—general, I—I—I didn't know it was you—I b—beg p—pardon, G—general." The old commander kindly offered his hand to the trooper to relieve him from his embarrassment, inquired his name and residence, complimented the Tennesseans, telling him that he found them the bravest of the brave, and rode quietly on.

On the march of Gen. Taylor's division from Monterey to Victoria, when encamped near a small town, this same pony was stolen, and the General immediately despatched a message to the alcalde, informing that worthy functionary of the fact, and that if he was not restored he should take the priest's horse. The threat had the desired effect, for in a very short space of time the pony was trotted up to the General's tent, "with the compliments of the alcalde."

BE HUMBLE.—What has man to boast of? Honors tarnish, and wealth takes wings. A few days—a sigh—a disappointment—a groan—and human life is gone. We flutter on the stage of existence—look about for a few moments—pluck a flower to-day and a thorn to-morrow—and drop off and are gone. The child that is born to-day crowds off the sire of yesterday, and is himself forgotten to-morrow. Such is life.

"A little rule—a little sawy,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day—  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave!"

wrote John Dyer more than a century ago, and the lines are as true now as when they were penned. Be humble, then, O man! boast not wealth and honor, strive not for possessions and renown, for ere the dawning of another day, the mandate may have gone forth, and you be swept from the stage of life.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:—

"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how much is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the Gospel."

## GOV. CORWIN'S SPEECH.

The National Intelligencer contains the speech of Gov. Corwin in a revised form, from which we extract the closing part:

"Mr. President: If the history of our race has established any truth, it is but a confirmation of what is written; 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' Inordinate ambition, wantoning in power, and spurning the humble maxims of justice, ever has, and ever will end in ruin. Strength cannot always trample on weakness—the humble shall be exalted—the bowed down will at length be lifted up. It is by faith in the law of strict justice and the practice of its precepts, that nations alone can be saved. All the annals of the human race, sacred and profane, are written over this great truth in characters of living light. It is my fear, my fixed belief, that in this invasion, this war with Mexico, we have forgotten this vital truth. Why is it that we have been drawn into this whirlpool of war? How clear and strong was the light that shone upon the path of duty a year ago! The last disturbing question with England was settled—our power extended its peaceful sway from the Atlantic to the Pacific: from the Alleghenies we looked out upon Europe, and from the tops of the Stony Mountains we could descry the shores of Asia; a rich commerce with all the nations of Europe poured wealth and abundance into our lap on the Atlantic side, while an unoccupied commerce of three hundred millions of Asiatics waited on the Pacific for our enterprise to come and possess it. One hundred millions of dollars will be wasted in this fruitless war. Had this money of the people been expended in making a railroad from your Northern lakes to the Pacific, as one of your citizens has begged of you in vain, you would have made a highway for the world between Asia and Europe. Your capital would then be within thirty or forty days' travel of any and every point on the map of the civilized world. Through this great artery of trade you could have carried through the heart of your own country the teas of China and the spices of India to the market of England and France. Why, why, Mr. President, did we abandon the enterprises of peace, and betake ourselves to the barbarous achievement of war? Why did we forsake this fair and fertile globe beaten on that moor?"

"But, Mr. President, if further acquisition of territory is to be the result either of conquest or treaty, then I scarcely know which should be preferred—eternal war with Mexico, or the hazards of internal commotion at home, which last I fear may come, if another province is to be added to our territory. There is one topic connected with this subject which I tremble when I approach, and yet I cannot forbear to notice it. It meets you in every step you take, it threatens you which way soever you go in the prosecution of this war. I allude to the question of slavery. Opposition to its further extension, it must be obvious to every one, is a deeply rooted determination with men of all parties in what we call the non-slaveholding States. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, three of the most powerful, have already sent their legislative instructions here—so it will be, I doubt not, in all the rest. It is vain now to speculate about the reasons for this. Gentlemen of the South may call it prejudice, passion, hypocrisy, fanaticism. I shall not dispute with them now on that point. The great fact that it is so, and not otherwise, is what it concerns us to know. You nor I cannot alter or change this opinion if we would. These people only say, we will not, cannot consent that you shall carry slavery where it does not already exist. They do not seek to disturb you in that institution; as it exists in your States. Enjoy it if you will, and as you will.—This is their language, their determination. How is it in the South? Can it be expected that they should expend in common, their blood and their treasure, in the acquisition of immense territory, and then willingly forego the right to go with their slaves, and inhabit the conquered country if they please to do so? Sir, I know the feelings and opinions of the South too well to calculate on this. Nay, I believe they would even contend to any extremity for the mere right, had they no wish to exert it. I believe (and I confess I tremble when the conviction presses upon me) that there is equal obstinacy on both sides of this fearful question.

"If, then, we persist in war, which, if it terminate in anything short of a mere wanton waste of blood as well as money, must end (as this bill proposes) in the acquisition of territory, to which at once this controversy must attach, this bill would seem to be nothing less than a bill to produce internal commotion. Should we prosecute this war another moment, or expend one dollar in

the purchase or conquest of a single acre of Mexican land, the North and the South are brought into collision on a point where neither will yield. Who can foresee or foretell the result? Who so bold or so reckless as to look such a conflict in the face unmoved? I do not envy the heart of him who can realize the possibility of such a conflict without emotions too painful to be endured.—Why, then, shall we, the representatives of the sovereign States of this Union, the chosen guardians of this confederated Republic, why should we precipitate this fearful struggle, by continuing a war, the results of which must be to force us at once upon it? Sir, rightly considered, this is treason, treason to the Union, treason to the dearest interests, the loftiest aspirations, the most cherished hopes of our constituents. It is a crime to risk the possibility of such a contest. It is a crime of such infernal hue that every other in the catalogue of iniquity, when compared with it, whitens into virtue.

"Oh, Mr. President, it does seem to me, if hell could yawn and vomit up the fiends that inhabits its penal abodes, commissioned to disturb the harmony of this world, and dash the fairest prospect of happiness that ever allured the hopes of men, the first step in the consummation of this diabolical purpose would be to light up the fires of internal war and plunge the sister States of this Union into the bottomless gulf of civil strife. We stand this day on the crumbling brink of that gulf—we see its bloody eddies wheeling and boiling before us—shall we not pause before it be too late? How plain again is here the path, I may add, the only way of duty, of prudence, of true patriotism. Let us abandon all idea of acquiring further territory, and by consequences cease at once without our acknowledged limits. Show Mexico that you are sincere when you say you desire nothing by your conquest. She has learned that she cannot encounter you in war, and, if she had not, she is too weak to disturb you here. Tender her peace; and, my life on it, she will then accept. Let us, then, close forever the approaches of internal feud, and so return to the ancient concord and the old ways of national prosperity and permanent glory. Let us here, in this temple consecrated to this Union, perform a solemn illustration; let us wash Mexican blood from our hands, and on these altars, in the presence of that image of the Father of his Country that looks down upon us, swear to preserve honorable peace with all this world, and eternal brotherhood with each other."

A HOME THRUST.—The London Times says, it was a cruel speech of the Frenchman, but a true one nevertheless, when he said—"Your Englishman knows all about Timbuctoo, or Hindoostan, or the frozen neighborhood of the North Pole, but ask him about Ireland, the country lying next his own, and he is perfectly innocent of any information on the subject." Africa he investigates—Ireland he neglects. He weeps for the sufferings of the negroes, but allows his Irish fellow subjects to live in ignorance and filth, and to die of starvation.

THOUGHT FOR REFLECTION.—It is stated that the segars smoked in the United States amount to \$10,000,000 annually. This expense, great as it is, is incurred by boys and young men principally, and would support 50,000 of their number in the process of obtaining a liberal education, at \$200 per annum!

The following concise and appropriate prayer was once offered in the Michigan Legislature, by a French chaplain:

"O Lor! Bless de peeps and their servant de representatives. May dey make laws for de peeps and not for demselves—Amen."

There is such abundant good sense in that prayer that the most sturdy opposer of mixing religion and politics might be reconciled to hearing it repeated every morning.

"Well, my umbrella is a regular Catholic." "How so?" "Because it always keeps Lent."

Father Ritchie, of the Washington Union, says he "won't accept the Vice Presidency of the United States." Sour grapes!

The Louisville Journal says that a recently appointed surgeon in the United States Army, was a day or two ago cowed in the streets of that city by a female.

Judge KANE (of the Tariff swindle notoriety) has appointed his son Thomas Lieper Kane, Clerk of the U. S. District Court, in room of Francis Hopkinson, removed.