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BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WHOLE NO. 587.

TERMS.

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POETICAL.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

"Hark!—The Sound is in our Highways."

FLOUR IN IRELAND \$10 PER BARREL—SOLDIERS IN MEXICO \$7 PER MONTH.

"Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"—Hoop.

Hark!—the sound is in our highways—
"Tis the rolling drum and fife
Leading down to Death's wild deserts,
Martia! catavans of life!
With a visage grim and solemn,
How the plumed host departs!
There's a blood scent in their nostrils,
"Tis the blood of their own hearts!
Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,
Human cattle very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico.

They are marching by the chapel,
And their measured foot-falls say—
"Toll the passing bell, good Sexton,
We are passing quite away!"
Toll the bell—from this long journey
Few who go shall e'er come back!
Toll, oh toll, so those who mourn us
May put on their weeds of black!
Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,
Human cattle very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico.

In the East a nation crieth—
"We are starving—send us bread!"
In the South red warleth—
"I am hungry for the dead!"
Saxon herds for foreign markets
They are bought and sent away;
But the ox upon the shambles
Brings a higher price than they!
Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,
Human cattle very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Yankee Doodle.]

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF JONATHAN.

CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass in those days that James the First reigned over the nation of Jonathan, in the room of John surnamed captain. (Now John had not died, but had gone to the Old Dominion and was burned alive with his fathers, and no man sought after him.) But James the King did evil exceedingly, beyond all that the Kings who had gone before him had done. For he appointed tax gatherers who did sorely vex and trouble the people; he, also, sought to root out the makers of cotton and linen, and woolen, and iron goods, and grievously harassed the shepherds and husbandmen. Moreover, he mightily stirred up the hearts of the people to war, and thought in his heart to make the children of his younger sister, whose lands were near unto him, bondsmen, and tax payers.

Now it was in this wise, that the King caused the war; his younger sister had a vineyard near to the river Sabne, fair and good to look upon. And behold, when King James looked upon the vineyard, and saw it was a place to be desired, abounding in darkies and creoles, and flowing with sugar and molasses, straightway he coveted it exceeding much, and seized upon it, and annexed it to the lands of Jonathan—seeking an occasion against his sister. But his younger sister suffered long, and would not lift up her hand against Jonathan: wherefore, the King waxed wroth, and blasphemed, and swore vehemently she should fight.

Then he commanded Zachariah, the captain of his host, a valiant man, in whom was the spirit of wisdom, to take three thousand chosen men, and march into the land of his sister, (but the King straitly charged him that he should declare to the children of his sister that the land was Jonathan's; and "I also," said the King, "will swear the same thing to the counsellors of Jonathan, when they meet together to talk.") But the King himself went not to the war, but remained home eating and drinking. Moreover, the King ordered Winfield, the Chief Captain of all his host, to re-

pair to his post; now the raiment of Winfield was the finest of sheep's wool, and his meat was a "hasty plate of soup." Moreover, Winfield was advanced in years, and had cut his eye teeth, and kept his eye knocked both ways, and he reasoned with himself, saying: "I shall obey the King, then will the enemy open upon me in front, and the King and his company shall assault me in the back, and the place shall become too hot for me and my travellings, for the land of Jonathan shall be naught."

And behold as he pondered on these things, and sipped "his hasty plate of soup," his spirit waxed warm within him, and his choler rose, and he straightway declared unto the King, he would be hanged if he would budge an inch.—Then was the King wroth and said unto him, "the Whigs do so to me and more, also, if I don't play the devil with thee for this!" Nevertheless, the word of the King prevailed not against him.

But the war displeased Horace the Fourierre, and he railed vehemently against the King, and cursed him in his heart, and taught the people also to hate him. Now Horace was a mighty scribe, neither regarded he the apparel of any man.

CHAPTER II.

Now Zachariah did many mighty acts and smote the enemy hip and thigh, and took prisoners the Captains of their host, and very much spoil, of cattle, and sheep, and asses.

But in process of time the treasury of the King was greatly diminished; and he called unto him Robert, the Steward of his household, and said unto him—"wherewith wilt thou provide for the sustenance of the army, and the maintainers of my household?" And the Steward answered and said unto him—"This thing will I do. I will comb my head and anoint my whiskers with oil and put on a sanctimonious air, and go unto the money shavers of Gotham, and it shall be when they behold my face, that their purse-strings shall relax, and they shall replenish the treasuries of my lord the King." And the saying pleased the King well.

So Robert went unto Gotham, unto the seats of the money-changers. And he went unto the chief banker named Flintheart, and besought him saying—"lend now unto me ten thousand talents of gold, and the King will see thee repaid." But Flintheart rolled up the white of his eyes, and answered him saying, "is thy servant green, that he should do this great thing?" Likewise also said all the bankers.

But when the King heard thereof, he was greatly troubled, and wist not what to do. Likewise Marcy the scribe rent his pants.

Now Ritchie, surnamed the 'Father,' was privy counsellor to the King, and the same was a cunning man, and a plausible, and full of all manner of hypocrisy and deceit, and served diligently his father, the devil. And he crept stealthily at midnight unto the King, and said unto him—"why is the countenance of my lord the King cast down? Are not all the people as grass in thy sight? Now therefore let a tax be imposed on tea and coffee, so shall thy treasuries be filled." And the King sought to do according to the word of Ritchie, but the people murmured against him, and would not be taxed.

In those days the spirit moved Zachariah to write a letter to his kinsman, and it was noised abroad through all the land. And the thing troubled the King, and he would have laid hands on Zachariah, but he feared the people; for all the people loved Zachariah, and desired to make him King. But the King made a decree, that whatever soldier should write to his kinsfolk or acquaintance should be hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high. So the land had rest from the scribes and quill-drivers.

AN INDIAN'S IDEA.—The following is an Indian's idea of the Trinity. He had been listening to a missionary:

"When I went home," said he, "I thought and studied long upon what my white brother told me. I was dark, very dark! I could not understand how one should be three, and three should be one. At last I looked around me; I saw water, ice and snow. I called the Father water, the Son ice, and the Holy Ghost snow. There I could see three and one—all water, yet distinctly three forms. I then understood the speech of my white brother, and the Great Spirit he worshipped."

GEN. TAYLOR'S OVERCOAT.—The Albany Statesman is informed by an officer who left Gen. Taylor's army just before the battle of Buena Vista, that this famous coat is a very ancient garment. It was originally blue, from which color it faded to a brown, and lastly to a drab, which hue it still preserves.

HORRORS OF WAR.

The following extract is taken from a recent letter of Wm. C. TONEY, the accomplished Army correspondent of the North American. It was written a few days before the surrender of Vera Cruz to our Army. The remarks on the death of the "grey-haired marine" are touching and beautiful:

"Once more there is a calm. The thundering of artillery has been suspended; and for what think you? Not that the besieged city or its protecting castle have surrendered to the prowess of our arms; nor that the war fiend has tired of his sport, or is sated with blood; not that there are not yet thousands of human lives to be sacrificed to the ambitious aspirations of man, or the just or unjust requirements of nations; but that the neglected fallen, whose hideous corpses, staring the living in the face at every corner-turn of the invested city, may be buried. After four days' holding out, as stupidly as better men could, in a more popular cause, the besieged to-day asked for a short cessation of hostilities, that they might hide in the earth the evidence of their discomfiture. The request was granted by our humane General, and as I write, multitudes are engaged in the sad office, which others may in their turn soon render them.

How this little gleam—this delusive shadow of peace, strips the garb of glory from the shoulders of Mars! You, at home, may preach peace offerings and love and good will from man to man;—you may shudder and turn sick at the accounts that reach you from distant fields; but were you here to see, to know and to feel, what every human man must know, see and feel on this night, you would all turn Quakers, and, with Robert Owen and Elihu Burritt, turn missionaries in the cause of Mind against Matter, Reason against Blows, Forgiveness against Revenge.

I have seen one man's death here that affected me more than all the accounts of blood and carnage which have risen from the purple field trodden by Napoleon. The romantic reverend historian, (T. J. Headley) whose book now lies upon my table, speaks of Hoehndin, of Austerlitz, of Mount Tabor, and Genoa, in terms which shear them of their horrors and arouse the smooth streams of peace into lashing chivalrous rivers, where the laurel shades the cypress with its bright foliage and glory, cost what of life and blood it may, beckons the unresisting sluggard onward toward the glittering goal he is destined, but to paw the road whereon others shall reach it. Even Waterloo, from his pen, receives a coloring which, were he to gaze on the scenes now, passing within the walls of the besieged city, would fade and turn to gore under his own eyes.

One man's death, I spoke of—there have been many here—one man's death. It is a little thing in the eyes of military men; not a soldier received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the hands of the hero of an hundred victories, but has seen thousands die upon the red fields of battle. Yet, in the trenches a day or two ago, a grey-haired marine, while standing within the enclosure of the cemetery where numberless sleepers waked not to his falling footsteps, was cut down, and uttering but one word, died. That word was "mother." How vividly Byron's gladiator was printed upon the brow of that dying man. A stranger, perhaps, to every one around him at the time; the sole staff, perhaps, on which she who bore and nurtured him into manhood leant for support, now "When her eyes grew dim and her locks were grey" he was cut down—and who will know that mother and protect her now?—who will bear to her the tidings that, once broken, may lay her aged head as low as his. Those who stood around knew not his name; perhaps 'tis well they did not, for if echoed by any other than the Archangel's tongue, he will never come to an "attention." Was it his mother? Might it not have been the name his little boy an hundred times a day lisped when asking for its absent parent?

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the fruit of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swarms around him—he is gone."

"He heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude but by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood!"

—But the careless world will say—
"there were officers killed too—why so
much about an unknown soldier?"—
Just this, my philosophic World: it was
a lesson that all the peace pamphlets

printed and circulated by Robert Owen have failed to teach one, at least, who "has gone out into the wars, seeking the shadow whereby the foolish are allured into danger and the vain glorious into defeats and such like disasters; or into victories whereof no lasting good cometh"—as was said by one who wrote before the sun ever peeped daylight into the eyes of Soldier John. Not that no good, temporal or of long endurance, is to follow this war. If I believed that I would get on the "list" immediately; but that I have become pretty strong impressed that nations may settle their quarrels in many ways to much more advantage and with more real honor than by fighting. If one could pick up two kingdoms or republics and crack their heads together, as our schoolmaster used to do with the unruly, under his birchen reign, it would be great saving of human life and public funds, to say nothing of the murderous practice of killing innocent men by legions for the faults of a few wicked breakers of law and honor. These are my battlefield sentiments; but to-morrow's iron storm may disperse them—for I am but a soldier.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

The following, from the Boston Courier, is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day. Similar in style, it is not inferior in point, to Franklin's best:

"When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term "the bracing air of poverty." My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some to whom they would teach their own experiences would sigh. But let me not disturb the veil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe; and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes,—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a daredevil swagger in his gait, of "I'm as good as you" leer in his eye—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well dressed horseman, because he was well dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles, because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies, which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, "A patch on both knees and gloves on."

I still recall the sting of wounded feelings, which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

"That day I wore my gloves no more,"
But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sank deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifices and self-discipline and control, but rather by example, instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means, insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, a patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies be-satined and be-jeweled, cheapening the tools of dressmakers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

SANTA ANNA'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Senors Deputies—I have just taken the oath which the law prescribes, and in doing so, ought to accompany it with a manifestation of my sentiments, and the motives of my conduct to this respectable committee of the legislative body.

The events which have taken place in the capitol are known, and are of such a character as to bind me to give them a speedy and pacific termination. Surrounded by difficulties of all kinds, interested in what is the most important and essential for the whole nation, as is the sustaining of a strong and decided struggle with a foreign power, in which nothing less is involved than the existence of the nation, it would be the best of evils to enter into a contest with those who ought to unite in repelling the common enemy. These discords ought to disappear at the imperious voice of patriotism which calls upon the sons of the country to have but one will and aim.—The moments have been urgent—I have seen the forward steps of the enemy—I have rushed to the field to repel him, and even at the moment of doing so, I have been forced to leave a brave and victorious army, and to come hither to assume a power which I have repeatedly said was repugnant to my feelings, and which I had decided never to undertake.

That which has been and ought to be an object of aspiration and desire, is for me an enormous sacrifice. But I am all for my country and shall ever serve it, without thinking what it may cost me to do that which the nation desired I should do. I have entered upon the Supreme Magistracy because I have seen that it was the sole legal means of terminating the disturbances of this capitol, and because I believe I shall thus be able to facilitate the prosecution of the war, and to save the independence and honor of Mexico, which I wish to present unsullied and brilliant to the world which is beholding us. I have before me the committee of the Sovereign Congress, of that august body whose decisions I have respected, and shall constantly continue to respect. Its decisions will be my invariable guide, and I have firmly resolved to preserve a pure union with the legislative body, which union will give us a final victory and the re-establishment of internal and external peace—on which the happiness of our country depends, and to which we all aspire. The nation has proclaimed the political principles which ought to be the basis of the administration which I wish to establish.

Thus I understand that its strength will be secured on defending itself, and its rights for which its sons have those guarantees which belong to all men, and which civilization claims, and which has been my aim since my return to the country. This will not be denied, and the nation shall see me obedient to its wishes without my having any other rule of conduct than its decisions. As a Mexican and a soldier, I shall always take the same road as the nation, and I aspire to no other title than that of a good citizen, and in speaking of me that it should be said that I always loved my country—that I served it with zeal, and that I sacrificed myself for its good.

STRONG FAITH.

A gentleman from New Orleans relates to us the following anecdote of Gen. Taylor's son, who was there when the news first arrived that his father had been beaten, and the army cut to pieces. He appeared as cool and unconcerned as though the exciting reports no way affected him. A feeling of surprise was excited among his acquaintances, and they asked him what he thought of the news.

He said that he did not believe a word of it. It was answered, it appears very probable; the force against Gen. Taylor is overwhelming; his position is bad; Santa Anna, we fear, has defeated him. Nothing could move the son. He declared it impossible. It did not matter whether Santa Anna had twice as many men. The father, the son was sure, could not be beat, and so he continued calm, while all around were in a fever.

We like a faith like this, and there would be a sublimity in it, if all men would show it in a trusting confidence in a higher Power. "Are you not afraid?" was a question once put to the son of a worshipper of old Neptune, when the winds blew a hurricane, and the waves looked like mountains just ready to fall upon and sink the rolling ship. "Afraid! no!" was the response, my Father is at the helm!" A faith like this might remove mountains, and is akin to that commended and commanded by him whose sublime faith was seen in wonders and miracles.—Pittsburg Gazette.

The Victory at Buena Vista.

The Pennsylvania Inquirer correctly remarks that, "had Gen. TAYLOR fallen back on Monterey, the victory over Santa Anna would have been utterly barren. The Mexican, after defeat, would have returned to Saltillo, where he could have obtained succor and supplies for his force, and to dislodge him another dreadful conflict must have ensued. By defeating him at Buena Vista his army was left without a resting place nearer than San Luis Potosi, distant two hundred and seventy-five miles, and the intervening country principally an arid desert.

That Gen. TAYLOR had well considered the importance of maintaining a position in advance of Saltillo, for the reasons above suggested, as well as to secure against surprise his posts along the Rio Grande, is manifest from his letter to the War Department of the 8th of December last, wherein, speaking of his intended capture of Victoria, he observes that, "after establishing a depot, if it be found practicable, at Soto la Marina, examining the passes of the mountains, and making such dispositions as may be found necessary for the security of the position, it is my intention, unless otherwise instructed, to return with a portion of the regular force and establish my headquarters in advance of Saltillo, which, after all, I consider to be our most important point."

TAYLOR AND POLK.—It was a custom, says the Louisville Journal, of the most cruel and depraved of the Roman Emperors, when their vengeance was excited against an individual, to cast him into an amphitheatre to be torn in pieces by wild beasts. Sometimes, however, it happened that he, whom they would have made a victim, bore himself in the arena, with such desperate bravery that lion and tiger were laid dead at his feet.

Mr. Polk and his Cabinet, jealous of the fame of Gen. Taylor, and burning with vengeance against him, undertook to expose him to inevitable destruction, by thrusting him, with a mere handful of raw volunteers, into the very heart of a hostile country, where he was certain to be attacked by an overwhelming force. But the glorious old General has borne himself unflinchingly through the terrible emergency, triumphing at once over the numerical force of his Mexican assailants, and over the malice and vengeance of the rulers of his own country.

POLK AND SANTA ANNA.—Gen. Santa Anna has paid, at Buena Vista, the first instalment upon the debt he owes our President for sending him back to Mexico. When he gets the \$3,000,000 that Polk is anxious to send him, he will probably be able to make a second payment. It is fortunate for the country, that Gen. Taylor was and will remain in readiness to take Santa Anna's receipts.

RATS.—A red herring firmly fastened by a string to any place where rats usually make their run, will make them leave the place. It is said to be a fact, that a toad placed in a house cellar will have the effect of expelling the intruders.

"Knowest thou not," said a minister to a hard case, "that the wages of sin is death?"
"To be sure I do," was the reply, "but I do all my sinning gratis."