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BY JAMES CLARK:

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POETICAL.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CERRO GORDO.

BY CAPT. G. W. PATTEN.

OH, LET US SLEEP!

Oh, let us sleep awhile to-night!
Our weary limbs with toil are sore;
To-morrow brings the dubious fight—
Peay—and we may have no more!
Beneath the tropic's burning ray
Paint are the hearts' mid strife and care,
All hands, strong nerved to meet the fray,
Drop listless with the sunny air.

Oh give us sleep—a wakeful rest—
A dream which breaks ere scarce begun,
And then our arm shall do its best
To strike until the field be won;
With bosoms fired by martial glow,
And purpose for the combat ripe,
Our strength, renewed, shall proudly show
The glory of the star and stripe.

Oh give us sleep! 'Tis toil severe
Which bids our feet the march restrain—
And we would steal a moment here
To see, in dreams, our home again;
Those homes, alas, far, far away,
Where now, 'mid tears, with trembling tongue,
For us the prayer they nightly say—
For us the Vesper Hymn is sung.

Yes, give us sleep! No doom deny,
Nor pillow soft, nor limbs demand;
We only ask to lay our head
Awhile upon the desert sand.
The night is near—the voice of cheer
To glad our hearts is far away;
To-morrow brings the strife severe—
Oh give us sleep 'till dawn of day!

The subjoined poem was recited not long since by the wit, poet and vocalist, whose name it bears, at one of his Irish Evenings. The impression it made upon the audience showed the power of its author to affect, as well as to amuse.

THE WAR-SHIP OF PEACE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Sweet land of song, thy harp doth hang
Upon the willows now,
While famine's bright and fever's pang
Stamp misery on thy brow;
Yet take thy harp and raise thy voice,
Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
In friends, still left to thee.

Look out, look out across the sea
That girls thy emerald shore,
A ship of war is bound for thee,
But with no warlike store;
Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
That wafts her o'er the fern,
She goes not forth to deal out death,
But bears new life to thee.

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is not unlike
Thy voice of prouder days.
Yet even in sorrow, tuneful still
Let Erin's voice proclaim
In bardic praise, on every hill,
Columbia's glorious name.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF HUME.—This distinguished philosopher was one day passing along a narrow foot path which formerly wound through a boggy piece of ground at the back of Edinburgh Castle, when he had the misfortune to tumble in, and stick fast in the mud. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation; but she, casting one hurried glance at his abbreviated figure, passed on without regarding his request. He shouted lustily after her; and she was at last prevailed upon by his cries to approach. "Are na ye Hume the Deist?" inquired she in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lending him her assistance. "Well, well," said Mr. Hume, "no matter, you know, good woman, Christian charity commands you to do good, even to your enemies. 'Christian charity here, Christian charity there,'" replied the old woman, "I'll do naething for you till you turn a Christian yourself—ye maun first repeat bairn the Lord's Prayer and the Creed; or faith I'll let ye groffle there as I found ye." The sceptic was actually obliged to accord to the woman's terms, ere she would give him her help. He himself used to tell the story with great relish.

INFLUENCE OF GREAT ACTIONS.

Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity of communities.—Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements.—Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its course, with the loss only of so many lives and so much treasure.

But if this is frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil that sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results and call them great, because great things follow.—There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a glittering armour, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness. When the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast; what is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her government and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun.

And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment; he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles as if it was still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.—D. Webster.

PERSEVERANCE.

Of all men, give us the thorough go-ahead Anglo-Saxon, whom no difficulties can subdue, no failure dishearten. It is the mark of a weak mind to despair.—Had Wellington at Waterloo, or Taylor at Buena Vista fallen back, as many other commanders would have done, the day would have been lost; but they had that indomitable perseverance so characteristic of the true Anglo Saxon, and keeping their ground, won victory.—"Hard pounding this," said Wellington, as he threw himself into a square to escape a charge of the French cuirassiers—"hard pounding this, but we will see who can pound the longest." "Fall back—never," exclaimed Gen. Taylor, when, as the column of Mexicans five thousand strong came on, it was proposed that the artillery should take up a new position—"never! but give them a little more grape, Capt. Bragg." In these heroic words we see the secret of success on the part of both of these great commanders. So, in ordinary life, it is the man of dogged resolution who wins the day. One of our wealthiest merchants was once so surrounded with difficulties, from which he saw no escape, that at one time he contemplated insolvency, and had his spirits quailed an instant, he would have gone down to irretrievable ruin; but he kept a firm front, rallied all his resources, and went through the terrible crisis with flying colors. Never despair, young man!—There is always hope. Weak men are subdued by occasions, says a celebrated writer, but great men conquer them.—Memorable words! We may say of life what Byron said of liberty.

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Said Sambo, why am intoxication like a wash bowl? 'Cause it am de-basin.'

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd round that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but a prelude to more pure, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hail with a renewed joy at each succeeding return. 'Tis then the busy din of life ceases; that cares and anxieties are forgotten; that the worn-out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns; with joy looking for the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficially set apart for man's peace and happiness by his Creator.

The tired laborer seeks his own cottage, to which perhaps he has been a stranger the past week, where a loving wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses. Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts, and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man beholds the return of Saturday night, and as gladly seeks among the clustering vines nourished by his paternal care, the reality of those joys which are only his own to know at those peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances; so faithfully and vividly evidenced by this periodical scene of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, has toiled on day after day, to support her little charge; how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of Saturday night, and thank her God for these kind resting places on the way by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

A Few Hints to keep away Hard Times.

Rise early in the morning, and be diligent during the day attending to your own business, and not worrying yourself about your neighbor's concerns.

Give encouragement to home industry, and in all cases give preference to American manufactures over foreign.

Instead of following the fashions of Europeans, cultivate a spirit of independence, and decide for yourselves how your coats, hats and boots shall be made.

Keep out of the streets, unless business calls to transact that which you cannot do in your stores, shops or dwellings.

By all means keep away from drinking and gambling houses, and, above all shun that detestable and despicable loaf-making and rogue-manufacture—the Theatre.

When you buy an article of clothing, study commendable economy; at the same time get a good article, and when made, take particular care of it, and wear it out, regardless of any fashion.—Fashion is a great tyrant, and men are fools to be slaves to it.

Stay at home of nights, improve yourselves by reading, writing, or instructive conversation, and retire to your beds at an early hour.

Be kind to your relations, obliging to your friends, and charitable to all; and never permit your bills with the printer to run over a year.

TAKE 'EM ALL.—A few days ago at the rendezvous of Capt. Chase, in the Tenth Ward, a woman with a chubby child in her arms, appeared and demanded a sight at the officer.—Lieut. Goodles presented himself. "So sir you've clapped your dirty sojer trapping on my husband have you?"

"Who is your husband, madam," demanded the Lieutenant.

"Billey McMurtee, and a bould boy he is, so please ye. But it's a dirty thing o' you, my pretty man, to take him from his wife and children."

"Can't be helped," said the Lieutenant, "It's too late now."

"Then take the baby, too," cried the woman, as she forced the child into the arm of Lieutenant G. "Take 'em all, I'll send you four more the day."

Off she ran at a rapid pace, leaving the unfortunate Lieutenant with the new recruit squalling in his arms. Doubtful of its value to the service of Uncle Sam, he sent it home by the father.—Cin Com.

THE GO-BETWEEN.—There is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which we mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness, he makes that poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act, the part of double traitors.

POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES.

Dialogue between President Polk and Sir Robert J. Walker.

SCENE.—President's East room. [President walking up and down—his countenance indicating deep melancholy, remorse and resentment.] Enter Sir Robert.

President.—Robert, after all your efforts last night to comfort me, I rested very poorly. Recent events intrude upon my mind, and the disordered affairs of State trouble me.

Robert.—Why, dear President, what has again disturbed your repose? You know our army is doing wonders; indeed any Prince in Christendom might glory in the prodigies of valor it has achieved.

P.—True, but what good will that do us? You know the principle officers are Whigs; we are told, and I fear it is true, that far the greatest number of the fighting men are Whigs, also. They are enjoying all the military glory it is possible for officers and men to merit, while we must suffer all the ignominy, sin and disgrace of the Mexican War. For you know, Robert, that all our efforts to destroy Gen. Scott have failed. He took his "hasty plate of soup," and deliberately bid us defiance, and showed that he was as little afraid of an enemy in the rear, as he has proven he is of one in front, and it is impossible for us to conceal the fact from the people, that he has immortalized himself. You know that modern history does not furnish a parallel with the taking of Vera Cruz, so far as the science of War is concerned; nor with the battle of Cerro Gordo, for exact arrangements, harmonious movements, daring courage and complete success.

R.—Well, but the fortune of War may yet change. We will tell the Secretary of War to retard the raising of troops and supplies; you can make a great noise, bluster, and appear as if you would soon raise troops sufficient to overwhelm Mexico, and at the same time, do very little, and direct the under current to run slow. By these operations the army will diminish—the people will not understand it; and although we must confess that Gen. Scott is the greatest military man of the age, he might as well grind without a mill, as fight without men, and in this way we will prevent him from gaining any more glory, at least till after the Presidential election; and then we need not care how soon he ends the War, if he shall survive all the difficulties which he must necessarily encounter in the mean time.

P.—Robert, it is becoming more difficult to deceive the people. You know how soon they discovered our secret object, regarding the three million of their money we procured with great difficulty, in order to tamper with Santa Anna, and our secret operations in letting him pass our fleet unmolested, in order that he might take command of the Mexican army, is now blazoned from the centre to the circumference of the Union. And that which gives me the greatest alarm is, the defeat we suffered regarding Benton. If he had succeeded in placing him in chief command of our Army of Invasion, all might have been well.—Scott and Taylor would have left the country immediately, and then our friend Santa Anna, not yet having been whipped and disgracefully routed, Benton's assistance would have put a speedy end to the war. But it really appears to me that the Whigs have spies with us; for our most secret plans are all detected, and most perfectly understood; indeed they seem almost able to convince the people that we are not the democratic party! But in doing the best I could in the midst of disappointments, and to prevent Santa Anna from being completely routed, I directed the Secretary of War to order such a number of Taylor's troops to join General Scott, that I thought Santa Anna quite safe. But, you know our surprise, when we heard of the battle of Buena Vista; and as if Taylor could not be beaten with all the forces of Mexico, he drove Santa Anna before him like a sneaking dog. Our next misfortunes was the fall of Vera Cruz—and to complete our misfortunes the battle of Cerro Gordo. Gen. Scott treated Santa Anna so roughly there that we can scarcely find his whereabouts.—Alas! Robert, all things are against us.

R.—But you know that it was not us who were altogether to blame for provoking this War. It was Capt. Tyler who projected the Texan hobby-horse, upon which you rode into power. Annexation was the cause of the present War, and, as the Whigs elected Tyler, therefore, they are chargeable with causing the war.

P.—True, Robert, but the Captain could not induce the Whigs to dress out and decorate the fatal hobby-horse. He placed himself in our hands—because one of us, and we used him for our special purposes, and it is well known to the Whigs that it was us who did all the work, and brought out such a horse that the captain could not ride him, and as a recompense, he assisted me in mounting the horse and riding him successfully, after he was abandoned by the Whigs and despised by the democrats. So, you see, the Whigs are altogether free from any blame. They hate the war, but, as loyal subjects, they, like a host of true patriots, rush upon the Mexicans with such power, that to meet is to route them. And I must tell you plainly, that they are increasing daily in numbers and power, while we are daily diminishing.

R.—Well, but we may gain some credit, by a wise management of the Treasury department.

P.—Impossible. How did you succeed when you started out on your borrowing tour? Did you get as much money as would feed your horse? Our sub-treasury is useless; it does not answer the end designed, and if this unfortunate war should continue till after the election, you will have difficulty in getting money enough for our friends to electioneer with. If your treasury should be, (as is most likely,) ten millions in debt at that time, we shall certainly be defeated.

R.—Since the passage of the tariff of '46, there has been a great increase of revenue, and I hope it will increase further.

P.—But we can neither take or keep any credit for that. There are still some of our own friends claiming credit for it, but the most sensible of them are ashamed to infer that the increase of revenue or the high price of provisions, are referable to our tariff. It does not require a big sagacity to see that these are the result of starvation in Europe and other causes beyond our control.—Should we have short crop of wheat this season, and Europe a good supply, you will see what will become of your revenue and high prices; and you know we are the low price and low wages party.—Remember the ten cents per day system: But, what dark procession is that, passing in front of the Capitol?

R.—It is a couple of hundred of slaves or so, that they are driving to Texas.

P.—Gracious! did not our barbarous neighbors the Mexicans, long since break the captive chains, and proclaim liberty to all the Africans in Texas; and have we lent ourselves to convert "the home of the free and the land of the brave," into a chanel house, to entend and perpetuate traffic in African flesh and blood? Alas! Robert, I perceive that my memory soon go down to posterity, justly, obnoxious to the curses of unborn millions whose sighs and groans will ascend to Heaven, through ages of futurity.

R.—My dear sir, you yield too easy to these gloomy reflections. Times may yet improve. Banish these dark forebodings for the present, and let us take measures for self defence.

P.—Flatter me no longer, Robert, I tell you, it is impossible for us to sustain ourselves, after what has been done. The strong language of my first message in favor of 54, 40, on the Oregon question, and our secret negotiation for 49, 50, are so inconsistent that they cannot be reconciled with honesty and sound policy.

R.—After all we can do every thing with the word Democracy. It is in vain, the whigs tell our democratic friends, that democracy has nothing to do with the question; and if they can prove most conclusively, that they are carrying out the views of our democratic and patriotic fathers, and we still tell the people that we are the true democrats, and that patriotism will die with our party; they will flock to our standard and all will yet be well.

P.—It is all in vain, Robert; that has done much for us, but the elections last fall convinced me, that the charm was broken, that the naked word Democracy, without corresponding doctrines, cannot do what it once did. How on earth will our friends in Pennsylvania reconcile my Kane letter: the "tariff of '42" inscribed on their banners; and the democratic press advocating that doctrine and pledging us for its support, with the tariff of '46, for they with Shunk at their head, are out clear and in full for the last tariff.

R.—Shunk has been very careful in all his messages to be as obscure as possible. Did you ever see as much written, and so few ideas or suggestions.

P.—He has succeeded admirably. He and I, by obscurity of character, both came into power, but I am dragged in to view and some say of him, that it is owing to absence of ideas, that he does not spread them out in his messages.—Besides, his competitor Gen. Irvin is a

real democrat in heart, and of noble mind. He is high in the affections of the people of Pennsylvania, since the bold stand he took in defence of their interests, when in Congress. His moral character bids defiance to slander itself. I wish for the honor of our friends they would not write and talk so much about his fine hat, boots, &c. It must react upon us, and bring our cause into ridicule.—Shunk has been in office more than a quarter of a century, and never did one brilliant action in his life; whilst General Irvin's whole life has been spent in indefatigable and successful industry by which he has established a character for financial operations, kindness, benevolence, urbanity and social qualities, which I fear will betoo strong for Shunk. But you may encourage our friends still to cry aloud for old Democracy, for after all that is our last hope.

R.—Good morning. I must give some directions regarding the machinery in one of the Subtreasuries, which has got wrong.

TRAVELING.—A long, lazy fellow, who preferred begging to work, called upon a gentleman in the city, and asked for "cold victuals and old clothes." The man asked him what he done for a living. "Not much," said the fellow, "except traveling."

"Traveling! Then you can travel pretty well!"

"Oh yes," said the beggar; "I'm very good at that."

"Well then," said the gentleman, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel."

"Waiter," said a diner-out, in a downtown restaurant, yesterday—"Waiter, bring me a plate of soup, quick."

"Say soup again, stranger," said a tall Tennesse returned volunteer, who happened to sit opposite to him, "and I'll give you a Cerro Gordo, I will. I told the old General when I left him at Jalapa, that when I come to the States, I'd lick the first man I'd hear sayin' 'soup, and I'd d—d if I don't do it."

It was with great difficulty the Tennessean could be satisfied.—[N. O. Delta.

An acquaintance of ours tells a story about an eccentric friend, who went to the city and was invited to stop at his residence, instead of going to a hotel. He accordingly came with his baggage, and the carman was just leaving when he inquired:

"What place is that opposite?"

"A porter house!"

"Who lives this side of you?"

"An apothecary?"

"And who the other?"

"An undertaker?"

"Stop, stop, carman! take this trunk back again. A grog shop in front, an apothecary on one side and an undertaker on the other, I rather think there must be a grave yard in the rear by way of symmetry! Good bye neighbor!"—He disappeared in a jiffy.

BREVITIES.

A man's word may pass away and be forgotten, but his deeds are remembered forever.

That man is happy who makes himself the happiness of others.

The source of our chagrin springs generally from our errors.

When virtue is the sun of the soul, peace will be its evening star.

Life is brief; let all therefore endeavor to sweeten, not poison the cup.

Halloo, you, sir; put up your cigar, don't you see that notice, "No smoking allowed."

"Well what of that?—I ain't smoking aloud—I am doing it as still as a man can."

VERY TRUE.—A Well known political economist says:—"We pay best, first, those who destroy us—generals; second, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; third, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and last of all those who instruct us."

FATAL TO SWINE.—Saltpetre is as fatal to swine as arsenic to man. Our foreman last year salted some swine with refuse salt, which had been taken from a beef barrel and stored away; within twelve hours two out of three which eat of it died, and the third was much injured. As farmers at this season are emptying their meat barrels, instead of preserving the refuse salt for the future, they had better bury it in the compost heap. Our beef was but slightly salt-petered, and but very little could possibly have been taken by the swine.

Betting.

Bets are the blockhead's argument, The only logic he can vent, His minor and his major— 'Tis to confess your head a worse Investigator than your purse, To reason with a wager.