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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

O'CONNELL.

EXTRACT FROM GOV. SEWARD'S ORATION.

The independence of the Irish nation, although future, is not distant. Its rightness and its necessity have been demonstrated. The spirit of the people is changed. They cannot again relapse. England, too, with a Reformed Parliament and a falling aristocracy, is no longer the England of the twelfth, the sixteenth, and of the eighteenth centuries. Political economy will unite with political philosophy in enabling Ireland to retrieve her prosperity, and that can be effected only by allowing her a distinct Legislature.

We may not doubt that the appalling distress of the Irish people bowed down the otherwise unbending mind of O'Connell. Sorrow for afflictions that he had hoped in vain to avert, and that he could not alleviate or soothe, brought on quickening because long-procrastinated age. O'Connell dies like Anchises, in a foreign land, winning the favor of men and propitiating Heaven with prayers and sacrifices for the restoration of his people.

What shall be his rank among the benefactors of mankind? We pause not a moment to disperse the calumnies that follow him to the grave. They were but tributes to his greatness, yielded by ungenerous minds; for it is thus that Providence compels the unjust to honor virtue.

O'Connell left his mighty enterprise unfinished! So did the founder of the Hebrew State; so did Cato; so did Hampden; so did Emmett and Fitzgerald. Will their epitaphs be less sublime by reason of the long delay which intervenes before they can be written? The heroic man conceives great enterprises, and labors to complete them. "Success he hopes and Fate he cannot fear." It is God who sets the limits to human life and the bounds to human achievement.

But has not O'Connell done more than enough for fame! On the lofty brow of Monticello, under a green old oak, is a block of granite, and underneath are the ashes of Jefferson. Read the epitaph—it is the sages claim to immortality: "Author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Statute for Religious Liberty."

Stop now, and write an epitaph for Daniel O'Connell:

"He gave Liberty of Conscience to Europe, and renewed the Revolution of the Kingdoms toward Universal Freedom, which had begun in America, and had been arrested by the anarchy in France."

Let the Statesmen of the age read that epitaph and be humble. Let the Kings and aristocracies of the earth read it, and tremble.

Who has ever accomplished so much for human freedom, with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people, by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army, navy, or revenues—without sword, spear, or even a shield?

Who but he ever subverted tyranny, saved the lives of the oppressed, and yet spared the oppressor?

Who but he ever detached from a venerable constitution a column of aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, and yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than before?

Who but he has ever lifted up seven millions of people from the debasement of ages to the dignity of freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold or wasting the blood of one human heart?

Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change, and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awakening hopes of freedom?

Who before him has brought the schismatics of two countries together, conciliating them at the altar of Universal Liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind that Liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by Revolutionary France—that she was not a demon, like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated by the blood of human sacrifice—that Democracy is the daughter

of Peace, and like true Religion worketh by Love.

I see in Catholic emancipation, and in the repeal of the act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, only incidents of an all-pervading phenomenon—a phenomenon of mighty interest, but portentous of evil. It is the universal dissolution of monarchical and aristocratic Governments, and the establishment of pure democracies in their place.

I know this change must come, for even the menaced Governments feel and confess it. I know that it will be resisted, for it is not in the nature of power to relax. It is a fearful inquiry, How shall that change be passed?—Shall there never be an end to devastation and carnage? Is every step of human progress in the future, as in the past, to be marked by blood? Must the nations of the earth, after groaning for ages under vicious institutions, established without their consent, wade through seas to reach that condition of more perfect liberty to which they are so rapidly so irresistibly impelled?—Or shall they be able, notwithstanding involuntary ignorance and debasement contracted without their fault, and notwithstanding the blind resistance of despotism, to change their forms of Government by slow and measured degrees, without entirely or all at once subverting them, and from time to time to repair their ancient constitutions so as to adapt them peacefully to the progress of the age, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of virtue, and the promotion of happiness?

An Engagement with a Shark.

In the time of Queen Anne, the sailors on board of the York Merchant, a collier, having disembarked the last part of their lading at Barbadoes, those who had been employed in that dirty work ventured into the sea to wash themselves; but had not long been there before a person on board observed a large shark making toward them, who gave notice of the danger, upon which the men swam back, all but one reaching the boat in time to save themselves. That one poor fellow, however, the monster overtook, when gripping him by the small of the back, the devouring jaw cut him asunder. He soon swallowed the lower part of the body, the remaining part being taken on board. The deceased had a comrade, and between them there had long existed a friendship which was distinguished by all those endearing reciprocities that imply union and sympathy of souls. On his seeing the severed trunk of his friend, he was filled with emotion of horror too great to be expressed by words. During this affecting scene, the shark was observed traversing the bloody surface searching after the remainder of its prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board: the sorrowing comrade alone was unhappy, at his not being within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge or be swallowed himself, he plunged into the deep, armed with a sharp pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him than it made furiously towards him, both equally eager—the one for his prey, and the other for revenge. The moment that the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fin, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavored to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form above the blood stained waves, the shark at last, much weakened, made towards the shore, and with his conqueror, who flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardor, and by help of the tide dragged him to the beach, there ripping up his bowels, and afterwards uniting and burying the several parts of his friend's body in one grave.

Oregon.

The following statement of the amount of Wheat raised in Oregon, during 1846, is from an authentic source, and will surprise those who regard that country as still as an unsettled and uninhabited wilderness:

| | |
|--|------------|
| Champrog county, | 50,000 bu. |
| Tualitad, | 30,000 " |
| Yamhill, | 30,000 " |
| Polk, | 15,000 " |
| Clockamas, Vancouver, Clatsop, and Lewis counties, | 25,000 " |

Wheat appears to be the principal crop, and this year will be much more abundant than it was last year. The inhabitants complain much on account of the scarcity of vessels. They would export considerable grain if they had the means.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Gleaner.]

THE SEASONS.

The perfect indifference with which the revolving seasons are viewed by the thoughtless and unreflecting, is, to the philosophic inquirer into the phenomena of nature, matter of great astonishment and regret. The old and trite adage, that "too much familiarity breeds contempt," is truly exemplified in this neglect. Each season returns in its accustomed course, and passes with its proportion of praise or blame, as has proved more or less agreeable to the feelings, or been productive of benefit to the mass.

The evidences of design which are shown to us by the succession of seasons, enter not into the contemplation of those, who, involved in the pursuit of gain, consider these enquiries as a useless waste of time, and an absolute loss of so much per cent; while the generality of men are satisfied that day and night succeed each other without interfering with their ordinary pursuits. Let us then engage your attention for a short time, in depicting some of the advantages mankind derives from the beautiful arrangement of Almighty Goodness for the happiness of his creatures.

Among the planetary system attached to our sun, the Globe we inhabit, seems to have engaged the especial care of its Creator. Not only has it been made the arena for the grand display of his benevolence in the mission of his Son; but the peculiar position of its axis to the plane of its orbit gives it advantages not enjoyed by the other planets, and this position of its axis produces the subject of our essay, by the earth's surface being presented more or less obliquely to the sun as it performs its revolution around that luminary.

Of the four seasons, however, the most uncongenial to man is winter. Its cold and forbidding aspect; the sufferings of the poor; the stagnation of commercial business; and the general feeling of discomfort, have characterized it as the worst of the four; but those look only on the surface, who thus presume to question Omnipotent Goodness.

In the full blaze of a summer's day, when all nature is clothed with verdure, and the birds are hymning their praises for the bountiful provision; when the balmy air of the morning and the glories of the evening sky infuse fresh vigor and delight into our souls, we feel our hearts expand and mentally thank the Great Cause.

When Autumn comes, loaded with its rich treasures of fruit and grain for our subsistence, we are accustomed to offer up public thanks for the blessings bestowed by a protecting Providence.

Each of these seasons is also enjoyed by excursions of pleasure to the country, or to the sea-side in pursuit of health; but no sooner does angry Winter shake his hoary locks, and bring his northern blasts to chill the frame, than nature quails beneath its fury, and retires from the contest; all then appears dreary and desolate, and wrapt in universal gloom. But has winter no attractions? If man be driven from the fields, the woods, the waters, does he not take refuge in his home, and there, by the cheerful fire-side, surrounded by his family and friends, enjoy the happiness of social converse, heedless of the storm which rages without?

When the rivers are bound up with icy fetters, the healthy and manly amusement of skating fills up the vacant hour; and when nature has assumed her robe of spotless white, emblem of innocence and purity,—fit covering for the embryo plant, that is again to cover the earth with beauty—is there not the sleighing to compensate for the summer's ride?

If summer's and autumn's stores are laid up for consumption during the winter, that season returns the obligation by providing stores of ice for their consumption—and this not confined alone to our shores, but portions of our rivers are conveyed in solid form to quench the parching thirst of those who reside in Southern and Eastern climes, thousands of miles distant. Do we not then see the beneficial adaptation of one season to another, and how conducive all is made to the happiness of man? Surely then, this should call forth those feelings of gratitude implanted in every heart, but too frequently suffered to lie in abeyance.

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket-woman in Convent garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank ye to keep yer cheek away from that rose: ye'll put the lady out of consait with the color of her flowers."

[From the Troy Budget.]

The Married Man's Soliloquy.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

BLAST the women! They are always fretting about something or other! Yesterday the coal wouldn't burn, and the grate must be set, the furnace must be repaired, and mercy knows what all; and to-day it's as hot as fire! I have us from the wants of an inconsiderate woman!—Only let her get the upper hand and she'll drive like blazes! But I won't be driven! Not I! If she wants the door fixed, or wood dried, or water brought, or the leech set, or the tubs hoooped, she may do it herself. Confound it! I can't go into the house but what something is wanting. If it isn't one thing it is another. I'll leave my boots in the parlor every night, if I have a mind, and she may help herself. See if I don't. We'll see who will be master. Before we were married it was—"If you please, my dear." But, cracky! if her tone hasn't changed! She shall and shan't, from week's end to week's end; if I venture to put in a word otherwise, I'm shut up by her infernal clatter! Talk about late hours and extravagance! Wonder what she calls late hours? I could stay out once until broad daylight, and she too, if the party was agreeable.—But now if I chance to attend to the club but once a week, there is a pretty mess directly. And don't never think of her! Gracious me! I wish I could forget her for five minutes, just to see how it would seem. If young men only knew. But no. If a man says a word he is set down for a nunny. He must grieve and bear it, if it cuts ever so close. And oyster suppers. Wonder if she don't like oysters? Tell me about the propriety of sitting down to the breakfast table with her hair uncombed. Once she has all curls and smiles. Now she's sternly as a washerwoman.—Blast the race! They ought to be indicted for obtaining husbands under false pretences! If they'd only show out, the men wouldn't be such gudgeons. But no, they'll smile and smirk and twitter until a fellow is fairly cut, and then, by Jupiter, if they don't haul down their colors. And then the baby tending! It's worth a fortune to be compelled to hear the squalling brats, night after night. Croup or cholera is the eternal complaint. If I had my way I'd shake the cholice out of them in a hurry. But no, they must be dosed with pink and annis, and onions, and the deuce knows what, and trotted until their gizzards are fairly shaken out; and then if any one is to be kept up, why Slocum can set up, it won't hurt him! But I've done with it, I won't, that's a fact. What's that you say? Mended my pants? And four new shirts, and a neckcloth? Well, I declare, Mrs. Slocum is clever after all! If she didn't scold so like—but no matter, I know I provoked her, I'll give in, I'll own up; I'll —. The remainder was lost in something like a kiss. Five shirts must have done it—for Slocum forgot to swear when he was asked to attend the baby.

A Married Woman's Soliloquy.

BY ONE WHO HEARD IT.

Yes, it's go! go! go! and get! for every body on earth, but one's own wife. If I should ask Mr. Slocum to go out at such a time of day for a water pail or basket of oranges, d'ye guess he'd go! Not he! not he; I might want one a while and take it out in wanting! Oranges, forsooth. 'Twas only yesterday I asked him to call at William's for Charley's shoes. Wouldn't you like to have heard him scold though? If he didn't tune up! Always something wanting! Wished he could go to the store and back without calling for a dozen articles! And when he came in and put them on Charley's feet, slapped him for crying because the pegs hurt him! Poor fellow, he limped round till his father had gone, and then pulled them off. The pegs were an inch long at the least calculation. And now just because Mrs. Brown hints at a water pail, he's up and off in a minute! Why couldn't Brown go? Just as though her own husband wasn't good enough to wait on her. I'd show him the difference, if I was Brown! A pretty how'd' do we shall have of it, if things go on at this rate. I'll ask Brown to do my errands, and see how he likes it.

If the girls only knew! But no, they won't believe a word of it! "Bought wit is the best, if you don't get it too dear." Dear! I wonder what some folks call dear? There's Nelly Bly. You might talk to her till next July, and she wouldn't believe it. But she'll see! She'll learn a lesson for herself she'll not forget very soon.

If I was a girl, I wouldn't change my condition in a hurry! Not I. There was Slocum always ready to run his legs off—but now—he'll go sooner for

that Mrs. Brown than for his own flesh and blood.

But I'll pay him, see if I don't! I won't get him a mouthful of supper. He may get his victuals where he does his work! See how he'll like that. If I should do so—always trying to please other folk's husbands instead of my own—we should have a pretty kettle of fish. There's Willie, he's teased for an orange these three days, and not the peel of one has been seen yet.

There he comes, puffing like a steamboat. If I had sent him he wouldn't have been back those two hours. Calling at Mr. Brown's too, if it aint enough to vex a Saint. I'll tell him I'll quit—I'll—but no, he'll like that too well! The brute!

I won't please him so much. I'll stay if it kills me, and Willie shall have an orange if he wants, and no thanks to him either. There he comes again, and both hands full. Wonder what he has got now, and who else he is running for? Coming through the gate, and yes—both pockets full of oranges. The dear soul! I knew he wouldn't forget his own children!—Won't Willie have a good meal? And I will—yes, he shall have muffins for supper; Slocum loves muffins!

That's all we heard, reader, for when Slocum opened the hall door Charlie, Willie, and wife and all went out to meet him, and get some of those oranges.

Mrs. Slocum did get supper, and Slocum had muffins.—Troy Budget.

LAUGHING IN THE PULPIT.—Said Mr. C., a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry. About one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress, and a head of exceeding red hair. In a seat immediately behind this young gentleman sat an urchin who must have been urged on in his devilry by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive how the youngster thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his forefinger in the red hair of the young man, about as long as a blacksmith would a nail rod to heat, and then on his knee commenced pounding his finger in imitation of a smith in making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit with any thing like mirth.

STOOD ON HER POSITION.—The following circumstance, which occurred recently in our community, is the greatest example of an assertion of position that we have ever heard of. A divine—we need not say who, suffice it to say that he is an eminently good man of our city—called recently to see a sick lady belonging to his church. Said lady had been very kindly attended during her illness, by a female cousin who was also a member of the same congregation.—The minister prayed with the afflicted one, and being cognizant of the kindness of the cousin, besought the Lord, in his prayer, to bless his servant who had, in so kind and Christian a manner, watched over the afflicted lady. The cousin withdrew forthwith from his congregation, asserting at the same time that she would let him know she wasn't anybody's servant.—St. Louis Reveille.

THE SKIRT EXPANDER.—A new Invention.—It appears that a gentleman of the city of Troy has invented an article he calls the Skirt Expander, for which he is about to procure a patent. The inventor says it will entirely do away with the cotton bustle. It is said to be principally made of India rubber, air tight, and is capable of being inflated or concentrated at any time. If a lady should be walking and wish to appear larger or smaller, the Skirt is constructed that she may enlarge or diminish her apparent size at pleasure; and yet a person may be walking with and not discover how, or by what means her apparent size is diminished or increased.

The inventor also says that the appearance of a lady, with one of these Skirts is much improved—the dress sticking much better and easier; and that it will save the labor of carrying about the streets quite a small bale of cotton, any from eight to twelve skirts.

A SLANDER REFUTED.—The Boston Times denies that Postmaster Cave Johnston has chartered fourteen mud turtles at a hundred dollars a year, to convey the mails between New York and Boston! The New London News thinks that the denial was unnecessary, as the story bears the impress of falsehood upon its face; for the whole of Mr. Johnson's management of the mails has proved his unwillingness to employ so fast or so certain a conveyance.

Gen. Scott and his Troops.

A THRILLING SCENE.—A letter in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce from a field officer of the Army, describing Churubusco says:

The conflict lasted two hours and three quarters, during the whole of which time the deafening roar of the artillery and small arms was continuous and tremendous—such as no man present ever before witnessed. It was a time of awful suspense, but the issue was not for a moment doubtful. When it was over the general-in-chief, (Scott) rode in among the troops. It would have done your heart good to hear the shout with which they made the welkin ring.

Several old soldiers seized the General's hands with expressions of enthusiastic delight. Suddenly, at a motion from his hand, silence ensued, when in the fulness of his heart he poured forth a few most eloquent and patriotic words in commendation of their gallant conduct. When he ceased there arose another shout that might have been heard to the grand plaza of Mexico. During this thrilling scene I looked up to the balcony of the Church that had been so bravely defended. It was filled by Mexican prisoners.

Among them were Gen. Rincon, a venerable old soldier, who was leaning forward, his countenance glowing and his eyes sparkling with every manifestation of delight. I verily believe that the old veteran, with the spirit of a true soldier, upon beholding the victorious general so greeted by the brave men he had just led to victory, forgot for the moment his own position, (that he was defeated and a prisoner) and saw and thought only of the enthusiasm by which he was surrounded.

A Beautiful Epitaph.

At a mason's yard in this city is a headstone, with these words: "Our dear little Baby;" and the marble upon which affection has cut the sentence, is as small and as pure as an infant. Surely, here is perfection in an epitaph! The age of a dying child is nothing, and need not be recorded; and what is there in a name when the heart yearns for the form. This little stone has no mark for curiosity, and cold history would frown on it; but a parent—any parent—entering the graveyard where that baby rests, and that small marble tablet may stand, would carefully avoid treading on the little grave, and yet would stand there, conjuring up the bright eyes of that baby fixed on a mother's love, and its arms opening for a father's fondness; and then, alas, the dimming of those eyes, and the drooping of those arms—the silence, and what more sad, of a dead child;—and the father and mother bereft of all this cry of nature—"Our dear little Baby!"

FLEECING THE GOVERNMENT.—A New York letter has the following:

"If report speak true, some of our New York merchants are making well of the Mexican war. It is said vessels have been hired for government use at most exorbitant rates—and that their owners receive as much for a few months' use of a vessel as she is worth. It is also said that some gentlemen of the city are engaged in constructing steamboats for the government without being directed to do so, and selling them at prices varying from thirty to forty thousand dollars over their cost, and fifty or sixty thousand over their worth, to the government agents. How true this I do not know, but I can truly say that our citizens believe it."

BREAD BAKING.—Persons who are so unfortunate as to be poorly provided with those agents of mastication, good teeth, will be glad to know that there is a method of baking bread which obviates the necessity of a hard crust. The crust commonly attached to the loaf is not only troublesome to such persons, but is often the cause of much waste. The way to be rid of it is as follows:—When the loaves are moulded, and before they are set down to "rise," take a small quantity of clean lard, warm it, and rub it lightly over the loaves. The result will be a crust beautifully soft and tender throughout. This is not guess work.—Prairie Farmer.

CORN MEAL CAKES.—Excellent breakfast cakes can be made in the following manner:

Mix two quarts of corn meal—at night—with water, and little yeast and salt, just thin enough to stir easy. In the morning stir in three or four eggs, a little saleratus and a cup of sour milk, so as to leave it thin enough to pour out of a pan; bake three quarters of an hour, and you will have large, rich, honey-comb cakes; and with a good cup of coffee and sweet butter at breakfast, one finds with Hamlet, "increase of appetite to grow with what it feeds on."