

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XII, NO. 45.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 615.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" will be published hereafter at the following rates, viz \$1.75 a year, if paid in advance; \$2.00 if paid during the year, and \$2.50 if not paid until after the expiration of the year. The above terms to be adhered to in all cases. No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. To Clubs of six, or more, who pay in advance, the Journal will be sent at \$1.50 per copy for one year; and any one who will send us that number of names accompanied with the money shall receive the Journal one year for his trouble.

POETICAL.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARIA ROSEAU.

Speak gently to the little child,
So gentle as a dove,
Who with a trustful loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thoughts
Which time hath taught the well,
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone
Disturb might seem to tell.
If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He has a friend in thee;
And do not send him from thy side
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look, the sunny smile
That mark a happy breast.
Oh! teach him that his duty should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive where thickest darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all
To spend the whole of life.
To love, with pure affection deep,
All creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given
To rear a spirit fit to be
The inhabitant of heaven.

DESPATCHES FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

CITY OF MEXICO, UNITED STATES,

September 27, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON: My dear old friends, I'm alive yet, though I've been through showers of balls as thick as hailstones. I got your paper containing my letter that I wrote on the road to the war. The letters I wrote afterwards, the guerrillas and robbers are so thick, I think it's ten chances to one if you got 'em. Some of General Scott's letters is missing just in the same way. Now we've got the city of Mexico annexed, I think the Postmaster General ought to have a more regular line of stages running here, so our letters may go safe.—I wish you would touch the President and Mr. Johnson up a little about this mail-stage business, so they may keep all the coachmakers at work, and see that the farmers raise horses as fast as they can, for I don't think they have any idea how long the roads is this way, nor how fast we are gaining south. If we keep on annexing as fast as we have done a year or two past, it wouldn't take much more than half a dozen years to get clear down to Pother den of South America, clear to Cape Horn, which would be a very good stopping place; for then, if our Government got into bad sledding in North America, and found themselves in a dilemma that hadn't no horn to suit 'em, they would have a horn in South America that they might hold on to.

I hope there aint no truth in the story that was buzz'd about here in the army a day or two ago, that Mr. Polk had an idea, when we get through annexing down this way, of trying his hand at it over in Europe and Africa, and round there. And, to prevent any quarrelling beforehand about it on this side of the water, he's going to agree to run the Missouri compromise line over there, and cut Europe up into free States and Africa into slave States. Now, I think he had better keep still about that till we get this South America business all done, and well tied up. It isn't well for a body to have too much business on his hands at once. There's no knowing what little hurries we may get into yet, and there's always danger if you have too much sail spread in a squall. However, I haven't time to talk about this now.

You will get the accounts of the battles in Gen'l Scott's letters, so I needn't say a great deal about them. But it's been a hard up-hill work all the way from Vera Cruz here; and I don't think my old friend General Jackson himself would have worked through all the difficulties and done the business up better than General Scott has. But the killed and the wounded, the dead and the dying, scattered all along the way for three hundred miles, it's a heart aching thought. I don't love to think about it. It is too bad that we didn't have more men, so as to march straight through without fighting, instead of having just

enough to encourage the enemy to bring out their largest armies and fight their hardest battles.

One of the hardest brushes we had, after I got here, was the attack on Chapultepec. I had been into the city trying to bring Santa Anna to terms; but, when I found it was no use, I come out and told General Scott there was no way but to fight it out, and, although I was only the President's private ambassador, I didn't like to stand and look on when he was so weak-handed, and if he would tell me where to take hold I would give him a lift. The General said he expected there would be a hard pull to take Chapultepec, and as General Pillow was placed where he would be likely to have the heaviest brunt of it, I might be doing the country a great service if I would jine in with General Pillow, as my experience under General Jackson and insight into military affairs would no doubt be very useful to that valiant officer. So I took hold for that day as one of General Pillow's aids.

When we come to march up and see how strong the enemy's works was, says I, General Pillow it is as much as all our lives is worth to go right straight up and storm that place in the face and eyes of all their guns; I think we ought to fortify a little. Suppose we dig a ditch round here in front of the enemy's works. At that the General's eyes flashed, and he swore right out. Says he, "No, d—n the ditches, I've no opinion of 'em; they are nothing but a bother, and never ought to be used. The best way is to go right into the enemy pell mell." So, on we went, and Pillow fit like a tiger till he got wounded, and then the rest of us that wasn't shot down had to finish the work up the best way we could.

The long and the short of it is, we fit our way into the city of Mexico and annexed it. Santa Anna cleared out the night afore with what troops he had left, and is scouring about the country to get some more places ready for us to annex. When he gets another place all ready for the ceremony, and gets it well fortified, and has an army of twenty or thirty thousand men in the forts and behind the breastworks, we shall march down upon 'em with five or six thousand men and go through the flury.—After they have shot down about half of us, the rest of us will climb in, over the mouths of their cannons, and annex that place; and so on, one after another.

It is pretty hard work annexing in this way; but that is the only way it can be done. It will be necessary for the President to keep hurrying on his men this way to keep our ranks full, for we've got a great deal of ground to go over yet. What we've annexed in Mexico, so far, isn't but a mere circumstance to what we've got to do.

Some think the business isn't profitable; but it's only because they haven't ciphered into it fur enough to understand it. Upon an average, we get at least ten to one for our outlay, any way you can figure it up—I mean in the matter of people. Take, for instance, the city of Mexico. It cost us only two or three thousand men to annex it, after we got into the neighborhood of it; and we get at least a hundred and fifty thousand people in that city, and some put it down as high as two hundred thousand. Some find fault with the quality of the people we get in this country, just as if that had any thing to do with the merits of the case. They ought to remember that in a Government like ours, where the people is used for voting, and where every nose counts one, it is the number that we are to stan about in annexing, and not the quality, by no means. So that in the matter of people we are doing a grand business. And as to the money, it is no matter what it costs us, for money grows in the ground in Mexico, and can always be had for digging.

There's a thousand things in this country that I should like to tell you about if I had time; but things is so unsettled here yet, that I have rather a confused chance to write. So I must break off here, and write a few lines to the President; but remain your old friend, in all latitudes, clear down to Cape Horn. MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

To James K. Polk, President of the United States, and all Annexed Countries.

DEAR SIR: I've done my best, according to your directions, to get round Santa Anna, but it is all no use. He's as slippery as an eel, and has as many lives as a cat. First and I together can't hold him, and Scott and Taylor can't kill him off. We get fast hold of him with our diplomats, but he slips through our fingers; and Scott and Taylor cuts his head off in every town where they catch him, but he always comes to life in the next town, and shows as many heads as if he had never lost one. I had a long talk with him

in the city, and pinned him right down to the bargain he made with you when you let him into Vera Cruz, and asked him why he didn't stick to it. He said he did stick to it as far as circumstances rendered it prudent.

"But," says I, "General Santa Anna, that aint the thing; a bargain's a bargain, and if a man has any honor he will stick to it. Now," says I, "didn't you agree, if the President would give orders to our Commodore to let you into Vera Cruz, didn't you agree to put your shoulder to the wheel and help on this annex business, so as to make easy work of it? And now, I ask you, as a man of honor, have you done it?"

"Circumstances alters cases, Major," says Santa Anna. "When Mr. Polk and I had that understanding, he thought he needed a few more votes than he could muster in his own country to bring him into the Presidency another term. So we agreed, if I would turn over the votes of Mexico to him to bring him in another term, he would afterwards turn over his part of the votes in North America to me, so as to bring me in the next time. But I soon found it would be throwing our labor away, for Mr. Polk's part of the votes in his country was getting to be so small that they wouldn't do much good to either of us. So I concluded to hold on to what I had got, and stick to the presidency of Mexico."

"Then," says I, "you aint a going to stick to your bargain, are you?" "No," says he, "circumstances alters cases."

Then I tried to scare him out of it. I told him our folks would whip the Mexicans all into shoestrings in a little while. And it made no odds whether he fit for annex or against it, we should go on just the same, and before another year was out Mr. Polk would be President of every foot of Mexico; for we should get through annexing the whole of it.

"Very well," says he, "go on; the Mexicans like the business; they can stand it longer than Mr. Polk can; for Mr. Polk will have all the work to do over again every year as long as he lives, for there isn't a place in all Mexico that will stay annexed any longer than just while you are holding on to it."

So you see there's no doing any thing with Santa Anna. What course it is best to take now seems rather a puzzle. I haven't time to give you my views about it in this despatch, but will try to soon. Give my love to Mr. Richie. I meant to write him too, but I shall have to wait till next time.

Your faithful friend and private ambassador,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

SINGULAR.—On Sunday week, during the moment intelligence of the late battle in the city of Mexico was being transmitted to Philadelphia, by the Telegraph, two Doves which were perched upon the wires near the railroad depot at Marcus Hook, were observed to fall to the ground very suddenly. A gentleman who witnessed the occurrence, approached and found one of the birds dead—the other fluttering away apparently wounded. On examining the dead bird, a hole as if made by a small ball, was found in its breast, passing entirely through its body. We leave the fact to be accounted for by those who know more of the nature of electricity than we profess to.—[Delaware Co. Republican.]

SELFISHNESS.—Selfishness has no soul. It is a heart of stone encased in iron. Selfishness cannot see the miseries of the world—it cannot feel the pangs of thirst and hunger. It robs its own grave—sells its own bone to the doctor, and its soul to the devil. Who will not fight manfully against a selfish disposition? It grows gradually, and when mutual increases day by day. Prosperity and good luck feeds the passion. Silver and gold makes it laugh outright. Who has no seen the eyes of the selfish water at a good trade—who has not seen him leap for very joy at the rise of flour, while the poor were starving about him? Selfishness is a passion of hell, and all good men should labour to keep it there. An anecdote is told of Barthe a French author, which may serve to illustrate this passion. He called upon a dying man, to obtain his opinion on a new comedy, and insisted that he should hear him read it.—"Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Ay," replied the selfish man, "but it will occupy but half the time."

Consolation.—"Are you not afraid that your wife will get married again when you die?" "I hope she may, as there will then be one man in the world who will know how to pity me!"

Love in a Printing Office.

I once heard an old Jour remark that a printing office was no place for love making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—being now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, stands and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of ——. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage with a rose bush climbing around the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the aforesaid white cottage with the rose shaded window, contained a fair inmate a flower whose beauty outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little blue eyed, saucy creature, of the village. Her name was Mary—Sweet poetic Mary.

"I have a poetic passion for the name of Mary."

It was a beautiful summer morning and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower decked fields, and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage windows were all so hoisted, and that Sweet little Mary was seated near it, busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange and fantastic notions whirled through my fancy-lighted brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call LOVE, sliding in at the corner of my heart.

A few days passed away and chance made me acquainted with Mary—Heavens! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus de Medici—a cheek that outblushed the richest peach—and a lip that would have tempted a bee from his hive on a frosty morning. I thought as I gazed on in mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching.

Well time passed on, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. Oh! tho't I, what a chance! I'll do it there, yes there in the midst of the implements of mine art—why shouldn't I? Love in a Printing Office—eh! There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

Well, Mary came to the office, and I explained to her the various implements of the BLACK ART—the press and the roller—the ink and the stands, and the boxes the A B C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her lily white hand, and she drew it back, knocked a stick full of matter into pi.

"I must have a kiss for that, my pretty one, said I, and at it I went. I managed to twist my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of Editorial, a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted, I made at her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one and the little witch bore it like a martyr—she never screamed once; but as I raised my lips from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand, and gave me a box on the ear, that made me see more stars than ever was viewed by Herschel through his big telescope. Somewhat nettled, and with my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said, "Well if you don't like it, just take back the kiss." She made a desperate struggle, as she jerked herself from my arm, her foot struck the lye-pot, and over it went! Another galley of Editorial was sprinkled over the floor and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in the effort to detain herself, her hand—her little white hand—the same little hand that had come in contact with my ear—oh horrible! was stuck up to the elbow, in the ink keg! Shade of Franklin! what a change over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg dripping with ink, and asked me what use I made of tar! I began to be seriously alarmed, and apologized in the best manner I could and to my surprise, she seemed rather pleased than angry, but there was a "lurking devil in her eye" that told me that there was mischief afoot." As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high, and bro't it down "ker slap" upon my cheek! Before I could recover from my surprise, the same little hand again let its inky imprint on my cheek.

"Why Mary, I exclaimed, what are you about?"

"I think you told me you rolled ink on the form," with a loud laugh, and again her hand lit upon my face—talking me a broad slap in the middle of the countenance and most wofully bedaubing my eyes. With a light step and merry peal of laughter she skipped through the door. She turned back

when beyond my reach, and with her roguish face peering in at the doorway, shouted, "I say, Charley, what kind of a roller does my hand make?"

"Oh," said I, "you take too much ink."

"Ha! Ha!" she laughed, "well good bye Charly—thats my impression ha! ha!"

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment, and verily believe I could have passed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty.

"And so," said I to myself, "this is love in a printing office. The devil fly away with such love."

Witty, if not all True.

A friend at our elbow, says the Pittsburgh American; sticks to it that the returns from Westmoreland are the same tally-sticks that were sent in 1844, with only some verbal alterations. In Tioga they use a pine stick. On one side they put an owl for "Democrat," and on the other a coon for "Whig," and as every elector comes with a jack-knife, he notches knowingly on the side he wants to vote. In most parts of Berks county they use beans. The small white are the Whigs; the speckled, green, white and yellow are for the Democrats, and black beans are allowed to the Abolitionists. After they are counted, the beans are put back and remain for the next election for Governor. Then as a Democrat or a Whig dies, they take one out, or come ones of age, they put one in. They have a good rule there, which might be adopted elsewhere to advantage; they never allow a man to vote until he is married. This is under the supposition that he has little discretion until he gets it from his wife. By the same process of reasoning, they allow him to vote as soon as he has a wife, the fact of his marrying being taken as evidence that he has come to the use, if not years, of discretion. A minor marrying there is what is called "taking the beans." But Berks, like Saxon England, has common law usages peculiar to only certain districts.

Interesting Incident.

A letter from an officer in Mexico, to his family in New York, gives a glowing account of the hard fought battles and glorious victories in and about the city of Mexico, includes the following soul-stirring incident.

"I rejoice in the glorious laurels which the Rifles have won. It is, as all acknowledge, the fighting Regiment of the army. I entered Chapultepec simultaneously with the storming party. It was first in all the enemy's works from Chapultepec to the Citadel. It was the first entered the city and first planted its triumphant banner on the Palace of the Montezumas. Wherever bloody work was to be done, 'The Rifles' was the cry, and they were there. All speak of them in terms of praise and admiration. Let me give you but a single instance. Some of their officers and men were standing together when Gen. Scott happened to ride by. Checking his horse, he returned their salute, saying with great energy and emphasis: 'Brave Rifles! Veterans! You have come out steel.' Had you seen the unbitten teeth stealing to the eye of those rough but gallant spirits whose hearts knew no fear, and who had never yet in their long trial, faltered or fallen back; while their flashing eyes and upright forms be spoke its truth, you would have felt with me that such words as those wiped out long months of hardship and suffering."

eloquent.—We make the following extract from a speech delivered by the Hon. B. F. Hallet, at Bunker Hill. Speaking of England's arrogant interference in the negotiations of our government for the annexation of Texas; the orator indignantly exclaims:

"England opposed to slavery, indeed! England, the modern Babylon of iniquity, hypocrisy, and refined despotism, sitting in the high places of her power, with one foot of her iron oppression upon down-trodden Ireland, and the other on plundered India; her right hand receiving the price of blood from the poor Chinese, whom her cannon had forced to continue to besot themselves with her opium, to enrich her East India merchants! England with her hundred million worse than slaves in Hindostan, her twenty million of starving operatives—and her seven million of wronged and outraged Irishmen—she to whine over slavery in the United States which we inherit from her original cupidity! She to raise her voice for philanthropy; in her luxurious palaces, built of the bones and muscles and blood of her worse than slave labor, and to tell how benevolently desirous she is to break off every body's sin but her own; and to abolish black slavery throughout the world. Magnificent humbuggery! Splendid hypocrisy!"

AUTUMN.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

The summer has left us with her garlands of flowers, and her sunny days.—Autumn with her clear skies and wholesome air, is with us. So still was the death of Summer that we knew of it only by the presence of Autumn. For ourselves we do not sigh to think that the hot July and the thick-aired August have given place to mild beautiful September. We do not mourn that the burning Summer-sun and brazen sky are superseded by the gentler warmth, and the sweet blue sky of Autumn.

But the fact that those days are gone, reminds us of the flight of time, and although we welcome the change, yet we feel a sadness in the heart when we gaze at the landmarks erected in our boyhood and see them receding from our view. And there were hours very pleasant to the memory that existed in the Summer that is gone. Hopes have been born in those hours which are now growing reality; and some alas! that lie dead at our feet. But notwithstanding we have loved the Summer, we love the Autumn more.

She is a favorite of ours. Her clear, cool and pleasant days; her fair, glorious sky and exhilarating winds, welcome. How can it be otherwise than that we should love her, for with a charming grace she bestows upon us her luscious fruits, and magnificent flowers; the meanwhile her fair open brow is rendered more beautiful by the smile that overflows from the clear blue of her eye. See is our benefactress; therefore we love her.

Domestic Happiness.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him half the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned toward home; it communicates with him as he journeys, and he hears the promises which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." O! the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smoothes his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that hath a father's heart, To take, in childish play, a childish part; But bends his sturdy neck, to play the toy, That youth takes pleasure in, to please the boy."

Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impatience of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the labor and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his humble repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort! Peace be to this house!

CLERICAL WIT.—"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under that mistake."

The Smallest Horse yet.—A mere pigmy horse, weighing only forty-five pounds the smallest one that ever lived, has been sent to Gen. Tom Thumb as a present from Java. It is a great wonder, and the little General will doubtless find him a valuable acquisition to his personal convenience.