

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XII, NO. 50.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 620.

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.

Oh Think Not Less I Love Thee.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

Oh, think not less I love thee,
That our paths are parted now—
For the stars that burn above thee,
Are not truer than my vow.
As the fragrance to the blossom,
As the moon unto the night,
Our love is to my bosom—
Its sweetness and its light.

Oh, think not less I love thee,
That thy hand I thus resign—
In the hour that bends above thee,
I will claim thee yet as mine.
Through the vision of Life's morning,
Ever blit one like thee—
And thou, Life's lapse adorning,
Shalt hence that vision be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

BY GEORGE W. KENDALL.

It is difficult to account for the fact that we are here, here in the great capital of Mexico—not the 22,000 paper men of the Union, but what is left of the 10,000 real men by whom the work of subjugation has been accomplished. The whole seems like a dream, even to those who have taken part in the hard conflicts—yet here in Mexico we are, and masters. After a succession of battles, each one of which may be counted a forlorn hope—after a succession of victories, each one of which was obtained over an immensely superior force—after formidable works, each one of which seemed impregnable, have been stormed and successfully carried—here, amid the "Halls of the Montezumas," the numerically insignificant band of Anglo-Saxons has found a partial rest from its toils and its dangers, a breathing place after its innumerable trials and perils. Nor the chronicle of ancient wars, nor the prowess of modern achievements, furnish a parallel to the second conquest of Mexico, while the lustre which hung around the name of Cortes and his hardy adventurers, burnished by the glowing description of Prescott, becomes dimmed by the deeds of these latter days.

You in the United States cannot be made to feel and appreciate all that stern and unflinching courage has effected in the beautiful valley of Mexico since our little army first entered it—words are inadequate to give even a faint picture of the brilliant succession of events which have ended in the subjection of this proud capital. The deeds of Cortes, brave and vigorous as they were, must suffer by a comparison. The hardy and adventurous Spaniard, surrounded by his hosts of Tlascalan and other allies, brought agencies then deemed supernatural to the work, had all the engines and appliances of modern war at his disposal, and fought against an enemy superstitious and awe-stricken, and provided only with the ruder implements of battle. Grant that they were brave—but their bravery was of a piece with that of the Hindoo widow, who fearlessly and unresistingly chants her own death song on the grave of her lifeless husband. The followers of the Aztec monarchs of Montezuma and of Guatemozin, offered themselves as sacrifices to their idols. The mass, when all hopes of victory had vanished, still continued to fight, it is true; but in their onslaughts upon the iron ranks of the Christians they were but fulfilling their own destiny, and rushing upon a doom that was inevitable. The altars of their gods demanded yearly and even daily sacrifices long before the advent of the strangers—the demands were now increased, yet the victims were ever ready. True, a follower of the cross occasionally fell, borne down by some avalanche of pagan warriors; but for every drop of Christian blood a river would flow, and well did Cortes know that in the end he must conquer. His calculations were based upon mathematics, and in the problem of life and death he foresaw that the result would be in his favor. Science, severe discipline, strange animals bedrobed by powerful men, invulnerable armor, all the appliances which make war terrible, love of gold, and blind religious zeal—these, all these,

were pitted against undisciplined, unmailed, and comparatively unarmed masses—and the results of such encounters were known even before the eyes of the shrewd and calculating Castilian rested upon the rich valleys of Anahuac.

But widely different was it when, a short two months since, the second conquerors first came in sight of the domes and turrets of Mexico. In some respects the cases may have been parallel. The Anglo-Saxons were cut off from all succor and support from home; and had naught but their own stout hearts and strong arms to depend upon; but they had not coats of mail and fire-arms, in the days of the first conquerors so terrible, with which to oppose cotton shirts and bows and arrows. On the contrary, they had to contend with a proud and implacable enemy, an enemy provided with the same means of attack and resistance as themselves, strongly fortified, immensely superior in numbers, pretending to the highest advancement of civilization, chivalry and valor, fighting for home and fireside, and insolent in his fancied strength and security. Breastwork and barricade were to be assailed from causeway and open field, and auxiliaries the Americans had none as was the case with the early Spaniards. The Yankee invaders found the valley bristling with bayonets, against which bayonets were to be opposed; at every avenue they found heavy cannon in position to check their advance, and at disadvantageous points only could they plant their guns for the attack. They had before them a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants—a city in which every house was a fortress; they had a population incited against them by a thousand and one idle tales and calumnies—by stories of brutalities and excesses they were said to have committed, and which they were advancing to repeat; a population which had learned the sieges of Saguntum and Saragossa by heart; and in their exceeding pride of valor doubtless thought they were to rival, if not excel, the deeds enacted by the defenders of those valiant cities.

With the least reverse it was understood that the Americans were to be massacred—the brutal murder of our wounded men at El Molino proves the savage intention—and thus our army had nothing but "victory or death" before it. The result as every one knows, was victory—victory most complete—the entire prostration of an enemy all powerful in numbers and position, if not in prowess. The evidence is that we are here, and Santa Anna's proud army is scattered and destroyed; yet still all appears like a dream. The long roll may sound for an hour, and scarce 7000 able bodied men will flock to the alarm call; yet they are masters of the Republic. The page that records the history of this campaign will be deemed a doubtful one in after times; it will be difficult to credit that a handful of men, numbering only 10,000, with not thirty pieces of artillery, all told, discomfited and drove 30,000 men protected by all the subtleties of engineering, and with three times their number of heavy guns; yet the proofs of Holy Writ are not stronger. The result of the two campaigns against Mexico—that of the early Spaniards and the Yankees—has been the same—the subjugation and occupation of the capital; and it now remains to be seen how the world will compare the two achievements.

Scott's Views of War.

If war be the natural state of savage tribes, peace is the first want of every civilized community. War no doubt is, under any circumstances, a great calamity; yet submission to outrage would often be a greater calamity. Of the two parties to any war, one at least, must be in the wrong—not unfrequently, both. An error in such an issue is, on the part of chief magistrates, ministers of state, and legislators having a voice in the question, a crime of the greatest magnitude. The slaying of an individual by an individual is, in comparative guilt, but a drop of blood. Hence the highest moral obligation to treat national differences with temper, justice and fairness; always to see that the cause of war is not only just, but sufficient; to be sure that we do not covet our neighbor's lands; nor anything that is his; that we are as ready to give as to demand explanation, apology, or indemnity; in short we should especially remember, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This divine precept is of universal obligation; it is as applicable to rulers, in their transactions with other nations, as to private individuals in their daily intercourse with each other. Power is intrusted by the Author of peace and lover of concord, to do good and to avoid evil. Such, clearly, is the revealed will of God. WINFIELD SCOTT. Washington, April 25, 1844.

TOM CORWIN, THE WAGON BOY.

Many good anecdotes are going the rounds of the newspapers, illustrative of the ready wit, and broad humor, that characterize this favorite son of Ohio; but among them all, we do not remember to have seen in print the following, which was related to us, a few years since, by a communicative old gentleman, who was our fellow passenger for a day, while journeying across the Buckeye State.

At the time when Corwin and Shannon were first arrayed as rival candidates for the gubernatorial Chair of the State; it happened that the former gentleman took passage in a stage coach, from some one of the river towns, for the interior. The only companions of his journey were a smart genteelly dressed woman, accompanied by a young child, to which she seemed devotedly attached, but which, nevertheless, gave her some trouble. Tom, ever ready in the hour of trial, whether at making speeches, cracking jokes, or tending babies, kindly volunteered his services in keeping the youngster quiet; and the parties soon became sociable. It was not long; therefore, before the lady, feeling the dignity and pride of her station; determined to make herself known to the stranger, by informing him that she was no less a personage than the wife of the Governor. Corwin was not a little surprised at this announcement, but expressed his gratification in terms of due reverence at having so distinguished a personage as his *companion du voyage*, and made some allusion to the probable results of the coming contest, still preserving his incognito.

"O," said the lady, "he'll never be elected: why he's nothing but a wagon boy. You don't suppose that the people of this great State will ever condescend to vote for him. A wagoner for Governor—O, it's so funny," and the lady leaned back and laughed till the baby, who had just got quiet, awoke again and screamed like mad.

This changed the conversation; and the day passed off pleasantly and agreeably. At the tavern where the stage stopped to dinner, Corwin was all attention and politeness; assisting the lady to alight, helping her at the table to the choicest cuts, from the various dishes, chucking the "young governor" under the chin, &c. After dinner the journey was resumed; and at evening the parties arrived at a place where they must part; Corwin intending to pass by private conveyance, to the next town; while his lady companion was expecting to tarry at the hotel.

As the stage drove up to the door, it occurred to the waggish candidate that it was not right to go away without making himself known at the end of his journey, more especially as his companion had done so at the outset; so taking the child in one arm, and handing the lady to the ground in the politest manner possible, he led the way to the parlor, followed by her ladyship; there relieving himself of his tender charge by placing it upon the sofa, he introduced himself in these laconic words: "Madam, I am that wagon boy to whom you so graciously alluded this morning. My name is Tom Corwin. I have, as you see, laid your darling little one on the flat of his back; and you must not be surprised if I should serve his father the same way at the next election."

Corwin was too polite to occasion the lady any embarrassment by stopping to hear an apology, and an hour afterwards he was haranguing the incorruptible freemen of H., and exerting all the might of his eloquence for the fulfilment of the prophecy just before made, to lay Wilson Shannon flat on his back.

How well he succeeded has become a matter of history with which all our readers are doubtless familiar.—*Christian Citizen.*

A LAW CASE FOR THE CURIOUS.—A Turk with three wives, brought with him from Turkey, and three several classes of children, died lately in New York, without a will. Each of the three wives has applied to the Surrogate for letters of administration. This case is a puzzle to the Judge of Probate. He thinks he cannot grant letters to all the wives, and that the one first married has the preference. By the law of Turkey, where the marriages were celebrated, all the wives a man may have, no matter how many, are held equal having the same right of property. The fear is, and so the counsel for the ladies represent the law, that the granting of letters to either wife, and the exclusion of the others, would in effect declare the excluded ones concubines, and make their children illegitimate. The Surrogate has taken the case under advisement.

A good temper, a good library, good health, a good wife, and a good newspaper, are five choice blessings.

GREAT FORGERY.

The Boston papers of Friday, contain the following:

There was great excitement in State street on Friday last, arising from the discovery that forgeries to the amount of about \$65,000 had been discovered. It appears that Mr. S. F. Belknap, of Concord, one of the largest railroad contractors in the country, has had transactions in a business way, with George Miller, who has for several years been a very bold and large operative in State street, and who resides in Waltham.—Mr. B. has, from time to time, given Miller his notes payable to him; from which genuine notes; it is supposed, has been manufactured over \$50,000, as very nearly that amount has been pronounced by Mr. Belknap base forgeries.—These notes have been taken by different individuals, and by them discounted at different Banks in Boston, and vicinity; and therefore it is supposed that the Banks generally will not lose, as the notes discounted have the endorsement of the original purchasers.

We learn that all the notes which have been signed by Mr. Belknap, were written by the clerk of Miller, and were made payable at the Suffolk Bank; Boston; and it has been the practice of Miller to send to the Suffolk Bank every day to obtain the notification of notes falling due. By this means he has been enabled to take up the forged paper, and substituting "a few more of the same sort." We learn that the clerk of Mr. Miller is an honest man; and, although he has written the notes, he has never seen Mr. Belknap sign one, it having been Mr. Miller's business to get the signature to the notes, by calling in person. There were notifications for notes to the amount of \$10,000 falling due to-day, only \$2500 being genuine. Miller, we believe, had not been in State street for the last week, and as he had decided to be frequently in New York, where he has had large operations, his absence was thought nothing of; until the notifications for notes came to Mr. Belknap; rather more numerous than his accounts would justify.

The last that was known of Miller was that he left New York some days since for Philadelphia, since which nothing has been heard from him. He has left behind him a very interesting family.

Miller is short of stature, with father a florid complexion, is round favored, moves quick, and has rather a sharp voice. He owned the large hotel at Waltham, known as the Massasoit House, and has dipped into all sorts of business.

It is probable that he has a large portion of his plunder with him, and his arrest would, no doubt, be roundly paid for.

TIME LOST.—There is time enough lost and wasted in the pursuit of what men call pleasure, which, if properly appropriated, would place them in a high state of cultivation: Time can be used to lounge and talk nonsense; but, alas! how many think "they can't spare time" to attend to the noblest and best part of their nature; that which alone elevates and causes them to feel the divinity within.

A stratger passing through one of the mountain towns of New England, inquired, "What can you raise here?" The answer was, "Our land is rough and poor; we can raise but little produce—and so we build school houses and churches, and raise men."

"SLEIGHING AND GREEN CORN."—For the benefit of our contemporaries who are copying a paragraph stating that "there was green corn selling recently in the streets of Chicago at the same time sleighs were driven by," we would state that we always go to the corn-fields here to get roasting ears in sleighs.—*Chicago Journal.*

LOVE OF LIFE.—How tenaciously man clings to life! Though few and fleeting are his years, he forms schemes, and makes engagements, just as he would if life were immortal. The older a person grows, the more strongly does he grasp at the shadow. A man climbing a tall tree takes a firmer hold when near the top; so does the aged individual cling stronger to life the nearer he approaches its termination. He is never ready to die, until he feels he can no longer remain. He then makes a virtue of necessity and expires.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an imtemperate person; "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "So I do," said the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it."

SUBLIME.—Death is but a moment—eternity its successor.

RESPONSE TO MR. CLAY.

Speech of Hon. R. T. Conrad.

A great meeting was held in Philadelphia on Monday evening last, at which resolutions responsive to those offered by Mr. Clay and adopted at the Lexington meeting, were adopted by acclamation. In reply to the call of the meeting, ROBERT T. CONRAD, after presenting the resolutions, remarked that he was not surprised at the magnitude and character of the vast assemblage before him. He had served too many campaigns with the Whigs of the Gibraltar to doubt that, in response to the trumpet-voice of HENRY CLAY, every man on the roll would be ready. And he was glad to know that the same spirit manifested here, pervaded our land like light—our land, he meant; not the barren deserts of Mexico, whose sands the acts of Mr. Polk were reddening with blood—but our own glorious land.

The nation was with us—right was with us; and the spirit that animated the people at this crisis would lead to deeds which should be remembered and honored when the temporary excitements of the hour had subsided into history. The purport of the resolutions he was about to offer was to urge upon Congress to demand of his Imperial Secrecy, the objects of the present war. When he made a satisfactory reply to that demand, the speaker would be ready to square the circle—to square any circle—except the circle in which locofocoism revolves: The plot of the administration commenced with the annexation of Texas; and it was being carried on to the subjugation and annexation of the whole of Mexico, the extension of slavery, the dissolution of the Union, and the destruction of our beloved country. But if Mr. Polk could not give a satisfactory answer to the demand as to the objects of the war, still less could he reply to the inquiry, "What are to be the profits of the war?" It had been said that Mr. Polk was a feeble man—but what of that! With worms sometimes destroyed the lofty oak—and we had all heard of the idiot who had fired a magnificent temple. It would be bad enough to see the constitution trampled under the heels of a Napoleon—but it was too much that it had come to be spurned by a Polk. Does the war promise profit to us in honor? If so, and if our honor is concerned in its prosecution, let it be carried on at any and all sacrifice. Rather let our whole country become a desert and a scene of wide-sweeping desolation, than that honor should be lost. But what honor was to be reaped from abject Mexico? It was the lion and the hare—the giant and the dwarf. What honor was to be gained from that? We have drained the cup of triumph to the dregs—what more do we want? How much of the blood of cowards and slaves will constitute national honor? Are we to expect profit from conquest? We want no more land. The American people do not wish to pass over the paradise of their own country to perish in the deserts of Mexico.

We have land enough for twenty times our population. We can derive no profit from territorial acquisition. Do we want their people? Is it fit that such as they should govern the sons of our fathers? Are our privileges so cheap that they are to be forced upon the blacks and barbarians of Mexico at the point of the bayonet? But there is one profit which the administration hopes from this war: it is the extension of slavery, effected by the blood and treasure of the North. You are to drive the slaves to the lash; and when the blood spouts out beneath the master's whip, it will cry aloud like Abel's for justice against you. The spirit of the dying slave will bear an accusation to Heaven against you, and me, for participation in this infamous scheme. Are you willing to share in it? The alternative presented by Mr. Polk is, practically, dissolution of the Union or the extension of slavery. We will have neither. We shall stand by our principles, and never give up our country or its cause. There are other sources of profit involved in this war. Among these is a national debt. This already exists, and is beginning to press upon the nation, which it may eventually crush. Through the influence of a national debt, England is now in convulsions and spasms, and her very existence threatened.

We some time ago used to hear a good deal of Young Hickory—a phrase which seems lately to have gone into disuse. This Young Hickory has already created a larger national debt than Old Hickory ever discharged. The next profit of the war will be direct taxation; then a standing army; next a military régime—an aristocracy of bondholders and a serfhood of farmers and laborers—a government monarchical and Euro-

pean in all its practical results—oppression, misery, ruin. Such has been the fate of all nations under similar circumstances—such will be the fate of ours, unless it is arrested by the strong arm. At what price was all this to be purchased? Blood enough had already been spilled to float our whole navy—bodies enough had been slain to raise a pyramid overtopping Cheops. Fifty thousand lives had already been sacrificed. Was not that enough? Clouds had heretofore been around us, but we might now rejoice that they were passing away. We had clung in despair to the shattered constitution through a dreary night, but joy cometh with the morning. We had heard again that voice so loved by the American people, and we dared to hope once more. In or out of power his mighty mind was wrapped about his country; and shame upon any American who would falter or despond, while the life-blood flowed in the heart and brain of HENRY CLAY.

[From the Puebla Flag of Freedom.]

CITY OF PUEBLA.

The City of Puebla is fast getting to be quite a lively place again; it begins to look old-fashioned, that is, as it looked before the army left; new faces are daily to be seen, and places that were almost deserted a few weeks ago, has now become resorts for the better classes of the citizens—where then no one, whether American or Mexican, dared go, except the numerous Mexican soldiery, largely intermixed with guerrillas and bad men of all descriptions, you can now see smiling and apparently contented faces; the business man, who had closed his shop, for fear of being robbed by his own countrymen, comes out in the evening, after the fatigues of the day's labor, to take his evening drive, ride or walk, as best suits his convenience, without the fear of finding, on his return, his doors broken open, his house emptied, and himself reduced to the necessity of commencing life anew. On an evening-ride around the beautiful paseo, you observe the comfortable carriages of the more opulent, dash along, as they carry their inmates to enjoy the evening breeze among the fragrance of the half-neglected and therefore grotesque shrubbery, under the beautiful blue of a tropic sky; and although the number of visitors at this much frequented place is not as large as it formerly was, yet there are enough to give life and animation to the scene. The ladies, too—and there are many of them in this place who are truly beautiful—turn out as they were wont to do, and are seen in their daily walks and rides, flourishing their fans in the graceful style peculiar to the Castilian; in short, the whole bearing of the inhabitants of this city, whether a majority of them are hostile to the Americans or not, appear to feel a degree of safety under American protection, which was unknown to them, while those that were ready "to cause the rights of this nation to be respected," remained among them; delighted with themselves, terrifying others and driving a great number of those, who love order and tranquility, from their comfortable homes."

Hon. JOHN REED, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, in communicating his acceptance of the Whig nomination, observes:

"Southern men and Northern men who would acquire more Slave territory, may be assured that although moderation and forbearance (with few exceptions) have marked the course of the friends of peace, and those opposed to the further extension of Slave territory, that a deep feeling pervades the minds of the people, and that it is their fixed purpose that there shall be no further extension of Slave territory. This purpose comes from a higher source than the Wilmot Proviso. It comes spontaneously from the honest hearts of millions of Freemen, and their second sober thoughts say Amen."

A MANIFEST DESTINY MAN.—When Lieut. Emory stopped at Panama, on his return to the United States last Spring, he encountered an American at that place half-seas over, with whom he got into an interesting conversation.

"Why don't you return to your country?" asked Lieut. Emory.

"Return to my country! Never!"

"Why?"

"Because I am a Manifest Destiny Man, and my country will be along here, long before I die!"

A letter writer wishes to know what more precious offering can be laid upon a man's heart, than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots and fourteen three story houses! We know of nothing half so touching, or, in other words, anything that most people would sooner "touch."