

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 632.

## ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, by public vendue or outcry,

**SATURDAY, 25th March next,**  
A Tract of Land, late the estate of James Campbell, of Shirley township, in said county, dec'd, situate in Shirley township, in said county—adjoining Shade mountain, lands of John Moyer, (black Log mountain, lands of Mary Ann Pollard, containing 176 acres and 75 perches and allowance, being the same tract of land sold by James Campbell, Sr., of Perry county to James Campbell late of Shirley township, Huntingdon county, dec'd.

The said tract of land is valuable, and is improved, and affords a desirable opportunity to persons desiring to purchase a good farm. The title is indisputable.

Terms—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments thereafter with interest, to be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

By the Court, JACOB MILLER, Clerk,  
Attendance given by  
HANCE R. CAMPBELL,  
Feb. 22-48. Adm'r.

## NEW ARRIVAL

**"Huntingdon Jewellery Store."**  
The undersigned has just received from Philadelphia another large lot of GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, of almost every description and quality. Also, an additional supply of Jewellery, Steel Beads, Bag clasps, Purse rilk, &c.

The subscriber has made arrangements with an extensive establishment in Philadelphia, which will enable him to keep on hand and to supply at all times the increased and increasing demands of the public, at the very lowest prices.

JAS. T. SCOTT.

Huntingdon, Feb. 22-48.

## AN OLD HORSE SHOE REWARD.

RAN away from the subscriber, living in Morris township, Huntingdon county, on the 15th of February, 1848, an indentured apprentice to the Farming business, named Henry Leeburg. He had on when he ran off a wool hat, dark cassinet frock coat and mixed cassinet pantaloons. The public are cautioned against harboring or trusting said apprentice on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts of his contracting. The above reward, but no charges will be paid for his apprehension and delivery to me.

Feb. 22-31. BENJ. F. WALLACE.

## A FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will offer at Public Sale on the 19th of March, 1848, a Small Farm situate on the Juniata river, in West township, Huntingdon county, near John Neff's Mill, and adjoining lands of John Neff, Dr. Meiz, Jacob Knode and others, containing 76 acres, more or less, in a fine state of cultivation. The improvements consist of a good DWELLING HOUSE, well finished, and a Frame Stable. There is a fine young orchard of fruit trees on the premises, and a well of water near the house. Attendance will be given and terms made known on the day of sale.

ROBT. B. WILSON.

If the above property is not sold, it will be offered for rent.

Feb. 22-48.

## Orphan's Court Sale.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, there will be sold on the premises on

**SATURDAY, 25th of March next,**  
at 2 o'clock P. M. the following described Real Estate, late of James Conner, dec'd, viz:

**A TRACT OF VALUABLE LAND,**  
situate in the township of West in said county of Huntingdon, on or near the waters of Shaver's Creek, a short distance from the Penn'a Canal at Petersburg, containing 208 Acres adjoining lands of Joseph Reed, Thomas Johnston, Jonathan McAtee and others—about 40 acres of cleared Land thereon, and the balance excellent timber land. All of which is considered of the best quality of farm land.

The Terms are easy, viz:—One third of the purchase money to remain in the hands of the purchaser during the life of the widow of said James Conner, dec'd, with interest from the confirmation of the sale, payable annually to the said widow—the principal thereof at the death of said widow payable to the heirs and legal representatives of said deceased. One third of the balance to be paid at the confirmation of the sale and the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest—the whole to be secured by the Judgment notes of the purchaser. By the Court.

JACOB MILLER, Clerk.

The subscriber having been appointed by the said Court, Trustee to make sale of the above valuable property, will attend on the premises at the time of sale above fixed, when and where all purchasers are invited to attend.

JOHN ARMITAGE, Trustee.

Feb. 18-48.

## Executor's Notice.

Estate of Jacob G. Huyett, late of Porter township, dec'd.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the last Will and Testament of said deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment immediately; and all claims and demands against the same to be presented, duly authenticated for settlement, to DANIEL PIPER, HENRY NEFF, Executors.

Feb. 18-48.

The books and papers of said deceased are in the hands of Daniel Piper, residing in Alexandria.

## Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, to appropriate the moneys in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the Real Estate of Christian Oyer, hereby gives notice to all persons interested that he will attend, for that purpose, at his office, in Huntingdon, on Saturday the 18th day of March next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

GEO. TAYLOR, Auditor.

## FUNERAL OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Correspondence of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1848.

This day has been devoted to the honor of one of the greatest of our race, no more to guide or counsel us on earth. The military companies were out, at an early hour parading the streets. The whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue was a continuous string of mourning appendages. All the hotels and public buildings had flags at half-mast. Black muslin hung in profuse folds from the hotel windows. Jackson Hall had its flag at half-mast, and showed the weeds of woe. The shops were generally closed, and covered with black muslin.

The public buildings were also in mourning, everything spoke a nation's grief at the sad calamity that had befallen us. From the lamp, elevated a hundred feet above the dome of the Capitol, flew a black streamer, while the pillars and ornaments of the Capitol were begirt with black. The flags of both Houses were at half-mast all day.

At nearly one o'clock the body was brought into the House of Representatives, and placed in front of the speaker's chair, the friends of the deceased, mourners, &c. &c., surrounding it.

The Hall was clothed in the deepest mourning, the chair of Mr. Adams was vacant, and the desk in mourning. Massive folds of black crape hung over the Speaker's chair, completely covering up the large curtains surrounding it. The full length portraits of Washington and La Fayette, friends and acquaintances of the deceased, were appropriately in mourning. The clock over the centre door was surrounded with crape, and the recording genius of time above it rose from clustered mourning, as if she wept at the death of her noblest son.

The mace of the Sergeant-at-Arms was veiled in mourning, as if even power itself paused in the exercise of its functions to pay a tribute to its most virtuous, wise, and prudent servant. All was in keeping with the deep and melancholy spirit of mourning which darkened every heart. There are times when these things are worse than mockery, and to-day it was sincere, and the heart of every man woman and child responded, in dark and melancholy musings to these outward signs of woe.

The audience in the Hall was such as is seldom seen together. On the right of the Speaker's chair sat the President of the United States, on his left sat the Vice President of the United States, and President of the Senate. In front of the Speaker's chair sat the entire Cabinet, Messrs. Buchanan, Walker, Marcy, Mason, Johnson, and Clifford, with the President's Private Secretary. The whole bench of the Supreme Court of the United States were in attendance, with the exception, I believe, of the Chief Justice. The foreign Ministers, particularly the Prussian Minister, were conspicuous for their splendid dresses. The military also were largely represented. Among others, I noticed Gens. Jones, Quitman, Shields, Col. Harney, &c. I noticed several Commodores of the navy. Among the pall bearers present were Messrs. Calhoun, Benton, and Justice McLean. Mr. Webster came in with Mr. Davis as chief of the mourners. The domestic calamities which he has recently endured, the sorrowful feelings of the occasion, added a deeper shade to the dark outline of his features. Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Bodisco, Mrs. Polk, &c., &c., were in the ladies' gallery on the right of the Speaker.

The religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. GURLEY, Chaplain of the House. He was an intimate friend of the deceased, and, unless my memory deceives me, Mr. ADAMS was the member who moved and carried, by his influence, the election of Mr. Gurley as Chaplain. Mr. Gurley is an eloquent speaker and his sermon was able and appropriate. His sketch of the life of the illustrious deceased, the Religious counsels of his mother, in which she tells him upon one occasion, that she would rather see him perish in the ocean than that he should be an immoral man. The comparison of the character of the mighty dead to a granite column, massive in its proportion, immovable in its proud action and towering high to heaven, the place to which his soul aspired was sublime. The journey of Mr. Adams to Cincinnati to lay the corner stone of the Observatory, there the Religious cast of his mind, were beautifully described.—The sermon in its simple eloquence, expressive character, and in its touching appeals to the audience to imitate our deceased friend, was a model worthy of imitation.

The text from which Mr. Gurley preached was taken from Job 11th chapter 17th verse. Before the sermon Mr. Gurley read a portion of scripture from Job, and offered up a fervent prayer.—There was singing which came upon the

audience with effect, by a band in the gallery on the Speaker's left. The female voices sounded well in the House.

At the conclusion of the services, a procession was formed which swept round the grounds west of the Capitol, contrary to custom, which is to go directly to the burying ground which lies East of it.

In the procession I noticed some 60 or 80 members of the Maryland Legislature accompanied by their Sergeant at Arms with his Mace.

The following is the inscription on the lid of the coffin, just as it is engraved, line by line:

John Quincy Adams,  
BORN  
An Inhabitant of Massachusetts, July 11th, 1767.

DIED  
A citizen of the United States,  
In the Capitol at Washington,  
Feb. 23d, 1848,  
Having served his country  
For half a century,  
And enjoyed its highest  
Honors.

Thousands called to see him yesterday and to-day. The coffin was ornamented with flowers. His features seemed to retain their expression wonderfully.

ASHLAND.

**ADVICE TO A SON.**—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be it is the best we have to live in—here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for, at present, the best way is to slide through it as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has, is want of charity, and calling knave or fool, at every turn, will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and (as a matter of philosophy,) that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind—we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself, for it is laying its own exaggerated vices as foul blot on the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palating existing abuses, of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature do not themselves always set the fairest examples or strive to prevent its lower degradation. Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest manly principle will daily accumulate. We are not too nicely to scrutinize motives as long as action is irreproachable. It is enough (and for a worthy man perhaps too much) to deal out its infamy to convicted guilt and declared apostasy.—  
[W. Hazlitt.]

**A JURY VERDICT.**—A case was recently submitted to a jury in this county, which for its novelty and happy result, deserves a place in "the reports." It arose from the following circumstance: Two men, living near neighbors, had a falling out about the cow of one of the parties frequently getting into the enclosure of the other, and which finally resulted in the death of the cow, she having been set on by dogs and chased till she ran against a stump and broke her neck. The case was submitted to a jury of respectable and wealthy farmers. After hearing related all the circumstances, the jury made up their minds that the owner of the cow could not afford to lose her, and that the owner of the dogs was not able to pay for her; they therefore rendered the following verdict: that the jury should pay the value of the cow, the magistrate treat the party, and the constable pay the cost.

The verdict was immediately ratified and satisfied, to the great joy of the entire neighborhood.—*Kentucky Democrat.*

**MILLERISM AGAIN.**—The Millerites have fixed upon another day for the grand burst up of worldly affairs. It is to come in May next, when, according to their calculations, the world will be 6,000 years of age for certain, and will take its final blow out. They are getting ready for it at Leroy, New York.

**ANOTHER VICTIM.**—Mr. Isaac Thomson fell dead from his chair while drinking liquor, in Indiana Pa. He drank about one quart of whiskey, fell from his chair and died. He was a man of some property, but intemperate habits.

## "GOD HELPS THE HEAVY BATTALIONS."

[From the American Messenger.]  
Just before Napoleon headed his armies for the invasion of Russia, some one remarked to one of his veteran Generals that God would never lend his blessing to such an enterprise. The war-worn soldier replied, "I have always observed that God helps the heavy battalions."

With this sentiment inspiring his mind, Napoleon assembled his hosts on the banks of the Niemen. It was the most brilliant spectacle of military pomp and power, probably, ever witnessed on earth. Five hundred thousand men, glittering with a formidable array of arms, were marshalled before their Emperor, whose very name was a passport to victory. As battalion after battalion, in their solid strength, made the very earth seem to tremble beneath their tread, Napoleon felt, and all Europe felt with him, that there was no earthly power which could stay his victories. The armies of Alexander are assembled to resist the invaders, but at every point they are met and routed by the Conqueror of Europe, and the Russians, though contending for the protection of their own homes, invariably flee, after a scene of awful slaughter, before the heavy battalions of their foes. At every river's side, and at every mountain pass, the discomfited troops of Alexander make a stand, to repel the invading army, but it is all in vain; the veteran armies of the South mow them down, and ride impetuously over them, as they march unimpeded on their way from victory to victory. In the course of a few weeks the domes and the palaces of Moscow were seen glittering in the rays of the setting sun, and the soldiers, with shouts of exultation, rushed forward to revel in the halls of the Muscovites. The heavy battalions of the invaders had triumphed, and the Capital of the Empire was in their hands. But the end was not yet.

Napoleon, intoxicated with power, stands upon the balcony of the Kremlin, gazing upon the resplendent spectacle before him. It was the dead of night. An unclouded moon illuminates the gilded domes of two hundred churches, and discloses to his enchanted eye a boundless expanse of pillared palaces, and magnificent streets, and parks, and gardens, and rivers, all decorated with Moorish architecture, and rendering the whole scene peculiarly fascinating to a mind still alive with dreams of Oriental conquest.

Suddenly a bright light is seen to shoot up the northern sky. The cry of fire resounds through the streets. With loud explosions and meteoric glare, new volumes of flame and smoke burst forth, with almost miraculous rapidity, in every part of the city. A rising tempest fans the flame. And as the gale increases to a hurricane, the whole horizon is filled with the terrible conflagration.—The devouring element, rushing, roaring, crackling on its way, strides along from street to street, until one wide, wasting sheet of fire envelops the city. Napoleon and his officers, and the whole army paralysed with consternation, gazed upon the resistless march of these heavy battalions of flame and smoke, and hastily retreat in utter discomfiture. The victorious fire takes possession of the city, and the vanquished troops, in despair, throw themselves upon the frozen ground of the black heath.

And now inclement Winter darkens the sky. Cold, and winds, and snow, and diseases and famine combine, and with their heavy battalions, as the allies of Russia, pour down upon the unsheltered hosts of France. They sweep over the dismayed army with whirlwind fury. Resistance is unavailing; the drifting snow is the winding-sheet of tens of thousands who, during the wintry night, freeze on the storm-swept plains. The driving storm is pitiless.—The piercing cold knows no mercy.—The sleet which fills the sky, and is whirled by the howling wind, has no ear to hear, and no heart to feel the awful wail of dying men, which swells louder than the roaring of the storm.—And gaunt famine and torturing Pestilence come in rushing squadrons more terrible than Polish Lancers or Mamelukes, and no solid columns or bristling squares can repel their charge. God has raised the heavy battalions and equipped them, and commissioned them, and nerved them for His dread work of retribution. And now he helps them, and before their stately march the army of invasion is scattered like chaff by the whirlwind.

Infidelity gazed upon the carnage of Lodi and Rivoli; upon the battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor; and the slaughter at Marengo and Austerlitz and exclaimed, "There is no God who cares for Man. The weak perish. It matters not which is right or wrong." But in

the flames of Moscow—in the horrors of those wintry nights on the plains of Russia, when uncounted thousands found in the snow their death-bed, and in the howling of the tempest their requiem, even Infidelity was abashed, and exclaimed, "God has at his disposal battalions heavier than man can marshal." And when the retreating army, having strown its dead, like snow flakes on the frozen ground, all along its path, undertook the awful passage of the Beresina—as the dark flowing waves of the icy river were before them, and the fur-clad squadrons of the North behind them, with artillery and musketry, and gleaming sabres, and pestilence and starvation and benumbing frost, and despair, pervaded the camp, and the storms of winter were shrieking over their heads—in that horrible day, when all that was merciless in man's fury was combined with all that was terrible in the warnings of the elements, the horror-stricken fugitives felt that God was indeed helping the heavy battalions!

It was on the 23d of June, 1812, and one of the loveliest mornings that ever dawned upon mankind, when Napoleon, with a more magnificent array than earth had ever before witnessed, crossed the Niemen, for the invasion of Russia.—At that time, Napoleon was on the highest pinnacle of greatness ever attained by mortal man. And as the resplendent mass of five hundred thousand, with gorgeous banners, and glittering steel, and soul-inspiring music, poured across the bridges which spanned the stream, every bosom gloved with assurance and pride. "The glittering of the arms, the splendor of the dress, the loud shouts of the men, inspired universal enthusiasm, and seemed to afford certain presage of success."

In the middle of December of the same year, a rabble rout of about twenty thousand men re-appeared upon the banks of the same stream, haggard, squallid, emaciated with cold and starvation, the sole survivors of the vast host which, but five months before, had crossed the river in all the pomp and pageantry of certain triumph. "When this miserable band of fugitives," says Alison, "arrived at a certain point where the passage had been effected five months before, when they beheld those heights, then crowded with splendid battalions, now covered by a miserable band of fugitives, and passed the remains of the bridges, now deserted, which then graced under the march of glittering squadrons, the magnitude of the contrast, notwithstanding their present sufferings, brought tears into the eyes even of the common soldiers.—Casting a last look on the shores of her savage regions—then so ardently desired, since the scene of such grievous suffering,—they plunged into the forest, and abandoning every appearance of military order, dispersed like private travellers over the boundless plains of Poland."

The lesson will not soon be forgotten in Europe, that God helps the heavy battalions. And woe be to that individual, and woe be to that nation upon whom God lets loose, in an avenging hour, his Heavy Battalions!

**A SHARP REPLY.**—Two physicians of considerable skill and eminence lived in a town in America. One of them used no spirituous liquor—the other drank freely—while one had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor. Meeting each other one day, as the former was returning from a distant town, with a richly painted and well made carriage, the latter accosted him: "Doctor, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and as extensively as you, and charge as much; but I can hardly live and drive the old one." "The paint on my carriage," he replied, "did not cost half as much as the paint on your face."

**A SALUTARY THOUGHT.**—There was a man who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommon liberal in his dealings. When he had any produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian: "God Almighty has given me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes. Think of this, friend, but one journey through the world."

**SHIP FEVER.**—This disease is prevalent to such an extent at New Orleans, that it is proposed to establish a quarantine station below the city. The Charity Hospital is filled with ship fever patients.

## Profits of Farming.

Messrs. Editors.—I have been much interested with the various papers that have appeared from time to time in the Cultivator, on the profits of farming; but in my opinion, some of the writers have taken a wrong view on the subject—making the profits of farming to resolve itself into the mere question of dollars and cents; than which, nothing can be more foreign to the object, or less satisfactory to the reflecting mind. But, as example teaches before precept here are the reflections of a man, an adjoining neighbor, who two years ago left a lucrative business in Philadelphia, and bought the farm on which he now resides, for the sole purpose of making a profit, and in which he has succeeded beyond his hope, and equal to his most ardent desire.

To the question, whether he did not find the profits of farming few and small when compared with those of trade? he answered "Quite the contrary, I have already realized far more than the most I had dared to contemplate, and am, at the end of two years, richer than I ever could have become in twenty years of successful trade. It is true, I made more dollars and cents in trade than I now do, but that is *dross*, when compared to the blessings of health of body and peace of mind, which gold and silver can never purchase. Do you remember what a heavy paunchy fellow I came among you? See me now leap this gate—there; why the attempt then would have burst me up! And the best article I could take to the city for sale, would be my appetite at 12 o'clock dinner; at which the bacon and cabbage require no topping off with either *pie* or *pudding*. You remember when I was as broad as long I am now as proportionate as yourself; eat, drink and sleep with an appetite; yawn at bedtime, and never in the morning; am up before the sun, yet the day is never too long; and more than all, I have no acceptances to take up. Money! why what use have I for it?—I grow my own bread and meat, poultry and eggs, honey, milk, cream and cheese, with vegetables and fruits of every kind, and in the greatest abundance; feathers for my beds, wool for my stockings, blankets and common clothing; lard for my lamps, candles and soap, and straw for my hats, enjoying the luxury of my dog and gun, a carriage and a pair for myself and family, with house-rent and fuel free! At the same time by good management my estate is annually increasing in value; while my property—no longer consigned upon trust to the four winds—is secured on the surest foundation; surrounding my dwelling, and under my own eye. Then what on earth is the use of money? I can't eat or drink it, even if it were cut into mincemeat. It is not only the "root of all evil," but the source of disease of body and anxiety of mind, inseparable.—So I, for one am content with the profits of farming; for the fact is it leaves me scarce anything to wish for, much less, to care for."—*Boston Cultivator.*

**IDOLS MADE IN ENGLAND.**—"I have been informed," says a missionary to India, "that some merchants in Birmingham have made a good speculation lately, in manufacturing idols of brass for the India market, for which they found a ready sale. It was mentioned to me as a fact last year, that two missionaries were embarking for Calcutta on board the same ship which carried several chests filled with idols."

The New York Tribune notices a lamb which was seen in Washington market, in that city, on Tuesday, which was quite remarkable. It had three ears, one of which was exactly on the top of the head—four fore and four hind legs—one body above the loins, and two distinct bodies below that—two tails, two fair, well-formed breasts on each side, and its color was white, with one mouth, nose, &c. To attain the size it had, it must have lived for some time.

A number of colored persons, both free and slave, were arrested in New Orleans on Sunday, the 8th inst., for the crimes of assembling to worship God! A New Orleans paper mentions as an evidence of their criminality, that one of them had a bible and three prayer books.

A recent English writer says:—"A sheep, to be in high order for the palate of an epicure, should not be killed earlier than when five years old, at which age the mutton will be rich and succulent, of a dark color, and full of the richest gravy; whereas, if only two years old, it is flabby, pale, and flavorless."

"Bless my heart," said Mrs. Candor, "I see that some of the men animals talk about canvassing the entire state! If they intend to make a circus of Louisiana, I shall remove."