

Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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THE "OLD WHITE HOSS."

Come join in the shout for the man we love best,
Hurrah for Old Zachary Taylor.
The friend of our own Harry Clay of the west,
Hurrah for Old Zachary Taylor.
We'll give them a sight of the 'old White Hoss,'
He'll give to the locos particular goss,
They'll see him at Washington when he is boss,
Hurrah for Old Zachary Taylor.
He's trusty as steel to his word and his friend,
Hurrah &c.
Tho' they tried to subdue him, he never would
bend,
Hurrah, &c.
We'll give them a sight &c.

The Locos have put Lewis Cass on the track,
Hurrah &c.
We'll give them a touch of our gallant old Zack,
Hurrah &c.
We'll give them a sight, &c.

A hand to our warrior our champion and friend,
Hurrah &c.
He fought from the first and he'll fight to the end,
Hurrah &c.
We'll give them a sight &c.

Come join in the chorus good Whigs as you pass,
Hurrah for old Zachary Taylor.
And when they hear it they'll tremble for Cass,
Hurrah for old Zachary Taylor.

We'll give them a sight of the 'old White Hoss,'
He'll give to the locos particular goss,
They'll see him at Washington when he is boss,
Hurrah for Old Zachary Taylor.

A Picture for the People.

The following letter, written by Commodore Elliott to Gen. Cass, when the latter was about to make the tour of the Mediterranean Sea in the Constitution, at the expense of the people, gives some insight into the democratic tastes of the great *gasometer*:

"U. S. SHIP CONSTITUTION,
Bay of Gibraltar, July 28th, 1837."

"Your letter of the 13th has been duly received, and I feel happy that you contemplate entering with your family on the interesting expedition you before alluded to in your favor of Oct. 1, from Washington. The accommodations on board the Constitution, such as they are, are freely at your service; you will not expect the elegance of your magnificent apartments at Paris; but this you will easily dispense with, when you reflect that a man-of-war has not all the luxuries of a drawing room on shore.

"Your beds, bedding and the like matter, you need not trouble yourself concerning; as Fitch, Brothers & Co., can obtain them at Marseilles. Presents, as you well remark, will be necessary in order to obtain you honors and ceremonious receptions—I should advise you to take with you watches, pistols, diamond rings, and gold snuff-boxes, as those sort of things are most acceptable. As to wines, I have directed, at this place, one cask of sherry, and one cask of Madeira; the champagne and other French wines you mention will best come from Marseilles.

"I cannot at this time express to you the many minor affairs, and little arrangements, which we will talk over at our meeting;—I am gratified that you should allude to our long standing acquaintance; such connexions should be remembered, and I hope that on the present occasion you will use with me all the privileges of an old friend, in which relationship I stand to wards yourself.

"Your travelling on board of a government ship will warrant you against the intrusive herd of tourists who chiefly belong to the lower classes of polite society; and you will meet with many gentlemen of a superior order, particularly Sir Howard Douglas, at Corfu. While at Athens last, I was visited by the King of Greece, at Tripoli by Ibrahim Pacha, at Alexandria Mehemet Ali, from whom I received a sword in testimony of remembrance.

"The ladies perhaps will find occasional recreation in listening to the overtures and waltzes of an excellent band of musicians which I have attached to the ship. With no personal acquaintance with any member of your family, I beg to be remembered to each in the kindest manner. "I remain Dear General,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

"J. D. ELLIOTT."

"P. S.—It will be necessary for you to write to Constantinople for a firman to pass the Dardanelles, and have it sent to Athens."

"What democratic preparations? Diamond-rings and gold snuff-boxes, to be paid for out of some contingent fund, bartered for hours and ceremonious receptions. Sherry, Madeira, Champagne and French wines for the table. Relief from the lower classes of tourists. Superior society. A band of music for the ladies. And above all, an old friend who must know his tastes, laments that the battle-hallowed cabins of 'old Ironsides' are not more worthy of the traveller, accustomed to luxuries and the elegance of his magnificent apartments of Paris. 'Vive Cass!'—Daily News."

Allegorical.

A traveller, setting out upon a long journey, was assailed on the road by curs, mastiffs, and half-grown puppies, which came out of their kennels to bark at him as he passed along. He often dismounted from his horse, to drive them back with stones and sticks, into their hiding places. This operation was repeated every day, and sometimes as often as twenty times a day. The consequence was that more than half the traveller's time was consumed in chasing these dogs and puppies. At last he was overtaken by a neighbor, who was going the same road, but who had set out a long time after him. The latter traveller was very much surprised to find the other no farther on his journey, and on hearing the reason, "Alas!" said he, "is it possible that you have lost your time and wasted your strength in this idle occupation? These same animals have beset me all along the road; but I have saved my time and my labor by taking no notice of their barking; while you have lost yours in resenting insults which did you no harm, and in chastising dogs and puppies, whose manners you can never mend."

Maria Grafton; or, Let Every Girl Choose her own Husband.

Seated in a pleasant chamber, was a young lady, the daughter of one of the aristocratic merchants of New England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course, although not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practice of some of the wealthiest merchants in the country, had amassed a large amount of property. With him wealth was everything; he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents; and it needed only that a man be wealthy, no matter by what means he became so, to ensure his respect.

His residence was but a few miles from the city of Boston, and it was one of the most beautiful in that vicinity.—No pains had been spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man fond of praise. His youngest daughter, Maria, was now the only child remaining at home. Two sons on whom he had placed his hopes for the reputation of his family name, and on whom he had designed to bestow the greater part of his wealth, died ere they had attained to manhood. Of the three daughters, two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next, perhaps to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of that fair girl, as she sat alone in her chamber; but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor. When she descended, she found he was accompanied by a man named Stevens, who had some time previous, offered his hand to Maria, but not content with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of her father to wealth, he called him to his aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as she saw Stevens, turned her head, and seated herself by the window. Her father addressed her, presenting Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept him as her future husband. Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr. Stevens once, and even did she love him, which she was very certain she did not, her own judgment taught her better than to trust his happiness in his hands.

"What do you know of love?" said Mr. Grafton; and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him? His wealth is sufficient to procure every comfort, and his character is—'Infernal,'" interrupted Maria, looking him full in the face.

Stevens turned pale, and his lips quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. At length, pointing with his finger at Stevens, he enquired—

"And what do you know of his character?"

"Enough to convince me that my words were true," answered Maria.

"My daughter," said Grafton, assuming a milder tone; "though you may have heard reports unfavorable to Mr. Stevens, believe me, they are without foundation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city."

"He may be all that you think he is," said Maria, "but I cannot marry him."

"You may go to your chamber," said her father, "I am determined that Henry Stevens shall be my son in law, and you must marry him or quit my house, I will neither own or support an ungrateful and disobedient daughter. To-morrow I shall expect your answer."

Maria knew too well the character of her father to make any reply. A crisis had arrived which she had for some days feared. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down his wrath on her head, and had written to both her sisters, stating the circumstances, and requesting, in case her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining for a short time with them. Contrary to her expectations, both had refused her. Their husbands had married them more on account of the wealth of their father, than for any affection they had felt for them, and they had feared if they gave Maria a home, their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect which wealth has on the affections.

Maria retired to her chamber, and after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was, how should she obtain a living? After thinking of the matter for some time, she said to herself,—"Well I have a good constitution, and can labor; but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton to go about the city seeking employment? This would not answer." At last she concluded that, rather than remain in the city, she would go to some village, and, if possible, obtain employment. At this moment she recollects having heard one of the house maids speak of being em-

ployed in a factory, and she descended to the kitchen.

"Hannah," said she, addressing the girl, "I heard you a few days since speak of working in a factory, how did you like it there?"

"Oh, I liked it very much, Miss Maria, and should have remained there, had my health been good."

"Was the work harder than your work here?" inquired Maria.

"No, ma'am, I don't think it was, but it was more confined."

"Will you tell me where it was?" inquired Maria.

The girl gave the required information, and also the name of the overseer of the room where she had worked, and the name of the lady with whom she had boarded, adding, "she was the kindest woman I ever saw."

Maria's mind was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory. Would her father allow her to take her clothing, and what money she had? She determined, if he should still adhere to his resolution, to ask him the question.

In the morning she met her father at the breakfast table. Neither spoke until the meal was finished. At length her father inquired—

"Well, Maria, have you concluded to marry Mr. Stevens?"

Maria hesitated for a moment, but said firmly, "I have not."

"You heard my determination last night," said he, "I now repeat it. You must marry Henry Stevens or quit my house."

"I cannot marry him, father—sooner would I quit not only the house, but the world."

"Then go," said he, angrily rising from his chair.

"Shall I take my clothes?" asked Maria.

"Yes; and never let me see or hear from you again," said he slamming the door violently and leaving her alone.

Maria sunk back in her chair, and wept bitterly. For a moment she almost seemed inclined to comply with his wishes; but the idea that she must be forever linked to villain, and suffer reproach for his villanies when discovered, was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from her friends, free and with honor, to that of marrying Stevens. She hastily packed up her things, and in a few hours she left her father's house.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprang up to see them—but from their recent treatment she dared not visit them, and she also feared again meeting her father.

Maria was well furnished with clothing, and had about twenty-five dollars in money. Although she had been surrounded with wealth, she had never till now known the value of money. A thousand reflections, doubts and fears, crossed her mind, as she was pursuing her journey to the place designated by the girl of whom she had inquired in her father's kitchen, and though she felt sad at the thought of being driven from home, she could scarce suppress smile at the awkwardness with which she could engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. D——, the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained board in the family. She also learned that Mr. P——, the overseer whose name she had taken, was in want of help.

"You may go to your chamber," said her father, "I am determined that Henry Stevens shall be my son in law, and you must marry him or quit my house, I will neither own or support an ungrateful and disobedient daughter. To-morrow I shall expect your answer."

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She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down his wrath on her head, and had written to both her sisters, stating the circumstances, and requesting, in case her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining for a short time with them.

Contrary to her expectations, both had refused her. Their husbands had married them more on account of the wealth of their father, than for any affection they had felt for them, and they had feared if they gave Maria a home, their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect which wealth has on the affections.

About six months after Maria entered the factory, an incident occurred which bound, if possible, the two friends closer to each other. One evening, as they were in their chamber, and Caroline was engaged in repacking a large trunk, Maria who was looking on, was rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewelry possessed by Caroline, and jokingly inquired if her beau was a jeweller.

Maria retired to her chamber, and after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was, how should she obtain a living?

After thinking of the matter for some time, she said to herself,—"Well I have a good constitution, and can labor; but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton to go about the city seeking employment? This would not answer."

At last she concluded that, rather than remain in the city, she would go to some village, and, if possible, obtain employment. At this moment she recollects having heard one of the house maids speak of being em-

ployed in a factory, and she preferred working in a factory to remain among those, who, though they were once intimate friends, would consider her after her loss of wealth, as far below them.

Maria repaid Caroline by telling her own history and her reasons for leaving home, and corroborated her story by the display of jewelry her father had allowed her to keep.

Probably there never were two persons who enjoyed themselves better than these two girls. None save themselves knew their history, and as their dispositions were not arrogant, they never appeared to be above their fellow laborers. For two years they remained together, at the end of which Caroline was married, and at the urgent request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory, for awhile at least, and take up her abode with them.

One day as Maria was engaged in perusing a paper which had been left there, her eye fell on a paragraph stating that Mr. Henry Stevens, who had always been considered a wealthy merchant, was committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries. She handed it to Caroline, with a shudder, exclaiming, "As I expected." The next brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt; and that Mr. Grafton, if not entirely ruined, would be a heavy loser on account of his villainies, as he had hired of him a large sum of money.

For a moment Maria indulged in the idea of immediately visiting her father; but after consulting with Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did, begging his pardon for not obeying him, and requesting him to receive her again to his arms, adding as a postscript, that she had one hundred dollars which she would send him, if he was in want of money to pay his losses by Stevens. Her father read her letter with feelings more of sorrow than of anger, but at the end of it broke out into a laugh, exclaiming—

"Well, women are the best judges of rascals."

In a few days he visited Maria, expressing his regret for the sorrow he had caused her, and requesting her to return with him. Maria complied with his request, and became once more an inmate of her early home. Her father endeavored by every means in his power, to make her happy, as an atonement for past wrongs, and when about a year after, she asked his consent to her marriage with a mechanic, without wealth, he answered, "do as you please Maria, I have learned to let every girl choose her own husband."

Elegant Starvation.

A thoughtless young gentleman of good family, although he had spent every shilling, and worn out every trace of credit, lived with a devoted partner of his poverty in a splendid villa near the Regent's Park. Jewels, books, wearing apparel, and every description of moveables, had long disappeared from the exquisite residence, to supply the common necessities of life.

"Yesterday," boasted our hero to a confidential friend, towards the end of his ruin, "we supped off a pair of ear-rings." The case of champagne in the coal cellar is the Emerald Isle of his nativity before the appearance of the potatoe rot. During his absence, the "Gloria in Excelsis" came, in the order of the exercises, to be chanted, and Patrick was directed to furnish the organic element. A short time elapsed, but no music followed the touch of the lady who presided at the instrument.

"Blow! whispered the fair organist. "Blow! repeated the leader; and "Blow! blow you, blow!" echoed the entire choir, but not a puff found its way into the vacant pipes, to wake the slumbering harmony. An investigation now took place, and Patrick was found behind the organ—with both his hands tightly clenched around the bellows handle, (a stick of some five feet long and two inches thick,) the end stuck in his mouth, his cheeks swelled to the utmost expansion, his eyes distended, and the perspiration streaming from his face—engaged in the vigorous but vain attempt to force his breath through the pores of the wood into the body of the instrument.

"It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that some little time passed before the choir were able to screw their mouths into that serious pucker requisite to the proper performance of the musical exercises."

Worth Thinking about.

Mrs. Child very sensibly remarks:—"I never heard a marriage expressly for money, that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are constantly playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because women think they will never have a better chance, and dread being dependent. Such marriages, no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observation in such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living."

"What?" inquired the lady, anxiously.

"What?—why fry the gold-fish and roast the canary?"

POLITICAL COURTESY.—When Mr. Joseph Lancaster had finished his lecture, from the chair of the House of Representatives, Mr. Clay, the Speaker, complimented him, saying that the chair had never before been filled so well.—Mr. Lancaster very modestly replied that man, in his purest aspect, was but the very humble instrument in the hands of a higher power; the chair he had just filled, exalted as it was, had not been filled with anything better than Clay.

A handful of common sense is worth more than a bushel of learning.

ONE OF THE OLD ZACK SONGS.

TUNE—"O look ye there."
O all ye pouting doubting Whigs,
Who go about as mourners,
Come wipe the tear drops from your eyes
Stop croaking on the corners.

CHORUS.
O come along with shout and song,
And 'go it while you're able,
We'll put old Zack in the White House, boys,
"Old Whitey" in the White House stable.

Ah me! to hear these croakers croak,
O, 'tis a sin to Moses!"
They snuffle, they "can't go old Zack,"
And then they wipe their noses.

O come along, &c.,
Cheer up! cheer up! ye fearful Whigs,
And on your harness buckle;
At doubting whigs the devil laughs,
The Locofoco chuckle.

O come along, &c.
The Locos swore that Harry Clay
Made pledges far too many;
The rascals now abuse old Zack,
Because he don't make any.

O come along, &c.

The Taylor platform's broad enough
To hold this mighty nation;
'Tis built of Whig materials all,
And has a firm foundation.

O come along, &c.,

The Taylor's tried at Baltimore,
To fix a platform bigger;
They set a "deadfall," and for bait
Stuck Cass upon the trigger.

O come along, &c.

The sly old fox of Kinderhook,
He eyed the trap with wonder;

He thought 'twould do for catching rats,
But "foxes" wouldnt go under.

O come along, &c.

Tho' Cass has lived all his six lives
In office, for the trimmings,

Yet old Zack carries the longest pole,

And he'll knock all the "CIMMONS"

O come along, &c.

Nine Taylors to make a single man
We always used to muster;</p