



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1848

VOL. XIII, NO. 43.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of Lev. Fa. and Vend. Ex. now in my hands, I will sell at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on Monday the 13th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at public vendue or outcry, the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain tract or parcel of land situate in Dublin township, Huntingdon county, containing about 110 acres, more or less, bounded by lands of John Appleby on the North East, William Appleby on the East, William Doyle on the South, and William Clyman on the West, having thereon erected a small log house and cabin barn, and about 70 acres cleared thereon. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of James Diven.

ALSO.—All that certain tract of land situate in Springfield township, Black Log Valley, Huntingdon county, containing about 200 acres, more or less, bounded on the north by Eli Lock, on the west by Greenbury Ramsey, and by the Shade mountain on the east, with a small improvement thereon. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Jesse Banks.

ALSO.—All that certain lot of ground situate in the town of Cassville, Cass township, Huntingdon county, fronting on the street 66 feet and extending back about 165 feet, bounded by Joshua Greenland and Isaac Ashton, having thereon erected a small log house &c. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Isaac Doeter.

ALSO.—All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to a certain tract of patented land situate in Dublin township, Huntingdon county, containing one hundred and sixty acres or thereabouts, adjoining lands of Samuel Campbell, William Marshall, Hugh Campbell and others, having thereon a good bank barn, and a double log house, a good orchard and a well of water at the door. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of George Whitaker, the said defendant.

ALSO.—All those two certain lots of ground situate in the borough of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, adjoining lots of Andrew McClure and Francis Conner, fronting each 60 feet on the north side of Second street, and extending back at right angles to said street 200 feet to second alley and marked in the general plan of said town No's. 74 and 75, thereon erected a frame dwelling house and a frame stable. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Solomon Baker.

ALSO.—All that certain tract, piece or parcel of land devised by the last Will and testament of Jacob Gooshorn dec'd to the Defendant John Gooshorn, containing about twenty acres or less, situate in Tell township, adjoining lands of William Gooshorn, Christian Couts, Samuel McFeaters and others nearly all of which is cleared—having thereon a log Grist Mill, a Saw Mill, a log dwelling house, a small frame house, and a stable. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Gooshorn, sr.

ALSO.—A piece of ground situate in the town of Graysport, Huntingdon Co. situate on the side of a hill being 150 feet by 490 feet—fronting on the North on the road leading to Canoe Nalley 150 feet more or less, bounded on the West and South by land of Michael Low, and on the East by lots of Elizabeth H Curley —ALSO one other piece of land in said town of Graysport lying along the bank of the River between the street and the River, and opposite lots owned by Abraham Isenberg, extending along said River 100 feet. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John W. Baum.

ALSO.—All that certain small tract or parcel of land lying on the east branch of Stone Creek in Jackson township containing twenty one acres or less the same more or less adjoining lands of Samuel Shadle on the east, Thomas Smith on the south, Robert Cummins on the west, Jos. Heffly on the north, about two acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a small two story log house and frame stable. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of James McAlevy.

MATTHEW CROWNER, Sheriff's Office, Huntingdon, Oct. 16, 1848.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons interested, that the Trust account of Joshua Greenland and Caleb Swoope, Assignees of Dr. Jacob M. Cover, late of Cass township, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, and that the same will be presented to the said Court on the second Monday of November next, for confirmation and allowance.

JAMES STEEL, Pro'ry.

Oct. 17, 1848.

Love On, Love Ever.

Love on, love ever! while the heart With joyful passion thrills, Or feels one blest emotion start, Within its silent cells:— Let gentle thoughts and fond desires Within it still abide; And day by day renew the fires, That passion first supplied.

Millard Fillmore.

We cut the following beautiful figure and high compliment to our candidate for the Vice Presidency from the Independent Monitor, a good Whig paper printed at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where it appears as editorial:

There is a structure standing on a rock in the English Channel, called the Eddystone lighthouse. It lifts its lantern more than seventy feet above the high water mark; and when storms arise, it is lashed by surges more furious than assail any other structure erected by human hands. High up above its calm and steady light, the angry waters shake their foamy manes, and bending over it, hang suspended in a fearful liquid canopy. But when the storm-wind ceases, and the vexed waves once more subside, there stands the lighthouse unharmed still, and its tranquil light streams out calm and steady as before.

The political tempest which has been raging about the head of Mr. Fillmore, can be compared in violence, only to those natural storms which assail this celebrated tower. The waves of calumny and invective have dashed themselves against him in vain. One after another they have fallen back impotent at his feet. The storm has expended itself—its force is utterly exhausted—and there still stands Mr. Fillmore, uninjured by its rage. We are proud of our candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Firm as the Eddystone lighthouse, impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, he is proof against every violence—he cannot be overthrown, and he cannot be conquered.

A SMART DOG.—A Shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else—I'm thinking, sir, the cow in the potatoes. Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through an open window, scrambled up to the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potatoes!

He then (not seeing the cow there,) ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the Shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his look out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, wagged his tail, looked his master in the face, with so comical an expression of interrogation, that he could not help laughing aloud at him, on which with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

A HAPPY OLD FARMER.

Said a venerable farmer of eighty years, to a relative on a visit to him, "I have lived on this farm more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people more than forty years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost more than one communion season. I have never been confined to a bed of sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be any happier, I must have more religion than I have at present."

EVILS OF STRONG PREJUDICE.—The Hon. Mr. Cabell, of Florida, lately obtained a claim of some \$1,100 for a Democratic constituent, and sent him the sum under his frank. The Democrat upon receiving the package, and seeing the frank of Mr. Cabell, thought it was a Whig document, and was just on the point of throwing it into the fire, when a "sober second thought" prompted him to open it, and he discovered to his joy the eleven hundred dollars, which were saved as a "brand from the burning."

Taylor as a Farmer and Master.

"The Philadelphia Platform" publishes extracts from a letter written by Gen. Taylor at Corpus Christi, November 13, 1845, to his agent in Mississippi concerning the management of his farm and the care he desired taken of his servants in his absence. The directions contained in the letters show a man who knows how to develop, to husband, and to direct the energies and resources of a farm as well as of an army. Indeed the minutest details do not escape his notice.

Upon the farm as well as in the field Gen. Taylor closely resembles General Washington, who displayed the same energy, system and order at the head of the revolutionary forces. But there are some extracts from Gen. Taylor's letter which we must lay before our readers, as beautifully illustrative of the wisdom, the prudence and at the same time, the unbounded generosity of his character.

"I hope you will not let spinning escape your vigilant eye, particularly as far as making your linsey is concerned, as well as any thing else that you may find it convenient to manufacture, nor forgetting the experiment of trying the making of comforts as a substitute for blankets. I am decidedly in favor of making every thing we want, as far as it can be done on the plantation, for the advantage is correct, that what ever is saved is gained, in addition to which my motto is to save every thing that is made."

Here speaks the good farmer, as well as the wise man, whose lesson of economy, so pithily set forth in the last line, is worthy the attention of all the young men of the country, of the poor, who would become rich, and of the rich, who would not see the inheritance of their fathers pass into the hands of strangers. And we may add, that which is good for an individual, would be good for the nation. Well would it be for our country, if she would adopt as her own policy, this prudent sentiment of Gen. Taylor, and "make every thing we want as far as it can be done in our own country, for the advantage is correct, that whatever is saved is gained, in addition to which my motto is to save every thing that is made." If that had always been the motto of our government, we should not have seen her running into debt to foreign nations for articles which could be made at home, nor lavishly wasting in unnecessary wars the sums which had accumulated in her treasury.

But hold, says some objector, these maxims of Gen. Taylor are decidedly sensible, and worthy perhaps of Dr. Franklin, but don't they exhibit the old gentleman as rather fond of savings, and seem to justify the sneers of the government organ at his prudence and economy. Well, we will see. We make an extract from the close of the General's letter to his agent, which spikes that gun forever. It shows at once the benevolence of the master, and the benevolence of the man:—

"I wish the servants well fed, and their provisions well cooked."

DISTRIBUTE AMONG THE SERVANTS AT CHRISTMAS, in such way as you think they deserve by their conduct, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and if necessary, draw on our merchant for the same."

There you have the character of old Zack at a dash. Yet this is the man whom the organs of Cass have endeavored to asperse and ridicule as so puerile that he would not pay ten cents postage on a letter informing him of his nomination to the Presidency of the United States. We admit that in this respect the conduct is mysterious to politicians, who would probably think it true generosity to reverse his role of action and give five hundred dollars for a nomination to the Presidency, and "ten cents" to the servants at Christmas.—Richmond Republican.

Martin Van Buren is honestly opposed to Slavery, what could he mean in saying, in relation to the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, "No bill CAN EVER receive my constitutional sanction for it."

He is opposed to Slavery, how is it that he "IS STILL" opposed to using the power which Congress possesses, of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia?"

He is opposed to Slavery, why was he so active in electing James K. Polk?"

He is opposed to Slavery, why does he not repent of what he did for Polk's election and for the promotion of the war in Mexico? "And why don't he say so?"—Troy Whig.

"Will you take the life of Taylor or Cass, this morning, madam?" said a small boy to our good Aunt Betsey. "No, my lad," replied she, "they may live until the end of their days for all me. I've got nothing agin 'em!"

Taylor and Slavery.

In attempting to show that Gen. Taylor will not let his personal views govern his action on the free soil question, we do not wish to be considered as admitting that he is personally in favor of extending slavery. On the contrary, we believe that in signing a bill applying the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico and California he would act in consonance with the promptings of his own heart.

On this point we quote from one who has every opportunity of being well informed, and who, "though he would lay down his life to serve his country, would not sacrifice his honor to save it."

In a recent speech in Ohio Mr. Corwin said "he would vote for Gen. Taylor—would use all the means in his power to secure his election, because, although a slaveholder, Gen. Taylor is opposed to the Extension of Slavery—because, if elected President, he will not use the Veto nor his official influence to establish slavery in any part of our Territories, North and South, acquired or to be acquired. And here again," said Mr. Corwin, "I speak what I know—I speak not without authority, and I tell you, I know Zachary Taylor will not use his Veto, nor his personal nor official influence for the purpose of extending slavery into any of our Territories—I know it. Think not my friends (he continued,) that I am here to "make a case" for Gen. Taylor. Have I not sacrificed as much as any of you in defending the principles of Free Soil? In their defence I have battled when few battled with me. On this platform I took my stand, when to do so, I had to separate forever with dearest friends—friends, who, for twenty long years had stood by me through good and evil report. Upon this ark I cast myself, with all my hopes freighted, and buffeted, almost with single arm, the waves of popular indignation. Think not, therefore, that I will abandon it now, when in the full tide of popular favor. No, no; I support Gen. Taylor, because, of the three candidates for President now before us, with him, and him alone, I am willing to trust the cherished principles which you and I have so long approved."

TROPHIES OF VICTORY.—General Scott has presented to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, sections of seven flag staffs taken by the army under his command at the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, at Fort San Jago, Vera Cruz, Fort Concepcion, Cerro Gordo, Perote, Chapultepec, and the National Palace in the city of Mexico. The brass plates and caps on these were made of the mountings of captured muskets. In the letter accompanying these, the General remarks:

"It may be worth stating that the caps and plates were made in the Citadel of Mexico, by the mechanics of our own army. As, under Providence, it was mainly to the Military Academy that the United States became indebted for those brilliant achievements, and other memorable victories, I have a lively pleasure in tendering the seven trophies (semi-national) to the mother of so many accomplished soldiers and patriots."

INTREPIDITY OF A LADY.—A remarkable instance of intrepidity and coolness was exhibited at the Blue Lick Springs a few days ago by Miss L., a belle of Bourbon county in this State. Miss L. and Mr. F., a gentleman from the South, on their return from an excursion on horseback, were riding down the long hill about a quarter of a mile from the hotel at full speed, the lady being a little ahead. At a sudden turn of the road, the gentleman's saddle turned, and he fell from his horse, but his foot remained in the stirrup, and the horse, although his pace was somewhat slackened, kept on his way, dragging the fallen man upon the ground. The young lady seeing this, reined in her own horse by a sudden effort, leaped from him whilst he was still in rapid motion, ran back, seized the horse by the bridle, and released her gallant from his perilous situation. This feat was witnessed by hundreds at the Springs, who could find no words strong enough to express their admiration of the daring courage of the beautiful young heroine.—Louis. Journal.

ABUNDANCE OF WIVES.—A reliable correspondence sends us the following statement: "There is a village in the land of steady habits and wooden nutmegs called 'Christian Hollow,' where may be found eight very respectable, enterprising men, mostly farmers, who have been married to twenty women.—One is now living with his fourth wife, two with their third, and five with their second wives; and it is a singular fact that these families comprise almost the whole of the population of the neighborhood." This is certainly a rare instance of unequal distribution.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Wagon Masters Story.

While the army was at Monterey, a volunteer belonging to the Arkansas cavalry who had just joined the company, was in possession of a splendid bay charger. One morning he had him out exhibiting his paces, bantering the whole of Mexico in general, and the lookers on in particular, for a swop.

"Come boys—punk up, some one on ye give us a banter, and let's have a trade."

After trying some time unsuccessfully, an old gentleman who had been quietly enjoying the fun stepped up and observed—

"Friend, your horse is really a fine one, and as I should like to have him, I will give you a trade."

"Them's 'um, my fine old fellow; trot out your nag, and let's see what he is like."

The old gentleman's horse was sent for, and Arkansas, after a thorough examination, said—

"Well, daddy, I like your hoss, and you do mine; now give us the difference and its trade."

"How much?"

"Forty dollars! Will you give it?"

"No, there is not more than twenty dollars between them."

"Look here, my old coon: you may be a mighty fine old chap; and I believe you are, 'case you are willing to swop; but you can't fool this child in a hoss trade—I've swopped by moonlight afore now. But I'll tell you what it is—give me thirty dollars, and it's a bargain."

"Well, come to my tent and get your money."

"Well, go it is. I say daddy, what are you driving at out here in Mexico—trading 'mong the boys, and all that sort of thing?"

"No not exactly, I have been sent out here with the army to take care of things, and see that all goes right."

"Aye, aye; I understand; a kind of bossing things round and about."

"Well my young friend, what induced you to volunteer?"

"Well, I thought I'd like to look at the country, s'plurge around a while, kill a Mexican or so, swop a hoss now and then, and see old Rough and Ready.—Is this your tent?"

"Yes, walk in. Thirty dollars I am to pay you; there is the money."

"O. K. I say, daddy, when we trade down our way, we generally clinch it with a drink. Have you anything to take?"

"Certainly, what will you have?"

"Red Eye. Here's luck. Now daddy, as you have been about for some time, may be you have seen old Zack?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm bound to see the old hoss; the boys say he is some, and I want a show, and must have it. What kind of a looking man is he?"

"About such a looking man as I am."

"What mought your name be?"

"Taylor."

"A cousin of the General's?"

"No."

"A brother?"

"No."

"Well, who the d— are you?"

"I am General Taylor."

"Look here, old gentleman, you're a mighty clever old fellow, and know a heap about a hoss; but you don't know much about human natur if you think to crowd that down me. I ain't green and it's no go. Day, day, daddy, you can't come it."

On returning to his comrades, the first inquiry was—

"Well, how did you get along with the General?"

"General, what General?"

"Why, General Taylor."

"Come boys now don't be fooling—Was that Old Rough and Ready?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he told me so, but I did not believe him, he was so friendly like.—I said a heap to him that I would not have done, had I known who he was. But I'll go and 'pologise and make it right."

Heaven on Earth.

There are earthly Paradises, and they are inhabited by earthly angels; there are places rendered paradisaical by the angelic nature of their people. Probably the most perfect of those terrestrial states that constitute the heaven here and give a foretaste of hereafter, is found in that domestic circle where amiable tempers prevail. There is nothing so conducive to happiness in its choicest abode, the family relation, as mild, patient, bearing and forgiving minds. Home, be it in a palace, or "ever so homely," is just what we make it; and it is in the ability of nearly all who have homes, to render them heavens on earth. Says a writer on domestic life—How sweet is the influence exerted by a mild and sunny disposition! Look at the family where there is a daughter and a sister, who is kind-hearted and cheerful—who never suffers her angry feelings to rise—how much it resembles heaven. Such a temper allays the bad passions—smooths the harsh feelings and sheds a glorious influence all round. The poet Epicarnus seems to consider the whole responsibility of making home a heaven or its opposite, as resting on the shoulders of women. We cannot endorse quite so broad an idea, but in the following strain of his, there are certain facts indicated to which all will assent:

Marriage is like A cast of dice! Happy, indeed his lot Who gets a good wife, one of morals pure And withal easy temper; but alight on A gadding, gossiping, expensive jade, And heaven deliver thee!

HUNG IN EFFIGY.—The Hon. Mr. Belser is addressing the people of Alabama, at their public meetings, in favor of General Taylor. Recently some Locos in Abbeville were so chagrined at this desertion of their old leader, that they hung him in Effigy. Such a course will do more harm to the party practising it than to their antagonists.

MUST PAY FOR THEIR SPORT.—The four men who recently lynched a man named John P. Garnhart, at the Green Tree Tavern, Cincinnati, on mere unfounded suspicion of theft, have been tried in the Criminal Court of that city, and a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars imposed on each, and ten days in dungeon, to be fed on bread and water.

THREE WONDERS.—"If I ever reach heaven," said Dr. Watts, "I expect to find three wonders there. First, the presence of some that I thought not to be there. Second, the absence of some whom I expected to meet there. Third, the greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."

A TERRIBLE TIME.—"Well, there is a row over there to our house."

"What on arth's the matter, you little sarprint?"

"Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow has got a calf, Sal's got married and run away with the spoons, Pete has swallowed a pin, and Lui's looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the delirium triangles. That ain't all, nuther."

"What else upon arth?"

"Pese split the batter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittons has got its head into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and oh, how hungry I am!"

OTHER'S FAULTS. What are another's faults to me? I've not a virtue's bill To pick at every flaw I see, And make it wider still. It is enough for me to know I've follies of my own— And on my heart the care bestow, And let my friends alone.

A GOOD WHIG MOTTO. "MY WOUNDED ARE BEHIND ME, AND I SHALL NEVER PASS THEM ALIVE!"

In the course of a speech recently made at Vicksburg, by Col. Jefferson Davis, now a Senator of the United States, and a member of the political party of which Gen. Cass is the head, he alluded to the battle of Bull Run, and to the dauntless conduct of Old Invincible on that occasion. He said that during the progress of the battle, after he (Col. Davis) was wounded, Gen. Taylor came and sat down by him—the determination on his brow seemed struggling with an expression of deep sorrow for the brave fellows who had fallen and those who were yet to bite the dust—when, on being interrogated as to his purposes, he replied, while the fire of an unconquered will gleamed in his eye:—"MY WOUNDED ARE BEHIND ME, AND I SHALL NEVER PASS THEM ALIVE!"

What a noble sentiment! How admirably suited for a motto for the Taylor banners of the seventh of November. How full of sympathy for the wounded rank and file—how well calculated to touch rouse, and animate the hearts of the American People. Who would not glory to rally under such a chieftain! The Hero, the Christian, and the Man, are at once united in Zachary Taylor, and his heart is as generous and magnanimous, as his head is sagacious and clear.

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