



BY J. A. HALL.

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Poetical.

LOVE THE OLD.

I love the old, to lean beside
The antique, easy chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silvered hair;
To press my glowing lips upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye, where dwells
The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand
That on my youthful head
Has lain so tenderly, the while
The evening prayer was said,
To nestle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tones of legendary lore,
The chronicles of Eld.

Oh! youth thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and love,
So many hopes; Ago has but one—
The hope of bliss above.
Then turn awhile from these away
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-spring with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

Thou treadest now a path of bloom,
And thine exulting soul
Springs proudly on, as tho' it mocked
At Time's unfeeling control.
But they have marched a weary way
Upon a thorny road,
Then soothe the toil-worn spirits, ere
They pass away to God.

Yes, love the aged—how before
The venerable form,
So soon to seek beyond the sky
A shelter from the storm.
Ay, love them; let thy silent heart,
With reverence untold,
As pilgrims very near to Heaven,
Regard and love the old.

Miscellaneous.

A Gloomy Prospect for Liberty in Europe.

Thurlow Weed, Esq., the talented editor of the Albany Evening Journal, who has just returned from the tour of Europe, presents the following picture of the present condition of that part of the world:
"It is sadly true, that the whole continent of Europe is in a condition of profound repose." The despots have retracted all, or nearly all, that had been extorted from them. Martial law, or law scarcely less rigorous, pervades the continent. Freedom is crushed to earth, and in most places even the hopes of freedom have perished.

"Three years ago the European people held their destiny in their own hands:—The Emperor of Austria and the Kings of Prussia, Belgium, Saxony, Sardinia, Naples, &c., were unable to resist, offered terms to their subjects: The people compromised with their rulers: Constitutions were given. To save their crowns, they promised to surround their thrones with popular institutions. All this was to gain time. When the popular voice was hushed, and the people returned to their occupations, their rulers augmented their armies, and with the aid of Russia, recovered their power, and now their rule is more grinding than ever. In Naples there is a despotism as unrelenting and cruel as any that existed in the darkest ages. In Austria, the masses toil, not for themselves, but to support an expensive court, and an overwhelming army. In Belgium and Sardinia alone, kings have kept faith with the people: Every where else they were perfidious.

"But there is no probability of any immediate revolution." The sad failure of Republicanism in France gave despotism advantages which they are improving."

WEBSTER AND CROCKET.—David Crockett soon after his arrival in the city of Washington, listened to a speech from Daniel Webster, and shortly afterwards meeting him in the Capitol, accosted him thus:

"Is this Mr. Webster?"
"Yes, sir."
"The great Mr. Webster of Massachusetts?"

"I am Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts." "Well, sir," continued Mr. Crockett, "I heard that you were a great man, but I don't think so. I heard your speech, and understood every word you said."

Hope—Man.

The last refuge of man is hope. When afflictions come upon him fast and thick; when care fevers his brain, and sorrow gnaws his heart; when the tide of misfortune has parted the last cord that held his bark to her moorings, and the sound of its parting sinks like a death-knell into his inmost soul, awakening all his sympathies to the fearful reality of the moment—the intensity of excitement gives way to a burst of anguish, a bitter tear of disappointment, or to that more strange and uncontrollable, yet silent power despondency. But it is for a moment only—one convulsive throb—one long-drawn, heart-heaving sigh, and it is all over—a flush passes over the heart like the fleet sunshadow of an April day, and Hope, the divine prince of cheat, the glorious emperor of deceivers, sits smiling on its throne!

And so, not satisfied with having been befooled a thousand times ten thousand before; not content to wipe away the tear of sad and melancholy disappointment that has just been made to gush from the fount of life's feelings; not imagining that the scene of sorrow through which he had just passed could not be enacted over again, and that the same foot that spurred him, can spur him again—he falls down and worships its light as the Persian kneels at the sun-god of his soul's idolatry.

"We hope for life even in its last hour,
We hope for health when sickness fast draws near.
We hope for freedom when in slavery's power,
We hope for courage when assailed by fear,
We hope for all the sweetest joys of life,
When most afflicted with its deepest strife."

Lake Superior.

There are few persons in this country and still fewer in the Old World, who have anything like an adequate conception of the immense extent of this "big drink," as they say out west. To the lakes of Europe, it bears the same relation in size, which the Mississippi and Missouri bear to European rivers—the lakes of England, Scotland and Switzerland are mere puddles in comparison with this great levathan. The length of Lake Superior is about five hundred miles. Its greatest breadth one hundred and ninety. Its circumference is about seventeen hundred miles, or about half the distance from New York to Liverpool. Lake Superior is the most western of the great chain of lakes which discharge their waters in the St. Lawrence. Its depth is nine hundred feet, while its height above the Atlantic is put down at nearly six hundred feet. To show still farther the magnitude of this glorious lake, we would state that it contains a single Island almost as large as Scotland—while it has several as large as the States of Rhode Island and Delaware. Lake Superior is the recipient of some thirty rivers.—Minnesota Democrat.

Political.

Letter from a Old Soldier.

We have believed, (says the Huntsville Southern Advocate,) since the canvass opened actively, that Scott would carry Tennessee. There was some disaffection at first—some few soured politicians flew off—but the bone and sinew stood firm, closed their ranks, fixed bayonets, and charged upon their opponents. The indications now are that the soldier State is safe for the gallant old soldier who has always led the columns to victory. As one of the many indications we see, we copy the following letter from Lieut. Shields, of Sevier county, East Tennessee. The Knoxville Register says he "is one of those who volunteered from Sevier county to serve in the Mexican war; was afterwards a lieutenant, commissioned by Polk; fought in every battle in the valley of Mexico, was several times wounded in battle, as the scars on his body testify." He now is enthusiastic for Scott. Listen how he talks about his old commander—his words come bursting from the heart and communicate an electric thrill to the hearts of others:

SEVIERVILLE, August 6, 1852.

TO THE EDITOR: I learn by the newspapers that some man in "Little Kentuck" has become very angry at me because I, a Democrat, should support my old commander, General Scott. I have supposed this was a face country, and that a man had a right to vote for whom he pleased. The writer of that article says that I am a convert. In that you are correct; I was a Democrat, and at first felt like supporting Pierce; but when I remembered the trials and dangers I had gone through with while under Scott, I did not feel that I could do my feelings justice and vote against him.

When I thought of the long and toilsome march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, when we were fifty days in the heart of an enemy's country, cut off from all supplies, as well as from all communication with our own country and friends, surrounded by guerillas on every side; and when you heard of us again we had plan-

ted the star spangle banner upon the Halls of the Montezumas, and it was still floating triumphantly in the breeze over as brave an army and as noble a commander as ever went forth to battle; and when I heard my brave old commander abused I could stand it no longer. Well do I remember with what kindness he visited the sick and wounded in that campaign, and how he administered to their wants day after day. I tell you, Mr. Editor, the officers and soldiers under his command loved him. You, my brother soldiers, remember how he visited the hospitals in the city of Mexico, and how he administered to the wants of the sick—furnishing each man with a shirt, a blanket, a pair of shoes, and one dollar's worth of tobacco; and I for one drew all these comforts, and a knapsack also, as did all others who lost theirs in battle. But now I am to be abused because I choose to vote for my kind, generous, noble, and brave old commander; and that, too, by a man who fires from behind a masked battery and won't sign his name.

I venture the man that has written against me, and who is trying to tear down Scott, never slept on a wet blanket; never stood sentry at night for his country; was never put on half rations and hard crackers, and was never compelled to drink warm water, unless it was to work off a dose of physic. But if I am not mistaken, in November next we will give you a hasty plate of Scott soup, that you will find warm enough for your comfort, and the water of it shall be real Niagara water.

But I said the soldiers under Scott's command loved him. You, brother soldiers, remember the morning he left the army for the United States, and what was done that day; yes, every regiment marched round his quarters, clad with a badge of mourning, in order to show how they honored and loved him. You know we had orders not to cheer; but one of the volunteer companies was obliged to cheer and break the solemn silence, and cheer they did. This was a company of sharpshooters who took a part at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, and who did so much of the guerilla fighting on the road to the valley of Mexico. They were a noble set of fellows, and did their duty to a man. You all remember how slow and sluggishly we marched up the hill that brought us in view of the capital, before the battle of Contreras, and, on arriving at the top of it, there was our commander looking through his spy glass and crying out to us as we passed him; "Boys, the capital, the capital, the capital!" My fellow soldiers, how did you feel in that hour? Didn't you feel new life take hold of your weary, worn limbs; and were we not led on from victory to victory, until Scott was arrested and torn away from his noble army by his own Government? But, by the blessing of God, we will try and be with him again in November; and whenever Scott leads victory is sure. Newspapers may talk about Sevier county falling off five hundred votes, and all that kind of stuff, but with old Scott as our leader, she will roll up the largest Whig vote she ever gave. The "pine-knot boys who served under him are here, and they will count in any crowd.

And now, fellow soldiers, let's give "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" for our brave old chieftain, General Scott. "Eyes right," "forward march."

J. W. SHIELDS.

Undeniable Facts.

Under the Tariff of '42, we built mills and created machinery that enabled us, in less than six years from the date of its enactment to increase the consumption of cotton from 267,000 to more than 600,000 bales; and to increase the consumption per head from 7 to 13 pounds, with every reason to expect it would reach twenty pounds, to the great advantage of the producer of cotton, and the consumer of cloth.

We opened mines and built furnaces that enabled us to increase the domestic production of iron from 200,000 to more than 800,000 tons, and to increase the consumption per head from thirty-eight to ninety-eight pounds per head.

We built rolling mills that enabled us to commence the manufacture of railroad iron and extend it in that brief period to almost 100,000 tons.

We increased the production of lead from 480,000 to 800,000 pigs; that of hemp from 14,000 to 60,000 bales; and that of wool from 48 to 70 millions of pounds.

The manufacture of corn and hay into pork and beef, butter, cheese and lard, was extending itself at a rapid rate unexampled in the world, and the value per ton of the exports from the east to the west, was already advancing.

We thus made a market for more cotton, and yet had more to export; and the tariff of 1842, that found prices lower than they had ever been before, left them already advanced one-fourth, with every reason to expect they would soon be permanently fixed at a higher standard than had been known for twenty years.

We thus made a domestic market for food to be consumed by the growers of wool and hemp, and the producers of cloth and iron, coal and lead, to the annual extent of more than one hundred millions of dollars, and yet our exports rose from fourteen millions in 1841-2, to twenty four millions in 1845-6.

We consumed more fish and exported more naval stores, and the prices of all things rose, and the tariff of 1842 leaving them much higher than it had found them.

We produced more and consumed more of everything. The condition of the people steadily improved—the credit of our banks and that of the State and General Government were restored, and there was a degree of quiet prosperity such as never had before been seen in any portion of the world. Confidence in the future prevailed throughout the whole range of society.

UNDER the Tariff of 1846, we have closed cotton mills, and driven down the manufacture of cotton from 600,000 to 467,000 bales and have, in the last three years decreased the consumption of cloth, foreign and domestic, per head, 25 per cent.

We have closed woolen mills, and have in the last three years diminished the consumption of cloth foreign and domestic, 20 per cent.

We have closed mines and furnaces, and have diminished by fifty per cent, the production of iron, foreign and domestic, has fallen from ninety eight to seventy pounds per head.

We have closed rolling mills until we have almost annihilated the manufacture of railroad iron, and destroyed the competition, for the sale of an article so necessary for the cheap transportation to market of our products.

We have diminished the export of lead from 800,000 to 300,000 pigs; that of hemp from 60,000 to 19,000 bales, and the products of wool at least 10,000,000 of pounds.

The manufacture of corn and hay into pork and beef, butter, cheese and lard, declines daily, and the value of exports from the West to the East has fallen from \$62 per ton in 1845 to \$40 per ton in 1851.

We have thus diminished the market for cotton, and have placed ourselves under the necessity for exporting more, the consequence of which is seen in the fact that it has fallen even below the price of the revenue tariff of 1840-2, then the lowest that had ever been known, with a certainty of great further decline, should the crops prove large.

We have diminished the domestic market for food to be consumed by the growers of wool and hemp, and the producers of cloth and iron, coal and lead, and that diminution cannot be estimated at less than fifty millions of dollars per annum; and yet our ability to supply food to the world, declines from year to year, as the manufacture of corn and hay into pork, beef, butter, cheese and lard, declines, as we become more dependent upon foreign nations for wool and hemp, lead, cloth and iron.

The imports of fish exceed the export—that of rice has fallen in both quantity and price, and that of naval store has increased in quantity, while it has declined in amount.

We produce less of everything, and the consumption of all articles of necessity is gradually declining, providing a steady deterioration in the condition of our people. We are running in debt to foreign nations for articles of luxury. Speculation is every where, and confidence is no where—for every man feels that each year is bringing us nearer and nearer to a convulsion similar to that which has rendered memorable the period of the revenue tariff of 1840-2.—Plough Loom and Anvil.

Illustrating a Speech.

The Boston Transcript gives a humorous account of the first stump speech in favor of Gen. Scott, by a young gentleman of Somerville, who chose for his rostrum the steps of a church. After a brilliant review of the life and services of the hero of Lady's Lane, "the expected overwhelming brilliant peroration was cut short by the accidental stepping over the edge of his platform" by the eloquent young orator, who rolled heavily down the embankment, but on being picked up, by two lads who alone were his auditors, he declared he had only been showing how Gen. Pierce fell from his horse!

GEN. HARRISON'S WIDOW.—When Gen. Harrison died, a proposition was made and carried by a large majority in Congress, to give his widow the balance of the first year's salary. A few of the more ultra of the opposition, and among these Mr. Pierce stood conspicuous: The old Tippecanoe boys will mark him, for his ungenerous spirit which he evinced toward the widow of that lamented Chieftain.

Gen. Pierce is one of the most decided Free Trade men in the country—being scarcely less radical than John C. Calhoun. Will he suit the Tariff Democracy of Pennsylvania? We shall see.

General Scott's Tour.

The Democratic organs are unable to decide how they can best dispose of General Scott's visit to the West. Some have seized it in savage mood, and fulminated denunciations against the General for undertaking what they are pleased to term a canvass in his own behalf. Others, having faith in their satirical power, and in the supposed effect of ridicule upon the public mind, try to laugh themselves out of the difficulty at the expense of Gen. Scott.—One class pronounce the proceeding, the most monstrous in our republican history, and expatiate on the danger to popular liberty involved in the daring attempt to carry the Presidency by storm. The other treat it as a joke, excellent to democratic lookers-on, but fatal to those engaged in it. A third class laugh and cry alternately, tearing passion to tatters, on one day, and struggling in feeble imitation of Punch on another. Of this hybrid order, the Washington Union is a rather conspicuous member.

To the character and censor of wit, the Union now adds that of the discoverer.—In yesterday's issue it says:

"It is a remarkable fact that the Whig candidate for the Presidency, journeying through the most populous and powerful section of the country, and met from time to time by throngs of men who come to see him as an aspirant for the highest civil trust in their gift, has spoken of nothing seriously but his campaigns and his battles. He has not given utterance to a single political idea. If he speaks himself out truly, his every public thought is of gunpowder, or the bayonet. The bivouac, the volley, and the charge are the web and woof of all his harangues. It is simply as a soldier, openly as a soldier, and a mere soldier, that he asks the people to give him civil power. He does not intimate any other claim or think of any additional qualification."

It is remarkable, no doubt, to Democratic judgments, that General Scott has allowed nearly three weeks of continued and intimate intercourse with large masses of people to pass without urging his own "claims" to the Presidency. So much self denial is an impossibility, according to Democratic belief. It is not credible that while General Pierce has been indirectly engaged in canvassing, General Scott should have so many excellent opportunities to canvass and yet not avail himself of them. It is beyond comprehension that so much exertion should be needed to procure certificates of General Pierce's excellent reputation, and that General Scott should be able to rely upon the reputation created by his services without a single certificate to help him. We agree with the Union that, with its experience during the present canvass, "all this is new," and not only new, but "remarkable."

If General Scott had been on an election tour, and had spoken as a candidate some fifteen or twenty times without alluding to any thing but his sword, the discovery of the Union would be a point in the campaign. But as this contingency does not exist, and has not existed, the surprise of our contemporaries, though cleverly feigned, is not likely to be shared by others. General Scott has avoided policies because the object of his journey was non-political.—He has not troubled himself to utter "political ideas," because he has not traveled as a politician but as a soldier. He does not devote himself to a display of his qualifications as a statesman, because he does not visit the States through which he is passing as a Presidential candidate, but as commander-in-chief, intent upon the discharge of a duty devolving upon him in that capacity. He speaks as a soldier; for he appears as a soldier; and however vigorously the Union may labor to cast ridicule upon his oratory, the people will acknowledge that his speeches have been worthy of his military renown. They are not the harangues of a political gambster, ready to sacrifice character and principle to secure a cheer or entrap a vote; they are the heart-offerings of one who has presented himself as a soldier to receive the congratulations of the thousands who admired and loved him from a remembrance of his deeds.

The truth is that General Scott's official visit to the West has incidentally called forth manifestations of personal popularity for which his opponents were wholly unprepared. It has afforded to the citizens of the West an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with one whose achievements fill so large a space in the history of the country; and the extent to which they have availed themselves of it arouses apprehensions in the breasts of the Democratic managers. The masses of our countrymen have been able to see and judge for themselves concerning one who has been the special object of partisan animosity. They have gazed upon the veteran form of him whom Democratic tongues have branded as a coward; and their direct intercourse with him has enabled them to test the truth of the malicious misrepresentations which form a main item in the stock-in-trade of Democratic journalists.

The tour has demonstrated that General Scott has more than the endorsement of his party to rely upon. It has shown that the favor with which he is regarded by the people is not circumscribed within the boundaries of party, but ranges wherever a knowledge of his life and services has extended. It is not wonderful, then, that Democratic pens are employed in misrepresenting the nature of his connection with the proceedings, or in caricaturing the proceedings themselves. To Democratic stomachs they have been gall and wormwood from the outset. In the estimation of the country they are a pleasant acknowledgment of Gen. Scott's life-long zeal and patriotism, and a precursor of the rewards which the people will yet bestow upon him.—Republic.

A FAINTING BUSINESS.—The Louisville Journal, which had expressed the opinion that it would be illiberal to cast imputations on Gen. Pierce for having fainted at Churubusco, now comes out and says:—"We were not then aware of his having fainted in one or two other battles. We might excuse a man, even a General, for fainting in one fight, but if he faints in every fight he gets into, we don't think we could vote for him without fainting."

A HETEROGENEOUS PARTY.—The Washington Union says that Gen. Pierce stands upon a platform broad enough, and strong enough, and every way sufficiently capacious to sustain the entire Democratic party of the Union, with all its tenets, creeds, and points of faith and practice. A party thus constituted is certainly a strange and incongruous compound. Destitute of all uniformity in "faith and practice," its members can have but one inducement for cohesion, the temptations of office, and the allurements of public plunder.

Channing's Tribute to Gen. Scott.

It is a singular fact, that the most distinguished of our American generals—those whose achievements on the field of battle, and whose brilliant successes in arms have shed unfading lustre on their names, have always been foremost in deprecating war and its results. Washington, though a great general, was a man of peace. Taylor, though he obeyed his country's call, loved not war. His character, as a lover of peace and a hater of war, exhibited itself in the endeavors he put forth to soften the horrors of war, and in the uniform desire he always manifested for peace. It was this quality, united with his characteristic humanity, which gave him such a hold upon the popular feeling. Gen. Scott, too, is distinguished for the same disinterested qualities. Soldier as he is, as skillful and brave as ever led an army to victory, still he is conspicuous for his love of peace and for the possession of those qualities which ennoble humanity. This has been ever his character, and through his instrumentality our country has several times been saved from the horrors of war. He has never sought for occasions for war; and ever gladly welcomed the return of peace. This trait in his character has been marked in years past, and drawn forth from the gifted and best in our land the noblest panegyric. The lamented Channing, that great and good man, who was the personification almost of the Christian graces, and whose tongue was ever eloquent in defence of the nobler attributes of humanity, and who, with a zeal tempered with wisdom, wrote and spoke in favor of human rights, and for every movement calculated to benefit mankind, has left recorded in his works a tribute to Gen. Scott, which is but a just meed of praise due to his character. It was written years ago, just after the peaceful settlement of our troubles with Great Britain, growing out of the North-eastern Boundary. It was mainly through the influence of Gen. Scott, and the dignified yet conciliatory steps taken by him at that time, that a war was prevented with our ancient enemy. The passage to which we refer in Channing's works may be found in the preface to his lecture on war, and is as follows:

"And here I am bound to express my gratitude to the Chief Magistrate of the Union for the preservation of peace. He will feel, I trust, that there is a truer glory in saving a country from war than in winning a hundred battles. Much also is due to the beneficent influence of General Scott. To this distinguished man belongs the rare honor of uniting with military energy and daring the spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits in the field, which placed him in the first rank of our soldiers, have been obscured by the purer and more lasting glory of Pacification, and of a Friend of Mankind. In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous or half civilized communities, we doubt whether a brighter page can be found than that which records his agency in the removal of the Cherokees. As far as the wrongs done to this race can be atoned for, Gen. Scott has made the expiation. In his recent mission to the dis-