

The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.]

VOL. 19.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1854.

NO. 7.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

Of the County of Huntingdon, from the 31st day of January, 1853, up to the 2nd day of January, 1854, including both days.

Receipts.

Am't in Treasury at last settlement, 1847, J. H. Stonewacker, Franklin,	\$369 15
1848, Mordecai Chilcote, Tod,	35 00
1849, J. Davis Hight, Henderson,	45 07
David Mountain, Hopewell,	6 13
1851, Jesse Yeum, Brady,	203 19
John Loe, Barre,	12 68
Daniel Teague, Cromwell,	50 00
James Cree, Dublin,	5 54
Isaac Sharrer, Shirley,	118 00
John Brower, Springfield,	31 70
Jesse Cook, Tod,	52 29
Thomas Dean, Walker,	54 00
1852, James Forrest, Barre,	655 10
John R. Gosnell, Cusa,	89 31
John Kivler, Clay,	3 39
John Bolinger, Cromwell,	384 37
Trice Blair, Dublin,	160 91
Daniel Womelsdorf, Franklin,	638 00
John B. Donaldson, Hopewell,	165 01
James S. Oaks, Jackson,	446 31
Michael Lowe, Morris,	458 21
Samuel Bowers, Penn.,	153 57
Andrew Anderson, Porter,	655 75
George Bowman, Shirley,	739 47
John White, Springfield,	165 63
Alex. C. Blair, Tod,	27 68
Solomon Hight, Tod,	91 92
Levi Smith, Union,	176 32
John Conter, Walker,	273 25
John Eyer, Warriorsmark,	145 56
Wm. Moore, West,	118 92
1853, James Ewing, Barre,	510 00
James Miller, Brady,	246 00
Joshua C. Greenland, Cusa,	30 00
Richard Madden, Clay,	195 00
George Swartz, Cromwell,	118 00
Robert Peterson, Dublin,	100 00
Wm. M'Phean, Franklin,	477 50
Luke Voorhees, Henderson,	1002 31
Leonard W. Hopewell,	225 00
James Stewart, Jackson,	660 00
Michael Fetterhoff, Morris,	230 00
Jacob Brumbaugh, Penn.,	403 19
Benjamin Nelson, Porter,	1009 31
John Long, Shirley,	325 00
Sela Lock, Springfield,	65 53
John Jones, Tod,	170 00
Israel Baker, Tod,	12 12
John Hoffman, Walker,	583 00
Walter Vanter, Warriorsmark,	699 50
John Hewitt, West,	711 75
	\$14,561 95

Expenditures.

Amount of County tax on Unsettled Lands,	43 74
Amount of School tax on Unsettled Lands,	6 20
Amount of Redemption tax on Unsettled Lands,	14 05
Amount of Redemption money on Unsettled Lands received since last settlement,	40 90
Amount of Jury fees and fines received from Wm. B. Zeigler, Sheriff for 1852,	83 00
Amount received on bond against surety persons given for any amount over three thousand dollars which the Bridge across Juniata river at Huntingdon shall cost,	45 00
Amount of fines received from D. Africa, Esq.,	10 00
	\$18,443 00

Attorney General and others on criminal prosecutions,	939 12
Constables for making returns and advertising the spring elections,	266 33
Grand and Triceres Jurors, Court Crier, Tip Staff, &c.,	2799 02
Assessor orders,	769 64
Judges, Inspectors, and Clerks of elections,	636 91
Inquisitions on dead bodies, Sundry persons for premiums on Wild Cate and Coon,	370 50
Road and Bridge views, "damages to J. Corbin, " " E. Lloyd, " State for laying out, For building bridge across Trough Creek at Paradise Furnace,	196 00 75 00 25 00 160 00 456 00
For building bridge across Stone Creek near Couch's Furnace,	250 00
For bridge across Juniata River at Huntingdon,	2645 00
For bridge across Black Log Creek in Coomwell township,	209 00
For repairing bridge at Hawa's,	74 71
To James Gwin, Esq., Treasurer of Juniata Bridge Co., for bridge above Huntingdon,	250 00
Commissioners—	3917 96
Robert Stitt,	180 00
Isaac Peisenthal in full,	61 00
Elial Smith,	143 00
Samuel Winton,	90 00
Thomas Hamer,	15 00
Interest on County Bonds, &c.—	505 50
Wm. B. Leas,	420 00
Wm. Orkison, Esq.,	30 00
Henry Fockler, Esq.,	30 00
Thomas Fisher,	84 00
James Gwin,	90 00
John Shaver,	18 00
Amount paid on Bonds for Poor House Farm,	777 00
Amount paid on Bonds—	1507 50
Kenzie L. Green,	15 00
David Parker,	16 50
Ralph Crotsley,	16 50
Clerk—	56 00
Henry W. Miller,	8 00
Chk. to Com'rs in full for '52,	50 00
" " on account for '53,	259 00
Commissioners expenses for horse hire &c., in attending Triennial Appeals,	3000 00
County Printing—	38 18
William Lewis,	82 50
J. A. Hall,	97 75
S. L. Glasgow,	3 75
J. Sewell Stewart,	5 00
Repairs to Court House & Jail	191 00
Counsel to Commissioners in full for 1852,	20 00
Counsel to Commissioners on account for 1853,	30 00
Amount paid for Postage, Stationary and dockets for public offices,	50 00
Fuel for Court House & Jail, Merchandise for Court House and Jail,	99 44
Dr. Jacob Hoffman for Medicine and attendance on prisoners in Jail,	159 81
Jacob Crosswell for running in part the line between Huntingdon and Bedford counties, Refunding orders to sundry persons for land sold at Treasurer's Sale,	36 98
Sundry persons Road tax on unsettled lands,	21 87
Sundry persons School tax on unsettled lands,	6 00
William B. Zeigler, Sheriff, for summoning Jurors, boarding prisoners and conveying con-	86 09
	100 37
	44 67

From the National Intelligencer.

Republic at Guatemala.

We have been favored with a pamphlet copy of the message of Gen. Carrera, President of the Republic of Guatemala, to the House of Representatives on the opening of its first session, on the 25th November, 1853. We are gratified to perceive that it presents a cheering view of the present improved condition and prospects of the Republic. The following extracts from the document may possess interest to many of our readers. It opens as follows: "It is very gratifying for me to see this respectable Congress now re-assembled, in order to continue the useful labors which were commenced last year. The regularity with which these meetings take place is an evidence that the establishment of our institutions advances without any obstacle, and justifies the hope that the government may gradually acquire solidity, agreeably to the bases of the constitution."

Account of the Directors of the Poor of Huntingdon County, for the year 1853.

Balance in hands of the Treasurer at the last settlement,	525 11 1/2
279 bushels of wheat sold in 1852 at \$1.00 per bushel,	279 50
Interest from Isaac, Wigton & Co., on \$178 48 1/2,	6 75 1/2
132 14 1/2 bushels of red wheat sold in 1853, at \$1.20 per bushel,	159 52
	\$988 89

Directors of the Poor for services—	
James Saxton	\$30 00
James Clark	12 00
George Hudson	30 00
John Brewster	30 00
Samuel Matern	6 00
Amount paid Henry Hudson for plan and specifications for Poor House	18 00
Amount paid Lycopning Insurance Company	2 62
Amount paid J. A. Hall for printing	4 00
Amount paid James G. Lightner on account his contract for building Poor House	700 00
Treasurer's Commissions on \$1504 94 at 1 1/2 per cent	22 57
Balance in hands of the Treasurer	124 70
	\$988 89

We the undersigned Auditors of the County of Huntingdon, do hereby certify that we have examined the orders of the Commissioners of said County, and the receipts for the same, for and during the past year, and find a balance in the Treasury of three hundred and one dollars and eighty cents.

And also that we have examined the account of the Directors of the Poor of said County, and find a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of one hundred and twenty-four dollars and seventy cents.

Given under our hands at the Commissioners Office in Huntingdon, January, A. D. 1854.

DAVID PARKER,
HENRY BREWSTER,
RALPH CROTSLEY,
County Auditors.

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and oh! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid earnest light
Be shrouded in the solemn night,
Till like a store well richly told,
Will stream my life when I am old.

When I am old this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth,
The streams will have an under tone
Of sadness, not by right their own;
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold
Its rosy charms when I am old.

When I am old I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair;
"Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me not when I am old.

When I am old my friends will be
Old and infirm, and bowed like me;
Or else their bodies' health the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God,
The old church-bell will then have tolled
Above their rests when I am old.

When I am old I'll rather lend
Than sadly offer each buried friend,
Than see them loose the earnest truth,
That marks the friendship of our youth,
'Twill be so sad to have them cold,
Or strange to me when I am old.

"Thy Word is Truth."
In one of the proverbs of Solomon we find the most comprehensive and satisfactory exposition of the philosophy of advertising—that it was or could be written, viz: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

And the words of Paul to the Corinthians aptly expresses the same idea: "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Two young men waited upon the late Peter S. Duponceau, Esq., to ask his professional assistance. One of them commenced— "Mr. Duponceau, our father died and made his will."

A Touching Incident.

The affection of Indian parents for their children, and the defence which they pay to the aged, is a beautiful and touching trait in their character.

One extremely cold winter day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly opened, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, (for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed,) and perceived a small woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Paponie die," she said, mournfully clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heart-rending expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her face. "Moodie's squaw save paponie—poor Indian woman be much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew by the pinched-up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him." (She held up her five fingers.) "Brought him all the way from Mutta Lake* upon his back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing which I expected would terminate his frail existence. I gave him a teaspoonful of current jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Paponie die," murmured the poor woman, "alone—alone! No paponie! the mother all alone!"

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got her some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too distressed to eat, but her face expressed the keenest anguish, she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

It is said that parties in New York, who have business connections with the Honduras government, have been sending muskets and ammunition, and a few fighting men to that government, and a late paper of that city alluded to this incident. Such conduct, (if it be true,) is highly reprehensible, and is a violation of our neutrality laws deserving the severest censure.

A Remarkable Story.

One night, while Sir Evan Napean was Under-Secretary to the Home Department, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found sleep impossible, and from eleven till two he never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking (it was Summer), he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There was nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But, in this walk, happening to pass the Home Office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through listlessness he opened it. The first thing he saw appalled him— "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been appointed for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes"—he could not find it there. In alarm, he went to the house of the Chief Clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up (it was past three), and asked if he knew anything about the reprieve being sent. In great alarm, the Chief Clerk could not remember.

"You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan. "Recollect yourself—it must have been sent." The Chief Clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good!" said Sir Evan, "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?" "No."

"Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early." It was now four, and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery lane. There was no hackney coach to be seen, and they almost ran. They were just in time. The Clerk of the Crown had a country house, and, meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary of State, at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trust and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York, the next morning, just at the moment when the unhappy men were ascending the cart.

Public Opinion.

Let children be taught to set a true and just value upon public opinion. Show them how the world has always treated its greatest men—how it stoned its prophets—crucified its Saviors—martyred its apostles. Show how fickle—how indiscriminating it is to this day—how ignorance speaks with the same confidence, or even with more, than knowledge—how the heights and depths of the greatest minds are measured at once by the conceit of the smallest. Show how hard it is for people to praise, how easy to blame. Call the attention of the young to the kind of criticisms current of both men and things in this most drenched society, and let them say, if they really seek excellence, whether they ought to value such criticism?

When they have mastered any one subject, let them listen to the flippant, trivial, conceited, shallow judgments of the world of their acquaintance upon it, and let them learn from that to appreciate the worth of public opinion, and judge whether the desire of fame, based upon such public opinion, is worth striving for, or ought so much as to influence their motives to action. To appreciate a great man, requires, if not one as great, still a great man, and the judgments of the world, therefore, must be either borrowed or erroneous—more frequently the latter, as self-conceit usually supplies any deficiency of talent.

"What ever nature has in worth denied. She gives in large recruits of needful pride." Upon whom does Fame bestow her rewards? Rarely upon those who most deserve them. Does conscience approve the judgment even of the most intimate friends with respect to our characters? How then can we expect the world or posterity to do justice? and praise or blame that is not discriminating and just, who would value?

A Reproof of Foppery.

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress. Of his mode of reproving this, and fully in those persons for whom he had any esteem, the following instance has been recorded:

When George Faulkner, the painter, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a waistcoat, a big wig, and other foppish. Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands upon my arrival from London?" "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the painter, sir." "You George Faulkner, the painter? Why, you are the most impudent, bare-faced scoundrel of an impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself into in lace and other foppish. Send you gone you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George, as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," said the dean, "I am glad to see you return safe from London. Why there has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a lace waistcoat, and would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him off, with a flea in his ear."

Workingman's Friend.

"There's a woman at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe. "Yes," replied Sam, "when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me."

List of Patents.

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending February 7, 1854—each bearing that date:

Ebenezer Barrows, of New York, N. Y.—For improvements in rotary engines. Patent in England, July 3, 1851.

A. Merritt Assay of Philadelphia, Pa.—For improvement in dental chairs.

Edward Baryer, and William S. Iles, of Philadelphia, Pa.—For improvement in turning lathes.

John and William McAdams, of Boston, Mass.—For improvement in machines for ruling paper.

Jacob Reese, of Sharon, Pa.—For improvement in machines for making nuts.

Michael Shimer, of Union Township, Pa.—For improvement in winnowers.

Josiah Turner and W. C. Sturoc, of Sunapee, N. H.—For improvement in winnowers.

John M. Batchelder, of Cambridge, Mass., and Moses G. Farmer, of Salem, Mass.—For improvement in the mode of making battery connection with an electro-magnetic coil on the travelling carriage of a telegraphic register.

Colds in Sheep.

These animals are not unfrequently affected with colds and coughs during the winter season attended with mucous discharges, or running at the nose. The best and most effectual remedy with which we are acquainted, is the pine's hemlock, and common tar. The latter should be rubbed over their noses, which may be easily and effectually accomplished by spreading it on a board and sprinkling salt over it. The animals will devour the tar with the salt; and not with such care as to prevent their noses from becoming pretty well smeared with it. Careful attention and liberal keeping will strengthen the sheep, and generally assist them in bearing up against the disease.

After sheep have been kept on dry fodder several weeks, they highly relish green or succulent food. If they are confined to the yard, scatter over it the evergreens mentioned above, and they will be found to leave the best timothy or clover and feed on the pine and hemlock leaves. Turnips, beets or carrots, chopped and fed to sheep, tends to keep them strong and in a healthy condition, and there is lost nothing to the farmer in feeding these occasionally a few beans or a little corn. They yield more wool and larger and stronger lambs, under such treatment, and afford more profit than if scantily fed.—New England Farmer.

The Printer.

A printer is the most curious being living.—He may have a bank and coins, and not worth a single penny. Others may run fast but he gets along with swift setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence, may use lye without offending, and be telling the truth; while others can't stand when they sit, he can set standing and ever do both at the same time; use furniture and yet have no dwelling; and make and put away pi and never see a pie much less eat it, during his life—he may be a human being and at the same time—he may handle a shooting iron, know nothing about a cannon, gun, or pistol, he may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole hill—spread sheets without being a house wife; may lay his firm upon a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor, he may use the t without shedding blood, and from the carb he may handle the *—he may be of a rolling disposition and never desire to travel; he may have sheep's foot and not be deformed, never without a case, and knows nothing about law or physics; always correcting errors and growing worse every day; can—, without even having the arms of a lance around him; have his firm locked up and at the same time be free from jail, watch house or any other confinement.

A SHAPER.—"Sonny, where is your father?" "Father's dead, sir." "Have you any mother?" "Yes, I had one, but she's got married to John Dankin, and don't be my mother any more; 'cause she says she's got enough to do to tend to his own young 'uns."

"That's ye sir; it's the way I get me livin'." "How?" "Why, by tellin' big yarns to green 'uns like you at a dime a pop."

A LUNATIC in the Chicago jail, who calls himself Lord Fraser, sent out for a bottle of wine the other day to treat his fellow prisoners. On being furnished with a bottle of pop, he declared it the best wine he had ever drank, and in a grandiloquent manner exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, for a toast—may we ever steal, swear, and cheat—steal away from bed company, swear to the truth, and cheat the devil of his prey." Verily there was method in that man's madness.

The Knickerbocker tells a good story of a little fellow who was forbid by his mother, going to the brook to swim. One day he broke her command, and on putting on his shirt he got the wrong side out. His mother quickly discovered this, and knowing he had been disobeying her orders, she asked him how his shirt came inside out? This was a stumper, under which the little rogue stammered for a moment, but brightening up, he replied triumphantly, "O!—I guess I turned it git-in-out of the fence."

A CANDID WITNESS.—In the examination of a case on Monday, before the court of magistrates, for assault and battery, the counsel, in cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped? He answered, four glasses of ale.—"What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" A flight of course.—Proc. Journal.

A WAG was one day speaking of a couple of his acquaintances who had gone west where non-comers were usually attacked the first season was the age, and said he— "Neither of these two men will be afflicted." "Why not?" "They were the bystander." "Because," was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake and the other won't shake unless he gets paid for it."

To plunge a fashionable young lady six fathoms deep in happiness: Give her two Canary birds, half a dozen moon-beams, twelve yards of silk, an ice cream, several rose-buds, a squeeze of the hand, and the promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt, it will be because she can't.

A Western Orator, in a slang-whang address to the untrifled voters of Carrols, said, that to save his country, a patriot should be willing to die, even if it took his life.

Miss Tucker says it's with old bachelors as with old wood. It is hard to get them started; but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

The celebrated Andrew Marvell, in his ironical libel upon the press, said, "Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not half so mortal as when founded into types."