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TERMS.

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POETICAL.

THE MANIAC MAID.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Her face is fair, her form erect,
Her motions full of grace,
But not a gleam of reason's light
Within her eye we trace.

The bright blue sky above her spreads,
The gay green earth around,
And myriad voices sweetly tuned,
Wake every pleasant sound.

And yet to her there's nothing fair,
In all that God has made,
And not a harp could thrill her soul,
Though by an angel played.

The beauteous world of mind, to us
So full of heavenly light,
To her is but a dark morass,
Where reigns primeval night.

The smile on friendship's face is dim,
The glow of love concealed,
And all he woman in her heart,
Is like a faint congealed.

It here seems strange that God should hide
A ray of his own light,
But Heaven will yet illumine the page,
And all will there be bright.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTER FROM ELIHU BURRIT.

We cannot say whether the following, from the "Learned Blacksmith," now in England, will be read in this country with the more surprise or pity. It is full of food for thought:

An hour with Nature and the Nailers. I was suddenly diverted from my contemplation of this magnificent scenery by a fall of heavy rain drops, as a prelude of an impending shower. Seeing a gate open, and hearing a familiar clicking behind a hedge, I stepped through into a little blacksmith shop, about as large as an American smoke house for curing bacon. The first object that my eyes rested upon was a full grown man, nine years of age, and nearly three feet high, perched upon stone of half that height, to raise his breast to the level of his father's anvil, at which he was at work with all the vigor of his little short arms, making nails. I say a full grown man, for I fear he can never grow any larger, physically or mentally.—As I put my hand on his shoulder in a familiar way, to make myself at home with him, and to remove the timidity with which my sudden appearance seemed to inspire him, by a pleasant word or two of greeting, his flesh felt case hardened into all the duration of toiling manhood, and as unsusceptible of growth as his anvil block. Fixed manhood had set in upon him in the greenness of his youth, and there he was by his father's side, a stunted, premature man: with his childhood cut off: with no space to grow in between the cradle and the anvil block; chased, as soon as he could stand on his little legs, from the hearth stone to the forge stone, by iron necessity, that would not let him stop long enough to let him pick up a letter of the English Alphabet on the way. O! Lord John Russel! think of it! Of this Englishman's son, placed by his mother, scarce weaned, on a high, cold stone, barefooted, before the anvil; there to harden, sear, and blister its young hands by heating and hammering ragged nail-rods, for the sustenance her breast can no longer supply! Lord John! look at those nails, as they lie hissing on the block. Know you their meaning, use, and language? Please your lordship, let me tell you; I have made nails before now; they are iron exclamation points, which this unlettered, dwarfish boy is unconsciously arraying against you, against the British Government, and the misery of British literature, for cutting him off without a letter of the English alphabet when printing is done by steam! for incarcerating him, for no sin on his or his parent's side but poverty, into a dark, six-by-eight prison of hard labor, a youthless being; think of it; an infant hardened, almost in its mother's arms, into man; by toil that bows the sturdiest of the world's laborers who

come to manhood through intervening years of childhood!

The boy's father was at work with his back towards me when I entered.—At my first word of salutation to the lad, he turned around and accosted me a little bashfully, as if unaccustomed to the sight of stranger in that place, or reluctant to let them into the scene and secret of poverty. I sat down on one end of his nail bench, and told him I was an American blacksmith by trade, and that I had come in to see how he got on in the world, whether he was earning pretty good wages at his business, so that he could live comfortably, and send his children to school. As I said this I glanced inquiringly to the boy, who was looking steadily at me from his stone stool at the anvil. Two or three little crook-faced girls, from two to five years of age, had stolen in timidly, and a couple of young frightened eyes were peeping over the door still at me. They all looked if some task was allotted them in the soot and cinders of their father's forge, even to the sharp eyed baby at the door. The poor Englishman—he was much an Englishman as the Duke of Wellington—looked at his bushy-headed, bare-footed children, and said softly with a melancholy shake of the head, that the times were rather hard with him. It troubled his heart, and many hours of the night he had been kept awake by the thought of it, that he could not send his children to school, and was unable to teach them himself. They were good children, for all the crook of the shop was on their faces, and their fingers were bent like eagle's claws with handling nails. He had been a poor man all his days, and he knew his children would be poor all their days, and poorer than he, if the nail business should continue to grow worse. If he could only give them the letters of the alphabet, as they called it, it would make them the like of rich; for then they could read the testament. He could read the testament a little, for he had learned the letters by fire-light. It was a good book, was the testament; never saw any other book; heard tell of some in rich people's houses; but it mattered but little with him. The testament he was sure was made for nailers and such like. It helped him wonderfully when the loaf was small on the table. He had but little time to read it when the sun was up, and it took him long to read a little, for he learned the letters when he was old. But he laid it beside his dish at dinner time and fed his heart with it, while the children were eating the bread that fell to his share, and when he had spelled out a line of the shortest words, he read them aloud, and his eldest boy, the one on the block there, could say several whole verses he had learned in this way.

It was a great comfort to him, to think that Jemmes could take into his heart so many verses of the testament which he could not read. He intended to teach all his children in this way. It was all he could do for them; and this he had to do, as all the other hours he had to be at the anvil. The nail business was growing harder; he was growing old, and his family large. He had to work from 4 o'clock in the morning till 10 o'clock at night to earn eighteen pence. His wages averaged only about 7 shillings a week; and there was 5 of them in the family to live on what they could earn. It was hard to make up the loss of an hour. Not one of their hands, however little, could be spared. Jemmy was going on 9 years of age, and a helpful lad he was; and the poor man looked at him doatingly. Jemmy could work off a thousand nails a day, of the smallest size. The rent of their little shop, tenement and garden, was 5 pounds a year, and a few pennies earned by the youngest of them was of great account.

But, continued the father, speaking cheerily, I am not the one to complain. Many is the man that has a harder lot of it than I, among the nailers along these hills and in the valley. My neighbors in the next door could tell you something about labor, you may never heard the like of in your country. He is an older man than I, and there are 7 of them in his family; and for all that, he has no boy like Jemmy here, to help him. Some of his little girls are sickly, and their mother is not over strong, and it all comes on him. He is an oldish man, as I was saying, yet he not only works 18 hours every day at his forge, but every Friday in the year he works all night long, and never lays off his clothes till late of a Saturday night. A good neighbor is John Stubbins, and the only man in our neighborhood that

can read the newspaper. It is not often he gets a newspaper; for it is not the like of us that can have newspapers and bread, too, in our houses at the same time. But now and then he begs an old one, partly torn, at the baker's, and reads it to us of a Sunday night. So once in two or three weeks, we hear of what is going on in the world—something about corn laws, and the Duke of Wellington, and Oregon, and India, and Ireland, and other places in England. E. B.

AUTUMN.

Autumn has come to pay her yearly visit, and to warn us of decay! The leaflet hangs wrestling with the wind; the frost of evening now gathers upon it, and its freshness is stricken. Summer—soft-eyed Summer! art thou gone? Yes; I still hear thy sweet adieu sighing low in the vales, as though thy faint breath steals from leaf to leaf away! But why should we mourn? The flower may fade, and its fragrance die; yet there is within it the seeds of eternal renovation. In connection with human life, we are too apt to reflect upon yellow Autumn with feelings of melancholy. It becomes a season of contemplation, and our thoughts go upward to the Author of our being, hovering like timid spirits around His altar.

But there is something in the fall of the year, with even its mournful decay, which charms the soul and sweetens human life: the rustle of the changing green, the winds low sigh, the creaking door, the house cricket's prolonged chirp, and the lit up hearth, send our thoughts back on an errand of memory to those charming hours and happy days of youth and hope—days of childhood—of innocence—when, with many a beloved one from whom we have now parted for ever, we sat around the family altar and partook of the feelings of other times.—Oh, how agreeable are those melancholy reflections, as they linger and play in the tabernacle of a virtuous heart! If we contemplate the changes of the season in connection with a hereafter, we feel an inexpressible beauty in the comparison, which cannot cease to convince the liberal and creative mind that there is a home beyond the grave, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." It presents an argument dipped in beautiful coloring—like all of Nature's fine pencilings—so woven with our existence by the unseen hand, that the keenest eye cannot touch the point at which every separate tint is parted from its neighboring hue. Immortality becomes an instinctive feeling, which carries the soul upward, we know not how, to its destined and eternal habitation.

A ceaseless change, without annihilation, is a concomitant of all Nature's works. She never ceases to operate.—Every thing which we see upon the globe has been acted upon by Nature's supreme hand, but has never been destroyed. Wood has been changed by fire to charcoal—passed thence to various states of refinement, until it has resulted in a concrete of elementary light, sparkling in the hue and splendor of a diamond. That man whose eyes have never opened upon the noiseless operations of Nature, or witnessed the developments of her handy work—who has never felt the charms of her Spring time, or heaved an unconscious sigh while viewing the Autumn flower in its decline, has left unlearned the grandest lesson of his own immortality.

Why does not the steel-hearted atheist, who buries his soul in an eternal sleep, repine at the difference between his fate and that of the plant? Does he not observe the pride of the forest shedding its leaves in the Autumn—reviving in the Spring—re-clothing and replenishing through interminable ages? Surely he must, while he surveys his own decayed and nerveless limbs, cry out in despair—"For me there is no returning spring, my withered trunk never will clothe itself in a smoother rind; my hoary locks shall never more receive the gloss of youth; no young and vigorous sap will circulate through these chilled and collapsed Vessels!"—Alas, it will not be so.

The plant be renovated, and the seasons come again, while the lord of the earth, with his face upward, walking in the majesty of mind, withers and sinks to an ignoble and eternal sleep!

"Believe the muse!—the Autumn blasts of death kill not the buds of Virtue; no—they spread beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns, through endless ages, into higher powers."

CURIOSITY.—Mr. Tustin, late Chaplain to Congress, has had a call to the Presbyterian Church in Hagerstown, Md. Mr. Hugh Kennedy, who died some years ago, left a small annuity to that church, on condition that they should sing nothing but the Psalms of David; when they depart from this they lose the legacy, which amounts to \$800 per annum.

From the Vicksburg Whig. POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

CLAY.

He speaks!—end viewless chains
Upon a Senate rest;

He ceases!—look upon the names

That gem a Nation's breast.

WEBSTER.

The calm, unsounded deep
Is emblem of his mind;

But roused, its heavy billows sweep

In grandeur unconfined.

CALHOUN.

A loom of curious make
May weave a web of thought,

And he who rends the shining warp,

May in the woof be caught.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Statesman and poet too!—

Philosopher in turn;

Link with the past!—a Nation soon

Shall sorrow o'er him turn.

CRTTENDEN.

Now with a giant's might

He heaves the pond's thought—

Now pours the storm of eloquence

With scathing lightnings fraught.

BERRIEN.

With temper calm and mild,

And words of softened tone,

He overturns his neighbor's cause,

And justifies his own.

CORWIN.

The polished shaft of wit

Is quivering in the light;

'Tis sped! upon its shining track,

And havoc marks its flight.

J. M. CLAYTON.

The lightning's glare may turn

The needle from the pole;

Whoever saw him swerve,

Or bow to low control.

BENTON.

Judgment and tact combined,

A mine of knowledge vast;

A linking book-case on its shelves

The archives of the past.

CASS.

With neat and rounded phrase

He tricks the shapeless thought;

Like hope of power, it charms to-day,

To-morrow it is nought.

ALLEN.

Ye gods! defend my ears!

Bass drums around me throng!

Through empty galleries leap and roll

The notes of "Chinese Gong!"

PRESSED INTO THE SERVICE.

"Mr. Tar!" said the Recorder yesterday morning, as if he was anxious to ascertain whether there was any individual of that name present, and if so, that he would like to take a small observation of the person bearing such an odorous name. No one rose to the summons, but the Recorder seeing a police officer telegraphing a red faced, weather beaten tar, in one end of the box, with hair enough around his face for at least a baker's dozen of stage boatswains, inquired what the man's name was.

"John Hull, your honor," said the sailor, rising, and slapping his tarpaulin down on the railing. "John Hull, your honor; and may I be introduced for the first time in my life to the bo'sins cat, if Jack Hull was ever ashamed of his name in whatever port he was brought to an anchor. Hull's a name, sir, as'll do to stand by in the roughest sort of a gale, or the greatest calm as ever put old Boreas asleep."

"He told us his name was John Tar last night, sir," said the officer.

"Did your honor ever see such a spoony of a land lubber as that? Why he wouldn't know the difference 'twixt the figure-head of a seventy-four and the captain's clerk. Jack Tar! you land lubber, you. An' so I am jack tar, and doesn't ever mean to sail under any other colors, so long as there's a vessel in the Navy with the old stars and stripes streamin' over her."

"You're in the Navy, then?" inquired the Recorder.

"No, your honor, I'm out on it, although I keeps on the togs of the old Uncle Sam; coz, as soon as ever I get out o' this ere snap, I'm goin to make a straight wake and list for another cruise—an' maybe ye'll hear of old Jack Hull as one of the chaps as fell in the attack on some of them 'ere Mexican ports in the Gulf. That's what I'm arter. I've been a workin' all my life, and now I wants to have a little amusement in the way o' batterin' down that ere castle or somethin' o' that sort."

"You've been at sea sometime, have you?" said the Recorder.

"I should say I had, your honor. The first thing I ever seed was the flash of a big gun in 1812, for I was born on the old Constitution, in the midst of the action with the Guerriere. My father used to be called 'old John'—Lord bless him! He was sent to Davy Jones's by a grape shot, an' I was christened John Hull, for the captain that was, the old commodore now—Lord bless his old soul!"

"But how came you here, John? you shouldn't be seen in such a place," said the Recorder.

"Well, sir," said Hull, looking down,

"I do feel just about as small as a midy that has been mastheaded; but what's done can't be helped. You see, I'd taken a stiff allowance of grog aboard, and was beating and tacking about larboard and starboard, when I gin a lee lurch an' I fetched up agin a chap with a tarpaulin an his knob. 'Why didn't you put your helms hard a port?' said I; 'do you think a first-rate's going to look out for all such small craft as you?' 'None o' your slang,' says he. 'Who the blue blazes are you?' says I, for I wan't altogether steady, your honor on my pins—hadn't got my land legs on eggactly. 'I'm a watchman,' said he. 'You are, are you,' says I. 'Well, if it's your watch, you ought to be triced up and have a round dozen for not keepin' out o' the way.' Well, you see, one word fatched on another, an' I hauled off 'an gin him a broadside; but on account o' the grog, my guns wasn't hevy shotted, an' they didn't cripple the enemy; but he boarded me with a bit of a handspike he had in his hand, an' fatched me a lick that made me see more lights than ever was hoisted at the peak of the craft aloft in the sky; an' that's all as I recollects, till I found myself up yonder there, hard and fast among this set of scurvy craft alongside here, in this ere chicken coop."

"You intend to go to sea again?" inquired the Recorder.

"Aye, aye, your honor; an' I'm only sorry as I ever left the old Raritan and Captain Jack, for I expect, when the Commodore wakes up in the Gulf, he'll make up for lost time; and as Gov'rment's gin 'em a touch of the old Perry blood, I want to let 'em have a small chance of old Hull."

"Well," said the Recorder, "I suspect you have been punished enough for your frolic, and I shall let you go this time upon you paying your jail fees."

"Thank your honor," said the sailor, joyfully, "I shan't forget it; and if you ever hear John Hull has been cut in two by a Mexican shot, just think that my last words will be a blessing on your head for letting me die in defence of my ship and country."

"Good advice." Dow, Jr. in his sermon of last week gives the following very excellent advice to the young ladies of his flock:

The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass—who can darn a stocking, mend trowsers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and never fall under, and be a lady withal in "company," is just the sort of a girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry; but you, ye piping, moping, lolling, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, putty-faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel devouring daughters of Fashion and Idle ness—you are no more fit for matrimony, than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens.