

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XII, NO. 26.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 30, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 596

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" will be published hereafter at the following rates, viz: **\$1.75** a year, if paid in advance; **\$2.00** if paid during the year, and **\$2.50** if not paid until after the expiration of the year. The above terms to be adhered to in all cases.

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POETICAL.

THE PLEDGE OF SEVENTY-SIX.

"Our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honors."

BY ALICE G. LEE.

Stand forth! stand forth! we give a pledge,
Rouse brothers, one and all,
'Tis cast abroad upon the winds—
Our country's gathering call;
And thousands rallied at the sound,
With hearts both strong and true,
As on by gen and flashing stream
The stirring summons flew.

The grandsire with his silvery locks,
And form bowed down with care,
That from his childhood's hour had loved
This land so broad and fair
Seemed once again to feel his veins
Throb with the pulse of youth,
And stood erect to give the pledge
For Liberty and Truth.

And in his proudest hour of strength
Was heard a firm manhood's tone:
"We stake our fortunes and our lives,
With them we will atone,
If we prove false to the high trust
Which all have taken now;
And in the hearts of living men
Was registered the vow."

Ay, Woman too, with patriot soul,
Came in her beauty's power;
And with her deep and thrilling voice
Joined in the vow that hour;
"We give our prayers, our influence,
'Tis all we can bestow;
But what that influence can do,
We promise now to show."

That pledge—oh! it was proudly made,
And ne'er should be forgotten,
To its fulfillment thousands owe
A peaceful happy lot.
It thrilled each soul, it nerved each heart,
Amid that noble band;
Unhindered fortune, life—they saved
Their honor and their land.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

"He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak."
The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protegee of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say, for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad!—his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass, had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to inquire if he was hurt; though at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

"My God!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean it! He is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shak-

king his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been laying idle here?" I exclaimed, with remorse. "Lead me to him."

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir," and as the man spoke we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a high current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—edded down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle strained and gray haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse.

As I approached they all looked up.—The veteran who held him shook his head; and would have spoken; but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—
"He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this? As he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket which had lain upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer for my heart was full—here was the being to whom, but a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never known his danger and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour. They noticed my agitation and his old friend—the seaman that held his head, said sadly.

Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out," he spoke with emotion—to mourn over you."

"Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked, in a low voice. "Why, won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand, don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said—
"You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears; he resumed—
"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you Mr. Danforth."

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" said I; "you saved my life. I would coin my life to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by mother—you'll find me the name of the place and all about it in my trunk."

"Anything—everything, my poor lad, I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mink wandered.

"It's a long—long ways up there—but there are bright angels among them.—Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angel's voices? God grant it.

"MASSA DASH," said Cuffee, he be one real gemman: he gib me half a dollar for brush his boots, three quarter dollar to hold his hoss, and whole dollar for callin' him gemman; and he be a real gemman and no mistake."

HOW JEDIAH WAS SUCKED IN.

"Is the 'Squire to hum?" Inquired an elongated individual yesterday, who pushed his head into the Recorder's office. It being about the dinner hour, none of the officials happened to be "tu hum"; but a couple of cits, who happened to be lounging inside, invited him in, and enquired his business.

"Well," said he, in a beautiful nasal "my business ain't much, but tell me which is the 'Squire?"

"He is at dinner sir," said one of the pair, "but if you have anything very urgent, we will send for him."

"Well, I ain't got much in particular," answered the Eastern man, "but just this mornin' a feller from the 'Jining State of Illinois played me one of the alfredist mean tricks I've been on lately."

"What was it like?" inquired the listener.

"Well, it won't much like anything," said he, but an all-created suck in.—Where is that 'Squire," he burst out again, "I'll have the mean critter jerked into a jail if it costs me a dollar."

"What did he do?" persisted the questioner.

"Well, 'twant much of anything 'cep a sell," said he; and then breaking out again, he exclaimed, "Oh, Jediah Dexter! that anything as cute as you are allowed to be shud be drawn into such a scrape by a yaller lookin', ager shakin', corn raisin' sarpint as that feller."

"Was he a sucker?" inquired the gen.

"Well, he wan't much else," said the afflicted mourner, "and the fullest grown one I have seed lately—cuss his pictur."

"But you have not told us what his offence was," continued the other.

"No," said he, "I ain't; and, what's wusser a darned sight, I'm ashamed to; all cre-ation that I shud be a teen so totally green. I swow," said he starting, "I believe I won't tell it; I'll just let the mean varmint slide. It won't bear tellin' on. Why if they shud hear it down in Connecticut, I could't never show myself at any futer 'Thanksgivin' in them latitudes; they'd holler meel at me just as quick as they'd clap eyes on me."

"Oh, come!" shouted both listeners, "you are not agoing to leave without enlightening us, now that you have raised our curiosity?"

"Well, I guess it won't hurt you much of you don't hear it," and he was about to move when one of his auditors informed him that it was absolutely necessary that he should stop and lodge his complaint, for evidently some wrong had been committed, and if he kept silent, and allowed it to pass unpunished he would be conniving at the evil and thereby lay himself liable.

"Is that the law?" inquired the bitten complainant.

Both listeners signified the affirmative to his query.

"Well, I don't want to go gin law much," said Jed., "so you kin hev the hull upshot of this in a minit, and you'll allow its mighty mean. A Illinois feller this mornin' walked into my shop, where I'm merchandizin' along side on the market, and got to dickerin' some butter with me for groceries and other notions. His pots of cow's grease were dreadful nice on top, and tasted like new milk arer spring grass. It fust tuck me all up in a heap, and I bargained for all the critter had, and got too sellin' him the little fixins in exchange. He looked so eternal soft, and swayed around so alfred green, that I didn't once hev a dream of the critter's bein' tricky, so the trade was did up mighty short, and he traveled. Well, jest a minit sence, I turned out a pot to sell to a customer, and I swan tu man of two thirds outn' wasn't an *Injin meel dumplin'!*"

A burst of laughter here broke from his auditors, and, as they appeared to keep on at it, instead of sympathising with poor Jed., he raised himself proudly up under his load of surprise, and moved to the door.

"Ah! ha! ha! ha! *Injin dumplins!* ah! ha!" shouted one of the convulsed listeners as Jed was retreating.

"You needn't take on so," said Jed., "for ef he don't think of his sins when he swallows that tea I sold him, then I'm mistaken in the yarb. It's perfectly awful on a man's bowels; specially when he ain't used to it!" and, amid a shout of laughter, Jed. disappeared, congratulating himself at least on being *even*.

—Reveille.

JARS.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early goose berries nice,
Jars of mince-pies, jars of spice,
Jars of pickles, all home-made,
Jars of cordial, elder-wine,
Jars of honey, superfine—
Would the only jars were these
That occur in families.

Reward of Honesty.

There is something in female honor, or virtue in a woman, which charms as much as honesty in a man; and both are so rare, and at the same time so inestimable, that this celebrated distich of our moral bard will equally apply to either—

"A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The cardinal Farnese, who was very properly named the patron of the Poor, gave public audience once a week to indigent persons in his neighborhood, and distributed his bounty among them according to their wants. A woman of genteel address, but in a dejected, forlorn condition, presented herself one day with her daughter, a beautiful creature about fifteen years old, before this liberal ecclesiastic.

"My lord," said she, "the rent of my house (five crowns) has been due some days, and my landlord threatens to turn me into the street, unless he is paid within the week. Have the goodness, my lord Cardinal, to interpose your sacred authority, and protect me from this dreadful outrage, till by our industry we can satisfy the demand of our persecutor."

The Cardinal wrote a billet which he put into the petitioner's hand, and said—
"Go to my steward with this paper, and receive from him five crowns." But the steward on her presenting the document paid down 50. The woman absolutely refused to receive more than five, alleging that his eminence gave her to expect no more; and it must be a mistake.

Both were so convinced of acting literally according to order, that it was mutually agreed to refer the matter to the Cardinal himself.

"It is true," said he, "there must be a mistake.—Give me the paper, and I will rectify it." He then returned the billet, thus rectified, to the woman, saying, "So much candor and honesty deserves recompense. Here—I have ordered you a thousand crowns. What you can spare out of it, lay up as a dowry for your daughter in marriage, and regard my donation as the blessing of God on the upright disposition of a pure mind."

Advice to the Melancholy.

There are many excellent things in the Portland Tribune; this advice to the melancholy! Go out in the green fields and let the beautiful sky be reflected in your bosom. No man can remain under the harrow of despondency, who catches the reflections of beautiful objects on his heart. A landscape—a sheet of water—the singing of birds, or the prattling of children may have the desired effect.—Melancholy is a disease that must be driven off and not hugged to the affections. If delightful images fill the eye and the heart, she will not have an inch to place her cloven foot upon. If you sit in the damp corner suffering the spiders to play upon your head, the sow-bugs to creep under your feet, and the mould to gather round your person, who can wonder that you are sad and melancholy! Away to the fresh fields and pure air of heaven. Drink in the delights that are breathing from leaf, tree and rill. Let your spirit catch the inspiration of heaven, and never again shall we hear a long sigh, see a vinegar face, or listen to a doleful song."

Beautiful Answer.

What wonderful questions children often ask and what equally wonderful answers do they sometimes give. What can be more touching than the following anecdote which we find in the N. Y. Organ:

A friend of ours while dressing a very young child, a few days ago, said—in rather an impatient tone, "You are such a lump of shape, it is impossible to make anything fit you!" The lips of the child quivered, and, looking up, it said in a deprecating tone—"God made me." Our friend was rebuked; and the little lump was kissed a dozen times.

"God made me!" Had the wise men of the world pondered upon a fitting answer to such a careless remark, for a century, they could not have found a better one than flowed naturally and spontaneously from the wounded heart of the child. "God made me, mother; it is not my fault that I am what you thus seem not to like—such a little lump; God made me!" Blessings on the innocent heart, sweet child—"of such are the kingdom of Heaven."—U. S. Post.

"Where did you come from?" asked Wilki to a beggar in the Isle of Wight.
"From the devil."
"What is going on there?"
"Much the same as here."
"What's that?"
"The rich taken in, and the poor kept out."

WHERE SHALL I GO?

Some years since, in the county of Washitena and State of Wolvereens, an indictment was found against a certain man, and his trial was already in progress. Some of those in power were among the number of his friends, and perceiving that the case was quite sure to be unfavorable to the unfortunate victim of the law, the worthy incumbent of the Bench hinted to the Sheriff the probable result, with a pretty broad intimation that it would be well for the prisoner to give bail—log bail—and disappear. Accordingly the Sheriff informed his charge of the probable issue of the suit, and gave him frequent opportunities, to take care of himself. But the fellow whose honesty far exceeded his shrewdness would not take the hint, and followed the Sheriff, faithful as his shadow, wherever he went. Finally, worn out with the apparent stupidity of the prisoner, the Sheriff, spicing his speech with certain hard adjectives which we omit, thus addressed him:—"Why in the d— I don't you run away—you'll be convicted and sent to State's prison."—"Run!" said the man in bonds—"Where shall I run to? I'm in Michigan now!" This was a poser, and the Sheriff's philanthropy was chilled like a glacier.

NONPLUSED.

A celebrated writer of vaudevilles being caught recently in a shower, took refuge under a portico. A very pretty person soon lifted the window, and after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent a servant out to him with an umbrella. The next day the delighted author dressed himself up to the last result of the problem of what was becoming, and as the umbrella was an old one, laid it aside as a souvenir, and purchasing a new one of the costliest state, called on the lady to return her flattering loan.—She received the new umbrella evidently without remarking the change, and after listening with curious gravity to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgement, she suddenly comprehended that he was under the impression that she was enamored of him, and forthwith naively explained that as he stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent the umbrella to get him off the steps!

What I have Seen and Heard.

I have seen a lady adorned with costly apparel, clothed in silk and velvet, with her fingers ornamented by rings, and her wrists by jeweled bracelets; and that lady's seamstress, who was entirely dependent upon her daily earnings, has remained unpaid for months.

I have seen a young girl expend dollars on a useless trinket, who half an hour before, had refused a shilling to a needy beggar.

I have seen a mother cheerfully lavish money to purchase her daughters expensive and superfluous dresses; and I have heard the same mother grumble that she had to pay servants such enormous wages.

I have heard a wife, whose apartments were furnished in the most rich and elegant manner, and who spared neither pains or expense in procuring articles, either for her rooms or wardrobe, complain bitterly that her husband took so many newspapers.

I have seen a man spend money profusely for the supply of his personal wants, while at the same time he would give the least pittance for any charitable object.

I have heard a wealthy man talk largely about sympathy and benevolence, whose poor relations, struggling hard to support existence, might have queried whether he had ever known either of these qualities except by report.

I have seen a father give money lavishly to a prodigal son, while he has grudgingly paid an indigent nephew for his daily labor.

I have seen a man's table covered with every luxury, whose wood-cutter had been more than once requested to take less than the usual price for his services.

A PERSONAL REBUKE.—The late Rev. Dr. —, of a certain town in Maine, an eccentric but honest minister, was once preaching on the practical virtues, and having a short time previously bought a load of wood of one of the officers of the church, and finding it fall short in measure, took this occasion to speak thus plain on the subject:

"Any man that will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, is no Christian, whether he sits in the gallery, below, or even in the deacon's seat!"

Dr. Franklin recommends in the choice of a wife to select from a bunch. A down east editor says the common practice now is to select with a bunch.

Gun-shot wounds are now called shooting pains.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A Down East Joke Served Out.

A Mr. D., in the town of W., in this State, was applied to by an Irishman for the loan of his gun for a day. Pat was unacquainted with its use, and inquired of D. how to load it. D. supposing that he was quizzing, said that he generally put in about two feet of powder and shot altogether! The Irishman took the gun and started for the field. When cleverly out of sight he commenced charging the gun. "By the powers, an' I pity the man that finds game a plinty," was his soliloquy as he emptied the contents of his powder flask into the barrel. He found on putting down the wad that the two feet were coming short. Next he emptied his shot pouch into the barrel, and found that his ammunition made only a foot and a half of load altogether. As luck would have it, Pat did not find any thing in the shape of lawful game to "empty at," so he brought up at D.'s with the gun in prime condition. No questions being asked honest Pat respecting his luck, the gun was laid aside and forgotten.

A few days after, D. had occasion to use his gun; being in haste, he glanced at the lock, and seeing that it was capped, he pulled the trigger at his object; the consequence may be imagined. The Gun burst into pieces "too numerous to mention," and the unfortunate joker found himself, after an indefinite space of time, looking at the stars as well as he could with one eye—"bunged tight," and his nose inquiring the way over his shoulder. His first thought was of vengeance on the Irishman. When he found him he commenced inquiries as to what the devil he had been doing with his gun—"you blasted bogtrotter, you put in powder enough to blow up all the castles in Mexico!"

Pat not understanding him, and supposing that he had not put powder enough, replied—"An' sure I put in all the powder and shot I had, and it was full eighteen inches lead, if that wasn't enough, sure I couldn't help it. Faith, an' you'll be pleased to load your own gun next time!"

Poor D. shut his other eye and left for Canada—the States could't hold him.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—Several years ago a charity sermon was preached in a dissenting chapel in the west of England.

When the preacher ascended the pulpit he thus addressed his hearers:—"My brethren, before proceeding to the duties of this evening, allow me to relate a short anecdote. Many years have elapsed since I was last in this house. Upon that evening came three men with the intention of not only scoffing at the minister, but with their pockets filled with stones for the purpose of assaulting him. After he had spoken a few sentences, one said, "D—m him, let us be at him now;" but the second replied, "No, stop till we hear what he makes of this point." The minister went on, when the second said, "We've heard enough now—throw!" but the third interferred, saying "He is not so foolish as I expected; let us hear him out." The preacher concluded without being interrupted. Now, mark me, by brethren—of these three men, one was executed three months ago at Newgate, for forgery; the second at this moment lies under the sentence of death in the jail of this city, for murder—the other (continued the minister with great emotion)—the third, through the infinite goodness of God, is even now about to address you—listen to him!

THRILLING INCIDENT.—At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink; demonstrating it quite to his own satisfaction to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain elderly man rose and asked the liberty of saying a few words—"A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful: till one evening in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass saying a few words in vindication of the practice. "Well," thought the young man, "if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?" So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course he died of *delirium tremens*—a raving madman!"

The old man paused for utterance; and was just able to add—"That young man was my only son; and the clergyman was the Reverend Doctor who has just addressed this assembly!"—Temperance Banner.

Remember the "Golden Rule."