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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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EDUCATION.

[For the "Huntingdon Journal."]

REASONS FOR THE STUDY OF "THE LANGUAGES."

No. I.

Improvement of Mind.

Man is by nature highly intellectual. The genius of thought and faculties of power are implanted in him by the great Creator who makes it incumbent upon every person to cherish and cultivate those precious gifts and talents which He has bestowed. Mind makes the Man. Viewed in this aspect the human race is capable of infinite improvement; and there is no limit to the progress of human society. Who dare deny that strong obligation rests upon every one to cultivate and train all his intellectual powers?—Who dare neglect his nobler faculties, and turn in with all might merely to eat and drink and sleep, to pamper his body and passions, and waste all time in debasing mind, and exercising the baser faculties, absorbed with corporal cares and worldly schemes? How many forget the jewel, of which the body is but the necessary dress, a clayey fixture for protection a short time!—or how many are content with having merely a few transient, borrowed ideas, or with a short season of mental training, perhaps administered in childhood's thoughtless hours; only the shadow of which instruction lingers after the substance has perished with the spring years of existence! And how many, alas, would nourish and nerve the noble mind, and fit it for its lofty mission in this world and the future, by attempting to fatten and polish it even by the best of fiction, much less by the rottenness of what is dignified as "Modern Literature!" No sane man or woman who thinks for a moment on the Nature of the Mind—its destiny—its Emitter—can deny, however unwilling to practice the admission, that each and every individual who would rank with man, is bound to improve his or her mind to the highest and fullest, possible and reasonable extent. We owe it to ourselves—we owe it to our race—we owe it to our God! Sure words from the Book of Wisdom, and the teachings of common sense are warrant sufficient. Argument is unnecessary. Then the question occurs, "How accomplish this improvement which every one needs and desires?" It may be answered, by the diligent study of the *Ancient Languages*, in addition, and as co-operating influence, to common Education, and the use of the Bible as a text book of schools and of life both in the original languages and translation. All Education should be to prepare us for thinking, living and acting right, with continued, fixed attention and discrimination; also for dying right.—And in the whole circle of Educational branches there should be a constant tendency to *The Book*, as a great Centre.

It is conceded that the study of Languages is in an eminent degree peculiarly adapted for mental training, for the improvement of all the intellectual powers. Especially are the ancient Languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c., thus in a superior degree qualified, on account of their own peculiar origin, construction, and material, with other characteristics, all which, it is at present unnecessary to enlarge upon. English Studies, even many branches of Mathematics which are justly celebrated for directing and aiding the argumentative powers, may be studied in such a manner as to exercise the memory almost exclusively unless strict guard be kept by teacher and scholar. We could point to a young man who took the first and highest honor from a large Graduating class, at one of the best Mathematical Colleges in our land, and yet committed much of Mathematics, even the Propositions and Problems of Euclid to memory, and thus lost entirely their great, and to many, sole benefit of training Reason, and the Argumentative faculties. In this manner too often, the equilibrium of mind, the equipoise of the intellectual functions, is totally destroyed; and he who has

ability, and has "got by heart" enough of learning to rank him with the Wise of the World, may be a fool, since he lacks judgment and other qualities of mind which it is the province of the study of Latin, Greek, &c., to develop, expand and strengthen, and which study has been neglected. One fact is fixed beyond doubt, viz: The study of The Languages never distorts, but exercises the varied intellectual man, by an equal and beneficial distribution to the several faculties, so as to harmonize, and preserve the high applauded Balance of Mind. But says some one, "I admit that every one who intends becoming a Lawyer, or Preacher, or Editor, or any teacher of mankind, should devote much of his time and money to such studies, and is highly culpable if he does not." But what will a poor man gain by studying The Languages!—what profit is it to Merchants, Farmers & Mechanics, to waste their time pondering over dusty Greek and Latin books? How prone alas, to forget the moral and intellectual, and centre all attention on the Physical, man's baser third! What better proof of fallen and degraded state?

Well, does a poor man have no soul, no noble intellect? Can such a frail excuse shield and shelter him from obligation to improve to the utmost those capabilities, and seeds of immortality which God has implanted in his nature? Must man seek first and above all just to call out and strengthen those faculties by which to circumvent his neighbor, and gather in the money? Is this the sole end and aim of being—is this the way to improve the talents given by the Great King? If so, better at once have a University established, where all the rudiments and exercises which tend to prepare young men for becoming talented counterfeiters, adroit swindlers; genteel thieves—in a word for graduating youth in all such money making business, shall be taught at reduced prices. But not so, truly. Let the intellectual and moral obligations be attended to first and above all else, as the weightier matters, but not leave the other, the lesser duties, undone. Suppose for a moment the Editor, Lawyer, Physician or Teacher, study Latin and Greek merely to fit them for business and as a source of pecuniary gain. The object is but partial and the motive rather groveling. But will the majority of the human family, consent to give up their birth-right to a few who, perhaps misimprove it. Is not the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic as noble as any mortal who trends proudly upon the Earth? Should they be disqualified for bringing up themselves and children in "knowledge and understanding," and should they all be denied the privilege of improving their godlike faculties to the very widest circumference? Are they unfit for that March of Mind, that infinite progression which will continue throughout eternal ages, and in which it is every one's duty to occupy a lofty rank? No! none too poor to improve his mind in this preparatory and probationary state. The gates of knowledge, and the nobility of intellect are open to all, especially in our Republic. The little beggar who sang his Christmas caroles through the streets of Magdeburg, a miner's son, shook and changed the learned world. A Luther! what would he have been without his study of Latin and Greek. That ragged urchin picked up from the streets of London, and taken to Sabbath School by a faithful teacher, is now a Prince in Languages, and a high and holy missionary of the Cross. See too that Shoemaker boy bending over his strap, and lap-stone, hisawl and ends around him. Now he is the great Apostle of India—one of the greatest Linguists in the world.—Examples of this kind reckon themselves by thousands. Every person can see them around him. Poverty then is no excuse. Much less is moderate circumstances an excuse for not studying, and have your children study "the Languages." And who will stand up for those in comfortable and wealthy circumstances, who neglect the utmost improvement of that part of their nature which distinguishes from the brute creation, and perhaps shut out their offspring from the wide and pleasant field of mental enjoyment and cultivation opened up by the study of the Languages.

It is impossible from the very nature of mankind, and the fallen and shattered state of mind, for any one without long and arduous study and well training of the intellectual faculties, to concentrate his thoughts, and think and argue rightly for any length of time.—Persons may talk and vapor away for hours, as many even do, but without this mental improvement, sound meditation and self-examination are impossible. If the sceptic doubts, let him consult one John Locke who wrote a "Treatise on the Understanding," in which he speaks mightily well of "The study of the Lan-

guages," and compares men of unimproved minds to Hottentots! All Universities of Learning, and ruling spirits of the age speak highly and favorably of this John, inasmuch as his book is a Text Book with them. He may speak truth then. And one Solomon, the Wise, singeth after this fashion, in Proverbs, 3d chap., 13-16v:

"Happy is the man that findeth Wisdom, And the man that getteth Understanding,— For the merchandize of it is better, Than the merchandize of silver; And the gain thereof, than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, And all the things thou canst desire Are not to be compared with her." J.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROFANITY.

There is nothing which sounds so harsh and so unnatural to the ear of the meek and devoted Christian, as the profane oath. And we may add, there is nothing so disgusting, so unbecoming, even in the estimation of the unbeliever, as the practice of this crime against Him who ruleth all things. Yet how often, may how constantly do we hear the rude blasphemy uttered by our fellow-mortals. The child just emerging from infancy into boyhood, yet scarce able to articulate its parent's name, lisps forth the ribald oath—the teachings and promptings of man!

Profane swearer, we plead with you: utter not again that fearful curse!—for He whom thou art blaspheming may, ere it passes your lips, call thee hence to answer for the deeds of a life-spent life before the tribunal of an offended and sin-avenging God. And oh! what would you not then give to have that oath removed—that insurmountable barrier between you and your God!—See that child as it stands by, drinking your blighting words as the drunkard quaffs the poisonous bowl. Think of the example you are showing it. Soon it will attain the same proficiency, by your, perhaps, unconscious tuition, in this direful practice that you are now master of. Think of this—Think of your God, and blaspheme no more.—[Toxson.

Heroism—What is it?

"One murder makes a villain, Millions make a hero."—Bishop Porteus.

The day was, and perhaps now is to some extent, when to be a hero was to be a villain, a cut throat; when to gain this title it was necessary to tread the rough and thorny road of carnage and desolation amid the revelry of glittering spears, and the roar of thundering cannon. But thanks to the influence of Christian truth, and enlightened reason, a new era is drawing upon the world, the age of moral chivalry—when heroism shall be manifested, not on bloody fields of human butchery, and amid the smoking ruins of burnt cities, but on the broad field of moral conflict, where many deeds of peaceful rivalry shall decide the claims of the aspirants for fame. The man who sacrifices the most for his race in propagating truth, who shall breast with the greatest moral courage the assaults of tyrant wrong, shall best deserve the name of hero.

Who does not say speed the hour?—And who does not give a hearty response for the consummation of that period.

When men shall call

Each man his brother—each shall tell to each His tale of love—and pure and holy speech Be music for the soul's high festival.

LETTING OUT OF WATER.—Solomon's illustration of the beginning of strife is receiving some new enforcement nowadays, both the illustration and the thing illustrated. Mr. Shepard, at Phillips, Maine, built himself a fine stone grist-mill, house, blacksmith shop, &c., on a small stream which proved insufficient in its volume of water to carry his wheels. He thereupon repaired to a pond of some eighty acres, lying on a hill above him and cut a trench by which the water was turned from the pond into his brook. No sooner had the water commenced running through the new cut, than it began to wash the cut deeper, and the deeper it went the faster it gullied, till in a very short time an awful chasm let out the whole pond upon the little brook, and, swelling into a torrent, swept away Mr. Shepard's mill, house, shop, and all, and did vast mischief beside; after which all became quiet and the little brook ran along as peacefully as before, but it had no wheels to turn.

As to the beginning of strife, look at our Mexican war. It has well nigh emptied the big pond. When shall we see the little brook running peacefully along the valley again.—*Jour. of Com.*

Somebody very wickedly says that two blooming young ladies got caught out in a shower very recently; and when they got home the rain had washed the very color out of their cheeks.

PUT 'EM ON, CAPTING.

While Porkdom was yet in its infancy, when its pigs did not attain to half the fat they now boast, and its corn juice was twice as "genooine," an old lady, the owner of "an extensive clearing," cultivated by three study sons, made her appearance at Cincinnati with the intention of taking passage in the first safe boat "bound down river." Her chief motive for this trip, was a long-promised visit to a friend residing at Memphis, but prudently wishing to combine profit with pleasure, she brought with her a large supply of nicely-cured hams, expecting thereby to realize a sum which would leave a respectable surplus in her pocket after the expenses of the tour were paid.

Following the advice of the landlord of the house where she stopped, (he was of course very disinterested,) she remained in town some ten days longer than was necessary. When, finally, one fine day becoming fully assured that "no severe gale was to be expected," she had herself and "traps" embarked.

The captain of the boat thus honored belonged to that class of men so poorly represented everywhere but among the commanders of our Western Steamers, being at all times and in all places imperturbably polite, self-possessed, and good-natured, possessing moreover a rich vein of dry humor; which he delighted to exercise in hoaxing too officious intermeddlers with his own concerns. In the midst of the hurry and bustle consequent on "putting off," our window rushed in front of the captain, and seizing him by the coat, thus attacked his patience:—

"Now, Captaining, ar you certain sure she won't burst! Don't trifle with the feels of a feeble woman (the lovely relict, by the way, weighed 200 avoirdupois) at this orful crisis! Ef I should be blowed up inter fragment, all thru your decephsins, Capting, and be made the mother of three dezoilate orphuns, the'd be a dreadful reconin for you at the great day of insurrecting, now I tell yer."

The Captain assured her there was no danger, but at the same time told her the safest plan would be to shut herself up in state-room farthest aft, where he sent a waiter to conduct her. She hesitated but finally went, with an earnest parting admonition that "the Capting should send somebody to let her know just as soon as the boat begun to blow up."

The unfortunate lady was just beginning to feel more calm, when she was startled by the loud ringing of a bell, accompanied with the strangest sort of a voice, which seemed to say "all the gemmen and the boat must go down and settle."

"So it is a-goin down! Oh! Lord oh! Lord Whar on airth is my big hand-box! Some body fassen onto me this life-preserver, and put a rope under me! So them Germans is a going down already! I knowed they would, the tarnation fools, when I saw 'em down stairs thar! Oh! Lord! oh! Lord! My hams will be wasted; and only ter think of them poor boys ter hum! Isn't thar some kind man that will swim ashore with me!"

No one volunteered; however, before the captain came along, and was at last again successful in quieting her.

Soon after they passed a small landing, where an opposition boat, also bound down, was taking a few passengers, which, before the former had advanced three fourths of a mile beyond this point put off, and fired up in a manner that showed her captain determined to "come in at least a length ahead." The "hoses" on board the first boat became very naturally "considerably riled," and most earnestly urged the captain to "put on the gas" and "never mind the consequences." But he was one of those "averse to racing," and whatever idea he might have secretly cherished that it wouldn't do to be beat, evaded a direct reply by saying, "the wood on board is used economically might possibly not last to the next yard."

The anxious widow had been meanwhile watching the movements of the boat in the rear, and began to participate in the general excitement. At last she approached the captain, and remarked that "thar was a craft behind sailing dreadfull fast."

"Why really, Madam, so there is!" was the answer.

"Wal, you ain't agoin ter let it go by, are you?"

"Perhaps it would be dangerous to increase the fire, Ma'am."

The old lady was bothered, and returned to her post. "The object of her regard" was approaching too rapidly, however, for her peace of mind—She again "made tracks" for the anti-racing man, exclaiming—

"Oh! Capting! do just put t'wo or three more sticks of wood on that fire!"

"Mus'nt waste wood, Ma'am." "Wal, for Heving's sake, haint thar 'nothing else on board that you can make it burn with?"

"I don't think of anything, madam, excepting your hams."

The old lady reflected a moment, but she could bear the suspense no longer, and with the expression of a person going into fits, exclaimed—

"Put 'em on! Capting! Put 'em on!— Who keers! Who's afeered! I aint!— I'd derned site rather be busted up than beat, any time! put 'em on!"

The souls which greeted the old lady's "remarks" would almost rival those sent up before Jericho or Monterey—and even the boat appeared to share in the enthusiasm, for her paddles seemed immediately to double the number of their revolutions, and it was not long before her ambitious rival was left at a distance which the passengers of the first unanimously declared "lent enchantment to the view."

The "widow" was a perfect 'lioness' for the remainder of the trip—and on arriving at her destination was agreeably surprised by the full return of the money she had paid for fare and freight, together with 'them' hams, accompanied by a most urgent invitation from the captain that whenever she travelled that route again, she would except the best berth in his boat, free of expense.—N. Y. *Spirit of the Times.*

IRISH HEARTS:

At this moment, when the sufferings of the Irish people engross so large a share of public sympathy, the following sketch from an Irish character, may not be found uninteresting: The story-teller prefaces the incident by stating that he found an Irish family, of a husband, wife, and several children, on one of our lake steamers. They were in great destitution; and the beauty of the children was the theme for the admiration of all their fellow travellers. At the request of a lady passenger, who, having no children of her own, was desirous of taking one of the little Irishers and adopting it, the narrator addressed himself to the head of the family. We do not know the author of the sketch, and give it as we find it:

"Although," says the story teller, "I had considerable doubts as to the result, I offered my services as a negotiator, and proceeded immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair:—

"You are very poor!" His answer was characteristic.

"Poor, sir?" said he; "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world—God pity both ov us, for we'd be about nigh."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support then, sir?" Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or another. It'll be tittle enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply around.

"A what, sir?" he cried; "a relief to part from me child! Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out from my breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us; what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied. "If now it were in ones power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "the heavens know that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warmth of it; but do tell us what you're drivin' at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to one of his children; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"O, murther, would'nt it be a great thing for the baby! But I must go and have a talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children afore her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well, what success?" I enquired.

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he; "but I've been talkin' to Mary; an' she says, as it's for the child's good,

may be the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, an' I don't know, sir;" and he run his eye dubiously over both.—"Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't want her mother so much; but then—O! tear an' aigers—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first that comes with a blessin'." There, sir; and he handed over little Norah. Turning back, he snatched her up in his arms and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears:

"May God be good to him that's good to you; an' them that offers to hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Peter."

Then taking his other child by the other hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down into the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye, he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so; and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" said I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ask ybut pardon for troublin' you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinking that may be it would make no differ. You see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Bibby, she's purtyer far; an' if you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whene'er you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Bibby, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I enquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see, I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she had a look ov me, and, be my soul, I can't afford to part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother, but there's little Paudieen, sir. There's a lump of a christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one, for if he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' if he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it's all the same to me." And so little Paudieen was left with us.

"Ah, Ah," said I to myself, as I looked into his big laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last;" but it was not, for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when Pat rushed into the cabin; without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby in his arms, cried out:

"It's no use; I've been talkin' to Mary an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest of the batch. You wouldn't have the heart to keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, and Biddy has a look ov Mary; but, be my soul, little Paudieen has the mother's eye an' my nose, an' little bits or both ov us all over. No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation and misery—but we can't bear to part from our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us."

GEN. PILLOW AND COL. HASKELL.—The following is told in the Tennessee Republican.

When the 2d Tennessee volunteers were drivin back at Cerró Gordo by the hurricane of grape, canister and musketry which seventeen pieces of artillery and near three thousand small arms had hurled against the advancing columns, cutting down nearly a third of their number in the short space of three minutes, Col. Haskell assembled the scattered regiment and reformed it in the chapparel for a second charge. Gen. Pillow, on coming up and casting his eye over the gallant little band, was so struck with the diminution of their numbers that he demanded, "Where is your command, colonel! there are not half of them here!" "They are there sir," replied the intrepid Haskell, pointing towards the enemy's batteries—"they are there, sir, dead and dying on the field to which they were ordered!"

"Mother, what is a hush?" "A hush, child! I don't know—what makes you ask that question?" "Cause the other day I asked Jane what made her back stick out so, and she said hush!"