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BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

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POETICAL.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Dark and gloomy was the hour,
And Freedom's fires burnt low;
For twenty days had Washington
Retreated from the foe;
And his weary soldier's feet were bare
As he fled across the Delaware.

Hearts were fainting through the land,
And patriot blood ran cold;
The striken army scarce retain'd
Two thousand men, all told;
While the British arms gleam'd every where
From the Hudson to the Delaware.

Cold and stormy came the night,
The great chief roused his men;
"Now up, brave comrades, up and strike
"For Freedom once again;
"For the Lion sleepeth in his lair
"On the left bank of the Delaware."

By the darkling river's side,
Beneath a wintry sky,
From that weak band, forlorn and few,
Went up the patriot cry;
"Oh, Land of Freedom, ne'er despair!
"We'll die or cross the Delaware."

How the shrill blast dash'd the ice,
Amid the tempest's roar!
And how the trumpet voice of Kosciuszko
Still cheers them to the shore!
Thus, in the freezing midnight air,
These brave hearts cross'd the Delaware.

In the Morning, gray and dim,
The shout of battle rose;
The Chief led back his valiant men
With a thousand captive foes;
While Trenton shook with the cannon's roar
That told the news o'er the Delaware.

EDUCATION.

[For the Huntingdon Journal.]

REASONS FOR THE STUDY OF "THE LANGUAGES."

No. II.

SOCIAL RELATIONSHIP.

In a former Essay we attempted to consider in the light of Truth and Common Sense the utility of the Study of "The Languages," merely as confined to the noble purpose of Mental Improvement. But man is not exclusively Intellectual. He is a Social Being—an Intellectual-Social. Language is the invisible agency by which communications wing themselves from Soul to Soul in this vast family Scheme of Social, Intellectual Being. Language is the very Incarnation of Thought; without which the affections and desires would die for want of utterance, and Mind would turn upon itself, to shrivel up in morbid Idiotcy, and stand a Solitary Vacancy. From the Social Estate naturally springs forth an endless variety of Relationships—Domestic, Political, Mechanical, Professional, Literary, &c.,—which with their obligations, diverge from one centre, extend through the whole family and bind the apparently discordant and diverse, in One of Similitude and harmony. But what is the unseen Conductor of those affections, thoughts, desires, and motives which alone sustain and enliven these Relationships? It is Language—the golden chain which shall link the Future to the Present—which thus far complete, already links the Present to the Past, and which extending even to Heaven brings down Truth for Mortals. From these high considerations we deem it a strong obligation as well as pleasure to cultivate an acquaintance with Language in its broadest and deepest extent. This will tend vastly to the improvement, preservation, and enjoyment of good and healthful Social Relations.—The human race should be elevated by every possible means, and that by continued, universal attention and exertion; for there is a natural proneness to degradation. There are six branches of Language which claim especial attention and study. Three Modern—English, French and German—because they contain the choice and treasure of the Intellectual World of the present day. Three Ancient—Latin, Greek and Hebrew—for they are the foundations of the whole

World of Letters. These six constitute a perfect Repository of Learning.—Without an acquaintance with the Old Three, a perfect knowledge of the New Three is out of the question. After studying the former, the latter are easily acquired. No man can become a good English Scholar without some knowledge of the Ancient Classics. He must go back to the fountains. Why just for example take the name of what every English Scholar must begin with—*Alphabet*. It is an English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew word. We got it from the Latins, who made it by joining the first two letters of the Greek Language, Alpha and Beta, from the Hebrew *Alph* and *Beth*. Thus our word *Alphabet*, which we imitate by calling the "A B C." Not only is a vast number of our words derivative from the ancients, but this number is daily increasing. Our very letters; the fundamentals of our Language, the exact, well jointed foundation stones of all our Learning, are borrowed from those "Ancient Languages."

Therefore joining *this to that*, we are certain a strong inducement, if not a conclusive argument, will come home to every thinking individual for the study of "the Languages." But consider a few of the Relationships in detail.

Are you in Domestic circumstances? How then can you bring up and educate your children, or supervise their instruction unless you have a good thorough education? Get an acquaintance first yourself with "the Languages," Natural and Moral Sciences, and Mathematics. Then will your custody be fit and safe for young immortals committed to your care. Have no mean view of the subject. True education is the basis of Domestic, National and Religious prosperity, purity, and glory. No mistake about it! Though there is much Deafness and Blindness and Dumbness in relation to this topic. The spirit of Washington still whispers loud enough on this subject, if you will only hear and heed. But again, are you in Political Relationships? Don't say, *no*. For if you are an American, you are a Freeman and Politician, no matter what your other occupations. Not a petty office seeker; but Politician in its most glorious sense; an American citizen! You wield important rights, discuss the affairs of State, have a privilege to all the interests and emoluments of government. Yes, rouse up. You stand a Pillar in the great Republic! Should such an one not fit himself for the high position. To him a diligent study of the Laws, Language, Thought, Customs, Revolutions of other nations are of the utmost importance. Especially give heed to the Languages and Literature of those Republics we love—those twins of every tongue—Greece and Rome.—See the old man eloquent, Demosthenes, pouring forth in behalf of his country! He estimated properly. And trivial as it may seem—if he had not trudged up hill day after day with pebbles in his mouth, if he had not gone down for years with little lamp to his dark chamber in the Earth, to study deeply of other nations, their Languages, Laws, &c., and transcribe seven times the voluminous writings of *Thucydides*—yea strange as it may appear, no Demosthenes would have lived for Greece and the World! But now many persons, having more means, and some knowledge too, don't really have the Common Sense, that man had. For he was a *Man*. We have some men in our times too. *Elihu Burritt* the Learned Blacksmith by trade, no doubt feels good after his diligent study of "the Languages." His rank is high—his course, on and upward.—He can write and talk well and strongly of State and Literary affairs. Don't he look down upon and over many who had better opportunities? He can fill his Political Relationships with considerable of the "otia cum dignitate."—Every Man, Woman and child has Ecclesiastical Relationships, member of Church or not! Man is essentially a Religious Being. Here his obligations, opinions and feelings are most important. Here he is bound to think and judge and act rightly. Let him prepare then for a faithful discharge of these relations. Now it is rather a singular fact that nearly all the foolish discussions, disputes, schisms, in the church and world, have been in relation to words and not ideas. The disputants disagree. One for this, one for that, using different words to express the same idea, and associating different ideas with the same words, when in truth, both mean the same. From the omission of little letter *z*, or its addition, originated two large distinct, contending parties in the Church. One word, *Baptism* split the Church. Does it mean originally to "dip," or "sprinkle?" On these foundations stand the mighty champions arrayed. Examples crowd in on all sides! The room won't hold them. It is by attentive study and acquaintance with

Language, by getting precise ideas, with fixed proper words to express what we mean, that in many instances disputes might be avoided, and hostile combatants arrive at truth and harmony.—The study of "the Languages" are very good for giving precise ideas and in enabling any one in the search after Truth. Many of the disputes of Mankind, may be compared to Babel-Tower, which is thus described by Dr. Bartas:—
Some speak between their teeth, some in the nose,
Some in the throat their words do ill dispose—

"Bring me," quoth one, "a trowel, quickly quick."
One brings him up a hammer. "Hew this brick!"
Another bids; and then they cleave a tree
"Make fast this rope," and then they let it flee.
One calls for planks; another mortar lacks;
They beat the first a stone; the last an axe.
One would have spikes and him a spade they give,
Another asks a saw and gets a sieve.
Thus crossly cross they prate and point in vain,
What one's hath made, another nays again.

Then forsake their purpose, and like frantic fools
Scatter their stuff and tumble down their tools."

Many other Relationships might be mentioned to show why "the Languages" should be studied with "might and main." But they show forth the obligation, may the necessity for such study, too obvious to be even mentioned in a civilized community. These few, though weakly connected and presented and enlarged upon, must be a plenty on this subject. Of the Social Relationships; "*verbum satis est sapien-tiam*."

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Penn'a. Inquirer.]

SOCIAL ARISTOCRACY.

"The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attained
By sense alone and dignity of mind."

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned;
Or death by chance to shield a tricky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool."

How frequently do we see cases, in which individuals suppose that because they have accumulated a little money, and are among the rich of the land, they are superior beings, and entitled to social superiority and distinction! They indulge in the error that money makes the man, and not merit—that the poor, the honest and the virtuous, are inferior to the rich, the fraudulent and the vicious. They fancy that they condescend when they associate on equal terms with individuals, however meritorious, who are compelled from day to day to earn by industry and toil an honest subsistence, and in their intercourse with such persons they assume airs of superiority, pride and power, which, while they indicate at once, ignorance and egotism—are insulting to the independent in thought and spirit. Thus cliques are formed—social circles of an exclusive character are organized—and the poor are regarded by such mushroom-rooms of the hour, as an inferior race, not indeed entitled to breathe the same air, or to live in the same latitude. Nothing is more despicable—more illustrative of littleness of mind, or empty pride and miserable vanity; than conduct such as we have described. A friend of ours some time since, happened to live in a large house, and within a few doors a very worthy family resided in a small and humble dwelling. One of the children of the latter family was seized with scarlet fever, and an accident happened to the husband, which disabled him for a few weeks from pursuing his ordinary avocations. The facts came to the knowledge of our friend, who, very properly; measures people by the standard of worth—and he immediately called, proffered his assistance, and during the illness of the husband and child, tendered and practised those little courtesies and kindnesses, which are due from man to man, christian to christian, and neighbor to neighbor. In a short time the sick were restored to health, and prosperity again smiled on the little household. Soon after, our friend was surprised one evening, at a special visit from his worthy neighbors, with the object of returning thanks and making a formal acknowledgement. So touched were the good people by the courtesy he had shown, that he was quite embarrassed by their expressions of gratitude, and at last ventured to tell them he had performed nothing more than a simple act of courtesy and duty, and that he would have done the same thing under similar circumstances to any respectable friend or neighbor—poor or rich.—
"True—true," replied the grateful husband—"but we have lived in this neighborhood for something like two years, have conducted ourselves with as much propriety as possible, have ventured to call on several families immediately around us, and as yet yours is the only social response that we have met with. Ours it is true, is the smallest

house in the neighborhood; but we indulged a hope that poverty would not place a barrier between us, and those of our neighbors who had been more prosperous in the world." The incident was trifling in itself, but we have cited it, as not a little illustrative of our subject, and as showing that in some cases at least, money not only hardens the heart, but induce the prosperous to neglect sacred duties, and to regard themselves as above the sympathies and sufferings of ordinary humanity.

There is another class that would-be-fashionable and important people of the social world, who deserve to be pointed out and rebuked. We allude to mere pretenders and hangers-on, the parasites and imitators of social aristocracy—the class who like to boast of their acquaintance with wealthy and fashionable families, talk of their intimacy with this rich individual or that important functionary—who in fact, worship money, not as possessing it themselves, but as enjoyed by others. A more miserable species of sycophancy and false pride cannot be conceived of. To associate with an honest mechanic and his worthy family would be regarded as a degradation; but to mingle in the saloons of some mushroom of the hour, who has accumulated a few thousands, and who, vain of his means, is anxious to make a display, is estimated a high honor. Alas! for such vanity—such misappreciation of the realities of life. Not long since, a lady who had married into a family of some note, was present at a brilliant party in New York, when another lady was pointed out to her as an old friend of the family. The aristocrat by marriage directed her eye-glass to the individual designated, and then turning away with a look of pride and laughter that would have become an actress recently married to a Duke, she lisped out—"No friend of ours. Her father was a grocer!" The most amusing part of the flatter was, that she herself was the daughter of a tradesman. But instances of this kind are not rare. A rich man who is at once gentle, benevolent and generous—who in fact appears unconscious of his wealth, and endeavors to make all around him alike unconscious of any inequality on such grounds, is an honor to human nature, and an ornament to society. But the empty fool who prides himself upon his money alone, and who fancies that because he has money he can with impunity insult and play the despot over his poorer fellow-citizens, is entitled not only to contempt; but occasionally to a sharp word of rebuke, a sneer of scorn and pity.

PASS IT ALONG.

Yes, pass it along, whether you believe it or not—that one sided whisper against the character of a virtuous female. You say you don't believe it, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report, and pass it on to the current. Strange creatures are mankind! How many reputations have been lost by a surmise! How many hearts have bled by a whisper! How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder! How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been wrung by a single nod! How many early graves have been dug by a false report! Yet you will pass the slander along; you will keep it above the waters by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever destroy the passion for telling a tale, we pray you. Liss not a word that may destroy the character of another.—If the female has erred, forgive her, and forgive the past. She has wounds enough without the sting of slander's tongue.—Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the injury of another, and as far as you are concerned the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go on the wings of the wind—increasing with each breath, till it has circled through the State, and brought to the grave one who might have lived and been a blessing to the world.

WIVES FOR THE WEST.—To supply the bachelors of the West with wives; to furnish the pining maidens of the East with husbands; to better equalize the present disproportion of the sexes in these two sections of the country, has been one of the difficulties of the age.—The remedy was simple—it was only for the girls to go West and get married; but to go expressly to get married, offended their ideas of delicacy. Miss Beecher, herself a Yankee girl, has ingeniously got over the whole difficulty. She is engaging the girls to go West as school teachers.

Marry not a Woman who is fond of spinning street yarn; because such a woman will not be contented at home, and consequently she will make a most miserable wife.

Never Treat Religion Lightly.

Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies.—Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affection of treating Religion with levity. Instead of being evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. And at the same time you are not to imagine that when you are exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to be more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around. The spirit of true Religion breathes gentleness and affability. It is the social, kind, cheerful—far removed from that gloom and liberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let our Religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for Heaven with honorable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion, discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any ostentation of it before the world.—*Blair*.

Blitz the Humbug.

In order the better to understand the following joke, it should be known that Signor Blitz is a celebrated ventriloquist and magician. In the course of his travels, Signor Blitz was standing one day in front of a hotel, watching the movements of a clumsy Irishman, who was attaching some horses to a coach.—The idea occurred to him, to have a little sport. The Irishman brought out a fresh horse, and was about to put on his harness, when the before supposed dumb beast declared "he would not start on his journey until he had his oats."

Pat started back, astounded at the speech from the horse, and recovering a little from his astonishment and looking the brute full in the face, he exclaimed—

"An' do ye pretend to say ye haven't had yer oats, noo!"

"Not a single oat!" replied the cool horse.

Pat held up his head in amazement, and cried,

"Ye a bloody liar, an' so yer are, for Jemmy Doodle gave you a peck, if you had an oat."

Still the horse flatly denied his having the oats, and Pat, greatly incensed; rushed into the stable, crying "Jemmy Doodle! an' has Billy had no oats this morning."

"Shure he's had his peck."

"O! the lying devil! an' he swears he he hasn't had the bloody one, at all at all!"

The peculiar twinkling of his eye told how much the ventriloquist enjoyed the joke.

Accedite with a Moral.

When Charles the Second chartered the Royal Society, it is narrated of him that he was disposed to give the philosophers a royal, but at the same time a wholesome lecture:

"Why is it, my lords and gentlemen," said he "that if you fill a vessel with water to the very brim, so that it will not hold a single drop more; yet, putting a turbot into the water, it shall not overflow the vessel?"

Many were the sage conjectures: that the fish would drink as much water as compensated for his own bulk—that he condensed the water to that amount—that the air bladder had something to do with the phenomenon—and a hundred others, which were propounded and abandoned in their turn, much to the amusement of the merry monarch. At length Mr. Wren, (afterwards Sir Christopher,) modestly asked:

"But is your Majesty sure that such would be the case?"

"Aye, there!" exclaimed his Majesty, laughing, "you have it: always, gentlemen, find out whether the thing be true, before you proceed to account for it:—then I shall not be ashamed of the charter I have given you."

Sam Slick utters some queer sayings. He has more truth than poetry in many of his hits, such, for instance, as the following, touching female curiosity:—"Nothin' squire, ever stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curious to know something about herself. Only hold a secret in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round like every thing, and never give over purrin' and coo'in' of you till she gets it."

Summering Manure.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written, showing that fresh manure immediately applied to the land, or such as is preserved in tanks or under cover, or by a mixture with straw or earth, is at least four times the value of that left in the barn-yard all summer exposed to sun and rain, wasting its richness in the air and drenching its fertilizing salts away; yet many farmers still believe, or act upon the principle of belief that manure is like cider, growing better with age; and thus their dung is safely kept in the yard till August or September, a great nuisance to all around, and a sad loss to the growing crops.

We are well aware that rotted manure is considered indispensable for certain crops, and therefore may say they prefer to sustain the loss of its rotting to the inconvenience of using it in an unfermented state. Let those who thus think, consider, that when manure has become rotted it is then mere humus or vegetable matter, such as decomposed leaves of trees, straw, hay, cornstalks, muck, turf, peat, road and ditch scrapings, which may be had on every farm to answer the same purpose as the rot-manure. How many farmers let all these substances go to waste, thus subjecting themselves to a double loss—a depreciation in the value of their manure, and a neglect of the vegetable matters on their premises and around them.

HEROIC WOMEN.—A late London paper says—"In last October two vessels were wrecked off Fishguard; three men were seen clinging to the rigging, but the sea was so rough that the hardy seamen of the port refused to venture out with their boats. Two young women named Llewellyn, were more daring. Having had ropes attached to them, they entered the surf, and succeeded in conveying a rope to the wrecks, by means of which the sailors were got ashore. Both the committee of Floyd's and the Humane Society have contributed to a collection for the heroic women, who are in very humble circumstances."

ADVANCING BACKWARDS.—In the recent intelligence from Oregon, the Governor's message exemplified that the community there had taken a high stand in the temperance reform. Notwithstanding the Governor's recommendation of confining its sale exclusively to medicinal use, it appears that finally, the settlers would have whiskey, whether or not! The Oregon Legislature which adjourned Dec. 20, passed a bill to authorize the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors. Gov. Abernethy vetoed it—but they passed it again by the constitutional majority.

A king, in Africa, has sent his compliments to the young Queen of Spain—accompanied by a request that her Majesty would forward, with all practicable expedition, one pair of inexpressibles with a gold stripe, one coat with very long tails, a cocked hat with a very long plume, and a cane with a very large gold head, "as big as an orange." Her Majesty despatched the articles to her imperial brother, as desired.

A MEAN MAYOR.—The meanest of all public functionaries is the Mayor of Limerick, Ireland. The mayor defrauded the finance committee by abstracting a part of the sound Indian corn, sent for the use of the poor, and that he substituted in its stead, and mixed up with the remainder, unsound and damaged Indian meal of his own. Rob the starving of the contributions which Charity had made!

NOBLE GENEROSITY.—The Jonesboro' (Tenn.) Whig says:—"When, General Worth left for the seat of War, he mortgaged his farm and residence for the payment of a debt of \$5,000, which he owed one of his neighbors. The property was about to be sold under the mortgage, and a few Whig friends opened a subscription and paid off the debt without his knowledge."

President Polk has returned to Washington from his northern trip. He is said to have been more delighted with the Yankees than they were with him.

Col. Doniphan says that his famous Missouri boys have one more R than General Taylor himself—they are Rough, Ragged, and Ready.

THE WARMEST YET.—A letter from Franconia, N. H., says that on Saturday the 10th inst., the mercury rose to one hundred and two degrees in the shade, and a spirit thermometer to 98 degrees.

An old Maxim says:—"In the choice of sides, virtue and wisdom are to be preferred to party." It is pretty much absolute now-a-days.