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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. III.

The Pleasure of Intellectual Intercourse.

The Study of the Languages has been considered in its strong tendency to discipline the mind. In some remarks, not worthy of the subject, we have urged the Study of the Languages as highly beneficial to all the 'Social Relationships.'

Only a few of these Relationships have been touched upon; since it was not deemed necessary to bring those forward which sustained and proved the idea in the most obvious and strongest manner. Many of those omitted carry conviction at first blush. Nor is it intended to push forward "The Languages" to the exclusion of other Educational Studies, but only as a prime auxiliary—one of the chief components which constitute a full and harmonious embodiment of a Good Education. It was also intended to present in a separate number those "Reasons" which are intrinsic and peculiar to the Ancient Languages; such as may be drawn from their Origin, Construction, and Material—but circumstances forbid. The subject must be drawn to a close by lightly sketching a union of the Social and Intellectual, the pleasure to be experienced by the Intercourse of Educated Minds. This is rather an incidental 'Reason,' but it is a strong inducement.

The Pleasure of Intellectual Intercourse is pure and noble, next to the highest style of Happiness. First, the solemn joys of Christian Communion—next to that, the sweet Communion of Literary Friends. First, the intertwining of ardent, pious souls—then the commingling of minds in Intellectual Pursuits. But where sincere hearts and cultivated minds, are united in the same individuals, and enjoy the fellowship of kindred spirits—then, no greater boon on Earth—no better blessing, no purer pleasure could mortal claim from his Benefactor. And even should their affections not be sanctified, men may still enjoy much of happiness from Intellectual Intercourse, though in a less degree, and may be bound by the sweet intellectual tie which encircles and unites congenial minds, engaged in the same sublime pursuits—walking hand in hand the same thorny paths—and partaking of the same flowers and fruits.—Indeed so plausible did it appear that man the Intellectual, is man the Happy, that Philosophers when time was young, and the worldly wise of later times, (even of the present, against lights) have contended, and falsely taught as sound Philosophy, that by following up the dictates of Reason, by cultivating the mental faculties, and by seeking after the pleasures of an exalted Intellect, and Intellectual association, thereby alone, Happiness, and the great object of Existence would be attained. But the 'Reign of Reason' stamps the lie upon this, sound Philosophy, (!)—and Revelation unfolds a purer, loftier, sounder doctrine. However, without the Lamp divine, the word of Truth, there were some grounds for such a mistake. For man in moral darkness, might easily misjudge and choose that for the proper doctrine, which lay so near the true, the true one meanwhile being concealed, obscured amid the rubbish, and dark confusion which Disobedience had brought into our world. This doctrine, therefore, that man the Intellectual is man the Happy, though it be not wholly true, but carried to extreme, will illustrate the lofty estimation in which Intellect has been held, both as the source of pure enjoyment, and as one chief element in the bond of Social Love. And such indeed it is. For what, (with but one exception) is more calculated to bind men closer in love, and afford more social joys, than to toil in the same mines of knowledge; thirsty, to drink from the same Intellectual Fount; famishing, to partake of the same Intellectual Bread;

to sit in the same portico's of Philosophy, and to roam in the same woody pavilions of Academus!—what yield more sweets of fellowship than such a brotherhood!—children of one household, more firmly knit together by mutual cares and mutual sympathies, struggling with the same obstacles, rejoicing in the same triumphs, enjoying confidential pleasures and exchanging reciprocal loves; all pain and labor diminished by division, all delight increased by the gratification of each beholding the joy of his fellow!

Let us recall to mind the Ancient Schools of Learning, and see how disciples, of the same Teacher, seeking Truth together, were bound in one. They loved each other; and at home or abroad, in prosperity or adversity, they clung together—companions in Philosophy—companions in Adversity—companions in Death!

That was no common friendship. It was a commingling of minds. And though persecuted, or struggling with difficulties, this only rendered the joys of such a fraternity more exquisitely pure and delicious. See too what strong and noble affection drew together Teacher and Scholar, like Father and Son.—How sensitive, how intellectual the enjoyment which Aristotle, the Teacher and Great Alexander, the Pupil, experienced from such a union! Even the world's Conqueror, to his old Preceptor, was little Alexander still! No conquest, no dissipation, though they plundered the treasury of his soul and hardened his heart to slay the Saviour of his life, could ever steal away that which drew him to his Old Instructor! And whilst the Monarch lived he never was ashamed to call this poor, old man, Friend—but always supported him and loved him and yielded him protection.

But let us turn to scenes more modern, to the Augustan age of Literature in England—the time of Pope, of Swift, Addison and a host of others, the period when shone the brightest constellation in the whole circle of English Literature. Behold how united, amid dissension, some of those Literati were! What happy hours they realized in Intellectual Pursuits! Mark their refined wit and humor, their free, but polished, merriment in their Social, Literary, Clubs.—Think too of their frequent rural excursions in company, and of their exalted pleasures. The very remembrance of this union of minds and their consequent happy intercourse, steals into our bosoms with strange emotion, the melody of souls in unison attuned, once heard in ages gone, now faintly rippling down the waves of Time, and we feel like loving them because they loved each other so! Sure, no common spell binds man the Intellectual to his fellow. It is a spell, so strong, so sweet, that when 'tis broken leaves the severed souls to feed on bitterness and melancholy!

But nearer, and more interesting still, let us think of our own, early Intellectual associations—our school-boy times. It is with sadness and mingled emotions, that we recur to the reminiscences of those pleasing hours, our little friendships and those tender feelings—those, since, broken ties and crushed affections. Dear to our hearts are the recollections of our youthful intercourse in mental pursuits; when our intellects were just beginning to expand in the bud, and with buoyancy we commenced the Rudiments of Learning. But that intercourse was broken, and those scenes are passed, vanished forever, except some dim traces on Memory's recording tablets.—Our class-mates, where are they! You that we loved, oh! whither have you gone! Alas, our little associations were broken—the ruthless hand of "Time and Chance" has scattered us up and down upon the Earth. And some of you like flowers, too bright, too tender for this world have silently drooped and dropped into the Grave of the beautiful Young! No more shall we see you—your spirits have flown. And if the beginnings of our studies were attended with such incidental pleasures, what have they not been in our most advanced mental pursuits and relationships? What strong inducement, yes reason, for us to engage in the Study of the Languages and every other branch of Learning, which so much tends to fit us for the purest enjoyment in this else wilderness world, and also the Christian for his exalted, eternal, heavenly home.—Who would not enjoy the Pleasure of Intellectual Intercourse, in the Present and To-come. Judge of the strength and sweetness of the love knot of minds, which if it should be broken, leaves the severed souls, like harps, whose lively and joyful chords are broken, hung upon the willows, with the remaining sorrowful strings, to be swept by the breezes of remembrance and sigh in sad and melancholy music, the responsive tones which breathe Farewell!

POETICAL.

[From Howitt's Journal.]
YOUNG MEN OF EVERY CREED.

BY W. H. FRIEDLAUF.

Ye are Men of every creed!
Up, and be doing now;
The time is come to 'run and read,'
With thoughtful eye and brow.

Extend your grasp to catch
Things unattained before,
Touch the quick springs of Reason's latch,
And enter at her door!

The seeds of mind are sown
In every human breast;
But dormant lie, unless we own
The spirit's high behest!

Look onward, and learn;
Turn inwardly, and think;
And Truth and Love shall brighter burn
O'er Error's wasting brink.

Give energy to thought
By musing as ye move;
Nor deem us worthy aught,
Or trifling for your love!

Plunge in the crowding mart—
There read the looks of men;
And Human Nature's wonderous chart
Shall open to your ken!

Shun Slavery—'tis sin!
The deadliest fatal ban
Which ever veiled the light within,
And pelted the soul of man!

In Freedom walk sublime,
As God designed ye should;
The pillars popps of growing time,
Supporting solid good!

Tread the far forest; climb
The sloping hill wayside;
And feel your spirits ring their chime
Of gladness far and wide!

Where'er your footsteps tend,
Where'er your feeling flow,
Be man and brother to the end—
Compassionate the low!

Curb Anger, Pride and Hate;
Let Love the watchword be;
Then will your hearts be truly great,
God-purified and free!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THAT TIME WILL COME.

That time is coming. That month, that day, that hour, that moment is coming apace, and draws nearer and nearer, with every rising and setting sun.—What time, do you ask, reader! It is the time most solemn, most important, and full of surprising interest to you, reader, of any moment of your existence. It is the time when you will die. It will be the end of time to you. Then you will pass out of time. You will cross the last boundary of time. You will have done with time. At that time you will change your mode of existence.—You will enter on new and untried scenes in a world of spirits and become the companion of good or evil angels.—That hour, that moment will stamp on your destiny the seal of eternity. What a time that will be to each individual! How near and full of interest! And yet how little think the gay and pleasure-loving people of that coming hour! Could they lift life's spy glass and look away into the coming future, and see that messenger of the pale horse approaching with every passing hour, how different would be the conduct of many from what it is now! Yet that hour, that moment is coming. The time to die will come.

Death is to every man a serious matter. It makes us serious to think of it amidst the gayest and most trifling scenes. Reflections on death have no affinity to light and vain amusements.—Mirth flees instinctively at the very mention of the name of death. If but one thought of the future world come in amidst the thoughts of vanity, it scatters them as the tempest scatters the chaff. The two kinds of thoughts, the serious and the vain, cannot exist together. And since the one must exclude the other, it becomes a solemn question, which of the two are better for our happiness? How often and to what extent will it be more profitable to cherish mirth and solemnity? Which may be most safely established with the habits of the mind? Which will most confirm your peace, most elevate your character, and lead you most directly to holiness and heaven!

EATING AND THINKING.—The Western Literary Messenger says as truly as wittily: If there was less eating and more thinking, the bulk of mankind would be less bulky; consequently there would be more room in the world and more people to occupy it. And then, again, there would be a better race, for intellectual shadows are far preferable to mere corporeal substances. We do not mean speculative and crazy, but practical, rational thinkers shall be general, if not universal. This age is in the future. The reader may live to see it. Do not despair, then,
"The golden age is coming yet."

The Hoosier and the Yankee.

We were greatly amused, not long since, at a dialogue we heard between a Down Easter and a Hoosier from the west. They respectively cracking up their own localities, and running down their opponents.

At length says the Hoosier:
"Why, our land is so rich—why ye never seed any thing so tarnal rich in your life—why, how'd ye suppose we make our candles, ha!"

"Don't know," says the Yankee.
"We dip them in mud puddles," says the Hoosier.

"Yes," replied the Yankee, "and I guess there's so much mud in your diggins, that there isn't many places where you could not dip candles in the mud puddles. I heard of a man travelling in your country all day long, in the road where the mud was so deep that you could not disfigure a glimpse of his legs for hours together."

"Well, now just tell me Mr. Yankee, if it is a fact that they do say about the roughness of your roads down East.—They do say there are so many stones in the roads, and that the wagons do job up and down so all-firedly, that the only way the people ever crind out plaster of Paris, is by loading the big pieces into a wagon, and just driving at a moderate trot over one of your roads; and that a mile's driving will make it all into powder."

"There's no doubt but we can touch dry land occasionally on our roads. But then, if there are some stones in the roads, the traveller is never waylaid, and his blood taken by mosquitoes as big as oysters."

"I'll tell you what, stranger they do say there are hall counties down east, where the stones are so thick that they have to sharpen the sheep's noses, so that they can get them between the rocks to eat grass. Indeed, I heard one say, who once travelled through your country, that he once saw a whole field of men and boys standing on the rocks, each on 'em letting a sheep down by the legs among the rocks to feed. And in another he saw the farmers shooting the grain in among the rocks so as to take root and grow."

"Wal, now, stranger, suppose you tell us about your own country; you're the only man I ever see from the West that didn't die of fever n' agur; let's see if you know as much about the West as you seem to know about the East."

"Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you all about it. If a farmer in our country plants ground with corn, and takes first rate care of it, he'll get seventy-five bushels to the acre; and if he don't plant at all, he'll git fifty."

"The Beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull up a full sized one; and then it leaves a hole so large, that I once knew a family of five children who all tumbled into a beet hole once, before it got filled up, and the earth caved in upon them, and they all perished."

"The trees grow so large that I once knew a man who commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away one side for about ten days, he thought he'd just take a look around the tree; and when he got round on 't'other side, he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks—and they never heard one another's axes."

"I have heard tell, yet I somewhat doubt that story, that the Ohio parsnips have sometimes grown clear through the earth, and been pulled through by the people on the other side."

"Wal, now," says the Yankee, "I rather guess as how you've told enough, stranger, for the present. How'd you like to trade for some clocks to sell out West?"

"Never use 'em—we keep time altogether with pumpkin vines. You know they grow just five feet an hour, and that's an inch a minute. Don't use clocks at all. It's no use old Yankee, we can't trade, no how."

The Yankee gave up beat, and suddenly cleared.

An individual was arrested at Carlisle on Sunday last, supposed to be one of the Flanagan's, tried and convicted of the murder of Elizabeth Holden, in Cambria county, some years since, but who, after being respited from time to time, managed to escape from prison. The man arrested was considerably under the excitement of liquor on Saturday last, and acknowledged to a man who was with him that he was one of the Flanagan's, but wished his companion to call him Dillon, in order to escape detection.

Gen. Kearney has been proclaimed Governor of California, and the Legislature was about to meet at Monterey, the new capital of the Territory.

So late was the spring in Sweden, that on the 21st of May, the snow was six feet deep on the road from Stockholm to Swartwick.

PUBLIC KISSING.—The new England Arcua gets up the following homily on street kissing and all public kissing in general:

"Pretty women kiss one another on coming in to a room because it is a graceful custom; they do the same on going away because they are delighted to lose sight of each other. It may do better for them to kiss each other 'in-doors,' but to see a group of ladies stop in the street, in 'broad day-light' and inflict upon each other the hypocritical kiss appears to us to be disgusting and superlatively silly. Such occurrences frequently transpire within our observation. It looks like cannibals essaying to gormandize each other, and are nearly as much fraught with 'love' as are many of those eating ceremonies. A kiss is glorious in its place. The sacred code says: 'Salute one another with holy affection'—we believe those are the words—but doesn't say 'engorge each other,' nor leave the sting of malice upon the face of her whom you salute."

A MAD DOG AT THE EXCHANGE.—Just at the hour of high change, on Saturday, when the milk-porridge of trade boils up at the very highest, the busy and eager groups who at such times throng the Exchange, were thrown into a state of most fearful excitement by the cry of mad dog! accompanied by a veritable canine who leaped through one of the windows and dashed wildly into the thickest of the crowd. Such scattering has not been seen since the receipt of the news of the fall in flour! Large fat men became suddenly active, lean ones invisible; red-faced men grew pale; and a particularly stout citizen, well known for his objection to all unnecessary locomotion, commenced shinning the pillars at a rate that would have made a foreman stare. Down stairs tumbled; head over heels; the affrighted crowd; and down stairs plunged "Roarer," as if bent on having at least one bite at speculation. After suitable dismay, it was discovered that the dog was in the same condition with the people—confoundedly frightened; and that, chased and worried by some hopeful boys, he had sought shelter and protection with the commercial interest.—North American.

MAN.—We take the following rich morsel from one of Dow, Jr.'s short patent sermons:

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon women—there is no living with them and he can't live without them.—He will run after them, and rather than be held he will lose his coat tail and character—kiss them for his love, and then kiss them for leading him into trouble. So with life: he partakes of his pleasures, and then curses it for its pains; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded, he finds himself in the possession of a bunch of briars, which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise, when man was as green as a tobacco worm and as unsuspecting as a tree-toad in a thunder storm. He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, and multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition."

A CUTE INDIAN.—We were somewhat amused last Sunday morning, at a plan hit upon by one of the Miami Indians to get rid of the crowd of gazers at the Canal House.

A number of squaws were in the sitting room, and naturally attracted a great deal of attention.

The copper-colored gentleman in question, became either disgusted at, or tired of the constant gazing of the "dough faces" at the ladies belonging to his party, and while the room was crowded to excess, he raised up his hand to attract the notice of all, and exclaimed, in his best English—"Ugh! one Injin got de small pox!" The pale faces mizzled.—Lafayette Courier.

ANECDOTE.—We heard the following conversation the other day, between a citizen and his country friend.

"There," said the citizen, pointing to one of our District School edifices, "is the place where they teach the young idea how to shoot?"

"How to shoot?" exclaimed the countryman, in much astonishment, "I never heard of such a school as that. But there's no accounting for your city improvements. Tell me one thing, though, I will just bet five dollars that I can beat the master, either sixty yards, with a rest, or forty yards off hand."

The bet was not taken.—Cincinnati Chronicle.

A lad of 79 married a little girl of 72, in Worcester, Mass., on the 16th.—Where were their mothers and fathers, that such carrying on were allowed?

REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.—The Cincinnati Advertiser gives the following record as to the closing scenes of life and final resting places of some of that gallant band of officers who figured in our revolutionary struggle.

Gen. Mercer is usually said to have been killed at the battle of Red Bank, but really died of an epileptic fit, in that neighborhood, a week after that affair.—The popular notion is derived from the fact that he received a blow on the head, from the butt end of a musket, in the hands of a British soldier, in full retreat with his comrades. He was knocked down and stunned for some time—as the consequence. Mercer was buried in Christ Church, Philadelphia.

Putnam was disabled from active service in the very middle of the strife, 1779, by a paralytic stroke, but survived till 1790, being 72 years of age at his death. He was buried at Brooklyn, Conn.

Wayne died at Erie, Pa., where he was buried. At a late date the body was transported to Chester county, Pa. Although nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed, the lineaments of the deceased hero were distinctly visible, and the features recognized by persons present; of course, the corpse, crumbled to dust on exposure to the atmosphere.

Schuyler, who deserves all the credit of the capture of Burgoyne, of which he was deprived by Gen. Gates assuming the command, just as all the arrangements for the battle had been made at Saratoga, died at New York in 1804.

Steuens, the Chevalier Bayard of our revolution, sans peur et sans reproche, after vainly endeavoring to obtain the fulfillment by Congress of their engagements to him, returned to Utica, New York; the legislature of which State voted him a township—six miles square—of land in that neighborhood. Here in an humble log house he died, and was buried adjacent in 1797.

St. Clair's last resting place is at Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Pa. A neat marble pyramid being erected over his remains by his masonic brethren.

Miffin, the idol of Pennsylvania, died in Lancaster, Pa. and was buried there.

Maxwell, who commenced the battle of Brandywine, by opposing Knyphausen's troops, in their attempts to cross Chad's ford, died at Flemington, New Jersey.

Montgomery and McDougal are buried in New York.

Alexander—Lord Sterling, at Albany.

Parsons, at Marietta, Ohio.

Morgan, the hero of Cowpens, at Winchester, Virginia.

Sullivan, at Exeter, N. H.

Scott, in Ky.

Knox, at Thomaston, Maine.

Henry Lee, in Virginia.

Charles Lee, lies at the foot of Gen. Mercer's tomb, in Christ Church, Philadelphia.

PICKLES.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, gives an easy and efficacious method of pickling cucumbers, which he learned from an old sea-captain in the West Indies.

The recipe is very simple, and the superiority of pickles cured by its directions, has been tested by many years' experience. They are neither affected by age or climate. The following is the receipt:

"To each hundred of cucumbers put a pint of salt, and pour in boiling water sufficient to cover the whole. Cover them tight, to prevent the steam from escaping, and in this condition let them stand for twenty-four hours. They are then to be taken out, and after being wiped perfectly dry, care being taken that the skin is not broken, placed in the jar in which they are to be kept.—Boiling vinegar (if spice is to be used, it should be boiled with vinegar) is then to be put to them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious hard pickles are produced, as green as the day they were upon the vines."

The Hon. J. C. Spencer, of N. Y. reported the resolutions at the Chicago Convention.—Mr. D. D. Field, of N. Y., feeling his Locofoco scruples alarmed by a clause in one of the resolutions, concerning the interpretation of the constitution, moved to strike it out as being ing latitudinarian, and not to be tolerated. He was informed by Mr. Spencer that the clause which he objected to, was in the very words of Gen. Jackson.—Immense laughter ensued and the amendment was at once voted down.

GOOD REPLY.—"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman. "Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

What so bashful as a clock, which always keeps its hands before its face!