

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK:

[CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XIII, NO. 9.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 631.

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. No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. To Clubs of six, or more, who pay in advance, the Journal will be sent at \$1.50 per copy for one year; and any one who will send us that number of names accompanied with the money shall receive the Journal one year for his trouble.

POETICAL.

THE HUSKING SONG.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Heep high the farmer's wintry board!
Heep high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands exulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storms shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring came with flower and bud,
And grasses green and young,
And merry hobblins, in the wood,
Like mad musicians sung.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Benath the sun of May;
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in the midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlight eyes
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabed gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair as the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers toll in silk
Around their costly board,
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By homespun beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our corn-fed girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Who felly laughs to scorn
The blessing of the Yankee's grain,
His wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let midday blight the eye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—We have often been impressed by the deep significance of the phrase which Dickens has given as a title to one of his Christmas stories, "The Battle of Life." It is full of solemn meanings. All our hours, from the cradle to the grave, are but a series of antagonisms. Hunger, fatigue, sickness, temptation, sin, remorse, sorrow—these are the strong powers with which we must wage continual war. Foes beset us from without and from within, and make life one long and earnest battle. But there are victories to be won on the field, more glorious than those which crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Evil habits may be subdued—fierce passions brought under the control of principle—temptations resisted—self-denial cheerfully sustained, and life itself consecrated to high and holy purposes. To triumph over the infirmities of a perverted nature, and render life, once deformed by passion and stained by sin, beautiful with love made manifest in deeds of beneficence, is worthier our ambition than all the blood-wrought heroisms that ever linked a name to a world's remembrance. Every day witnesseth triumphs such as these—yet Fame proclaims them not. What matters it? In the serene depths of these all-conquering spirits, God's peace abides, and harmonies are heard, such as the angels make when they welcome the victorious soul from the conflicts of this, to the raptures of the heavenly world.

SLANDER IS THE TONGUE OF ENVY.—At the court of the lion was a noble hero, who had long and faithfully served his king, and his master prized and loved his faithful servant as he deserved. This was distasteful to the crowd of inferior courtiers, and the fox undertook to undermine the trusty servant and rob him of his monarch's favor. But his insinuations were nobly and wisely met by the king of beasts: "I need no stronger proof of the worth of my good hero than that he has such a vile wretch as thou for his enemy."—*Lessing.*

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life in its most subtle luxury. The air is like a breathing from a rarer world; and the south wind is like a gentle friend, Parting the hair so softly on my brow. It has come over gardens, and the flowers That kissed it, are betrayed; for as it parts, With its invisible fingers, my loose hair, I know it has been trifling with the rose And stooping to the violet. There is joy For all God's creature in it. The wet leaves Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing As if to breathe were music, and the grass Sends up its modest odor with the dew Like the small tribute of humility."

The delicious morning which is glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our gifted countryman, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, "in the days that are gone." I will remember how the sense of that morn's exceeding loveliness burdened my heart with a sweet weight,—and how, at last, flinging aside the dull book which I had been attempting to study, I caught my light sun-bonnet, and bounded out of the house, which outward bloom and beauty had rendered prison-like. I then turned my step towards a fine old mansion, the home of a very lovely girl, who had been endeared to me by years of constant and intimate intercourse. Of late there has been formed a new tie to bind our hearts—she has become the betrothed of "one of ours," a favorite cousin, and the engagement was a joyful event to all concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glidest before me, in thy soft, ethereal loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of lily-like grace, tall and fragile,—

"With all thy young head's shining bands,
And all its waving curls of gold,"
with thine eyes of softest violet, and thy cheek of delicatest rose-bloom.

"I must think of thee
Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long,
A young, glad creature with a lip of song,
An eye of radiance—and a soul of gleam—
Singing sweet waltzes of some favorite tune,
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June."

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an exalted, yet a most lovable character, an embodiment of intellect, manliness, faithful affections and fervent piety. He was a young student of Divinity,—had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of a year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared! "Twas passing strange"—our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circle gossiped about the matter, for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide of our village life flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit. William Gordon had called the night before, to bid us adieu, as he was to be absent for many months, and I thought his betrothed needed a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work, as usual, and but a slight tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long brown eye-lash, told of the painful parting which had just taken place.

"When will William return?" I presently inquired.

"In May—little less than one year."

"And then?"

"And then we are to be married—so hold yourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid."

The summer passed—a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil, with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love, on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill of autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on a night visit to a dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm—took cold—ah, does not my reader anticipate the mournful consequence? Her mother and elder sister had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was on her blue-veined brow, and the very voice of the grave sounding in the hollow cough which shook her fragile form. We knew that she must die, and she, unlike many consumptives, knew it also; yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote to him that she had been ill—was still suffering from debility; but that he must not be troubled about it, nor be painfully surprised by her changed appearance, when he should return in the spring.—Not one word of the dread, last parting before them—of the grave, which might rival the bridegroom, and take from his side, To repose in its bosom, his beautiful bride!

At length May came round again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to

the earth by the great and unlooked-for affliction which awaited him—yet meekly drank the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth—growing more and more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place. Annie's friends readily assented, but she to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the mournful request of her broken-hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side, as she was half-reclining on a couch; the hectic flush was more startlingly bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day, and as he thought how very near might be the dark wing of God's dread angel, he took her wasted hand in his, and said—

"Oh, my Annie, let me call you *wife*, before you leave me! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in Heaven. Refuse me not, love."

"Oh, William, William, urge me no longer," she replied, "It must not, cannot be. I am the bride of Heaven, you must not be my husband, and hear me, dearest, you must no longer be near me—your love is precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels, heard in my dreams of Heaven! We must part, now—for every hour renders you dearer, and how can I leave you at last?"

With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for one worthy, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for His presence who "is love."

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and "In close heart shutting up his pain,"

resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned and was gone! Annie buried her face in her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of prayer and grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessity of the sacrifice she had made. Presently she heard a well-known step—William had returned! His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly—

"If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart, before I go—it will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbed like a child, she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their hushed spirits, as the fountains of the soul's great deep were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last he raised his eyes heavenward and those lips moved in whispered prayer—he unwhom his arms and would have risen, but Annie moved not—she was clinging to his breast! A smile of joy irradiated his face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief,

"Are you not stronger, dear William?"

"Ah, I fear not, my love."

"This is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength! I must never leave you, Annie."

"Never!"

The morning of the wedding day had come, and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guiltsure of ribbon, or lace. I wished to twine in her hair, a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's,—but she gently put it from me.

"What, no ornaments?" I inquired.

"None," she replied, "but yes, if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white-rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him,—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair."

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek!

When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side, and supported her. She smiled sadly, as she whispered—"You remem-

ber, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid."

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church,) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and of heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman, and of the angel, till it grew absolutely adorable.

At the last, she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips. It was morning—a morning born of bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing, it seemed

"Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,
And melting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her dotting father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for many moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured,

"Pray, once again, my beloved—it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight; but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone!"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint-like submission and a child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused—her heart had ceased its beatings! His brow became convulsed and his voice was low and tremulous, as he added, "She has left us; oh! our Father, she is with Thee, now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried—"Oh! sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose-tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be, a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in Heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart, and returned again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud, very like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that second bridal, when she was wedded to the dust,—and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hasteneth, an unfading clime where ever lieth the rose of love, in the bloom of immortality in the sunlight of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I know almost to a day, when that rose-tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say, another bud is unfolding over her rest—how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze!—and at evening, how the starlight trembles around it, and how sweetly sleeps the cool dew-drop in its glowing heart!

NOT BAD.—May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked not long since, to unite herself in the silken tie to a brisk chap who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month in marrying. "Well make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and with a modest blush said—"wouldn't April do as well?"

THE PRISONERS IN THE JAIL at New Orleans celebrated New-Year's day.—One of the regular toasts at the dinner was, "The Governor that pardons, and the jury that never agrees."

Timely Advice.

The following anecdote is related of the late Rev. John Fletcher, by one of his parishoners, as characteristic of the man:—

"When he was a young man, he was married by Mr. Fletcher, who said to him as soon as the service was concluded, and he was about to make the accustomed entry, 'Well William, you have had your name entered in our register once before this.' 'Yes sir, at my baptism.' And now, your name will be entered a second time. You have no doubt, thought much about your present step, and made proper preparations for it many different ways.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Recollect that a third entry of your name—the register of your burial—will, sooner or later, take place. Think, then, about death, and make preparations for that also, lest it overtake you like a thief in the night.' This person is now walking in the ways of the Lord, and states that he often adverts to this and other things which his serious and affectionate pastor found frequent occasion to say to him.

Lawyers.

A large number of young gentlemen have recently been admitted to the practice of law in this city. The preliminary examination by the lawyers, who must certify that the candidates are well read in law, is very thorough, as will be seen by questions put to each, which with their answers, we append:

Examiner.—Do you smoke, sir?

Candidate.—I do, sir.

Ex.—Have you a spare cigar?

Can.—Yes, sir, (extending a short six.)

Ex.—Now, sir, what is the first duty of the lawyer?

Can.—To collect fees.

Ex.—Right—what's the second?

Can.—To increase the number of his clients.

Ex.—When does your position toward your client change?

Can.—When I am making a bill of costs.

Ex.—Explain.

Can.—We then occupy antagonist positions. I assume the character of plaintiff—and he becomes defendant.

Ex.—A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill.

Can.—Cheek by jowl.

Ex.—Enough, sir, you promise to be an ornament to the profession, and I wish you success; now are you aware of the duty you owe me?

Can.—Perfectly.

Ex.—Describe that duty.

Can.—It is to invite you to drink.

Ex.—But suppose I decline?

Can.—(Scratching his head.) There is no instance of the kind on record, in the books. I cannot answer that question.

Ex.—You are right and the confidence with which you make the assertion, shows that you have attentively read the law. We will go and take a drink, and then I will sign your certificate.—[N. Y. Sun.]

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.—The following correspondence is from the London Weekly Dispatch:

MADSTONE JAIL, Sept. 14, 1847.

Dear Mother.—It is with a broken heart that I inform you that my death warrant arrived last night. I hoped I should have got off for transportation; but that was not to be. Your poor son Jack is to be hung on Monday morning. Pray, dear mother, come over and see me once before I die. My heart is too full to say any more. From your poor broken-hearted son,

JOHN JONES.

CATHAN, Sept. 15, 1847.

Dear Son Jack—I am very sorry that you cannot be transported instead of being hung. I would come over and see you only Mrs. Thomson's great wish is on Monday, and I want to arn a shellin' when I can. I am told that the hangman has the clothes that the people are hung in. Do not, dear Jack, be hung in your coat. Put on your jacket, leave your coat with the turnkey, and I will get the carrier to call for it. Keep up your spirits, dear Jack. May the Lord have mercy on your soul; and pray don't forget to be hung in your jacket. I remain, your feckinate mother,

MARYAN JONES.

A Printer now in the service in Mexico, writes to one of his friends in New York that the mass of the people in that country take little interest in the fate of the nation, as they are not landholders; and have little or no interest at stake. The greater part of the land he says, is held by a few individuals or churches.

Always fight till you die—after doing it five or six times, it is as easy as anything else.

Treatment of a Contrary Horse.

When a horse gets in the way of being contrary and will not go forward at all, it is common to apply the whip freely. Solomon says: "a whip for the horse," but he may not refer to cases of this kind. At any rate, it is often where thus used of no benefit, only the gratification of the enraged driver. A method which we have known more successful is to treat the animal very kindly. His contrary disposition is usually the result of having been fretted in some way, and kindness may overcome it. Make much of him at all times. Speak gently to him, and so often that he will become accustomed to your voice. When he stops when attached to a carriage or a load and will not move, approach him in the same manner. Stroke the mane and pat the hand frequently on the head. Means of this kind will have a powerful tendency to overcome his stubbornness, as brutes feel the power of kindness. We believe from what we have seen that young horses, especially nine cases out of ten, may be successfully cured of contrary habits in this way, while the application of the whip would only increase the difficulty.

GARDENING.

The first business, when the ground opens, is to stir up the Asparagus bed and work in the manure that was piled on it last fall. The ground should be well dug over before the asparagus starts.—After this, salt may be thrown on so plentifully as to kill the weeds and save further hoeing; for salt is agreeable to asparagus but not to weeds.

Early peas may be sown as soon as the ground can be well worked. Frosts never affect the young shoots, and the snows of March, never whiten peas.—Yet very early peas cannot be expected to produce much, and the second sowing a week or two later will be most relied on for the table.

No other garden seeds should be sown unless they are to be covered with glass as the labor of sowing will be lost.

"How do you contrive to raise your rent?" said a lazy tavern loungee to an industrious, thriving farmer.—"Why sir," retorted the latter, "I put my plow into the ground, and after it is well broken up, I drop in seed, and thus I raise potatoes, wheat and corn, cabbage, parsnips and—the rent."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The last accounts mention that this gentleman has been sick. We are sorry to hear it; but we would beg leave to inform him, as misery loves company, that we have been a little unwell ourselves.—*German town Telegraph.*

A fellow who married a termagant who drove him to desperation, and finally to death, just before dying, requested a friend to have the following brief yet pungent inscription upon his tomb: "Slain by a Jaw-bone!"

An Irish gentleman being reduced to the necessity of obtaining a living by some employment, was prevailed upon to sell mutton pies in the place he had ridden in his carriage! On his being compelled to cry out, "Hot mutton pies!" he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, in a whisper, "I hope to heaven nobody hears me!"

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS.—A female was recently arrested at St. Louis, and bound over, under a charge of having passed a verbal challenge to another female, to meet her in mortal combat, with pistols and knives! For two edged swords, they relied upon their tongues.

PASS HIM AROUND.—The Rev. Mr. Kendall, of Verona, N. Y., where he has a salary of \$400, has lately received a call from a church in the city of New York, with a salary of \$1500, and although very earnestly pressed to accept the city pulpit, has declined absolutely. Such a man is worthy of the cause he preaches.

A young, handsome, but deluded foreigner shot himself a day or two ago in New York in a house of bad repute.—It seems that he had become infatuated with one of the frail inmates, asked her to accompany him to Denmark, and offered her at the same time a large sum of money; but she refused, when he drew a pistol from his pocket, placed it to his side just below his right breast, and fired. The ball struck a rib and glanced round the outside of it, and lodged in his back from whence it was taken after his arrival at the hospital, where he was conveyed by the officers.

The Clarion Democrat says that a German named Abraham Booz, residing at Lucinda Furnace, in that county, committed suicide on the 13th inst., by cutting his throat with a razor, while in a fit of mania a potu.