



Huntingdon



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BY JAS. CLARK.

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A LONG ALLEGORY
WITH A SHORT MORAL.

About the 'noon of night,' Dreamo was somnambulizing, when all at once, after a very speedy transition, he found himself reclining in a beautiful cloud-chariot, surrounded with a halo of ever changing colors. The chariot seemed to be borne upward by two little, indescribable, Protean Beings,—Ratio and Phantasia,—whose wings fanned the breeze and rolled perfume around. Far above the Mundane, twist clouds and stars, amid the Empyrian, they sped in delightful undulation, until they arrived at the portals of a vast and gorgeous Palace,—substantial yet ethereal, real yet invisible to the unquickened eye of mortal. The polished exterior appeared to catch the star-light, and reflect figures and devices wrought out most beautifully, and rich with instruction.—In a semi-circle above the ample entrance was the name of the edifice—"Castello-Metaphysico," printed with stars upon a faint, rainbow ground.—Having been ushered in by Mons. Porter de Cogito, Dreamo found himself within a spacious Rotunda splendidly illuminated. Here he employed himself for a while musing upon the emblematical and allegorical paintings which hung around. Having seen these, his attention was drawn to the floor of Mosaic-work which was full of names which had been scratched there by the visitors. On scrutinizing more closely, he found that originally there had been engraved there names of great and good men, who had been founders or patrons, architects or builders, Teachers or Pupils of the grand Institution; or of others who had been deemed worthy of having their names enrolled. But alas these were well nigh entirely defaced and effaced by scribbles of would-be great visitors, who had gone no further than the Rotunda, nor accomplished anything except leaving their defacing, deforming tracks and scratches. Dreamo had just succeeded in making out some of the good old names, when Septentia the Interpreter approached and pointing to the door-ways which led to the various departments of the Institution said, "Mark the name and emblem of each department, encircling the door-ways; and particularly notice the entrance inscribed 'Aula Juventus,' the Hall of Youth—with the device of a blindfold boy with a world upon his shoulders." Here let us enter at present and see illustrated three philosophic principles upon which rests the great idea of this age, viz: 'the education of the Young,' moulding the world by moulding the boy, removing the bandage from the Youth's eyes that he may not stumble and blindly dash a world in ruins. This idea seems now to have been gradually developed by going back, or coming around, to first principles. It is counted by some a wonderful discovery, yet in itself most obvious and simple. It is merely beginning at the beginning. It is well that it is becoming so absorbing, for it unites so many other great yet simple ideas and influences and is so potent for good if rightly employed, as we shall soon see." Having thus spoken, they entered the Aula Juventus.—Here Dreamo had first pointed out to him a row of miniature garden-plats, each with its own tiny gardener. The soil of each was originally destitute of seed, i. e. had no innate seed; yet the properties of the soil had more or less, in all, a tendency to receive and germinate bad seed, which might either be sown by the gardener or be received like pollen from the unconscious atmosphere. The first garden was bright with gay flowers of every hue and odor, French and Flander. And the little gardener who owned the plat was vain and joyous with success. But alas, her plants were all flowers and no fruits. They were of little use and ere long assumed a faded, gaudy appearance, grew sickly, drooped and died. Then decomposition soon followed, the soil became corrupt and produced weeds and malaria. And now to late tears of sad regret are the only fruits of the foolish gardener. "Behold," said Septentia "this plat might have produced useful flowers and good fruits if there had been proper sowing and culture, but *Vania*, the gardener, cared only for showy and fashionable flowers, to catch the eyes and praises of the world. Well, she has found that, as the Book of Wisdom says, 'What a man soweth that shall he reap.'" Then Dreamo thought of Mother, for he perceived that the miniature gardens represented the minds of children. The next plat which attracted his attention was a tangled waste of noxious weeds and briars; no good fruit, not even a flower was there, only thorns to plant the pillow of the negligent gardener, Inebrio. Finally among the others he saw one garden surpassing all for neatness and loveliness, bearing a

rich harvest of both flowers and fruits of immortal mould and fragrance.—'This,' said Septentia 'is the plat of the happy and thoughtful Religio. Very early she had sown good seed before enemies, or winds could deposit any noxious kind; and if perchance a weed appeared it was soon plucked out, her own plants nurtured and the celestial sunshine and showers invoked. Thus we learn that wise Parents who diligently cultivate the minds of their children, sowing good seed from the beginning, will in old age be made glad with golden harvests. Their children will rise up and call them blessed. We have now seen an illustration of one of the three metaphysical principles which constitute the great and good idea of the age, long since thus emblematically taught in the Ancient Book of Wisdom—"In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening put forth thy hand." Dreamo was then conducted to another part of the Hall where he saw an exquisite piece of machinery, with intricate and beautiful wheels and weights, all influenced by a chain which seemed to wrap around all and connect with every part. From this main chain there were minor chains, branching and running in all directions; and the little life-like links of this whole system of delicate yet powerful chain-work moving so rapidly, seemed to increase continually in numbers and efficiency. The machine was an Automaton, partly self constructed and partly from external agency. Materials were received through five appropriate avenues, not only to be incorporated in the fabric and composition of the machine itself by a mysterious assimilation, but finally to be wrought out into articles of utility and beauty. The Interpreter said that thirty-three years was the average length of operation for such machines before they were transported into a far distant country, where, if they had proved good, they would be retained in most delicate and useful employment; but if worthless they would be destroyed. The first half of the time of trial was by far the most important for then materials were for the most part taken in and formations so far completed that much of the great chain which influenced all, was then forged and linked, and the trains of future action set in motion. The first sixteen years generally determined whether the structure shall be good or bad, the motion regular and smooth, or irregular and by jerks; whether the workmanship be fine and delicate and substantial, or misshapen, imperfect and useless; and whether the automaton can produce any articles of utility and beauty. Here we have, continued Septentia, a representation of that mystery of the human mind, the great law of association, the intricate chain work of thoughts, principles and operations. The five avenues are the five senses. Thirty-three years is the average of human life. The whole truth, with application and all, flashed upon Dreamo's mind. He saw another principle which constituted the foundation for youthful education. The machine, the human mind self moved, moves the world. And he mused on the 'first sixteen years.'

In the next place his attention was directed to a large pile of Bundles.—These were of various shapes and qualities. A celestial Being was searching among them to find some, well proportioned and harmonious in their constituents, fit to be bound up in the sure Bundle of Life. But only a few could be found. The others were then cast into a great bon-fire where they should remain in burnings forever, for they were crooked, heterogenous and unfit for a noble destiny. Dreamo then learned that all this deformity arose from mal-construction at the outset. In vain was the attempt afterwards made with gauze and gloss and bandage to restore proportion and beauty. Here he saw illustrated the fact that "Man is a Bundle of habits," as you form the Youth, you have the Man. And this is the third principle, distinct from, yet running into the others, which may with them be considered the basis of the ruling idea of this age. Hence it is "The Child is father of the Man."

When Dreamo was musing upon these things and thinking, how important Sabbath Schools must be, Septentia very suddenly drew aside a curtain, and a new object attracted attention, it was a boy dimly seen in the distance. He seemed to have a bandage on his eyes; and to be unconsciously and laughingly sporting upon the flowery verge of a most dangerous precipice, steep and high beyond measure, beneath which seemed to be the abode of darkness and destruction. Now Dreamo also thought he saw a world upon the shoulders of this blinded boy, yet there was no one to take off the bandage or warn him of danger. He even appeared heedlessly

to be approaching the edge. One more step! He bent. Did he stoop to pluck a flower? or did he stumble? Alas, he disappeared,—and the crash of a world's destruction rang through the abyss beneath! Dreamo, shuddering at what might be, ceased from somnambulizing.

A Panther Hunt.
Incredible as the following account may appear to our readers, the incidents related are strictly true, and the hero of the tale strolls the earth in a green old age.

In a certain section of our own goodly state, the first settlers were obliged to depend, for a part of their subsistence, upon the wild animals they might take with the aid of their trusty rifles. Many of them could eye a rifle, or take a shot of white-eye (corn whiskey) without blinking; and it is to be regretted that some of them have suffered severely from wounds caused by the latter.

In the autumn, after the leaves had fallen as a light snow lay upon the ground, our hero, who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Cal," (Calvin shortened) started, with two companions and a dog, to spend an afternoon on a hunt for deer. Now Cal was one of that cool, self-poised, athletic, yet reckless kind of men often met with in all new countries; and on training-days, at logging bees and at raisings, always ready to climb a sign-post or sapping, feet foremost, or walk a ridge-pole from end to end upon his hands, with his heels in the air, and then, by way of showing that he was capable of even greater feats, would descend a rafter to the plate of the building in the same manner.

The party did not forget to carry their canteens well charged, and as they pursued their way into the recess of the forest, from time to time refreshed the inner man by liberal draughts therefrom. Not meeting with any game in their progress, it was agreed to separate and pursue the hunt, and if either fired his rifle, the others were to hasten to his assistance. They had not been long separated, when one of them fired his rifle, and the others soon came up. The one who fired had discovered a recent track in the light snow, which resembled a cat's, but was nearly as large as a man could make with his hand, by slightly bending his fingers inward, as in the act of grasping. They knew it to be a panther's track, and, though the day was far spent, resolved to follow it, and if possible to secure the animal.—On they went, plunging deeper and deeper into the forest, till the shades of night gathered around them, when they came to a huge hemlock, and perceived, by scratches on the bark, that the object of their pursuit was treed. It was too dark to see him through the thick foliage, and they dared not fire at random; they therefore conclude to build a fire at the roots of the tree and watch till daylight, when they might secure their prisoner.

Accordingly the fire was built; and after again wetting their throats, they commenced their night's watch. About six or eight feet from the roots of the tree lay the fallen trunk of another.—Owing to the fatigues of the day and their experiments with the canteens, as the night wore away sleep weighed down their eye-lids, and they sunk into her embrace. Cal, however, had one eye open for adventure. The fire had gradually declined until only a few faint flickerings shot up at intervals. Hearing a scratching above his head, he roused himself, arose, and by the light of the nearly extinguished fire, discovered the panther, about fifteen feet up the tree, gradually descending like a cat. His long tail swung to and fro, and as soon as it came within reach, Cal seized it with both hands, shouted to his companions, and gave it a desperate pull, which brought the panther directly down into the burning embers.—Bewildered, and taken all aback, as the sailors say, he started full jump around the tree, while Cal, shouting and holding on to the caudal extremity, followed round and round, raising a fine dust in the ashes. His companions had snatched their rifles, and, at a safe distance, called on Cal to let go, that they might fire without danger of hitting him. But Cal thought that a panther caught by the tail was worth two running in the woods; so round they went as before, till the panther, not liking the "circus," darted off, and just as he was leaping over the before-mentioned fallen tree, received a shot through the heart and fell dead on the other side. Cal, still retaining his hold, went over after him, and his companions were duly notified that the animal was his game. He was of the largest size, measuring over nine feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail.—*Syracuse Union.*

Blessed is the man who has no money, for he is not obliged to mend his pockets.

CALIFORNIA GOLD REGION.
The Liberty (Missouri) Tribune has the following letter, dated
SUTTERS FORT, U. CALIFORNIA, Feb. 2, '49
COL. A. W. DONIPHAN: I am here at this point having been attracted hither by the unlimited gold regions of California.

Men are here nearly crazy with the riches forced suddenly into their pockets. I have had some opportunity in the course of my life to study human nature; but the school here is upon a grander scale than you or I ever saw before. Perhaps a few anecdotes may illustrate the state of things; and afford you some amusement.

An honest, close-fisted shoemaker, by the name of Spee, came from Oregon to California about a year ago.—After the gold was discovered, he went into the mines, and was soon making his hundred dollars a day. A quizzical shrewd fellow from Philadelphia met him one day:
"Well, Mr. Spee, how do you get along?"
"First rate, sir. I would not be a member of Congress with his eight dollars a day, nor the President of the United States. I can make more money than they."

"Well, Mr. Spee, I suppose you will make no more shoes?"
Our shoemaker thought himself insulted, and indignantly replied, "No not I. Let those make shoes who will—I make no more." He is now a merchant, and deals in goods, wares and merchandise.

I was here during the Christmas holidays, and saw a great number of young men, who had never worn a cloth coat before, with at least one thousand dollars worth of finery upon them.—They were almost loaded down with trinkets. I saw one fellow dressed in a splendid suit of black, over which he wore a superb black cloth cloak; and instead of drawing his cloak around him to shelter him from the cold wind then blowing, he was careful to let it be unfurled, like a flag in the passing breeze, that he might catch the admiring glance of the passers by. Another gay fellow, dressed equally as well, save the cloak, was strutting up and down before the door of a large tavern. In his right hand he held a large bell, and at short intervals he would stop and tinkle his bell, as much as to say, "Look here—this is me!"

Another dandy went into a store, and took out a fine silk handkerchief and commenced wiping the mud off his boots.

The merchant said, "You will spoil your handkerchief, sir."
"Oh, that's no difference—I have another. I wipe my boots with one, and my nose with the other."
Some time during the last autumn a young man was at work in the mines, who had his heart set on marriage.—Whether he had courted the fair one, and she had refused his offer, or whether he had always considered himself too poor to talk upon himself the support of a family I do not know. At all events, he one day rolled aside, by means of levers and props, a large stone, under which there was a deposit of several hundred dollars of pure gold, in small pieces, the size of flax-seed. The moment he cast his eye upon the shining treasure, he threw himself flat upon his back, in an ecstasy, among the rocks, clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and exclaimed, "A married man, by gosh!"

Colonel you have been through Mexico, and elsewhere, but you never saw anything like the state of affairs here. The accounts you have seen of the gold region, are not over colored. About \$25 per day is the amount of the produce of one hand. I was in the mines forty days, and was careful to make an accurate estimate. The gold is positively inexhaustible. One hundred millions will be taken out annually in the course of two years. Town lots at San Francisco are worth \$10,000, for the best, and no title at all.

PETER H. BURNET.

THINK OF THAT, BOYS!—Daniel Webster says, in his autobiography, that when at school, he could not for his life, get up and speak. When his turn to declaim came, he sat down and wept with mortification at his inability. Now he is one of the ablest speakers in the country.

A CLEVER BOY.—A farmer's wife, in speaking of the aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said,
"He can read fluently in every part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father."
"Yes mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, threw the cat into the well, and stole old Hinkley's gimlet."

HUSBAND CATCHING.
Of a certain divine an anecdote is told, which Hook used to say exceeded any specimen of cool assurance that he ever exhibited. A young clerical friend of his, staying at his house, happened to be sitting up one night reading, after the family, as he supposed, had retired to rest. The door opened, and his excellent host re-appeared in his dressing-gown and slippers.
"My dear boy," said the latter, seating himself, and looking pathetically at his guest. "I have a few words to say—don't look alarmed—they will prove agreeable enough to you, rely upon it. The fact is Mrs.—and myself have for some time observed the attention you pay to Betsey. We can make every allowance, knowing your excellent principles as we do, for the diffidence which has hitherto tied your tongue, but it has been carried far enough. In a worldly point of view, Betsey, of course, might do better, yet we have all the highest esteem for your character and disposition—but then our daughter—she is dear to us—and where her happiness is at stake all minor considerations must give way. We have, therefore, after due deliberation—I must own not altogether without hesitation—made up our minds to the match. What must be, must be; you are a worthy fellow, and therefore, in a word, you have our free and cordial consent. Only make our child happy and we ask no more."
The astonished divine, half petrified, laid down his book.
"My dear sir," he began to murmur, "there is some dreadful mistake. I really never thought, that is, never intended—"
"No! no! I know you did not. Your modesty, indeed, is one of those traits which has made you so deservedly a favorite with us all. But my dear boy, a parent's eyes are chary. Anxiety sharpens them. We saw well enough what you thought so well concealed.—Betsey, too, is just the girl to be so won. Well! well! say no more about it, it's all over now. God bless you both! Only make her a good husband—here she is. I told Mrs.—to bring her down again; for the sooner young folks are put out of suspense the better. Settle the matter as soon as you like; we will leave you together."

Thus saying, the considerate parent bestowed a most affectionate kiss upon his daughter, who was at this juncture led into the room by her mother, both in dishabille, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and with a "There, there, go along, Mrs.—," turned his wife out of the room, and left the lovers to their tete a tete.

What was to be done? Common humanity, to say nothing of politeness, demanded nothing less than a proposal; and it was tendered accordingly, and, we need scarcely add, very graciously received.—*Memoirs of Hook.*

Editorial Difficulties.
Next to poverty, delinquent subscribers, and duns—to which most editors are subject—the greatest difficulty is to please the public. For so great is the variety of public taste and feeling, that had the conductor of a periodical paper as many heads and as many pens as his paper has readers, he could never hope to please all; for they cannot please themselves. Does he speak out in language plain and simple? It is mere common place; the taste of the learned is not gratified; it is fit only for the vulgar. Does he aspire to eloquence? The unlearned cannot understand; and the learned regard him as a pedantic fellow, dabbling in what he has no pretensions to. Does he show his colors and boldly contend for his ground? He is too severe. Does he hide himself beneath a mass of unequivocal matters? He is temporizing hypocrite. If he publishes extracts that are better than he can write, he has no talents of his own to display; and if he fills his paper with original matter, he might have given something better from the works of others. If he attempts to philosophize, it is dull and uninteresting; and if he writes on plain and familiar subjects, every body knew them before. Does he attempt to instruct? He needs to be instructed.—Does he use his endeavors to amuse? It is too light and trifling. People generally are fond of being praised; and one would suppose this might satisfy them. But let an editor try the experiment, and he will soon find out his mistake; for such is the power of an enemy that no one will thank him for praising him, and every one will hate him for praising another. Most people are fond of hearing their neighbours slandered; but if you make an attempt to point out either the vices or follies of mankind, every one will find something

applicable to himself, and here again you encounter the hatred of the whole mass. Every person can tell you how to conduct a paper to please himself, and of course, to offend every one else. These being stubborn facts, there is no alternative but for an editor to please himself, if he can; and hazard the consequence. If he does this he will be certain to satisfy one, which is more than he can say, if he tries to please all.

THE FAMILY.
No earthly circle can be compared with that of the family. It comprises all that a human heart most values and delights in. It is the centre where all human affections meet and entwine, the vessels into which they all pour themselves with such joyous freedom. There is no one word which contains in it so many endearing associations and precious remembrances hid in the heart like gold. It appears at once to the very centre of man's being,—his "heart of hearts." All that is sweet, soothing, tender, and true, is wrapt up in that one name. It speaks not of one circle or one bond, but of many circles and many bonds, all of them near the heart. The family home, the family hearth, the family table, family habits, family voices, family tokens, family salutation, family melodies, family joys and sorrows; what a mine of recollections lie under that one word! Take these away, and earth becomes a mere churchyard of crumbling bones; and man as so many grains of loosened sand, or at best, but as the fragments of a torn flower, which the winds are scattering abroad.

All that is beautiful in relationship; or tender in human affection, or gentle in human intercourse;—all that is lovable and precious in the movements of a human heart from its lowest depth to its uppermost surface, all these are wrapt up in the one name of family. For closeknit bonds, for steadfast faithfulness in love, for depth of sympathy, for endurance in trial and danger—where shall we find anything can be compared to the story of earth's family circles? Conjugal love, parental love, brotherly love, sisterly love,—all are here. The many streams of human affection empty themselves into it, or flow out of it for the fertility and gladness of the earth.

A GOOD REPROOF.—A certain lady sent the celebrated Dean Swift an invitation to dinner; but, having heard that he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchased the lady prepared, even to profusion. The Dean was scarcely seated, when she began to make a ceremonious harangue; in which she told him that she was sincerely sorry she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not anything there fit for him to eat; in short, that it was a bad dinner.

"Denée take you," said the Dean, "why did you not get a better than I sure, you had time enough! But, since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring." Accordingly he departed, and left her justly confounded at her folly which had spoiled all the pains and expense she had been at.

A NEW RACE.—A hitherto unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing seven and a half English feet in height, and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of negroes in features. Mehmet Ali sent an expedition up the White Nile in search of gold, and there found this race of people—fifteen hundred of whom, armed to the teeth came down to the shore of the river where the vessel lay. The name of the kingdom occupied by this people is Bari, and its capital Patanja. They raise wheat, tobacco, etc, and manufacture their own weapons.

SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.—A FACT.—A young lady of this city, who is engaged and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, visited the Mariner's Church a couple of Sundays since. During the sermon, the pastor discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of manner on the trials, dangers and temptations of the profession of a sailor! He concluded by asking the following question:
"Is there one who thinks anything of him who wears a tar-paulin hat, a blue jacket, or a pair of trousers made of duck—in short, is there any one who cares aught for the poor sailor?"
A little girl, a sister of this young lady, who was sitting by her immediately jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear:
"Yes, sir, Beck does!"
The audience were convulsed with laughter; the minister bit his lips, and concluded the services by requesting the congregation to unite with him in prayer.