

Huntingdon Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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No Night but has its Morn.

BY D. W. CAMPBELL.

There are times of deepest sorrow,
When the heart feels lone and sad;
Times when memory's spells of magic
Have in gloom the spirit clad.
Wouldst thou have a wand all potent,
To illumine life's darkest night?
'Tis the thought that e'er in nature
Darkest hours precede the light.

When the world, cold, dark and selfish,
Frowns upon the feeble flame,
Lighted from the torch of genius,
Worth has kindled round thy name:
When thy fondest hopes are blighted,
And thy dearest prospects fade,
Think, oh lone one, scorned and slighted—
Sunshine ever follows shade.

A Patriotic Song for California.

COMPOSED BY SIX EDITORS.

A young gentleman, poetically inclined, has attempted to write a poem on the California expedition. He got to the end of four lines, and there stopped:

Ye sons of freedom who would shine
On history's brightest story,
Come join with us and take the line
That leads to California.

N. Y. Day Book.

There's numerous ways of getting there,
By ship, or mule, or wagon;
Then haste while life has days to spare,
And wealth has joys to brag on.

Troy Post.

And when we touch the promised land,
We'll hasten to the "edgins,"
And search away among the sand,
The biggest of the "big uns."

Talata Republican.

And when we get our pockets full
Of this bright shinin' dust,
We'll travel straight for home again,
And spend it on a "Bust."

Sandusky Clarion.

And when we're bustled up and dead,
Laid out upon the counter,
They'll raise a guide board at our head
To tell where all are gone-ter!

Sciata Gaz.

Yes! wiser men will make your graves—
And all your gold fall heir to,
And say—"poor fools, they're broke and gone
We know not—care not—where to."

Franklin Tenn. Review.

FOR THE "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL."

OUR COUNTRY.

A LITTLE INFORMATION ON A POINT OF NO LITTLE IMPORTANCE:

A recent powerful writer, on the "Wants and Prospects of our Country," in appealing to Patriots, Politicians and Christians, to do their duty and aid the benevolent enterprises of the day, after giving many reasons and stating many evils, enlarges as follows on "the free circulation and perusal of a corrupt literature." Add to this the infamous issues of the periodical press, doing the miserable work of scavengers of the police office, or openly desecrating the Sabbath, or pandering to the worst passions or busy in undermining the Gospel. Of the extent of such issues few are aware. The statement of a respectable English writer, that 10,400,000 copies of "infidel or polluting" newspaper sheets are circulated in the British realms, besides more than 18,000,000 sheets manifestly pernicious, "is enough," says an author who quotes from the "Power of the Press," "if any thing can do it, to send a thrill of horror through the whole nation, and to rouse into activity every friend of his Bible, his Country, and his God. But is there not ground for apprehension, that with the greater number of readers and the cheaper rate at which papers circulate in America, a much greater number of demoralizing papers are issued here than in Great Britain. Nearly seventy millions of newspaper-sheets are published annually in a single city. Grant that the influence of four-fifths of them all is on the side of good morals and religion, and it would leave a residuum of evil equalling one-half the combined circulation of all the corrupt presses of England, Scotland and Ireland. But is this not too much to grant when 2,756,000 papers, or nearly a twentieth part of the whole number are issued on the Sabbath, and other periodicals leaving each a total circulation of from 200,000 to 1,000,000 annually, are filled with trash or pollution?

The effects of such a wide-spread diffusion of corrupting publications cannot be otherwise than disastrous. They are a blight on public morals and private virtue. Parental authority is weakened; the imagination is unduly developed; habits of mental intoxication are formed; every-day duties are neglected; a disinclination for sober, solid reading is ingendered; religious books, and even the Bible are slighted; the Gospel is undermined; the Spirit of God is grieved, and many, very many souls destroyed. The process is secret and unobserved, but none the less certain. Here and there the poison can be found beneath the victim. Instance that youth (Spencers) of respectable parentage and refined education, who turned away from a revival of religion; his convictions dissipated; and his

course of desperate wickedness, which ended at the yard-arm, chosen under the fascinations of the "Pirate's own Book." Or the case of the young burglar of sixteen who stole away from a kind parental roof and was caught in the vaults of a government-office with the implements of his unrighteous craft; and on his person the memoirs of notorious villains, detailing the process of successful house-breaking. And who has forgotten that tale of passion and crime, involving the life and the peace of parties high in public confidence; and the solemn testimony of a fond father, that his daughter's fall must be attributed to the impure works of Eugene Sue and Bulwer?

How many more revelations of the destructive influence of an unprincipled press are needed, before an outraged and indignant community will seal these fountains of pollution!—The plagues of Egypt were tolerable, compared with the coming up into our dwellings of the loathsome swarms of literary vermin to "corrupt the land," to deprave the hearts, and ruin the souls of our citizens. The eloquent and earnest remonstrance of an English writer, Rev John Angel James, should be made to ring in American ears. "Let it be imagined" he says "if imagined it can be, what must be the moral state of multitudes in this country, when nearly thirty millions of such pestiferous publications are annually going out among the masses of our population. Let the minds of all Christian people be fixed upon these facts. Let them dwell upon the insult offered to God, the ruin brought upon souls, the injury done to morals and the mischief perpetrated in the nation by such a state of things. Friends of Christ, lovers of your species, professors of religion, you must pause and ponder these statements. You must not read and dismiss them as you would the statistics of political economy. The writer of these facts has led you to the door of Satan's workshop and has thrown open to you the scenes of that awful laboratory of mental and moral poison: He has shown you, authors, compositors, printers, engravers, publishers, booksellers, venders, by myriads, all busy and indefatigable, to do what? To destroy the Bible, to pull down the cross, to dethrone God, to subvert religion, to uproot the church, to turn man into a thinking and speaking brute, and as a necessary consequence to overturn all morality, to poison the springs of domestic happiness, to dissolve the ties of social order, and to involve our Country in ruin. Is this so, or is it not? If it be you are summoned to ponder this awful state of things, and to ask what can be done to arrest the tide of ruin, this awful cataract of perdition, which is dashing over the precipice of infidelity into the gulf of the bottomless pit, and precipitating millions of immortal souls into the boiling surges and tremendous whirlpools below." And where is the remedy? Do the Pulpit and the Press do their duty? Where is Parental Watchfulness? Is Public opinion healthy or poisoned? Will individuals knowing and admitting the evil or pretending not to see it, continue to take the poison because it is sweet, or because others around take it? (That would be a foolish reason for a Chinese continuing to smoke opium. But he is only a heathen!) Shall not the vigorous employment and universal diffusion of a moral and healthy press be encouraged? Will persons neglect their own presses and send to the cities for rapid, trashy, sickening sheets of rotten ruin? Are not the benevolent societies of the day to be liberally supported and aided in their struggles and efforts against the evil? Shall the American Bible and Tract Associations, the American Sunday School Union, publishing houses of good moral tone, and Sister Institutions, languish for want of support? For a moment suppose these remedies are neglected, who bear the consequences? Answer, the victims themselves individually and our Country in the aggregate!!

A CHEROKEE'S IDEA OF REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.—The Cherokee Advocate, speaking of the new appointments by President Taylor adds:

"We are amused at the tone of some of the papers opposed to Gen. Taylor. They cry 'hypocrisy,' 'party,' 'party,' 'proscription,' and persecution too. It reminds us of boys playing marbles, one cries, 'Vence roundance; knuckle down; no fudging; if you fudge, it shan't count. It shan't count you fudge!' 'Well,' says the other, 'didn't you fudge first!' Just so with the Locofocos. They fudge first, and if they are fudged out of office, they make a great ado. Gen. Taylor, we guess, is the best judge of who are 'honest and competent.'"

From Little's Living age. CHILDREN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOW.

"A little Child shall lead them."

One cold market morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and a lion shag coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about in his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little soft blue, satin hood, with a swan's down border, white as the new fallen snow, with a fringe of rich blond around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman holding with no small pride, the baby—for accidentally it was a baby.—Any one could read that fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and at the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eyes, and fat dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "is not three dollars very high?" Mary very prudently said nothing, but, taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grined, and without another word, down went the three dollars, (all that the last week's butter came to,) and as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah, thought I," a little child shall lead them! Another day, as I passed a carriage factory, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel, the rough body of a carriage stood beside him—and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a dark eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say, "See what I have got here!"

"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady ever gets a glance from admiring swains; as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these little children! little witches, pretty, even in all their thoughts and absurdities! winning even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes—the fair brow is bent in a frown—the rose leaf lid is pushed up in infinite defiance—and the white shoulders thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles and tears—as the good comes back all in a rush; and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen—tumble about his papers—make summersets over his books—and what can you do? They tare up newspapers—litter the carpets—break, pull and upset, and then jabber unintelligible English in self defence—and what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see!"

He does have a child—and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, pulls his nose, like all other children—and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing! He is like every body else—"A little child shall lead him!"

Poor little children, they bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of a new and higher feeling. How often does the mother repay this, by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make the daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son, but he repays it in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and hard ways and callous maxims, which have undone himself.

Go to the jail—the penitentiary—and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son.

Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate—that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed as he played—and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to questionings of his Maker and been sealed with the seal of Heaven. But harsh hands seized it—and all is over with him forever.

So of the tender weeping child—he is

made the callous, heartless man; of the ill believing child—is made the sneering skeptic; of the all beautiful and modest—the shameless and abandoned, and this is what the world does for the little ones.

There was a time when the Divine One stood upon the earth, and little children sought to draw near to him.—But harsh human beings stood between him and them forbidding their approach. Ah, has it not always been so? Do not even we with our hard and unsubdued feelings—our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims—stand like a dark screen between our child and his saviour, and keep even from the choice buds of our hearts, the radiance which might unfold it for paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is the voice of the Son of God—but the cold world still close round and forbids. When the old disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom he took a little child and set in the midst, as a sign of him who would be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. That teacher still remained with us. By every hearth and fire side, Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us!

Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds and forms of theology; but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear and trusting eye, the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shall thou be indeed—"a little child shall lead thee."

SWEETNESS OF HOME.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot, to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot, you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toil has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, a hand to help when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows as her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive all sorrow from your care-worn brow, and enclose it in the wreaths of domestic bliss.

No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad: if true hearts dwell there, it is yet a home—a cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessors more real joy than bags of gold and windy honors.

The home of a temperate, industrious, honest man, will be his greatest joy.—He comes to it, "weary and worn," but the music of the merry laugh, and the happy voices of childhood cheer him. A plain but hearty meal awaits him. Envy, ambition and strife, have no place there; and with a clear conscience he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's friend and helper.

Enemies.

Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark—"They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of young ladies away down east, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed, "Be done, sir! Don't insult me!" The gentleman apologized and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

"No?" she replied archly. "Well, if you didn't—you may do so again," she added, to the no small amusement of the company.

From the New York Observer. The Ravages of the Destroyer.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

During a brief term of missionary service in which I was engaged some years since, I met a family whose history, and especially an incident in it, affords another striking example of the degrading influence of intoxicating drinks. Upon entering their wretched abode, I perceived at once that I was in a drunkard's home. The hovels of intemperance have an aspect too well known to need description. Upon engaging in conversation with the different members of the family, I found that with one exception they were all suffering from the effects of recent indulgence. The father, a man quite advanced in years, and a son who was just in the prime of his life, were too far gone to make a sensible reply, and when they volunteered a remark it was humiliating to listen to it. A daughter-in-law who had an infant in her arms, showed by her idiotic stare that she too was besotted with rum. The mother alone did not give the evidence of recent indulgence; but even she, as I afterwards learned, had long been addicted to the degrading vice. Finding very soon that I could not benefit them by tarrying, I left it. The only one who was in a condition to profit by a religious conversation was altogether averse to entering into it. Of two neighbors, one of whom was an elder in the Presbyterian church, I learn the following particulars.

Several years before, the father of the family was the owner of a large farm situated in the vicinity of his present abode, and was prospering in the world. Like multitudes of others, he became addicted to intemperance, and his farm was no longer able to yield him support, and the means of gratifying his unnatural appetite. It was mortgaged and the money thus obtained was spent for rum. Soon it became necessary to sell the farm, and the balance, some hundred dollars above mortgage, being paid in ready money, was in a short time expended for that which was fast ruining his estate, himself and his family. He had now become a confirmed and degraded drunkard, living only for the gratification of his vicious thirst for strong drink. His wife, too, became his bosom companion in his debauchery. Nor did his influence end here. He not only taught his children, by his example, to drink the vice but he compelled them to do it. Unlike most parents who are drunkards themselves, he seemed desirous to render them degraded as himself. Only one out of a large family, broke through his father's influence, and he became a respectable and respected member of society. The rest, male and female, fell under the influence of the destroyer. Incredible as it may appear one of his children actually died of intemperance, a miserable drunkard, at the age of twelve years. While he was in a dying condition the father sent for a supply of the poison which was causing his death, and when he breathed his last, his family was in a state of beastly intoxication. His body remained upon the bed, in the same state in which he died, for a day or two and nothing was done, nor were they able to do anything to prepare it for burial. A neighbor accidentally having prepared a coffin, placed the remains of the child in it, and the family started for the place of burial which was more than a mile distant taking with them the jug of rum. Arriving at the grave-yard they found that no grave was dug. Obtaining tools, they went to work to prepare one, stopping frequently to make a drain upon the jug. This was soon exhausted, when one of the number was despatched for a fresh supply. Again they commenced digging, and they dug and drank and drank and dug, until a grave was opened, into which the coffin was placed, and having hurriedly filled it up, they all returned in a state of intoxication to their miserable home.

Such facts show how completely the demon of intemperance not only blights the fairest, and brings ruin and disgrace upon families, but also roots up and tramples upon all tender sensibilities, and affections of the heart. Under its influence, fathers, and mothers too, become monsters, and losing all sympathy for their own flesh and blood, can revel in debauchery around the dying bed and lifeless remains, and on the grave of their offspring. It is worse than brutalizing in its hellish influence.

A CLIMAX.—The Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia, in calling the attention of the Legislature to the spread of the small pox, said the disease was a loathsome one, destroyed life, created a good deal of terror, and injured the looks of the inhabitants!

THE ANTI-EVIL-SPEAKING SOCIETY.

Almost one hundred years ago the famous John Wesley and others, formed an association, the principles of which are very little regarded in our day.—Perhaps there are so many other societies whose objects claim attention, that such a plan affords as this of Mr. Wesley's will scarcely be thought of a second time, and yet we know some societies that would do more good if they would just dissolve their present organization, and adopt the rules of Wesley's little society, and do what they could to give them countenance and currency all over our land.

JANUARY 20, 1752.

It is agreed by us, whose names are undersigned—

1. That we will not listen or willingly inquire after any ill concerning each other.

2. That if we do hear any ill of each other, we will not be forward to believe it.

3. That as soon as possible we will communicate what we heard, by speaking or writing to the person concerned.

4. That till we have done this, we will not write or speak a syllable of it to any other person whatsoever.

5. That neither will we mention it afterwards to any other person.

6. That we will not make any exceptions to any of these rules, unless we think ourselves obliged in conscience to do so.

(Signed.) JOHN WESLEY,
CHARLES WESLEY,
and eleven others.

CHASED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

The following is a "Hoosier's" description of his first sight of a locomotive, and his adventures consequent thereon:—

"I came across through the country and struck your railroad, and was playing it at about four knots an hour. Now, I heard tell about locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but about two miles from here I heard something coming, coughing, and sneezing and thundering, and I looked around. Sure enough, there she comes, down after me, pawing the air up, and splitting the air wide open, with more smoke and fire flying than orto come out of a burning mountain. There was a dozen wagons jollier in arther here, and to save her tarred black, smoky noisy neck, she couldn't get clear of them. I don't know whether they scares her up or no, but here she comes foaming at the mouth, with her teeth full of burning red coals, and she pitched right straight at me like a thousand of brick. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I wheeled round and broke down the road, and began to make gravel fly in every direction; no sooner had I done that than she split right after me; and every jump I made, she squealed like a thousand wild cats!—She began to gain on me comin' up a little hill, but we come round a pint to a straight level on the road. Now, thinks I, I'll gin you ginger, as I'm great on a dead level; so I pulled to it, and got under full speed; and then she began to yelp and cough and stamp, and come on full chisel, and made the whole air shake. But I kept on before, bounding at the rate of twenty feet at every step, till I got at a turn in the road, when I was under such headway, that I couldn't turn; so I turned head over heels down, a bank by a horse, landed cosmolk into a soft spot of ground, much to the disfigurement of my wardrobe. Just at the time the locomotive found that I had got away from it, it commenced spitting hot water at me, and I thought in my soul that Mount Vesuvius had busted in some place in the neighborhood. But do you suppose I staid there long? No, sir, I did not. Now, here I am, a rare double revolving locomotive Snolly Goster, ready to attack anything but a combination of thunder and lightning, smoke, railroad iron, and hot water."

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and cause us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like Islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings that now pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.—Geo. D. Prentice.