



Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

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When I am old.

Will affection still enfold me,
As the day of life declines,
When Old Age with ruthless vigor,
Flows my face in furrowed lines;
When the eye forgets its seeing,
And the hand forgets its skill,
When the very words prove rebels,
To the Mind's voice kindly will!

When the deaf ear, strained to listen,
Scarcely hears the opening word,
And the unthought depth of feeling,
Are by no swift current stirred;
When fond memory like a limner,
Many a line perspective casts,
Spreading out our by-gone pleasures,
On the canvass of the Past!

When the leaping blood grows sluggish,
And the fire of Youth has fled,
When the friends which now surround us,
Half are numbered with the dead;
When the years appear to shorten,
Scarcely leaving us a trace;
When old time with bold approaches,
Marks his dial on my face!

When our present hopes are gathered,
Lie like dead flowers on our track;
When the whole of our existence
Is one fearful looking back;
When each wasted hour of talent,
Scarcely numbered now at all,
Sends its witness back to haunt us,
Like the writing on the wall!

When the ready tongue is palsied,
And the form is bowed with care,
When our only hope is Heaven,
And our only help is prayer;
When our idols, broken round us,
Fall amid the ranks of men—
Until death uplifts the curtain,
Will thy love endure till then?

A Girl that would be Married.

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

Mr. Watts had, by industry and economy, accumulated a large property. He was a man of rather superior mind and acquirements, but unfortunately became addicted to habits of intemperance. Naturally fond of company, and possessing superior conversational powers, his company was much sought, and he became a sot. His wife was a feeble woman, without much decision of character; but an only child was the reverse, illustrating one of those singular laws of nature, that the females often take after their father in decision of character and peculiarities, and the males after the mother.

Mary was well aware of the consequences that would inevitably follow her father's course, and had used every exertion of persuasion and reason in her power, to induce him to alter his habits, but without avail; his resolutions and promises could not withstand temptation, and he pursued his downward course, till the poor girl despaired of reform, and grievously realized what the end must result in.

John Drum was a young man from the East possessed of a good education, as all our New England boys are, and their indomitable industry and perseverance, and was working on the farm of a neighbor by the month.

Mary, on going some errand to the next house, met him on the road with the usual salutation, "Good morning Mr. Drum."

"Good morning, Miss Watts. How is your health?"

"Well, I thank you, but, to tell the truth sick at heart."

"Pray, what is the trouble?" said John. "What can effect a cheerful, lively girl like you, possessing every thing that can make you happy?"

"On the contrary," replied Mary, "every thing conspires to make me miserable. I am almost weary of life. But it is a subject I cannot explain to you; and yet I have sometimes thought I might."

"Any thing that I can do for you, Miss Watts, you may freely command."

"This is promising more than you may be willing to perform. But, to break the ice at once—do you want a wife?"

"A wife! Well, I don't know. Don't you want a husband?"

"Indeed I do, the worst way. I don't know but you may think me bold, and deficient in that maidenly modesty becoming a young woman; but if you knew my situation, and the afflictions under which I suffer, I think it would be some excuse for my course."

"Have you thought of the consequences?" said John—"My situation—I am poor—you are rich—I am a stranger—and—"

"Indeed I have till I'm almost crazy. Let me explain—you and every one else knows the unfortunate situation of my father that his habits are fixed beyond amendment, and his property is wasting like the dew before the sun. A set of harpies are drinking in his heart's blood, and ruin and misery are staring us in the face. We are almost strangers, it is true; and I have met in company a few times, but I have observed you closely. Your habits, your industry, and the care and prudence with which you manage your employ-

er's business, have always interested me."

"And yet my dear young lady, what can you know of me to warrant you to take such an important step?"

"It is enough for me that I am satisfied with your character and habits—your person and manners. We are about the same age; so, if you know me and like me well enough to take me there is my hand!"

"And my dear Mary, there's mine, with all my heart in it. Now, when do you desire it to be settled?"

"Now, this minute; give me your arm, and we will go to Squire Benton's and have the bargain finished at once. I don't want to enter our house of distress again until I have one on whom I can rely, to control and direct the affairs of my desolate home, and to support me in my determination to turn over a new leaf in our domestic affairs."

"But not in this old hat, and in my shirt sleeves, Mary."

"Yes—and in my old sun bonnet and dirty apron. If you are content let it be done at once. I hope you will not think I am so hard pushed as that comes to; but I want a master. I am willing to be mistress, but to be master is more than I am equal to. I will then take you home and introduce you as my own dear husband—signed, sealed and delivered."

"So be it—permit me to say that I have always admired you from the first minute I saw you for your beauty, energy, industrious and amiable deportment."

"Now, John if that is sincere, this is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust our union will be long and happy. I am the only one my poor father hears to; but alas! his resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can manage him on all subjects; you must take charge of his business, and sole control; there will be no difficulty—I am confident of the result."

They were married, and a more happy match never was consummated. Every thing prospered; houses and barns were repaired, fences and gates were regulated, and the extensive fields smiled and flourished like an Eden. The unfortunate father in a few years sunk into a drunkard's grave. Mary and John raised a large family, and they still live, respected and wealthy—all from an energetic girl's resolution, forethought and courage.

THE USE OF LEARNING.

"I'm tired of going to school," said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him. "I don't see any great use, for my part, in studying geometry, and navigation, and surveying, and mensuration, and a dozen other things that I am expected to. They will never do me any good; I am not going to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer, or sea captain."

"How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" his young friend asked him in a quiet tone, as he looked up in his face.

"Why, I'm going to learn a trade; or at least father says I am."

"And so am I," replied William. "And yet my father wishes me to learn everything that I can, for he assures me that it'll be useful some time or other in my life."

"I'm sure I can't see what use I'm ever going to make, as a saddler, of algebra and surveying."

"Still if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are. And we should endeavor to learn, simply because they wish us to, if, in every thing we are expected to study we do not see clearly the use."

"I can't feel so," Herbert replied, tossing his head, "and I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do, the use of all this."

"You are wrong to talk so," his friend said, in a serious tone, "I would not think as you do for the world. Our fathers know what is best for us, and if we do not confide in them we will surely go wrong."

"I am not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been poring reluctantly for half an hour, in the vain attempt to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and taking some marbles from his pocket commenced amusing himself with them from the teacher's observation.

William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention. The difference in the character of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded, to need further illustration. To their teacher it was evident, in numerous particulars in their conduct, their habits and manners. William recited his lessons correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school—the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were

well taken care of—while Herbert's were soiled, torn, disfigured and broken externally and internally.

Thus they began life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other indolent and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will rather than the more experienced teaching of others.

As men at the age of thirty-five, we will again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant in active business, while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, embarrassed in circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen?" said the merchant about this time, as the latter entered the counting room of the former. The contrast in their appearance was very great. The merchant was well, and had a cheerful look, while the other was poorly clad, and seemed sad and dejected.

"I can't say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler," the mechanic replied in a tone of despondency. "Work is very dull, and wages low, and with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough to get along under any circumstances."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Allen," replied the merchant in a kind tone; "how much can you earn now?"

"If I had steady work, I could earn nine or ten dollars a week. But our business is very bad; the substitution of steam engines on railroads for horses on turnpikes, has broken in seriously upon the harness making business. The consequence is, that I do not average six dollars a week the year around."

"Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"

"Yes—the harness making branch of it—especially in large cities like this, where the heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up."

"Did you say that six dollars a week were all that you could average?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large is your family?"

"I have five children, sir."

"Five children and only six dollars a week?"

"To support them, and I am in consequence going behind hand."

"You ought to try and get into some other business."

"But I don't know any other."

The merchant mused for a while and then said "perhaps I can aid you to get into something better. I am president of a newly projected rail road, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and engineering, and as you studied these sciences at school the same time I did, and I suppose you have still a correct knowledge of both, if so I will use my influence to have you appointed surveyor. The engineer is already chosen, and at my desire will give you all requisite instruction until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is one hundred dollars a month."

A shadow still darker than that which before rested there, rested on the face of the mechanic.

"Alas! sir," he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge. It is true I studied it or rather pretended to study it at school—but it made no permanent impression on my mind. I saw no use in it then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Allen," the merchant replied in real concern. "If you were a good accountant I might perhaps get you into a store—What is your capacity in this respect?"

"I ought to have been a good accountant, sir, for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now although I was for many months at school and pretended to study book keeping I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."

"Such being the case, Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do with you. But stay! I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres and thence around Callao, and want a man to go as supercargo who can speak the Spanish language. I remember that we studied Spanish together, would you be willing to leave your family and go? The wages will be one hundred dollars a month."

"I have forgotten all my Spanish, sir. I did not see the use of it while at school, and therefore, it made no impression on my mind."

The merchant, really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him.—At length he said "I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employ-

ment. It is a service for which ordinary persons are employed, that of chain carrying to the surveyor of our proposed railroad expedition."

"What are the wages, sir?"

"Thirty-five dollars a month."

"And found?"

"Certainly."

"I will accept it, sir, thankfully," the man said. "It will be better than my present employment."

"Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week."

"I will be ready, sir," the poor man replied and then withdrew.

In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them as a carrier,—when had he, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office at more than double the wages paid him as a chain carrier. Indeed we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness he might have held had he improved all opportunities afforded him in youth.—But he perceived the use of learning too late.

Children and youth cannot possibly know so well as their parents, guardians and teachers, what is best for them. Men who are in active contact with the world, know that the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects, the more useful they can be to others; and the higher and more important use to society they are fitted to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor.

A Centenarian Jester.

In a letter from Cape Cod, Mr. N. P. Willis gives the following account of an old gentleman, whose practical philosophy would outweigh all the fine spun speculations of the stoics and Epicureans:

"I was sorry to hear, after we left Yarmouth, that I had missed seeing a centenarian of that place, who is certainly a curiosity. He is now a hundred and nine years of age, and, in his whole life, was never known to be out of temper. He married young, and his wife died about 20 years ago, having been all her life a singularly irritable woman! He did good service in the revolution, and has been pressed, at various times, to apply for the pension to which he is entitled. He refused always on the ground that, as he served the time he agreed to, and received the pay they agreed to give him, the Government owes him nothing. His children, living in the town, are well off, and wish him to end his days with them; but he prefers his lodging in the Poor House, declaring that he 'can't bear to think of being a trouble to anybody,' and fairly earning his board by 'doing chores' about the ground and kitchen. He is still of a most playful tone of mind. A fellow pensioner of the poor house, who is eighty years old, was sitting with him, but a few days since, upon a wooden bench in the yard—the skirts of his broad skirted coat lying loose upon the seat, and the large pockets tumbling open.

"The old humorist very quietly glided behind, during their talk, and from a heap of loose stones near by, filled the empty pockets without disturbing the owner. He then patted him kindly on the shoulder, and expressing some fear that he might take cold, asked him to walk into the house. At the vain efforts of his pined down friend, to rise with the weight in his coat tails, he laughed as heartily as a boy of sixteen. He is said to have a fine physiognomy, and to have been an active man and a good citizen, without displaying any particular talent.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents, during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity in a feeble and desperate state, can sustain.

I leave to my brother and sister as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart a life of wretchedness, shame to weep over, and a premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father was a drunkard.

If you don't want to fall in love with a girl, don't commence flirting with her. This courting for fun is like boxing for fun. You put on the gloves in perfect good humor with the most friendly intentions of exchanging a few amicable blows; you find yourself insensibly warmed with the enthusiasm of the conflict; until some unlucky punch in the "veskit" decides the matter, and the whole affair ends in a downright fight. Don't you see the similarity?

The Mourner.

"It is very lonely, mama," murmured a fair-haired, lovely girl, as she rested on the sofa, one evening. "it is very lonely now, and the night seems very long. Shall I never see papa any more?"

"Yes, my love, you shall see him in a brighter world than this."

"But this is a fair world," said the little girl; "I love to run and play in the warm sunshine, and pick the water cresses from the brook, and when the weather is a little warmer, I shall go and gather the blue-eyed violet, that papa said was so like me."

"Too like, I fear," said the mother, and the tear-drop trembled on the drooping lid, "but my child, there is a fairer world than this, where the flowers never fade, where the clouds never hide the light of the glorious sky, and the glory of Him, whose name is 'Love,' beams brightly and forever in those golden courts; the trees that grow on the banks of the river that waters that blessed place, never fade as they do in this world; and when friends meet there, they will be parted no more, but will sing hymns of praise to God and the Lamb forever."

"And shall I go to that place when I die," said the child, "and will you go with me?"

"Yes," said the mother, "we will go in God's own time; when he calls us from this life, we shall dwell with him forever."

It was a little while, and the mother bent over the grave of this little flower of intellect, withered by the untimely frosts of death; but she alone when in the twilight shades, she sat upon the grassy mound, when the deep and yearning hopes of that fond heart was gathered in oblivious silence! Oh, no! the soft and silvery tones of buried love whispered in the breezes that lifted the drooping flowers overcharged with the dewy tears of night. The diamond stars that, one by one, came forth upon their silent watch, seemed beaming with the light of that lifeless flame which burned undimmed upon the inmost shrine of the heart; and she enjoyed, in the hours of solitude, that communion of pure spirits which our exalted faith can alone bestow.

Dean Swift's Hatred of Foppery.

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that distinctive ostentation in the middle classes, which lead them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of disapproving folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded. When George Faulkner, the Printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a big wig, and other fopperies.—Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he "what are your commands with me?"

"I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait on you immediately upon my arrival from London."

"Pray sir, who are you?"—"George Faulkner, the Printer, sir."

"You George Faulkner, the Printer! why you are the most impudent, barefaced scoundrel of an imposter I have ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and, having changed his dress, he returned to the Deanry, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," says the Dean "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, there has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

REBUTTING TESTIMONY.—A witness giving testimony before the Recorder, in an assault and battery case said:—

"The prisoner struck me with a cotton hook, and ran in on him, and butted him in the breast. He then thought to trip me up, and I butted him again, and—"

"Stop, sir," said the counsel for the defence. "Mr. Recorder," he added, "I object to this witness proceeding any farther."

"On what ground do you object?" asked the Recorder.

"On the ground, may it please the Court," said the learned counsel, "that it is from us, and not from the prosecution, that rebutting testimony must come."

At this piece of facetia, the Recorder so far forgot his judicial dignity as to permit a smile to play for a moment, on his austere countenance.—(N. O. Delta.

Strange Calculation.

Some genius has perpetrated the following calculation:

"I have been married 32 years, during which time I have received from the hands of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making about 35,040 cups of half a pint each, or nearly 70 barrels of 30 gallons each, weighing 17,550 lbs., or nearly 9 tons weight. Yet from that period I have scarcely varied in weight myself from 160 lbs. It will, therefore be seen, that I have drunk in coffee alone 218 times my own weight. I am not much of a meat eater, yet I presume I have consumed about eight ounces a day, which makes 5,806 lbs., or ten oxen. Of flour I have consumed in 32 years, about 50 barrels. For twenty years of this time, I drank two wine glasses of brandy each day, making 900 quarts.—The Port-Wine, Madera, whiskey punch &c., I am not able to count, but they are not large. When we take into the account all the vegetables in addition, such as potatoes, peas, asparagus, strawberries, cherries, apples, pears, peaches, raisins, &c., the amount consumed by an individual is most enormous. Now my body has been renewed more than four times in 32 years; and taking it for granted that the water, of which I have drank, acts merely as a diluent, yet, taken together, I concluded that I have consumed in 32 years about the weight of 1,100 men of 160 lbs. each."

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—The St. Louis Reveille—a capital paper it is, too waking up sleepy people with its rub-a-dud—has the following, which deserves to be written in letters of gold, where we may see it every day:

"The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go, in the way that he would train up the child."

Ay—An ounce of example is worth whole tons of precept; and there would be a great saving of scoldings and whipping, if the people could learn to govern themselves before they undertake to govern others. Be a living lesson in your own proper individuality; and there is little fear but that those who look up to you will follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors; but if you undertake to bully or thump juveniles into the practice of virtues which with you are matters of theory, the success of the experiment is doubtful, to say the least of it. They are much more apt to do as you do, than act as you say; and you will often find them a mirror in which your own faults are reflected, it may be with exaggeration.—Go, therefore, in the way in which you would train up a child—leading the van, with due consideration for all the weaknesses and inexperience of the feeble ones who are thus called upon to follow,—not expecting too much from untired limbs, or rebuking too harshly the mis-steps and stumblings of those, who are weaker than yourself.

Other day by receiving a visit from a 'Juvvenile' Locofoco, who came puffing into our 'Sanctum' with a request that we would let him have a 'Whig paper.'—The appearance of the youth, and the singularity of the request, led us to inquire as to the use he intended to make of it. 'Why,' said he, 'I am going to make a kite.' 'But why so particular to procure a Whig paper?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I have tried three or four times to make one of a Locofoco paper—but all I can do, it will not go up; it keeps twisting and turning, bobbing and dodging—now looking as if it were going to raise, but down it comes again, so I find it's no use trying any more of them papers.' We gave him a few of ours, 'with the full conviction that the principles they contained, would carry them up—far above the flight of Locofocoism. We resumed our 'scissors' reflecting upon the similitude of politics and kites!—Exchange Paper.

THE MODEL WIFE.—A lady in Albany

the other day, washed the whole week's washing, hung the clothes out to dry, cooked three meals, made a pair of pants for her youngest boy, darned her husband's stockings, had the cholera and cured herself, then dyed four dresses, all between the hours of 6 A. M. and 9 P. M. Where is there another such a woman?—Bring her along.

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about

doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.

Why are eyes like stage horses?

Because they are under the lashes.