



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1850.

VOL. XV, NO. 27.

CHOICE POETRY.

THE BALL ROOM BELLE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

The moon and all her starry train
Were fading from the morning sky,
When home the ball-room belle again
Returned, with throbbing pulse and brain,
Flushed cheek and tearful eye.

The plume that danced above her brow,
The gem that sparkled in her zone,
The scarf of spangled leaf and bough,
Were laid aside—they mocked her now,
When desolate and lone.

That night how many hearts she won!
The rigging bells, she could not stir,
But, like the planets round the sun,
Her suitors followed—all but one—
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him!—marvel not
That lady's eyes with tears were wet!
Though love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget!

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Huntingdon Journal. HUNTINGDON.

MR. CLARK:—For a long time I have been in the habit of visiting the Seat of Justice of my native county. But never did Huntingdon bring up to the mind so many reminiscences of the past, and excite such mingled emotions of veneration and wonder, as it did a few days since, when on a visit to your place. After feasting upon social pleasures in company with two venerable friends for some time, I strolled out, and a few steps carried me to the ruins of the first Anglo-Saxon residence of the place. Not a century has passed away since the whoop of the Indian was echoing from the surrounding hills. The war-club and the war-dance were the highest evidences of refinement then known to those Aborigines, the only protectors of the unbroken and uncultivated forest. They are all passed away. Slow and melancholy they have receded through the recesses of the Alleghenies, to leave their bones in some lonely valley, or bleach upon some hill in the far west, in order to make room for our fathers, before whose undaunted courage and untiring efforts the forest fell, fruitful fields appeared, your town began to rise, and civilization dawned. They too have passed away, and most of them are now sleeping in their last earthly resting place. The modest marble tells that they were, and the wealth of your place forcibly reminds you of their powers, so indefatigably employed for the promotion of your happiness. What a field is here opened up through which the contemplative mind may wonder, tire, repose, and wonder again. Standing, as it were, in the middle of time, we look back but a few years, and our country was a howling wilderness. European tyrants tramping in the dust the advancing powers of the human soul, and strong barriers were thrown in the way of the progress of human liberty. But in due time, that God who can bring good out of evil, and order out of confusion, sifted the nations of the old world, selected from the whole a small number of the most precious seed, steeled their minds against fear, braced their nerves for a mighty contest, and thus armed, they defied the power of earthly despots, breasted the dangers of the great deep, and cast themselves entirely upon Providence for protection. And lo! our fathers, like Israel of old, are wandering in small tribes through the interminable forests of North America, the objects of scorn and contempt to those who had driven them into the wilderness. They were in deep poverty, and destitute of all human protection against the multiplied dangers with which they were surrounded. But they had an invaluable treasure; they had the last boon of God to a fallen world, the sacred charter of human liberty both civil and religious; they had the Bible. A tender vine thus planted and protected has nearly covered our land. We number over twenty millions of inhabitants, capable of striking terror through any foe, and repelling any assault. Cities and towns have multiplied in an unparalleled degree. We bid the lightning to carry our whispers from city to city, and it obeys. We bid another element to expand, obedient to our command, and we can breakfast with our family at home, and it carries us safely hundreds of miles to sup with friends in some city on the evening of the same day. The Press is throwing its pages, freighted with intelligence, upon every breeze, and the American watch-word is Progress.

But how are we to look down into the dark vista of the future, and predict with certainty the circumstances of those who are to succeed us. We can only judge the effects of existing causes by infer-

ences from former consequences. And if we are indebted to the Bible and to its benevolent author, for our unparalleled prosperity, and the respectable station we occupy amongst the nations of the earth, we may fairly conclude that progress will be the result of proper regard for these things, and that retrogression will be the consequence of a departure from that christianity which impelled our patriotic fathers to endure every privation save one, in order that they might hand down to us such a birth right as we now enjoy. But is it not a melancholy fact that men thus indebted, and thus provided for, are going forth employing all their powers to incorporate upon our institutions that vain philosophy which has been the curse of France and other nations? They have sought and are seeking to array the facts of science against the facts of theology, that science which justly claims the most ancient province, and is sustained with the most unanswerable arguments. But a sheet is too little; we must conclude by saying that if any desire to stop our progress, as a nation, they have only to convince the rising generation that the Bible is a fable, take away the Sabbath, and close the doors of our churches, and we would point them to the infidel republic of France, and we would predict with melancholy certainty that ere long the best blood of our nation would flow as from a wine press. But on the contrary, if christianity is permitted to have its full effect, then we may rejoice in our strength; we will realize more than we can possibly anticipate. This, the last hope of the world, will be the admiration of our race, the joy of the whole earth, from whence the divergent waves of peace and liberty and true unselfish patriotism will extend over all the earth. And the philanthropist may then stand upon an eminence and look back upon the stream of mortality which has been flowing on since the creation of man, with mingled feelings of sorrow and awe. But upon turning his contemplations to the future, to a world disenthralled and regenerated, to a happy immortality beyond the grave, and to a complete fulfilment of the predictions of his bible, he may go forth in songs of joy, highly qualified for all the duties of life. H. C. B.

For the Huntingdon Journal. Know Your Place.

In this world, men are not all born to the same rank. But as they differ in their habits, dispositions and tastes, so also they differ in the respective places they occupy, and the spheres in which they move. Different tastes incline them to different objects and pursuits, and different dispositions adapt them to different spheres of action. All cannot follow the same profession, nor can all occupy the same rank. Some are always poor, and some rich. Some are born to occupy the high places of the world, to rule, to govern, and to teach their fellow men; while others are destined to play a subordinate part. Every one should know in what sphere he is fitted to act, and what position he is calculated to occupy.

There are also other differences, in which it is of the highest importance that every one should know his place. Difference in age, sex, &c. adapt different individuals to different positions and grades in society. Man and woman were formed to act in widely different spheres. Their physical constitutions, and their whole character, make men to differ from women, and capacitate them for a different sphere. Hence any process which makes a different arrangement, violates the laws of nature. By acting the part of a woman, a man sacrifices that nobleness and manliness of character, which distinguishes him from the opposite sex; and renders himself contemptible in the eyes of his fellow men. In such a man there is none of that manly energy and greatness which characterize his sex, which qualify him for grappling with the sterner realities of life and taking part in the great affairs of the world, for which his constitution by nature fits him. He is no longer lord of creation, but becomes weak and not fit to act his proper part in the drama of life. On the other hand, when woman assumes the place of man, she sacrifices that modesty and delicacy which are her peculiar characteristics. She was designed for a more retired sphere than man. It was never intended that she should control the affairs of nations or battle on the field of politics.

The man and the boy are designed for different positions. It is very common for boys to set themselves up for men, long before they have attained to the age and maturity of manhood. With that self-conceit, so natural to our race, they think they really are what they wish to be, and boldly meddle with men's affairs. That is certainly a laudable ambition which prompts a boy to act

like a man, and conducts himself in an orderly and gentlemanly manner. But the case is quite different when a boy struts about with a bold, presumptuous air, thinks himself equal to his superiors, and wishes to assume their place. Such children are neither agreeable to their companions, nor well thought of by others. If a boy wishes to act like a man, and secure the good opinion of others, he should know his place, and know how to remain in it. Men, also, sometimes lose their self-respect, and place themselves on a level with children. This always betrays a weak disposition. For when a man frequently condescends to regale himself in child's sport, however high he may hold his head, and however dignified he may appear, on other occasions, we may know that he is a childish man. He thinks childishly, and this causes him to act childishly, and by acting childishly he forfeits the true and native dignity of man, and loses the confidence and respect of his fellow men. If a man therefore does not wish to render himself really a child, in this world, where energy and activity are so essential to success, in the great battle of life, he should be in his place, and act like a man.

Thus it is with all mankind. No one can act well his part without remaining in that sphere for which he is qualified, and in that station most suitable to his age, and in keeping with the character to which he aspires. Every one looks best, acts best, and is best in his own place. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rousing a Hoosier.

A SCENE AT A STEAMBOAT DINNER.

It happened my lot not many weeks since to be a passenger on board the first running steamboat, M——, bound from Cincinnati to St. Louis. Among the number of persons in the cabin was H——, a would be wag, and a live Hoosier, fresh from the swamps and bogs of Indiana. It so happened that in his humor for fun, H—— resolved to quiz this as he supposed, green individual, and only waited for a good opportunity for so doing. None occurred until dinner time, when the wag took particular pains to place himself exactly opposite the Hoosier at the table, and soon after the company had commenced eating, he hailed him as follows:

"I say, my friend, you're from Hoosierdom, I suppose?"
"I am from Indiana," was the civil reply.
"Do they raise cabbages were you come from?"
"No but I reckon they du whar ye come from."
"What do you judge from?"
"By the looks of that ur cabbage head between your shoulders."
Several sitting near H—— now began to titter at his expense, but nothing daunted, he returned to the charge—
"Does your mother know you're out?" he asked.
"Yes I reckon so; she told me to go talk to the gossins."
"Indeed," said H——, biting his lips; "then you must be a goose to understand the language so well."
"When among Romans I du as Romans du," was the instant retort. "I talk the language of those I'm talking tu."
"Which way are you traveling?" cried H——, as another giggle ran around the table.
"Down the Ohio river, I reckon," and the Hoosier half filled his plate with poached eggs.
"What business do you follow?" asked the wag; but instead of answering the question, the face of the Hoosier suddenly became as red as blood, and he dashed the contents of his plate full into the face and bosom of the wag.

There was a sudden start among those at the table, which was turned into instant confusion, by the further movements of the Indianian. Raising aloft the heavy plate in his right hand, he brought it down with stunning force upon the head of the individual at his right side, knocking him backward upon the floor, where he lay sprawling unable for the moment to rise. But the maddened Hoosier was not yet pacified. No sooner had the plate done its duty upon its victim, than bending his left arm, he brought back the elbow with terrible force into the mouth of the man at his left side, knocking out a couple of teeth, and also prostrating him at full length, with his head against the door of a berth. This done, the Hoosier jumped up, and placing his back against the side of the cabin, seized hold of the chair which he had been sitting in, and stared around him with eyes flashing like those of a madman.

In the meanwhile the now thoroughly excited passengers had risen from the table, the female portion fleeing into the

after cabin, and the men gathered around the assaulter.

"He is mad!" shouted one.
"Throw him overboard!" yelled another.
"Knock him down!" cried a third.
"Bind him hand and foot!" bawled out a fourth.
"Take care he don't kill some one!" echoed a fifth.

But the voice of the sixth speaker was drowned by the louder lungs of the Hoosier, who suddenly exclaimed in a voice of thunder—

"What's the captain?"
"Here I am," answered the person called for as he came to up to the spot.
"Wall I want that man and this man searched;" and he pointed to the two whom he had knocked down.

"What for?" asked the captain.
"What for?" Why for stealing.—The blackguard on the right stole my pus, containin' five hundred dollars, all in eagles which I've been a year lyin' up to go to Kalifornia; and that thief on the left stole my new silk pocket handkerchief, that Polly gim me just afore I left home.

By this time the fellow who had fallen under the plate had managed to get up.

"You're a liar, sir!" he shouted in a passion, at the same time thrusting his hand into his bosom.

"You're a thief, you son of a gun!" retorted the Hoosier in a rage. "Sarch him captain, and if you don't find the pus on him, why chop me up into sassaages and eat me for supper, that's all."

"We must search you, sir," said the captain to the man accused.

"I won't be searched!" answered the fellow haughtily. "I'm a gentleman."

"That remains to be seen," replied the skipper calmly. "Searched you shall be."
The man was accordingly examined, and tho' every pocket was looked into, no money answering the description of the Hoosier, was found and they were about giving it up.

"Look in his boots!" exclaimed the loser of the purse. "He's some kin to John Andre, and will be hung yet afore he dies."

The left boot was pulled off, and sure enough, there was the money, exactly answering the description, confirming the guilt of the gentleman.

Upon the other fellow the handkerchief was also found; having the Hoosier's name upon it, and the two rascals were, with the permission of the Indianian, landed ashore at once. The Hoosier was also for putting H—— ashore, declaring that he had engaged him in conversation on purpose to call his attention, so that the scoundrels could rob him. But as the wag was well known to many on board, he was left off, the Hoosier swearing it was some satisfaction to know that he had spoiled his best ruffled shirt with the contents of his plate. H—— has never since attempted to poke fun at an Indianian, and doubtless the two thieves are also careful how they proceed in ROUSING A HOOSIER.

EXTREME POVERTY UNFAVORABLE TO VIRTUE.—"To the child daily sent out from some rickety hovel or miserable garret to wrestle with poverty and misery for such knowledge as the teacher can impart, what true idea or purpose of education is possible! How can he be made to realize that his daily tasks concern the soul, the world, and immortality? He may have drilled into his ears, day after day, the great truth that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment; but so long as his own food and raiment are scanty and precarious, his mind will be engrossed by a round of petty and sordid cares. * * * The child whose little all hitherto of life has been passed in penury and consequent suffering—who lives in the constant presence, on the very brink of want—how can he have a higher idea of life than that it is a struggle for bread, or of education than that it is a contrivance for getting bread more easily and more abundantly, or else a useless addition to his toils and cares? He whose energies have been, must be, taxed to keep starvation at bay, can hardly realize that life has truer ends than the avoidance of pain and the satisfaction of hunger.

"Ah doctor, does the cholera sweep the higher orders?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician.—"No," replied the doctor, "but it is death on tools, and you had better leave immediately." The fellow sloped.

"Well, wife, I don't see for my part how they send letters on them wires without tearing 'em all to bits."
"La me," replied the knowing spouse, "they don't send the paper, they just send the writin in a fluid state."

The Bell Tolls.

BY THE LATE AMOS SISKIEY.

"I have been expecting daily to hear the bell toll," was the exclamation of a father whose child had been sick, but was recovering. It had been near the grave—and the parent daily expected the bell of death would peal out its funeral notes for the fondly loved and early lost.

Boys, the bell has tolled "many a time and oft," this passing year. Its solemn tones have carried an additional pang of sorrow, and sunk lower still the hopes of many whom you know. If you will think, for a little time only, you will miss playmates—some a father—some a sister—some a brother—some a young and faithful little friend. The bell has tolled for them, and, sooner or later, its sound will summon your friends to follow you to the grave yard. It may toll before this hand shall address you again. The invisible messenger may be on your door step now, and the coffin may come to-morrow.

Think not, young friends, because we speak thus seriously, that we would throw over the bright hopes of boyhood a pall that shall shut the sunlight of pleasure from your path, or heap up obstacles in your way to happiness. But, while in the midst of enjoyment—on the spots which you love, and the studies you are pursuing—in the school room—on the play ground—at home—at night—in the morning—at all times, we would have you conduct yourselves so as to feel content, that when you hear the bell toll for others, you may be so situated that when it tolls for you, sorrowing friends may say the early taken was ready.

Are you on the play-ground, or at your lesson, or wherever you may be; does the bell toll? Pause, some one is on the way to where the weary are at rest. Reflect! It may toll for you the next time. How careful, then, should be your intercourse with playmates, sisters, brothers, and parents. You would not like to go down to the grave, unforgiven by those around, if you have offended them or if they have offended you; you would not love to think, while lying upon your last bed, that an angry playmate's eyes were upon you. You would shudder, to know that harsh words or unkind acts towards sister, or brother, or parents were haunting your last hours. Such thoughts would be poor company then. How necessary it is to be kind and obedient, to be forbearing, to forgive, to avoid offence, you all can see. Nor are these things hard to be put into practice. A spirit determined to do right—a liberal view in regard to the failings of others, will always secure you true friends among your associates, and the best friend of all, an undisturbed conscience.

The bell must toll for all. Our own knell will be rung out, unheard by the ear in death, and heedless of the iron tongue which tells, of a spirit departed. But near and dear ones will hear it—and as the heavy peal falls upon heavier hearts so should all live that the fall may be lightened. Let this be your aim—and whether in the discharge of your home duties, in the school-room, the play-ground, the church, or the Sabbath-school—remember the bell must toll—and, daily expecting it, so act that when it shall have tolled for you, whether yet the boy at the task, or the man high in name and fame, wielding an influence over nations, those left behind may have the satisfaction of saying that you were ready for the final summons—and that solemn tone which announced the burial of the body, give assurance to weeping friends that the departed had lived "expecting daily to hear the bell toll."

If you don't wish to fall in love, keep away from calico. You can no more play with girls without losing your heart, than you can play at roulette without losing your money. As Dobbs very justly observes, the heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going you are "gone," like a one-legged stove at an auction.

A Dandy entered a book store, and with a very consequential air inquired, "Hab you a few quires of letter paper of the very best rate, for a gentleman to write lub letters on?" "Yes," was the reply, "how many will you have?" "I spose," said he, "my stay at the springs will be about two or three weeks. Gim me 'nough quires to write four letters."

A would-be Prophet down South said lately in one of his sermons, that he was sent to redeem the world and all things therein. Whereupon a native pulled out two five dollar bills on a broken bank, and asked him to fork over the specie for them.

"Exchange."

Passing along one of our streets the other day, we saw written in flaming characters over the door of one of our rum saloons, "The Exchange." Exchange, exchange, thought we, musing as we wended our way; surely that is an appropriate name! Here a man can exchange wealth for poverty; health for disease, and an untarnished reputation for the drunkard's notoriety. Here a man can exchange the respect and esteem of acquaintances for the hoots and derision of the rabble; the pleasure of social intercourse for the companionship of vagrants; and the delights of a happy fireside for the miseries of the gutter. He can exchange the cheerful countenance, with the impress of intellect, for the bloated face and unmeaning stare; a proud and manly bearing for the drunkard's stagger; comfortable and respectable garments for those soiled and torn; all that is pure, and lofty, and noble in humanity, for all that is foul, and grovelling and debased. He can exchange a happy home for the drunkard's grave, and the joys of heaven for the miseries of hell!

An appropriate name is "Exchange," for all our grogeries, and we recommend its universal adoption.—Banner.

THE ABUSE OF TIME.—The following beautiful extract, is from a lecture delivered before the New York Mercantile Library Association, in March, 1849, by Rev. George W. Bethune. "During a recent visit to the United States Mint, I observed in the gold room, that a rack was placed over the floor for us to tread upon, and on inquiring its purpose, I was answered that it was to prevent the visitors from carrying away with the dust of their feet the minutest particle of the precious metal, which despite of the utmost care would fall upon the floor when the roughest edges of the parts were filed; and that the sweepings of the buildings saved thousands of dollars a year. How much more precious the most minute fragment of time! and yet how often are they trodden upon like dust, by thoughtlessness and folly.

LONG SPEECHES.—The Presbyterian, in speaking of the impropriety of long speeches at the anniversary, tells the following anecdote:

At a religious anniversary in England, a few years ago, a very excellent and eccentric clergyman was called on to close the meeting with prayer, and as the exercises had been protracted to an unusually late hour, and many of the audience had already left the house from excessive fatigue, he was requested to offer a short prayer, which he did in the words following:

"Oh Lord, forgive the tediousness of the speakers, and the weariness of the hearers. Amen."

It must be very romantic to be on your knees before one of Love's lovely daughters, heaving up a torrent of sweet words between her glowing, parted lips, raising roses on her cheeks by the acre, bringing tears of humid pleasure to her eyes, and just at the identical moment when she is going to swoon away into your arms, to hear her anxious mother cry: "Sal, have you fed the pigs?"

LOVE.—The editor of the Methuen Gazette makes the following sweeping assertion:

"What! a man, and never in love!—Pshaw! Such a man must have a heart of ice, a soul as lifeless as a corn-cob, the gizzard of a goose, and a head as sappy as a cocoa-nut."

We were made to serve the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; and our untrammelled Spirits tend to these, as sparks and flames tend upward. Souls are becoming daily assimilated to these primitive excellencies as flowing rivers are entering & mingling with the ocean.

The Hindoo law says:—"Strike not even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a thousand faults."—The English law would let you "hit her again" with what the blossom grows on. Some difference, eh?

"Is them thar bibles?" asked a verdant specimen of a Clerk of the Supreme Court, as he pointed to a pile of blank record of wills. "No," answered the clerk, "these are testaments."

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Illustrated with cuts" said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," reiterated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

When a man attempts to tie his cravat around a lamp post, he may be considered in a rather "how come you so" condition.

The Whigs of Iowa have nominated the Hon. James Harlan as their candidate for the office of Governor.