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POETICAL.

HOME.

"Then the disciples went away unto their home."—JOHN XI. 40.

Where burns the fire-side brightest,
 Cheering the social breast?
 Where beats the fond heart lightest,
 Its humble hopes possessed?
 Where is the hour of sadness
 With meek eyed patience borne—
 Worth more than those of gladness,
 Which mirthful cheeks adorn?
 Pleasure is marked by festness,
 To those who ever roam,
 While grief itself has sweetness,
 At home—sweet home!

There bend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits, when most brief;
 There eyes, in all their splendor,
 And vocal to the heart:
 And glances, bright and tender,
 Fresh eloquence impart;
 Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
 O! do not wildly roam;
 But seek that hidden treasure
 At home—sweet home!

Does pure religion charm thee
 Far more than ought before?
 Wouldst thou that she shouldst arm thee
 Against the hour of woe?
 Her dwelling is not only
 In temples built for prayer;
 For home itself is lonely
 Unless her smiles be there;
 Wherever we may wander,
 'Tis all in vain we roam,
 If worship here altar,
 At home—sweet home!

FAMILY CIRCLE.

Be Not Troubled.

Let not your heart be troubled. You have not a larger share of sorrow than falls to the lot of man. Turn where you may, and look into the chamber of the souls of those that you meet, and you will not select one in a score who has less trouble than yourself. It is the lot of man to sorrow; and they only who suffer wrong—who do not fall before the blast of adversity—are in reality the happiest. Do not yield. Do not brood over your afflictions. The sooner you forget them and pass on, the happier you will be. To linger in the grave-yard will not bring back a departed friend. Figuring up your losses will not make them good. Indulgence in the feelings of hate and revenge will not bring peace and comfort to your heart.

Forget your losses, banish unkindness from the bosom, and anticipate a glorious meeting with your friends beyond the grave. Take things as they are. Cull the blossoms of life. See good in everything.—Then you will not deem your troubles unbearable, and look with a favorable eye on the pistol or the noose.

Prepare for Reverses.

A man knows not how soon he may be reversed. In its unceasing revolutions, the wheel of Providence may one day place him among the poor. How many at this moment are languishing in all the horrors of the most abject destitution, who were once rich in this world's goods, and whose lips dwelt in perpetual sweetness on the self-deluding promise—"To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant!" Remember the poor. In yonder gloomy prison is one who made good his idol. He forgot the needy in his prosperity, and appeals of the needy awoke no sympathy in his heart. He was not his brother's keeper, so he hoarded up his surplus lucre in his coffers, and permitted the dying and the destitute to meet their doom; but as he meted out to them, even so has it been meted out to him. Not a ray of affection cheers now the gloom of his prison walls. Left alone with the phantoms of the past, how agonizing his remorse! Remember the past, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, minister to the distressed, and their prayers and blessings may fall upon your head like rich incense, more desirable than gold or jewels.

THE USE OF BOOKS.—There never was wit at the bar so ready as Curran. Upon one occasion, where he had laid down some points which did not find favor in the eyes of the presiding judge—"If that be the law," said Lord Clare to Curran, "I may as well burn my books." "Better read them, my lord," said Curran.

The Family Altar—Its Influence upon the Young.

At no time does the family below present to my mind so faithful and striking a type of the family above, as when with one accord they have met in one place, to offer praise to the Father of mercies. True it is with this, as every illustration of life in that better country, much imperfection is mingled. A large share of our devotional exercises consist of confession of sin, and supplication for strength against the time of temptation; besides which, wandering thoughts and the fatigue of jaded spirits too often mar our worship, and render our solemn service vain. Yet, nevertheless, the family has been repeatedly used by God himself, as an emblem of his triumphant church; and scarcely could one have been selected which would appeal so forcibly, because so sweetly, to the hearts of all men, in all ages.

I have been led to these remarks, by reviewing some of the occurrences of a varied life, and contemplating the vast power the domestic altar retained over me in my youth, even when far removed from the place of its erection.

The residence of my father was inland, and remote from facilities for acquiring a commercial education. After mature reflection, my parents consented that I should follow the bent of my own inclination, and seek such advantages in a distant city.

The history of my first year was similar to that of many other ambitious youths.—I was acquiring a knowledge of men and manners, but the narration *now* is not material.

About this time a fit of sickness rendered it necessary for me to seek a maternal care, under whose blessed influence health soon returned. The day before I again left home to plunge more extensively than I had hitherto done into the whirl of business, I was sitting by my mother, and pouring into her willing ear some account of cares and annoyances. She heard me patiently, and when I had concluded my story, put her arm around my neck, and kissing my forehead said, "My son—my dear son, never think yourself forgotten by us. Your father mentions your name night and morning."

I understood this perfectly. From my earliest infancy I had heard fervent petitions offered at such times, for the temporarily absent one, and now I was going out into the world—perhaps never to return—the remembrance of this circumstance was a comfort to me. I knew the paths of youth were slippery, for I had seen sufficient of the world, even in a year, to be well aware of the fact, and in some degree realized the privilege of being so remembered.

Years rolled on—business nearly engrossed the whole of my secular time, but I never forgot my mother's impressive speech. Occasionally anxiety would prevent me for offering the merest form of prayer myself—then I would think of my father's earnest petition, offered for me that morning and in strength granted, in answer to it, rise beside the trial, if not immediately victorious over it. Sometimes pleasure would lure, by her siren voice, to a participation in unwholy amusements, but the charm was powerless when I thought of my father's prayer.

I have been young and now am old yet those words still ring in my ears and influence my conduct. The lips which then supplicated for me have exchanged supplications for everlasting praises; yet in times of sorrow or perplexity, I feel my mother's lips on my fevered brow, and her words are cordial to my heart. In time of joy and prosperity I remember them, and they act as a moderating agency to the sanguine restlessness of ambition.

Parents! throw around the hearts of your children a similar indestructible chain. At the family altar, teach them, by suitable petitions, that you sympathize with them, in their feeble attempts to do right; let confession be made for family sins, and grateful praise returned for family mercies; then may you hope for a reunion of your families in a better country, even heavenly.

Now—"Now" is the constant syllable tickling from the clock of time. "Now" is the watch-word of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then" I will do it. No! this will never answer, "Now" is ours "then" may never be.

When the immortal Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his hand-writing he said, "When God hath brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Effects of Night Air.

An error which exerts a most pernicious influence is the belief that the night air is injurious. This opinion hinders the introduction of ventilation more than all other errors together. Now, there is not a particle of proof, nor have we any reason whatever to believe, that the atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen undergoes change during the night. But there are certain causes in operation at night which are known to exercise over us an injurious influence. We will investigate them to see if closed doors and windows will shut them out or stop their operation. First, it is known that there is a slight increase of carbonic acid from plants during the night; but this poison is generated in much larger quantity from the lungs of animals, and accumulates immensely more in close rooms than in the open air. It is therefore certain that nothing is gained in this respect by refusing ventilation. The next difference between night and day, to be noticed, is the fact that sunlight exercises a most important influence on plants and also on animals; but it is evident that shutting out fresh air will not restore his rays.

Another fact is, that all bodies, animate or inanimate, exposed at night to the direct rays of a clear sky, radiate heat with great rapidity, and their temperature is quickly and greatly reduced; and it is well known that it is dangerous to the health of men for the temperature of their bodies to be greatly and rapidly reduced. But persons sleeping in a ventilated room, even if the windows are open, are not exposed to the direct rays of a clear sky, (and the law does not apply to any other combination of circumstances;) therefore, this frequent source of injury to persons exposed, does not reach those in a sheltered house. As to the injury to be feared from a cold current of air, I would observe that it is gross carelessness for any one to expose himself to this danger, night or day, whether the house is ventilated or unventilated. I believe there is not known any other cause which can be supposed to produce any special injurious effect at night, and the least reflection will show that not any one of those mentioned can by any possibility injure a person more in a ventilated than an unventilated house. It therefore follows that the objection of the night air being injurious is utterly futile.

The pure atmosphere has nothing whatever to do with causing the death of persons exposed at night within the tropics; nor does it produce the cough of the consumptive and asthmatic, nor the languor and misery which the sick so frequently experience.

These and other sufferings experienced, more particularly at night, are caused by carbonic acid, absence of sunlight, rapid reduction of temperature, the air being saturated with moisture, &c., and not by that air, without which we cannot live three minutes. It is absurd to suppose that fresh air supports our life and destroys our health at one and the same time. The same thing cannot possess the utterly incompatible character of good and evil, of supporting life and destroyed it.—*Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine.*

Much Wisdom in Little.

In Hunt's Merchants' Magazine we find a great deal of practical good sense, but the following advice to young men is particularly excellent:—

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else.—Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.—Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.—Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

FOR CRAMP IN THE STOMACH.—Warm water sweetened with molasses or brown sugar and taken freely, will in many cases remove the cramp in the stomach, when opium and other remedies have failed.

American Statesmen's Wives.

MRS. MADISON, MRS. HAMILTON, MRS. CLAY.

A lady who has spent her life in Washington, could write a most attractive history of men and events. Mrs. Madison survived her husband many years, and to the last retained the freshness and vivacity of her mind. In her old age, it was gratifying to see how she was waited upon by high and by low. Successive Presidents made her a sort of household divinity, and attended upon her wants. She was one of the links that united the dead past with the living present; a sort of contrast between the customs and the opinions of another age, and the advancing impetuosity of our own. She died two or three years ago.

The widow of the polished and powerful Alexander Hamilton is still alive. I saw her at the last President's levee, looking remarkably venerable and well—an object of profound and respectful interest to all. In the crowd of beauty, ambition, and youth, by which she was surrounded, she seemed to be, as it were—indeed she was—the type of another era living among her own posterity. Her husband was the confidante and companion of Washington, of the elder Adams, and of the great men who stood on the threshold of the nineteenth century, and saw that Government launched into being which in fifty years has become the political marvel of the world.—She knew these mighty intellects, and doubtless, in her own day, bloomed among the loveliest of the social circle. She has seen them retire, one by one, from the busy stage of affairs; their high resolves, their god-like aspirations, their bright hopes, their fears, their rivalries and their enmities,—all quenched in the impenetrable "gloom of the grave." Her own great loss—the sad, the sudden, the world-regretted death of the brave, eloquent and learned Hamilton—was the master-sorrow of her career; and she seems to have been spared to experience the wholesome truth how keenly a great nation can cherish the memory of its devoted sons. It is no longer a party that reveres the example of Hamilton; his great abilities have left their impress upon the nation; and if some of his opinions have been tested and discarded, many more have been proved and adopted. Mrs. Hamilton is now ninety-five years of age.

Do you know that Mrs. Clay has never visited Washington? Her domestic character seems to have been formed for the quiet shades of Ashland; and though her woman's heart beat high when she saw "young Harry with his beaver on," in the midst of the greatest events that have made his name immortal, yet, by her, blessings of home and of fireside were to be preferred. Now that the statesman is wasting away, her presence would doubtless alleviate his sufferings and prepare him for his final reckoning. But now she is too old to come. She could not bear the toilsome journey from Lexington and she remains as it were a watcher for the fatal news. A few days ago, she sent a bouquet of flowers, but when they reached here they were faded—a melancholy evidence that both the giver and the receiver were fast hastening to that bourne whence no traveller returns. The old man eloquent held it to his lips for a few seconds, and said, with a mournful pathos, "the perfume is almost gone!"—But not so with his fame. That will live forever green in the memory of man. His physical frame will decay, but his great history will never be forgotten. Of him and of his place, in the regard of men, in the dim future, it may well be said: "You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Characteristics of Great Men.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant.
 Dante was either taciturn or satirical.
 Butler was sullen or biting.
 Gray seldom talked or smiled.
 Hogarth and Swift were very absent minded in company.
 Milton was unsociable, and even irritable when pressed into conversation.
 Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse.
 Virgil was heavy in conversation.
 La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen, but then he was the model of poetry.
 Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation.
 Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved.
 Descartes was silent in mixed company.
 Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.
 Ben Johnston used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors.
 Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism.

Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence.

Junius was so modest that he could scarcely speak upon the most common subject without a suffusion of blushes.

Fox in conversation never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible.

Dr. Bently was loquacious.
 Grotius was talkative.
 Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation.

Curran was a convivial deity; he soared into every region and was at home in all.

Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water.

Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt of it.

Coleridge, in conversation, was full of acuteness and originality.

Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of Hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation.

Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.

Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well stored memory.

Affecting Anecdote.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent, stand two large brazen images of father and son; who obtained this distinguished rank of the admiration of their fellow citizens, by the following incidents:

Both father and son were, for some offence against the State, condemned to die. Some favorable circumstances appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his share of the sentence, under certain provisions: in short he was offered a pardon on the most cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered into the mind of even monkish barbarity; namely, that he would become the executioner of his father! He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for I hope there are few sons, who would not have spurned, with abhorrence, life sustained on a condition so horrible and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him, that at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation to him in his last moments, to think, that in his death, he was the instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty; he lifted the axe—but as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all one after another, rather than again conceive, much less perpetrate such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dearer interest of filial affection—he fell upon his father's neck and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! my father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfill the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended, and on a simple representation of the transaction, both were pardoned, high rewards and honors were conferred on the son; and finally those two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature, and transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of letting fall the axe.

Fitz Henry Warren, first Assis. Postmaster General, has tendered his resignation, to take effect immediately, or at any time before the first of July. It is understood that the resignation has arisen from Mr. Warren's avowed preference for General Scott as the Whig nominee for President, which the Postmaster General said it was unbecoming in the head of a bureau to express.

An editor down east says that butter is as scarce as piety, and a good deal dearer.

"PLEASE EXCHANGE," as the typo said when he offered his heart to a beautiful girl. Lock it up in your farm, and I will," was the reply.

PLENTY—marriageable girls, in town.

AGRICULTURAL.

Birds—The Farmer's Friends.

Some farmers look upon the birds as enemies and treat them as such, destroying them by every means in their power. This barbarous practice, however, has been giving way for several years to a more liberal and enlightened course of treatment, to the mutual advantage of both farmers and birds. 'Tis true that some birds are troublesome and annoying to the farmer, but to balance that he does him a great deal more good than he gives them credit for. When we consider the enormous number of grubs and insects devoured by them which, if not thus destroyed, would prey upon our fruits, plants and other crops, we should rather extend to them our friendship, and with a liberal hand strew grains of encouragement in their way.

Boxes and other accommodations should be prepared for them in the garden, orchard and fields; this should be done at once. As they are now about building their nests, and will settle with those who hold out to them the greatest inducements to locate. Caution the children both big and little, against disturbing their nests, or otherwise annoying them.

Besides their service in the destruction of insects, &c., they are beautiful to look upon. The varied hue of their plumage, their agile and graceful movements give to the spectator a thrill of pleasing sensation that cannot be measured by dollars and cents. Then, too, their music! Listen to it on a bright May morning as you emerge from your chamber; while the sunlight from the east is producing rainbow tints on the dew drops of your shrubbery. How exhilarating! We are aware that long familiarity with these things lessen their value, apparently; their real value, however, remains the same.

Farms.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his stern endurance has passed into a proverb.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the Muse found him at his plough, and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station, to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and presents to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

To these names may be added a host of others, who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette; the steadfast Pickering; the scholastic Jefferson; the fiery Randolph, all found an El Dorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.

Planting Fruit Trees.

The Spaniards have a maxim, that a man is ungrateful to the past generation that planted the trees from which he eats fruit, and deals unjustly towards the next generation, unless he plants the seed that it may furnish food for those who come after him. Thus when a son of Spain eats a peach or pear by the road side, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and sows the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the road sides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste and is ever free.

Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the very wanderer will be blessed, and will bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.—*[Home Circle.]*

BUSHING TOMATOES.—Those who love good tomatoes, will take pains to cultivate them so as to insure them as near as may be in their full perfection. There is no other fruit that delights more in air and sunshine than the tomato. They should have, therefore, abundance of room, and vines be sustained from falling to the earth. Stout brush firmly set around the plants, answers the purpose better than any other method. The branches have room to extend themselves as they like, while the limbs of the brush keep them in their positions. By this method the fruit is more fully exposed to the genial influences of the air and sunshine; whereby it attains a more delicious flavor, larger size, and comes quicker to maturity.