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Poetical.

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

BY H. W. SMITH.

We have seen them by the forest shade,
 And by the sun-lit streams;
 In childhood's wake, in manhood's years,
 They are mingled in our dreams;
 And oft they win our memory back
 To some forgotten thing,
 To seek the joy our childhood found
 Among the flowers of spring.

But ah! they win us back in vain;
 No after spring renews
 That gift of vanished sunlight which
 Our souls so early lose:
 The sunlit stream may murmur on,
 The birds may gayly sing,
 But friends we loved have passed away
 Among the flowers of spring.

Yet fair and fragrant to the day
 Each bright-eyed flow'ret opens;
 They are not withered like our hearts,
 Nor blighted like our hopes;
 And then each golden dream of youth
 Its long-lost light will bring—
 And all is bright, and all is hope,
 Among the flowers of spring.
 Huntingdon, March, 1852.

Family Circle.

Waking Up in the Morning.

When John waked up, there was only a streak of sunshine on the wall; he watched it as it kept growing bigger and bigger, until it spread almost to the size of the window. "The sun never gets tired of rising," thought he; "it is a good sun." Then he heard a robin sing. "The robin is up early," turning his eyes to the window, he sings very briskly. "What makes him sing so, dear little robin?" Next he thought what a nice little bed he was in, and how white the coverlet looked. Then he caught sight of his new jacket hanging on a peg in the corner: "That is certainly a grand new jacket—and there is my own comb and brush," glancing at the table; "what a sweet little brush that is!" He lay and thought, looking first at one thing and then another. "What a pleasant home have I got," said John almost aloud; and father and mother, how real good they are!"

He thought and thought, until his spirit grew very tender. "And who made the sun and the robin, and my parents, and all the things?" This question somehow or other forced itself very powerfully on his mind; "Yes, who really did?" It seemed as if John never saw so much of God in every thing before. He saw God all around giving him things. Then his thoughts turned to the Bible account of this great and good Being, and how it said that He also "gave his son to die for us." "And that's because we broke his holy laws," said John to himself. He wondered how that could be, seeing God was so good; and yet he saw, as he had never seen before, that he had not minded whether he obeyed God or not. "I am sure I have been very wicked and ungrateful, very," thought John; "and yet God did not cast me off, but sent Jesus Christ to wash my sins away and make me what I ought to be. Only think what a God the great God is!" And he felt so sorry and so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he wiped them away with his night-gown sleeve.

Soon John got up and kneeling down, bowed his head. He had often said his prayers; but it was different.—God seemed very, very near, all around him, and he felt afraid. He thought of his sins, of his unthankfulness and neglect of God's commands. He hardly knew which way to turn. Then Jesus seemed to say, "I am the way," and the child tried from the depth of his heart to pray, "For Christ's sake, forgive my sins."—And then, as a sense of God's mercy in giving his Son to die came over him, he felt thankful as he had never done before, and resolved that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, he would trust in Christ and love and serve him.

Even the malignancy of man is rendered subservient to the general and ultimate end of divine providence, which is to bring all animated beings to happiness. No one need despair of being happy.

The Infidelity of Literature.

"It is not from the fictitious of the French novelists, or of their Anglo-Saxon imitators—it is not from the writings of Paul de Kock, reeking as they do with pollution—it is not from the scarcely less vicious pages of Sue, or the vile books of Reynolds and his degraded school, that the greatest danger to the cause of Christianity is to be apprehended. The blow with which these writers menace its holy institutions and its sacred principles, is too apparent to be disregarded, and is rendered mostly inoperative by its plainness of purpose. The conservatism of this enlightened age and country, is too politic, to suffer the beneficent institution of Christianity to be ruthlessly assailed, and incontinently destroyed by its avowed enemies. Society is too vitally interested in the existence and perpetuity of the Christian religion to allow of its subversion by open hostility. The danger to be apprehended to the religion of the Bible from modern Literature, is to be sought for in a less ostensible, but vastly more dangerous and deadly hostility. It is to be sought for, and it will invariably be found,—coiled like the serpent in a bed of flowers,—wrapped up in the fair seeming blossoms which adorn the cultivated gardens of polite Literature, which in every form, the poem, the essay, the tale, the lecture—has been subsidized to sap the foundations and overthrow the fair fabric of Evangelical Religion, and to erect upon its ruins the "whited sepulchres" of a gross and sensuous materialism.

So extensively is this spirit of refined infidelity interwoven in the popular writings of the age, that we take up a new book with the instinctive apprehension of finding in its pages, some more or less covert attack, either upon the citadel of Christian Faith, or upon some of its important outposts. We have not time or space to review, in detail, the grounds of this lamentable conclusion. We wish rather to call the attention of every Christian reader to the dangers that threaten his holy faith. The intellect of man is ingeniously arraying itself against the revelation of God. In its pride, it claims for human nature, such relationship to Deity, that, by a natural sequence, and independently of a Divine atonement, a perfect union must result between them. It asserts that Nature is the true Revelation. It affects to despise a system of faith, based upon a record, the letter of which is perpetually challenged by new facts, and new hypotheses in Science—forgetting or disregarding the truth, that no scientific hypothesis has ever yet stood the test of time, without shedding fresh lustre on the divine inspiration of the Bible. It claims that man is his own Redeemer—competent to raise himself, by the instrumentalities of his social and intellectual powers, to a companionship with God, seeking thus to extinguish and blot out, by its impious hand, the whole doctrine of a Divine Salvation. These and other kindred aims, animate and inspire much of the modern literature, which emanates from high sources; and is scattered broadcast over the land, under the specious disguise of "enlightened speculation," or "earnest inquiry;" thus taking honest, but simple minds unawares, and plunging them into the dark and cheerless depths of a Godless Rationalism, or a Christless Infidelity.

We plead not for creed or sect, but we reverence the religion of the Bible, with a love that is outraged by the materialistic tendencies of modern literature; and pallid be our hand when it is slow to take up the pen to denounce what eloquent reformers call the "New Theology"—but what we, and every honest heart, must pronounce the *New Infidelity*—of the times." [Exchange.]

Communication.

[For the Journal.]

The commandment which enjoins parental reverence may be justly regarded as the most important of the Decalogue; for obedience to parents is not merely the first social duty which devolves upon man; but the first of all duties—even before obedience to heaven.

The infant mind can comprehend the claim of parental authority as a visible power, at an earlier period than it can recognize those of the invisible, Divine Majesty; and in rendering homage to the requirements of the former, it is prepared for submitting its faculties to the guidance of the latter. The parent on earth is, to the dawning intellect of the child, the tangible, comprehensible representative of the Father in heaven. Hence the importance of the early inculcation, and the proper discharge of this duty—the first we owe to man—the first to lead our minds by necessary gradation and association to the love and obedience of God. If these first duties of life be properly observed, the soul will be strengthened in virtue, and better prepared to discharge aright those which are to follow. But alas! if the child cast aside the allegiance he owes to his parents, tramples alike on the holier instincts of nature and the law of God, who shall hope

that his after course will be in obedience to the teachings of heaven, of virtue, or of honor? If the stream be thus poisoned at its source what power shall purify its waters in their devious meanderings?

We do not mean to say, that children habitually allowed a licence for filial disobedience and irreverence, must, inevitably, in all cases, make bad men and women, contentious neighbors, or law-despising citizens. No doubt this evil, like every other, is often over-ruled by a wise and merciful Providence who maketh even "the wrath of man to praise him." But we do assert that the spirit of youthful rowdiness and contempt of public opinion; the early habits of idleness and profligacy; the passion for debasing pleasures and vicious indulgences; the unnatural indifference to home duties and endearments; the unblushing desecration of God's day of holy rest, his temple, and its exercises; together with all the kindred vices that mark the moral degeneracy of many portions of our nominally Christian land and nation—are almost entirely the legitimate fruit of a laxity of parental government, a weak, misguided, if not criminal indulgence in the nursery, which draws out the latent germs of insubordination inherent in our nature, and forces them into precocious and fearful development. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is as true now as when first recorded by the pen of inspiration. Were this truth seriously pondered, this injunction fully obeyed, it would do more to perpetuate our free institutions than all the cunningly framed platforms of politicians, or the importunate prayers of the Church. Let parents, and patriots, and especially Christians think on these things. IRIS.

Huntingdon, June, 1852.

The Boy and the Brick—A Fable.

A boy hearing his father say, "twas a poor rule that did not work both ways," said "if father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play."

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, each brick knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. I will see if rising one will rise all the rest.

He looked in vain to see them rise. "Here father," said the boy, "tis a poor rule 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"Father said the boy, "does the first brick represent or resemble Adam?"

The father replied in the following, MORAL.

"When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them. But my son this is contrary to that Heavenly Charity which we ought all to possess, and never let it be so with you."

Miscellaneous.

March of Improvement—Verses for the Year 1850.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
 I want to take a drive,
 I only want to go to Rome,
 And shall be back by five.
 Tell Cook to dress those humming birds
 I shot in Mexico;
 They've now been killed at least two days,
 They'll soon be on a pea-haut.
 And Tom, take you the gold-leaf wings,
 And start for Spain at three;
 I want some Seville oranges
 'Twixt dinner time and tea.
 Fly round by France, and bring a new
 Perpetual-motion gun;
 To-morrow, with some friends, I go
 A hunting in the sun.
 The trip I took the other day,
 To breakfast in the moon,
 Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellair,
 He spoiled my new balloon;
 For steering through the milky way,
 He ran against a star,
 And turning round again too soon,
 Came jolt against my car.
 But, Tom, you get the car repaired,
 And then let Dan and Dick
 Inflate with ten square miles of gas,
 I mean to travel quick.
 My steam is surely up by now,
 Pat the high-pressure on;
 Give me the breath-bag for the way—
 All right—hey—whiz—P'n gone!

QUESTION FOR DEBATE.—If the milky way was composed of real cream, how many cheeses would it make at 8 cents a pound.

Presence of Mind.

Very much has been written with regard to this important trait of character, yet adults, as well as children, are continually, in every dangerous emergency, found lamentably deficient. Accidents causing death and destruction of property, will ever occur; therefore in calm and tranquil moments we should fortify ourselves for the hour of danger. The story of "John Raynor" impressed on the mind, possibly might have restored to life many children apparently drowned. It was in the infancy of this Periodical that the account was given, and a host of our present readers were not then its patrons, therefore I hope to be pardoned for giving a transcript for publication; especially as it cannot fail to interest our juvenile friends.

"It was during the summer holidays of 1800," said Mr. Bowers, "I had a young friend staying with me and my younger brother Edward. His name was John Raynor, and how he came by so much information as he seemed to have, I do not remember that we troubled ourselves to inquire; but my father who liked John exceedingly, said it was from his constant habit of observation. He was then fourteen, only two years older than myself.—One evening, during the absence of my parents, we occupied ourselves with assisting our old gardener. The garden sloped down to a broad river which joined the sea at a few miles distance. I was not so busy but I looked up every now and then to watch the beautiful sun-set that sparkled on the water, or the passage boats and country barges that glided by at intervals. Suddenly I observed, at a small distance, something floating on the water.

"It is the body of a boy!" said John, and in a moment flung off his jacket and threw himself into the water. Fortunately he was a good swimmer, and his courage never left him. He swam with all his strength towards the floating body, and seizing with one hand the hair, with the other he directed his course back to the shore. We watched eagerly, and the moment he came within reach assisted him in laying the body on a grass-plot. My brother Edward recognised him as the son of a washerwoman, exclaiming, as he burst into tears,

"Poor woman," she will never see her boy again!" John replied, in a hurried tone,

"She may if we lose no time, and use the right means to recover him. Edward, run quickly for a doctor, and as you pass the kitchen, tell Susan to have a bed warmed."

"We had better hold him up by the heels," said the gardener, "to let the water run out of his mouth."

"No, no, no," exclaimed John; "by so doing we shall kill him, if he is not already dead; we must handle him as gently as possible."

"When the body had been carried into the house, the gardener urged John to place the body near the kitchen fire; but after a little persuasion they yielded to John's entreaty, and the body was rubbed dry and placed on his right side between hot blankets, on a mattress. The head was bound with flannel and placed high on pillows; four bottles were filled with hot water, wrapped in flannels, and placed at the arm-pits and feet, while the body was constantly rubbed with hot flannels.—John then took the bellows, and having blown out all the dust, directed me to close the mouth and one nostril, while he by blowing in at the other filled the chest with air; he then laid aside the bellows, and pressed the chest upwards to force the air out; this was done from twenty to thirty times in a minute, to imitate natural breathing. All this time the windows and doors were left wide open. Edward at length returned without the doctor, he was absent from home. The use of friction with warm flannel, and artificial breathing continued for one hour and a half, and no signs of life appeared. John continued his efforts. Another half hour passed, and to the inexpressible delight of us all, the boy opened his eyes and uttered a faint sigh."

What a good thing it was for the mother of this poor boy that John Raynor once read, on a framed printed paper, "Rules of the Hitnaue Society for recovering persons apparently drowned." Better still, that he had taken pains to remember them. Every item that we can glean, calculated to benefit the distressed, should be treasured in memory's garner for the hour of need.—*Mothers Journal and Family Visitant.*

He that would do good to others without practising self-denial, does but dream—the way of philanthropy is ever up hill, and not infrequently over rugged rocks and through thorny paths.

In one of his letters from St. Thomas, Mr. Willis says they have cockroaches there that have pretensions to be lobsters, and spiders, on which one might fry a beefsteak, mistaking it for a griddle.

A Story with a Moral.

Mr. Jones, was one of those remarkable money making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind he was frequently interrogated on the subject, invariably gave as the secret of his success that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Jones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foning waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitation.

"Mr. Jones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Jones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured to reply,

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no use to anybody, but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account—makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along.—That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out, and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off.—What's the reason? They want a dam.—Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you'll soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"—*Trenton true American.*

Fruits of Early Rising.

The preface to the last volume of Rev. Mr. Barnes' "Notes" which has just appeared, mentions a fact which is worthy of being remembered by those who are accustomed to excuse themselves from the performance of any great and useful work for the "want of time." Dr. Barnes has published in all sixteen volumes of biblical "Notes," during the composition of which he had charge of a large congregation in Philadelphia; and yet he has not suffered his authorial labors to infringe upon the duties of the pastoral office. These sixteen volumes, he informs us, "have all been written before nine o'clock in the morning, and are the fruits of the habit of rising between four and five o'clock."

From the first he has made it an invariable rule to cease writing at precisely nine o'clock; and now he finds his formidable task accomplished, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been permitted to send forth more than 250,000 pages of commentary on the New Testament, and that probably a great number has been accomplished abroad. All this has been accomplished in hours which the majority of men spend in bed, in idle listlessness, or in getting ready for the labors of the day.—*New England Farmer.*

Anecdote of William Wirt of Va.

In the early career of Mr. Wirt he was addicted to intemperate habits, and was, as every friend supposed, a very hopeless irreclaimable man. He was abandoned by almost every friend, and was so reduced that his presence was objectionable in the meanest establishment where rum was sold. On one occasion he had become so grossly intoxicated that he fell upon the floor of a rum hole insensible. The proprietor very coolly dragged him out of the place and laid him in full length on the edge of the sidewalk. It was in the city of Richmond, Va. The day was excessively warm, and the rays of the sun fell exactly upon the inebriate, who was totally unconscious of his situation. A young lady was passing the spot, and on noticing the exposed features of Mr. Wirt, stopped, spread her handkerchief over his face and passed on. When he became partially sensible of his situation, a few hours afterward, he discovered the handkerchief and the initials upon it made him aware to whom it belonged. That kind act made a reformed man, for he found that there was one living being that was interested in his fate. In after years, when Mr. Wirt had risen to an eminent position and was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, we met him and his gifted lady (the identical young woman who managed the handkerchief business when Mr. Wirt was in the "grog" trade.) She never regretted her choice and Mr. Wirt never drank more.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

Health is getting to be vulgar, and is confined principally to the servant girls.

ADVICE TO A LAWYER.—The following is the advice of an examining judge to a lawyer on admission:

"Sir, it would be idle to trouble you further. You are perfect, and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice which you will do well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out the principle, and you are safe. Never say boo to a goose when she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long and your bills longer. Never put your hand in your pocket when any one else's is handy.—Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Please the judge and butter the jury. Look wiser than an owl, and be as ocular as an hour clock, and above all, get money. I welcome you to the bar."

The real Christian.

The real Christian is the only prudent man. He has laid up in store for the winter of the grave. He looks through the future, and provides for it all. He sees the evils that are before him, and from all of them hides himself in Christ. He is prepared to die, to be judged, and to be glorified. The presence of Christ upon him at the judgment, and the spirit of Christ is sanctifying him for glory. He may have no treasure on earth; and no matter if he has or not, he is only passing rapidly over it—and if he had, he could not take it with him: but in Heaven, his home, he has a treasure; it is where he is to be—where he will want it—where he can use it. This is the prudent man; mark him. Imitate him.

A VALUABLE BANK BILL.—What would be the sensation of an individual accustomed to handling one dollar relief notes, to receive a bank bill for one million sterling? The Bank of England, it appears, issued four notes of that denomination, and after these four were engraved, the plates were destroyed. Of these impressions the Rothschild have one, the late Mr. Cuotts had another, the Bank of England, the third, and Mr Samuel Rodgers, the poet and banker, now decorates his parlor with the fourth, suspended in a gold frame.

ASTONISHING LUCK.—The New York *Day Book* tells the following singular story of luck in a lottery:

A man somewhat given to superstition, dreamed on Saturday night that he saw an omnibus up Greenwich street, containing 4 passengers, and drawn by six horses, each animal having six legs. Upon walking out of bed, he made a note of the figures 4, 6, 36. On Monday he spent several hours searching after a lottery ticket, with the numbers 4, 6, 36, upon it. Finding one at last, he paid \$20 for it, 12 per cent off. On Tuesday, strange to relate, the ticket drew—a blank.

GOOD ADVICE.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping over the thorns and briars that obstruct the way, than to set down under every hedge lamenting our hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out longer than that of a man's who is constantly sad and disponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary—but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to seek the remedy.

A DELICACY FOR THE TABLE.—Asparagus is just now in its perfection, and the following receipt to prepare it for the table, with baked eggs, is seasonable.—Cut twenty heads of asparagus into small pieces, boil them fifteen minutes, put them into a stew-pan with half an ounce of butter, set them on the fire for three minutes, season with a little pepper, salt and sugar: when done, put them in the dish you wish to serve them in, break six eggs carefully over, sprinkle salt and pepper over, and put the dish in the oven till the eggs are set.

LORD BYRON ON CLEAN HANDS.—In an amusing letter to a friend at Paris, in 1817, his lordship said: "I am no great phrenologist, Pauline, nor do I pretend to read mankind as quickly as yourself: but if a stranger comes in, I generally look at the state of his hands. To a gentleman dirty hands are an abomination—that settles one point. A respectable man never presents himself with dirty hands and full nails: so if I find my customer with these credentials I conclude that he is an idler, a drunkard, or a scamp, and I show him out as soon as possible."

Excess of ceremony shows want of good breeding; that civility is better, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Wherever you find newspapers, there you will find intelligence.