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### Poetical.

#### MAN.

##### Mind—Heart—Soul.

The human MIND—that lofty thing!  
 The palace and the throne,  
 Where reason sits a sceptered king  
 And breathes his judgment tone.  
 Oh! who with silent step shall trace  
 The borders of that haunted place,  
 Nor in his weakness own  
 That mystery and marvel bind  
 That lofty thing—the human Mind!

The human HEART—that restless thing!  
 The tempted and the tried;  
 The joyous, yet the suffering—  
 The source of pain and pride;  
 The gorgeous throng—the desolate,  
 The seat of love—the urn of hate—  
 Self-strung, self-defied;  
 Yet do we bless thee as thou art,  
 Thou restless thing—the human Heart!

The human SOUL—that startling thing!  
 Mysterious and sublime!  
 The angel sleeping on the wing  
 Worn by the scuffs of time—  
 The beautiful, the veiled the bound,  
 The cartl-on-slaved, the glory-crown'd,  
 The stricken in its prime!  
 From heaven, in tears, to earth it stole,  
 That startling thing—the human Soul!

And this is MAN—Oh! ask of him,  
 The gifted and forgiven—  
 While o'er his vision, drear and dim,  
 The wrecks of time are driven;  
 If pride and passion in their power,  
 Can chain the tide or charm the hour,  
 Or stand in place of heaven?—  
 He bends the brow, he bows the knee—  
 "Creator, Father! none but thee!"

### COMMUNICATION.

**FRIEND HALL.**—Ever since I read the announcement of your proposed change of business, my mind has been constantly reverting to by-gone days, calling up old thoughts and sentiments, which during my happy school days, I so frequently indulged with you. On the most prominent of these I have ventured to dot down a few remarks, which, if not deemed *entirely* unworthy the subject, you will please insert in the "Journal."

For the *Huntingdon Journal*.

#### The Teachers' Profession.

Assuming (what I suppose none of my readers will seriously deny) that the business of teaching is a profession, my remarks will be confined principally to the inquiries, What is a profession?—and what are the nature, the duties, the rights and privileges of the Teachers' Profession?

We instinctively classify men according to their occupation—their peculiar business in life—and are quite ready to recognize that classification which antiquity adopted, and which time has perpetuated. This division gives us two general classes—the professional and non-professional. The professional class includes those objects of human pursuit which have a direct relation and reference to man, as man; while the other class has reference to things only, or to man so remotely as to be, in some measure, undistinguished from things.

The various pursuits comprised under these two general divisions are all unconsciously weighed in the balance of our own estimation. In that balance, whether well or ill adjusted, we not only graduate the man according to his occupation, but ultimately give to any occupation, the character of the men by whom it is sustained.

Hence we find the tradesman so ready to complain that the common judgment of public sentiment regards his calling less honorable than many others; and hence, too would he often feel disposed to abandon his occupation, could he not point us to a Franklin, a Sherman, and a host of other worthies whose illustrious names have dignified labor and adorned the mechanic's shop.

The agriculturist has not until quite lately, manifested much professional pride, regarding his occupation as one of simple necessity, or at best, of necessity and profit combined. But recently his views of his business have undergone great and important modifications. The accident of agricultural associations has waked up the long dormant energies of the farmer; he is now beginning to find that not only is his calling highly honorable in itself, but that the world's awakened wisdom is awarding it due honor.

The man of commerce has always claimed a high rank among his fellow men, and has prosecuted that claim with various success. Generally, however, the merchant has secured the homage of mankind—at least that kind of homage which wealth commands—an homage in my humble opinion, about as devoted as any bestowed by the world. It must be observed, however, that these classes of men, engaged in these several objects of pursuit, though justly valued for their contributions to the comfort, convenience and luxury of man—still have *gain* for their motive, whilst their province is in *things*. An engine is constructed—a house is built—a garment is made—wheat is raised—the produce and manufactures of foreign climes are imported—those of our own are exchanged—tea and coffee are weighed out—tape and broad cloth are measured—but all these constitute a catalogue of *mere things*. True, these things and the avocations which produce them are of vast importance; and it is a fortunate circumstance for the welfare of all, that the *love of gain* has such power over the minds of men as to make these various occupations tolerable and pleasant.—But still, let it never be forgotten that these occupations, however useful, respectable and profitable—are exercised on something lower than man—on things—senseless, inanimate things.

"The learned professions" is a term of no equivocal application. They have reference to man as man, and have commonly been reckoned three, Law, Medicine, and Theology. The several sounding titles, "Doctor," "Esquire," and "Reverend," though bestowed on many a brainless dolt, have generally commanded the veneration of the world, because the professions which they indicate are esteemed honorable—honorable because noble and worthy men have graced them, and because their province, end, and aims are honorable.

I have intimated that the learned professions are more ennobling than agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Why is this? Simply and very justly because the *material* on which they operate are more noble. Their province is man—not things—not soils, nor minerals, nor merchandise—but sentiment, intellectual, rational, immortal man. Man is, as we have seen, *triumph*—made up of body, mind, and soul. Let us occupy a moment in distributing his several natures among the several professions.

That man's physical nature has been submitted to the care of the medical profession, will not be disputed. Nor can there be any question that on the profession of theology rests the responsibility of cultivating his moral nature. This leaves his intellectual nature unappropriated; and as the law profession has its claims yet unsatisfied, it would seem quite accommodating, if not a matter of obvious inference, that the law should be honored (or burdened, if you please) with the high office of guiding to maturity, the *intellect* of man. But the common consent of mankind rejects the usurpation, and, however little the *profession itself* may be respected, the teacher's *claims* to it are universally acknowledged. To him the world accords the responsibility of training man's intellectual faculties; of preparing him for usefulness, respectability and happiness.

Now if I am correct in saying that the learned professions have man for their sphere of action, and that man is physical, intellectual and moral, then, surely, do the physician, the teacher, and the preacher encompass and exhaust the professional.—And of these the teachers' profession is neither *last* nor *least*. Could it be judged by a just standard of comparison, it would be found in point of importance and real dignity, second to none but theology alone; and considering the intimate connection between man's intellectual and moral natures, considering that man must be civilized and enlightened before he can be fully Christianized, it must be obvious to every mind not blunted by the power of prejudice, that the secular teacher is *almost*, if not quite as indispensable to the well being of man as is the religious teacher himself. "Science" is said to be "the hand-maid of religion." Is this saying true? Then, surely, there can be nothing wrong or irreverent, arrogant or presuming in claiming for the teacher some degree of that consideration, which is so cheerfully awarded to the theologian, in estimating the labors of the pedagogue, at least next in importance to those of the parson.

The teachers' calling is noble, and he should have ennobling views of it, He should honor it, and it should honor him. It is noble in its nature, its province and its aims.

It is noble in its *nature*—education elevates. There is in it nothing degrading, grovelling or debasing.

It is noble in its *province*, which is man, the most exalted of earth's creatures, man made in the image of God, allowed a communion with him in this life, and destined to an immortality of bliss with him beyond the grave.

It is noble in its *aims*. Its object is to

enlighten, refine and elevate. A school is a nation in embryo, and the type, as well as the monarch of that nation, is the teacher; who at the sacrifice of time and repose, of health and consideration in society—toils without sympathy for the improvement of his kind—the advancement of his race in knowledge, virtue, and happiness. The brute creation, God himself has educated. Man, a nobler animal, God has left for man to educate. From the ranks of the million the teachers are selected to bear the mighty responsibilities and unmitigated toils of this high office.

It is a rule of general application, that privileges should be commensurate with responsibilities, that power should equal obligations. In all pursuits and professions, except the teachers', this rule is recognized and observed. Thus the medical profession is duly encircled by the protecting arm of the law, which shields it from the degrading association with quacks, who would court honors and emoluments for which they have not labored and of which they are not worthy.

The law profession is protected by the law which it expounds. The clergy, too, have regulations by which the proper dignity of their profession is placed completely in their own power.

All these professions as such, determine the qualifications of candidates for membership, and exclude, at pleasure, the incompetent or unworthy. The teachers' profession alone constitutes an exception.

A tavern-keeper, a cobbler or a tailor is not expected to licence a doctor, a lawyer, or a minister. But the cobbler, or car-man, the horse jockey, or loafer; may make a teacher, and may tell him when he is made, who shall be his professional brethren—may call a dough-head or a simpleton a teacher, and class him with the profession; while he may, at the same time decide with all due gravity, that a more worthy candidate, for reasons not necessary to mention, is not entitled to a certificate of competence. From this arbitrary decision the powerless teacher has to appeal.

These are some of the evils peculiar to the teachers' profession. They are evils of no ordinary magnitude. They should be abolished. The best interests of the people demand their abolition. The remedy is simple and obvious. Let it be speedily applied. Let the profession be allowed the chartered organization of other profession. Give teachers the power to decide who shall be their professional associates, their brethren in office. Let them fix their qualifications for membership, give their calling "a local habitation and a name" and control all its operations.

A respected friend of mine once likened the teachers to those skillfully carved stepping-stones pictured by the artist, on which the eager youth are seen ascending the hill of Science to the temple of Fame which crowns its summit. I thought the comparison beautiful and liked it at the time. But I now feel that I would rather listen to the story of that dreamed, whose distempered vision saw the world in miniature. The whole unbounded continent was present to the view, while in the centre arose a mountain of vast dimensions and enormous height. From every corner of the plane, could be dimly seen, amid the darkness that enveloped all, a thronging multitude directing their pathway towards a solitary light, borne by the steady hand of one who zealously sought the mountain's summit, and who rejoiced to be the bearer of that lamp by whose glowing light the multitude were directed on their way up the rugged mountain. That man was dimly seen, if seen at all, nor was he cared for by the thousands tugging towards the summit of that hill, little heeding the important fact, that all their hopes of success were dependent on his agency as bearer of the light—that should he fall, their hopes were dashed to earth, while midnight darkness must again enshroud them.

That was "a dream which was not all a dream." The multitudes in every civilized nation, are emerging from the dark domains, the shadowy vale of ignorance.—They see a light and follow where it leads. That mountain in the distance is the Hill of Science. Its summit forms the goal of human eminece. It is the spot whence

"Fame's proud Temple shines afar."

That lamp which lights their footsteps up the rugged mount, is Truth. The obscure, neglected bearer of that light is the humble Teacher.

Were all the the teachers of the nations my readers, and did my pen possess a potency to command all their attention. I would say to them, in language of impressive importation, **TEACHER BEAR ALOFT THAT LIGHT.** Let the millions be directed by it to the goal of order, industry, self-control, intelligence, and happiness. Lead on with undeviating step. Hide not the light you bear, but raise it up aloft, that all within the range of vision may be warmed, and cheered, and animated by its ever glorious beams; illumined and blessed by its ever glorious effulgence."

Huntingdon, June, 1852. R. A. M.

### Miscellaneous.

#### And Jesus Wept.

What a spectacle, the son of God in tears! Why was He who knew no sin, and in whom no guilt was found, so deeply moved when He beheld the holy city, doomed to destruction? Were those tears called forth by the reflection that the walls which encompassed that venerable city, would soon crumble before the fierce assaults of an invading foe, that the beautiful Temple, with its richly decorated altars, would ere long be levelled with the ground, that those who thronged in multitudes to celebrate the solemn feast of Zion, would soon be strewn in lifeless heaps along the plain, or scattered among the nations of the earth, hating and hated by all? No, His reflections were more comprehensive, and the far-seeing eye of God penetrated far beyond the limits of an earthly destiny. How easy for him to send confusion and overthrow in the ranks of the relentless besiegers, or when their desolating hand had swept over Judea, to speak, and at the word, would arise from the solitude, as earth from chaos, and a temple far more gorgeous, would crown Moriah. His thoughts swept beyond the boundaries of time and ranged through eternity. But still it was "all of life to live, and all of death to die," why this deep emotion? For on this hypothesis, the doom which rested upon the suffering, famished multitudes, was only a sweet repose, from a life all of disappointment and sorrow, and the death dealing weep, the instrument which soothed the sorrowing to rest.

While the son of God in many instances alleviated the sufferings of humanity, it was not these that moved him to visit earth. For his own blood-washed people are not distinguished from the world by exemption from afflictions, which is the certain inheritance of man—they are regarded as things "to be borne for a season." It was the lost condition of man that penetrated His bosom and led on an errand of mercy to the earth—that man was lost to a spiritual knowledge, of spiritual life and favor with his God. It was in view of the condemnation which had passed upon every unbelieving soul and the overwhelming anguish, treasured up against the day of wrath, for the perdition of the ungodly, that the son of God was moved to tears. He had taught them to "fear not him that can destroy the body and hath no more power, but rather fear Him who can destroy both body and soul in hell." He well knew that even after the dreadful tragedy of the Cross, that after his bosom was cleft and the fountain of life was opened, that many would refuse to drink and only stain their souls with deeper guilt.

Then the spirit of Christ prompts to sympathy for every variety of human suffering, and its impulses excite deeper and more pungent anxiety for the salvation of souls. But how many wear the sacred name of Christian whose hearts are little moved by the sufferings of humanity, and less by the prospect of the lost soul's eternal anguish. With what interest the news of the ravages of a pestilence in foreign lands is devoured, and there are treasures without limit to feed a starving nation. But oh, how feebly is the cry that come to us from the distant perishing heathen for the bread of life. How few are the hearts, comparatively, that respond to such appeals—how small the treasures that flow into the channel of that holy enterprise, which contemplates the supply of famishing souls with the bread of life and with the meat "that endures unto everlasting life." Even parents who suffer so much when disease prays upon their child, often without emotion behold that dear one drinking in from day to day, that poison which works death beyond the grave. And in this day of refinement, it is a most unpardonable offence to warn men "with tears." The formal denunciation as weakness. But this was a weakness manifested by our Saviour and His Apostles, when they contemplated the power of reigning in sin the human heart and the death it works.

It is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and the whole-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes.

**ABOUT RIGHT.**—The newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor.—It may stimulate the most indifferent, it may instruct the most profound.

The morals of a people, must be founded in its industry. In proportion as a man is exempted from labor, he is debased in the scale of existence.

We live in the enjoyments of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their value, and the source from whence they flow.

#### Closing Taverns on Sundays.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions, yesterday, Judge Thompson delivered a charge to the constables, on the subject of his order requiring them to close the taverns on Sunday. His Honor first alluded to the two Acts of Assembly having bearing upon the question—that of 1705 and that of 1794. The fourth and fifth section of the first, he said, are only in force at the present time, the remaining portion of the act having been supplied by that of 1794. The fifth section of the act of 1705 prohibiting tipping on Sundays, and imposes a penalty for every violation of it.—The keepers of public houses are also liable to be fined under it. The act of 1794 forbids the prosecution of worldly employment on Sunday, works of charity and necessity only excepted, and imposes a fine of \$4 for every violation of it.

This act allows inn-keepers to supply refreshments to travellers, but the Court understood it to apply to those who for the time being form part of the inn-keeper's household, and not those who frequent the house to tipple. It does not allow him to pursue his worldly employment on Sunday, any more than it allows the merchant to sell his goods or the mechanic to pursue his ordinary avocations. The act of 1794, the Court said, is in full effect, and it has been enforced against the Jew and Seventh-day Baptist. The Supreme Court have not only declared it to be constitutional, but have pronounced it a salutary law. Several cases were given by the Judge in which the Supreme Court have so decided. The remarks of the late Judges Coulter and Kennedy were repeated to show that the Court had pronounced the law a salutary one, not only as affording a weekly cessation from labor, but as protecting the Christian sabbath from profanation.

The Court repeated that the law must be enforced, and said that the tavern keepers must not be expected to be placed in a better position than the merchant, and if the one may not be allowed to sell his goods, the other may not sell his liquor. The present license system was held to produce results disastrous to the community, but it is especially the duty of officers to enforce it, and all other laws that have a bearing upon it. Under the fourth section of the act of 1794, the constable is to return such houses as are kept open on Sunday to the magistrate of the ward, who is to enforce the law against all such, and if the magistrate refuses to act, then the constable is to make the returns to Court.—The Judge remarked that it is the duty of the citizens to make complaint of all such tavern-keepers as refuse to obey the law, as well as the constable, and all good citizens will do it.—*Penna. Inquirer.*

#### A Newspaper in a Family.

A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper on the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the *Ogensburg Journal* as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who do not, are,

1st. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.

2d. They are better spellers, and define words with greater ease and accuracy.

3d. They obtain a practical knowledge of Geography in half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of all the important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4th. They are better Grammarians, for having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from common place advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more rapidly comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyse its construction with greater accuracy.

5th. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts more clearly expressed.

6th. Those young men who have for years been readers of newspapers are always found leading debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater clearness and correctness in the use of language.

**NEVER SAY DIE.**—If you can't succeed at one business, try another. If you fail as a cobbler, enter yourself as a member of Congress. In short, do anything but despair. When Monsieur Jollie presented his picture of "Moses crossing the Red Sea," the curate of the Louvre threatened to kick it out of doors. Did this dishearten him? Not at all. He went home, added a little chrome yellow to it, gave it a new name, "Caesar crossing the Rubicon," and sold it in less than a month to the same curate for ten thousand francs. Here we see the advantage of "never giving up."

### Varieties.

**A WOMAN'S VALUABLES.**—Some of the brightest pages in history are those which illustrate the heroism and fidelity of woman. We remember of reading a beautiful and affecting incident which occurred in the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibbelines illustrative of these traits, and which we beg leave to commend to the notice of our bachelor readers: The Emperor of Conrad had refused all terms of capitulation to the Garrison of Winnesberg; but like a true knight, he granted the request of the women to pass out in safety, with such of their most precious effects as they could themselves carry. When the gates were opened, a long procession of matrons and maidens appeared, each bearing on her shoulders—not her treasures; her household goods, or her trinkets—but a husband, a son, father, or brother. As they passed through the enemy's lines all respectfully made way for them while the whole camp rang with shouts of applause.

Bachelor readers, will you allow us to ask whether there is a maiden or matron on whom you could rely for similar service in case of emergency?

Hear how the editor of the Vermont Mercury talks of the borrowing individuals;

"Got a paper to spare!"  
 "Yes, sir; here's one of our last.—Would you like to subscribe, and take it regularly?"

"I would but I am too poor."  
 That man has just come from the circus, fifty cents; lost time from his farm, fifty cents—liquor, judging from the smell, at least fifty cents—making a dollar and a half actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it.

**PUG-NOSED AND HOOK-NOSED REGIMENTS.**—Among the fancies of the Emperor Nicolas are two regiments stationed at St. Petersburg. Every man and officer of the first named has a pug-nose, blue eyes, sandy hair and whiskers. The hook-nosed have each a nose like a hawk, with eyes, hair, and beard black as a raven's wing. The men, too, all much one height and with their splendid uniforms, make a showy appearance.

**A HIDEOUS ISM.**—A zealous divine out south, who had noticed with pain the continual absence from church of a gentleman, for many years a constant worshiper, met his negro servant, and inquired why his master no longer attended divine service.

"De fac is massa's been very bad, sah, and, I've fraid he's gettin' wus."

"Is it possible?" said the minister in alarm; "can it be possible that he has thrown aside the light of Christianity and become a flounderer in the dark, cheerless bogs of socialism?"

No, sah, wus an' dat," replied the black, with a mournful shake of the head.

"I was ever afraid," said the venerated gentleman, sadly, "his classic lore would too devotedly incline him to heathen mythology; he may perchance have become afflicted with the mental delusion of pantheism!"

"Wusser still," muttered the black, doggedly.

"Alas!" groaned the preacher, "then he has become lost in the dark abyss of atheism?"

"No, sah, athyism isn't a circumstance—he's got de rheumatism!"

A dandy lawyer remarked, one summer day, that the weather was so exceedingly hot, that when he put his head in a basin of water, it fairly boiled.

"Then, sir," was the reply, "you have calf's-head soup at very little expense."

The apple and pear trees in the vicinity of Boston promise remarkably well, but the peach trees appear to have been a good deal injured by the rigorous winter.

**MONKEY ACTORS.**—A troupe of well trained monkeys is now performing at one of the New York theatres, which must be a genuine curiosity. It was brought from Paris: They mimic the human actors in a great style, just as the latter frequently imitate them.

**A CEMENT.** If you wish to re-fasten the loose handles of knives and forks, make your cement of common brick dust and rosin, melted together. Seal engravers understand this receipt.

"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins." "I know it, Mr. Green; and if you would act wisely, you'd follow its example." It is unnecessary to add that Green never axed to set up with that gal again.

A Jailor in a Western State had received orders not to keep his prisoners in solitary confinement. Once when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged in consequence to kick the other out of doors, in order to comply with the regulation.

If you wish others to respect you, you must respect yourself.