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Poetical.

ON!

From the dark and troubled surges,
 Of the roaring sea of time,
 Evermore a word emerges,
 Solemn, beautiful, sublime.
 So, of old, from Grecian water,
 'Mid the music and the balm,
 Rose the dead Olympian daughter,
 Floating on the azure calm.

Evermore the worlds are fading,
 Evermore the worlds will bloom,
 To refute our weak upbraiding,
 To throw brightness on the gloom.
 Ever the imperfect passes,
 But the perfect ever grows;
 Forests sink to drear thorasces,
 Fairer landscapes to disclose.

All the beauty, all the splendor,
 Of the ancient earth and sky—
 Graceful form and persons tender,
 All have passed in silence by.
 Man the fairest. Man the youngest,
 Man, the darling of the Gods,
 With the weakest, with the strongest,
 Travels to the still abodes.

All his brothers, unlamenting,
 To the eternal plan conform,
 Fall unquitting, unrepenting,
 In the calm and in the storm.
 Man, too, with a quiet bearing,
 With brave heart and steadfast eye,
 Undisturbed and undespairing,
 Yes, with noble joy, must die!

Has he shared that nature proffered?
 Gladly taken what she gave?
 Now the one last gift is offered—
 Let him take that gift—the grave!
 With a grand renunciation
 Let him leave to earth and sun;
 For another generation
 All the good that he hath done.

Knowing that the laws eternal
 Never, never can deceive;
 Raised above the sphere diurnal,
 And too noble, far, to grieve,
 Glad that he has been the agent
 Of the universal heart,
 That, in life's majestic pageant,
 He has played no worthless part.

So a great and holy feeling
 Shall sustain his human soul,
 And, a silent strength revealing,
 Shall the part re-seek the whole.
 It shall change, but shall not perish,
 Now in life and now in death,
 For what most we love and cherish
 Dies to breathe a nobler breath.

Family Circle.

Laws of Health.

Children should be taught to use the left hand as well as the right.
 Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.

Children should sleep in separate beds and should not wear nightcaps.

Children, under seven years, should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house, and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and their shoulders back, while sitting, standing or walking.

The best beds for children are of hair, or, in winter, of hair and cotton.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.

Young ladies should be prevented from banding the chest.

We have known three cases of insanity terminating in death, which began in tight lacing.

Sleeping rooms should have a fire place, or some mode of ventilation besides the windows.

Every person, great and small, should wash all over in cold water every morning. But frequent and protracted bathing in cold water can not generally be indulged in without injury.

The more clothing we wear, other things being equal, the less food we need.

From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocation of business.

Persons in sedentary employment should drop one-third of their food, and they will escape dyspepsia.

Young people and others can not study much by lamp light with impunity.

The best remedy for eyes, weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.

Woman's Grave.

We can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when we survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes us. With the holy name of woman, we associate every soft, tender and delicate affection. We think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; and the kind and affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence her tears bedew his grave. Can we look down upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one but the meek and unobtrusive, excessive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her many have shown the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of her existence, and felt for others as we now feel for her.

The Great Element of Civilization.

We speak of our civilization, our freedom, our laws—and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life; there is not a familiar object around us, which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is upon it; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity; not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy, beautiful parts to the Gospel. Education, to be permanent and true in its influence, must partake largely of Christianity as an element—and our institutions to be abiding and trustworthy, and to work out all the good beginnings and just expectations of our fathers, must be leavened with the Christian element of preservation.

Loveliness.

It is not your dress ladies, your expensive shawl or golden fingers that attract the attention of the men of sense—they look beyond these. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation—no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attractions for them. It is the loveliness of nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by gewgaws, and fashionable showy dress; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop, the good and the truly great will love to linger in your steps.

Moments of Melody.

I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages have planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, "Like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes." The dews from a thousand pastures were gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound and faith mounted it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world.

ALL IS VANITY!—It is worth while for the worldly ambitious to ponder on these words of Henry Clay:—"There is nothing in honor, or fame, or worldly fortune which is not vanity when the time of our death approaches—nothing real—nothing substantial—nothing worth having, but the hope of God's pardon, and the consolation of his religion."

The prettiest design we ever saw on the tomb-stone of a child, was a lark soaring upwards, with a rosebud in its mouth. What could be more sweetly emblematic of infant innocence winging its way to Heaven under the care of its guardian angel?

Miscellaneous.

For the Journal.

County Superintendent.

MR. HALL:—

Knowing you to be a practical Educationist, and disposed to favor the improvement of our Common Schools, I am induced to solicit a place in your columns for the purpose of presenting some thoughts in relation to the expediency of establishing a County Superintendent.—The propriety or expediency of the measure has been much agitated, by teachers and others interested, in different sections of the State; but has not been sufficiently noticed by the public press.

In my intercourse with teachers and others who have given the subject some attention, I have not heard a dissenting voice. It is a matter of extreme regret, that our Common Schools are so much inferior in point of efficiency, to the Schools of other States. The reason is obvious. The Common Schools of New York and the Eastern States, are exclusively under the control of Educationists—while those of Pennsylvania are left to the supervision of men of all professions and callings, from the most learned professor, down to the most illiterate individual in the country. They are among the most important of all our institutions, and are worthy the fostering care of every statesman and philanthropist. To them, to a great extent, we must look for the perpetuity of the republican principles of "VIRTUE, LIBERTY, AND INDEPENDENCE." The idea, of equality between the various classes, whether rich or poor, mighty or humble—inculcated in the School-room and exhibited during the hours of recreation, is the first, and most powerful incentive to the principles of a pure Democracy—which, being indelibly impressed upon the youthful mind, becomes the rule of action in manhood. Place our Common School system on an equality with that of New York State, and it is sufficient to afford every youth in the Commonwealth an excellent education; equal, if not superior in practical importance, to that obtained in our Academies and Colleges. Other States boast of having effected this. We, also, can effect like results, if we place our Schools under the regulation of practical men. When the ineffective operation of our country Schools is spoken of, the Directors are generally accused of mismanagement, because the law requires them to select competent teachers, and subsequently to direct them in their perplexing avocation, or to remove them for incompetency. But to require this of Directors, they must not only be men of good education, but intimately acquainted with the best and most approved methods of giving instruction, which can not be expected, as Directors are usually engaged in pursuits widely different from that of teaching. The *modus operandi* of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," is a more difficult one than many suppose; even the best teachers are sometimes in doubt as to the best mode of imparting instruction and enforcing discipline, and of course a more extensive knowledge of the art of teaching could not be expected of Directors, whose minds are constantly engaged in avocations foreign to the one they are by law required to direct. Directors and Teachers are both frequently the objects of unjust censure—the former for not making a better selection, and the latter for want of skill or experience; while both are generally found, (to the best of their knowledge and ability,) using every exertion for the advantage of the Schools under their charge, and where proper encouragement has been given, much has been accomplished. If something were done to elevate the reputation of the Common Schools, by the introduction of a regular system of School government and discipline; we would soon have plenty of competent professional teachers—but as it is, disgust drives the best out of the employment, to seek more congenial associations. It will undoubtedly be asked by some, how can this be done? In answer, I will briefly state, that the same difficulties have been obviated in other places by the appointment of one competent person in each county, for the purpose of superintending the Common Schools—whose business consists in visiting the Schools successively, taking with him such specimens or plans of the best Schools, and leaving such instructions as he may deem essential to the best interests of both teachers and scholars. An officer with such powers, if competent and energetic, would relieve the Directors of a great amount of labor, which but few have the ability to perform, and would be of incalculable advantage to many districts, by keeping up a harmonious co-operation between teachers, directors, pupils, and parents. He would also be the medium of communication between the State Superintendent and the Directors of the different districts.

The appointment of such an officer has been strongly urged at different times by the State Superintendent, but as yet, no action has been taken by the Legislature. I hope that every person interested in the

education of the rising generation, will use all laudable means to have this effected, during the next session of our Legislature. Let petitions be circulated in the various districts, and forwarded at the commencement of the session, praying that honorable body to pass an act granting each county in the State one Superintendent, and I have every reason to believe that our prayers will be favorably considered.

A TEACHER.

Huntingdon, July, '52.

How to Make a Fortune.

Take earnestly hold of life, as capacitated for and destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for labor or profession. Adopt it early, and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turning furrow, but forward to the new ground that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and action are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune, and by this eternal principle—a principle that can not fail to reward its votary, if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh and repine over the lack of inheritance is unmanly. Every man should strive to be a creator instead of an inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race in this respect, wants dignity and discipline. It prefers to wield the sword of valorous forefathers, to forging its own weapons. This mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the power in him and the providence over him, and use his own good lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust of bread than to inherit coffers of gold.—This spirit of self nobility once learned, and every man will discover within himself under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich in self resources and can lift his face proudly to meet the noblest among men.

Comparing Beauty.

In the eastern part of Delaware county, New York, there resided a man named B——, now a Justice of the Peace, and a very sensible man, but, by common consent the ugliest looking man in the county, being long, gaunt, sallow and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was out hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier by all odds than himself. He could give the "Squire fifty and beat him." Without saying a word, B—— raised his gun and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. "For God's sake don't shoot!" shouted the man in great alarm. "Stranger replied B——, "I swore ten years ago; that if ever I met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him; and you are the first one I have seen." The stranger, after a careful survey of his "rival," replied, "Wall, captain; if I look any worse than you do, shute. I don't want to live any longer."

GRAMMATICAL QUERIES.—What are the regular parts of speech?—The tongue, palate, and lips.

To what branch of grammar do Exercise duties on intoxicating liquors belong?—Sintax.

What is a love letter?—An indefinite article.

A Creditor's Letter?—A definite article.

A boy informing against his companions?—Accusative case.

The Companion whipped?—Vocative case.

The Master whipped?—An active verb governing both the accusative and vocative.

A Bachelor?—A personal pronoun without the plural.

My son, what did you bite your brother for? Now I shall have to whip you. Don't you remember the Golden Rule? I taught you. If you wouldn't like to have your brother bite you, you should not bite him.

Ho, mother! get out with your whip-pin! Remember the Golden Rule yourself. If you wouldn't like me to lick you, taint right for you to lick me!

Sister Mary—Why Charles, dear boy, what's the matter? You seem miserable?

Charles—Ah! aint I just! Here's Ma's says I must wear turn-down collars till Christmas, and there's young Sidney Bowler (who's not half so tall as I am) has had stick-ups and white chokers for ever so long!

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Self-love will never gild the wrong to which we are a party.

Thomas Francis Meagher.

The following is the speech of Mr. Meagher, the Irish exile just before the sentence of death was pronounced upon him in 1848:

"My Lords, it is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time, should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter when I shall be no more the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of these sentiments and that conduct, in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and by the country, the sentence which you, my Lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken.—I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my Lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance—nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens—and it will happen so—that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of the people. With my country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment toward them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict.—What of that charge. Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my Lord—you who preside on that Bench—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, appeal to your conscience, and ask of it, was your charge, as it ought to have been; impartial and indifferent between the subjects and the crown.

"My Lords, you may deem my language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, what ever it may cost. I am here to reject nothing I have ever said; I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country.—Far from it—even here—where, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer have left their foot-prints in the dust—here on this spot,—where the shadows of death surround me and from which I see my early grave; in an unannounced soil, open to receive me—even here, encircled by those terrors, the hope which has beaunted to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world, to restore her to her native powers and constitution, this has been my ambition, has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal. You (addressing Mr. McManus) are no criminal. You (addressing Mr. O'Donoghue) are no criminal. I deserve no punishment. We deserve no punishment.—Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt; it is sanctified as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

"With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the land of my birth, my passion and my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies, whose fortunes I have sought to still, whose intellect I have prompted to lofty aim, whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I shall be prepared to bear it. I trust I shall be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness, as well as justice, will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgements of this world will be reversed."

Youths' Column.

A Swarm of Bees worth Hiving.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
 B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
 B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
 B sure you make matter subservient to mind.
 B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
 B courteous to all men, B friendly with few,
 B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
 B careful of conduct, of money and time.
 B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
 B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
 B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
 B aspiring, B humble, BECAUSE thou art dust,
 B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
 B active, devout, B faithful till death;
 B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
 B dependant, B Christlike, and you'll B secure.

CHILDHOOD.

How sweet the smile of infancy,
 That playeth o'er the face;
 The ripple of the summer stream
 Hath not a purer grace:
 Methinks the vilest of the vile
 Must love to see an infant smile!
 The happy laugh of childhood,
 That ringeth on the air;
 There's not an after note of joy
 That will with it compare;
 It chaseth years of care away
 To bear a tone so wild and gay!
 And e'en the tear of childhood,
 That falleth from the eye,
 Is brighter than the pearl gem
 That droppeth from the sky:
 Soon, like the dew, it fades away
 Before the smiling face of day!
 O, happy hours of childhood!
 I would I were a boy,
 That I might taste but once again
 Such perfectness of joy:
 No smile, nor ringing laugh—but tears
 Are left in our latter years!

Two Kinds of Riches.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire, and was silent.—Then, as the deep thought began to pass away, his eye grew bright, and he spoke:—"Mother, I wish to be rich."
 "Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"
 And the child said, "Because every one praises the rich. Every one inquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say well his lessons. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not for they say he is a wealthy boy."
 The mother said that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor who led unworthy lives.

So she asked him, "What is it to be rich?"
 And he answered, "I do not know. Yet tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me!"

The mother replied,
 "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful and said,
 "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is not the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it down; the floods drown it; the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber may make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the way-side beggar, without a garment. There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his little head and said,

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, for He hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me how I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly on him, and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that in your heart you may love the dear Saviour and trust in him.—Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and do good to all.—So; though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith and an heir to the kingdom of heaven."

THE COW TREE.—This is a wonderful tree growing in the forests of Brazil. During several months in the year, when no rain falls, and its branches are dead and dried up, if the trunk is tapped a sweet and healthful milk flows out. The flow is most abundant at sun rise. Then the natives gather around and receive it in their pans, some drinking it plentifully under the tree, and others carrying it home to their children. It is excellent in tea and coffee.—Thus in ways which we think not of, does God supply the table of his bounty.—The Child's Paper.