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Poetical.
 From the North American.
OLD CHIPPEWA.
 AIR—ROBIN THE BOW.

We are up! Don't you hear the Whig thunder?
 We come, with a hearty huzza!
 What foe ever heard, without terror,
 The war-cry of Old Chippewa?
 Chorus—The war-cry, &c.

From Queenstown, where nobly he battled,
 Niagara where gory he lay,
 The people re-echo the thunder,
 And gather for Old Chippewa.

From Mexico's snowy sierras,
 Her valleys where they bask in the day,
 Comes the voice of his valor and virtue,
 The glory of Old Chippewa.

North, South, East and West, it arises,
 No fact on that thunder can stay;
 It hails, with the blessings of freemen,
 Their champion and choice—Chippewa.

His breast has been ploughed by the British,
 And forty campaigns make him gray;
 But we'll wreathe his high brow with the laurel,
 And glory in Old Chippewa.

When Mexico's millions were offered,
 From his country to win him astray;
 "Tho' poor, I'll love, live and die by her!"
 So answered our Old Chippewa.

The hero that can't lose a battle,—
 Win Field wins the field in each fray,
 We'll be—while Scott fights for our freedom—
 Scott free, with our Old Chippewa.

A Lundy's Lane fuss with the British,
 A fuss on Chalapeutepe's day,—
 Thus the feathers will fly from the Locos,
 When they come across Old Chippewa.

'Tis strange, tho' in stratagem able,
 He can't make a feat in the fray;
 A fall—save when riddled with bullets—
 Ne'er happens to Old Chippewa.

With the high soul of honor to nerve him,
 And good soup his stomach to stay,
 Come Mexicans, British, or Locos,
 They're nothing to Old Chippewa.

The Locos selected a leader,
 But their managing masters said nay;
 So they straw stuff'd the coat of a hero,
 And set 'gainst Old Chippewa.

Poor fellows! they're tired of their fetters,
 And shrunk from the trick with dismay;
 All true-hearted Democrats spurn it,
 And rally around Old Chippewa.

Home-toil, with the iron of England,
 Free-trade Pierce would pierce and would slay,
 But Scott likes the ore of the Keystone;
 He used it at Old Chippewa.

No depot will dare to insult us,
 No traitor our Union betray,
 With him who has bled to defend us,
 Our President—Old Chippewa.

The pure and the wise and the noble,
 His country's best guardian and stay;
 In camp or in cabinet peerless,
 Oh, who is like Old Chippewa?

Make way! for a torrent is coming,
 The millions in battle array;
 Their glad shouts will soon cleave the welkin,
 For Victory and Old Chippewa.

Family Circle.
Simplicity in Dress.

Those who think that in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being over dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloaded beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic taste is seen in the old statues and in the pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies have ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic.—G. D. Prentice.

Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles, when they have little to carry they raise a prodigious clatter; when heavily laden they neither creak nor rumble.

A Mother's Influence

MOTHER! There is something in the very word that falls musically on the ear. Soft, plaintive, tender, it comes to us like the breathings of the wind over the Aeolian harp-strings. How that name brings back the past, our youthful days, when skies were all bright above us, and when the carking of the world had not begun to harden our hearts to tender feelings!—What recollections spring up as we dwell upon it! Dim remembrances of a mild face looking down upon our tender infancy—of a gentle hand guiding our first faltering steps—of tender accents now repeating the tale with which to beguile some twilight hour, and now teaching our young lips to falter forth the first pure prayer of childhood. And then the bed of sickness—how even bitter things were made sweet by a mother's hand; how easier lay the pillow of pain when she had smoothed it; and how delicious was even the cup of cold water given by her!

Happy days! a mother's influence, how mild her sway, gentle even in her sternness, she could restrain, and failing, soon bring by expostulation the repentant tear. And oh, how potent that influence in after years, when leaving our homes, and with them the many defences by which we had always been surrounded there, we went forth to engage in the battle of life alone! Mayhap, thrown into the society of the gay, the thoughtless, or the dissipated, we have been led astray, and were just taking that irrevocable step which would lead to both temporal and eternal ruin, when—we knew not how—the home of our childhood rose before us—a loved form was there—and from those lips we seemed again to hear the long forgotten warning, or an earnest prayer offered in our behalf. It was all powerful; it drew us back from the edge of the precipice, and we were saved. Is it wonderful, then, if we sometimes think that among the bright band of guardian angels who are ever about our path to watch over our ways, stands chief a mother's spirit, strong through love. And this influence did not leave us here, but has ever nerved us to higher attainments and to nobler deeds.—If we were weak, she it was who strengthened us; if we were despairing, she encouraged us. And I doubt not that if we could look into the earlier lives of those departed worthies, whose

"Names were not born to die," we should find in many, if not all, that their attainments, their courage, or their greatness owed its germination to their having then been blessed with the right kind of a mother's influence.

But this influence does not end with earthly attainments or success; for if there has been a time in any of our lives when flushed with success, we were in danger of forgetting that better country where treasures perish not, the recollections of a mother's early teaching, that seed sown in faith, sprang up, and led us to look upwards to our God.

This feeling of love to a mother, amounting almost to veneration, is one that, besides all the influence it exerts, is a source of happiness, that of all things pertaining to earth is the purest. It is ennobling, its influence is creditable. If there be some who have not known this by their own experience, who among their boon companions are want to boast how they have thrown off the paternal yoke, and to sneer at those who are so unmanly as to wish to consult a mother's wish, or to regard a mother's tears, let them look, not to great earthly examples which might be abundantly cited, but to Him who has made man and dwelt among us. Although in His divine nature King of Kings and Lords of Lords, He became subject to His parents on earth, and even amid the agonies of Calvary forgot not his mother, but with almost His dying breath commends her to the care of the beloved disciple.

Mother! How purifying are all ideas connected with the name! how little of earth, how much of heaven!

Bad Books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither ailment nor medicine—they are poison. Both intoxicate—one the mind the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin; one the intellect and the other the health—and together, the soul. The makers and venders of each are equally guilty, and equally corrupters of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.—S. S. Ad.

Though we may have a hard pillow, yet, it is only sin can plant a thorn in it—and even though it may be hard and lonely, yet we may have sweet sleep, and glorious visions upon it. It was when Jacob was lying on a stone for a pillow, that he had glorious visions of the ladder reaching to heaven.

What we wish to do we think we can do, but when we do not wish to do a thing it becomes impossible.

Miscellaneous.

For the Journal.
"All Together."

"All together," one exclaims, and "Straight the ship triumphant rides." Whoever thinks it savors of cant or apishness to talk more about "the present age," the age in which we live, &c., will not, by us, be accused of being critical or fastidious. How could it now be looked upon as any thing else than a hackneyed subject? Something wonderful too—it happens—always characterizes "the present age." It is either on the retrograde or marked with astonishing progress.—Either growing strangely better, or strangely worse, it matters little which. In short, the one in which we live is "the present age."

Whether any thing of this character is more than cant, or whether "this age" in which we were brought into the world, is really a very remarkable one, we enquire not. Those who are more deeply and directly concerned to know, may calculate the difference, in worth, between a Conistoga wagon and a steam boat—between the dromedaries of Ahasuerus, and the electric telegraph—between the slow pen of the copyist and the Press, which rolls off its thousand sheets per hour. For the present purpose, it is sufficient to know, that we do thus team our numberless volumes forth for the world—that we do blow our commerce over sea and land by steam, and do send our news on the winged lightning!—Reality, all this. Strange, but true. A solved problem going with other things to demonstrate the truth that "Progress and Development is a law of Nature." And after all, this talk about the remarkable age in which we live, may not be entirely mushroom oratory. There are at least some striking facts worthy of notice. There are tendencies profitable to be marked. No longer must we speak of "a day of small things," which we are some where instructed not to despise. The term, if not obsolete, must be made so. Nothing scarcely need be undertaken that can be accomplished only by degrees. No time for experimenting; none for trying whether the thing is practicable. Whatever enterprise is set on foot, must right off with a snap and a whiz, like all modern machinery, or be abandoned. Every scheme must keep pace with every other scheme, or be miserably shaded or eclipsed. So we grow impatient and weary of the one that seems upon a stand, however complete. Observing from this point we can readily see education suffering.

The mania is for something new. And if, in the general rush for something of the sort, we do not quite forget the development of the intellectual man, the tendency is either to slight the job, or to look after some new method of accomplishing it. If we are not expecting mushroom growth in Academies and Seminaries and Colleges—which indeed may be a question—we are at least anxious for a process, better according with the "bustle of the day," for obtaining that knowledge which heretofore has been acquired only by patience and application. It looks too much like prodigality of time to stop now to accomplish any thing of this sort—too bold "an assertion of our own individuality against the spirit of the age." Hence the tendency upon tendency to keep schools that would rise to any importance, in miserable quarantine before they are allowed to enter the class of healthful institutions, O! when will the Schools we found with our own hands be fit to educate our own sons and daughters? Not till we patronize and thus aid in giving them character. But we must not patronize them till they have character. Miserable tedious winter! cold as long as the cold winds blow, and the cold winds blowing as long as it is cold.

It is, to say the least, old fashioned conservatism in its bluest colors, not to identify ourselves with the whirl-wind-movement of the times. And in any measure we do not, in the same, do we risk the danger of being pointed out, and left behind with the company of the "drab coat and bell-crowned hat." But let us not mistake the true color and quality of things. Let us not, unless we are able to show a strong—if not strange—analogy between mind and matter, ever suppose there is any efficacy in steam to do the work of education, or that a greater than Morse will ever arise to invent or discover a method of annihilating time and labor in the development of mind. And while we assert nothing against the right of Parenology and Mesmerism and Spiritualism and Socialism to make every possible discovery as to the real "ubi" and "quid" of the human race, let us not forget that they, the first to contest the claim to more than humanity, are still at no loss to see they have effected nothing when their subjects are from under "the charm."

It is easy to notice then, that there need be no fall-out between old and tried systems, because they are old, and the new and approved ones, because they are new. The steam boat is an incalculable benefit,

fit, but the Conistoga wagon is needed still. The dispatch of the press is indispensable, and though so wonderful, the pen must still be wielded. So the school, the old fashioned school, can not be dispensed with, whoever may think it. Next to the church, God's own institution, must it ever stand, though the tamed lightnings flash around it—though the march of improvement threaten, and the thundering tramp of business shake it. No; the dashing steamer, the rattling car, and the winged messenger with the "old fashioned" school, the Academy, and the Seminary, must never, need never defeat each others aim, but go and grow together,—all together, symbolizing a complete world—a world in which there has been the Old as well as the New—an Egypt and an Italy, as well as an America—a Noah and an Abraham, as well as a Morse and a Fulton—a world in which it is important not only to attend to fashion and taste, but to durability and worth—not only to be brilliant and brisk, but thorough and sure—not only to leave the fruit of inventive genius to bless succeeding generations, but by persevering patience to complete the work of a hundred years, though it effect far less than the saving of the human race from utter ruin. So we shall not object to the progress of things that can progress. Genius may produce all her patents to show that bodily labor is no longer a consideration, but never, no never, need she attempt to persuade the student there is any remedy for the course he is to pursue—that there is, or can be any labor saving machine in the work of education. "The groves of Academus" must still be frequented, and if the thundering eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero is ever heard again, it must be through Demosthenes' and Cicero's exertion. Or if ever the art of entrancing the congregated wisdom of a nation is again acquired, it must be by means of the self-application which raised a Henry Clay to a position in public esteem which he has left no successor to fill. T. W.

Birmingham, Pa.
 For the Journal.

An Inquiry.
 A reader of the Journal begs leave to inquire, through its columns, whether Facts go to prove that the contiguous "haunts of sloth and idleness" have been the bane of properly conducted Female Seminaries? Or, generally, to what extent the character of literary institutions, of any importance, is affected by the character of the immediate neighborhood?

If any difference of opinion exists amongst those of our readers who have paid attention to the subject of the above "inquiry," we hope they will avail themselves of our columns, to lay their views before the public. Communications on this, or any other question calculated to attract attention to the important interests of Education—if written in the right spirit, and not too lengthy—will always meet a warm welcome from us, and we doubt not, prove equally acceptable to our readers.

Fear of Enemies.

It is a well known fact that most people are often guarded and cautious in their conduct lest they afford to those persons who make

"Envy and crooked malice nourishment" an opportunity to give venomous feelings; and to so great an extent is this desire to escape slander carried, that, not unfrequently, a certain degree of timidity is manifested. Now, this is going too far in order to stifle clamorous reports of enemies. We conceive that we should always pursue the even tenor of our way regardless of what evil disposed persons may say. We should live above the fear of cool, calculating, lurking hatred. Or as the bard of Avon has it:

"We must not stint
 Our necessary actions in the fear
 To 'scape malicious censures."

It is no disgrace to a man, a society, a state, or a church, to have enemies. Indeed we view it in the contrary light,—for the good, the great, the noble and the honorable always have met and beyond doubt will continue to meet with opposition, bitter hatred, relentless enmity base and slanderous accusations, and wholesale injurious fabrications. But this is only indicative of the evilness and loathsomeness of your enemies' heart—it cannot hurt the good, the true, and the faithful. For a time perhaps, your honor may be dimmed, but sure as the Great Searcher of Hearts lives and reigns you will ultimately shine in all the splendor and purity of your real character. Man himself only assassinates his own reputation.

What the impulse of genius is to the great, instinct of vocation is to the mediocre; in every man there is a magnet—in that thing which the man can do best there is a load-stone.

Effects of Climate.

In the tropical regions the power of life in nature is carried to its highest degree; thus with the tropical man, the life of the body over-masters that of the soul; the physical instincts of our nature eclips those of the higher faculties; passion predominates over intellect and reason, the higher faculties. A nature too rich, too prodigal of her gifts, does not compel man to wrest from her his daily bread by his daily toil. A regular climate, and the absence of a dormant season, render forethought of little use to him. Nothing invites him to that struggle of intelligence against nature which raises the powers of man to their highest pitch. Thus he never dreams of resisting physical nature; he is conquered by her; he submits to the yoke, and becomes again the animal man, in proportion as he abandons himself to external influences, forgetful of his high moral destination. In the temperate climates, all is activity and movement. The alternations of heat and more embracing air, incite man to a constant struggle, to forethought, and to the vigorous employment of all faculties. A more economical nature yields nothing, except the sweat of his brow; ever gift on his part is a recompense for effort of his. Nature here, even while challenging man to the conflict, gives him the hope of victory; and if she does not show herself prodigal, she grants to his active and intelligent labor more than his necessities require; while she calls out his energy, she thus gives him ease and leisure, which permit him to cultivate all the lofty faculties of his higher nature.—Here, physical nature is not a tyrant, but a useful helper; the active faculties; the understanding, and the intellect and reason, rule over the instincts and the passive faculties; the soul over the body; man over nature.—Guyot's Earth and Man.

Noble Sentiments.

This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects around us in their true light, and would see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we hear nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet; we cannot sail upon a summer coast forever, yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quick sands and weather the storm that threatens shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are travelling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity the man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence.

Let us tear from our eyes the colored mediums that invest every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion, and turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts, let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as the fountain, so that the golden age will become no fiction, and islands of the blessed bloom in more than Hesperian beauty.

Surmise with Charity.

A kind-hearted old lady was once reproved quite sharply by her friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, when he asked charity in the streets of Boston. "Suppose he spent the money for rum?" said the censorious and suspicious friend. The quick and noble answer was "If you must 'suppose' at all, why not 'suppose' that he will spend it for bread. Why suppose anything that is evil about any one, when you are at liberty to suppose what is good and noble?" That lady had the true Christian spirit.

EARLY RISING.—Happy the man who is an early riser. Every morning, day comes to him with a virgin love, full of bloom, purity, and freshness. The copy of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt, if any man can be called "old" as long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And in youth—take my word for it—a youth in dressing gown and slippers, drawing over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid, ghastly image of that youth who sees the sun blush over the mountain, and the dew sparkle upon blossoming hedge-rows.—Bulwer

How happy, how easy is that wife, who knows that on every subject her husband's principles are as strictly pure as her own, compared to her who loves a being, whose principles are guided by fashion, and whose affection and fidelity to her has no other security than her powers of pleasing, or the absence of temptation!

Youths' Column.

OUR LITTLE BOY.

Our little boy! our meek-eyed one!
 Our youngest darling boy,
 We teach, at evening hour, to kneel
 Beside our eldest joy;
 And though he can but lip his words,
 But lip his simple prayer,
 We know his Maker blest with him,
 The while he kneeleth there!

Ah, oh! we love our little one,
 So artless and so pure;
 He hath so many winning ways
 Our fondness to secure;
 And while he thus beside us kneels,
 Some angel-prompted tone
 Unheard by us, may mingle with
 The prayer to Mercy's throne!

And he, too, fondly comes to us,
 With eyes of sparkling bliss,
 And, like his sister, he receives
 A good-night parting kiss;
 Not aught of sleep disturbs our breast,
 While he to sleep is given,
 For such as he will ever find
 The guardianship of Heaven!

He Didn't Think.

So said a little boy as he stood by the side of a mouse-trap which had an unwilling tenant in it.

"What a fool he was to go in there," said some one. The little boy wished to protect the character of the trembling prisoner, and added: "Well, I suppose he didn't think."

No, he didn't think; and for the very reason he was not made to think. But what shall we say of that boy who is standing in the circus door, waiting for it to be opened, or that boy with his straggling hair, a pert twist to his cap, and a cigar in his mouth; or the one who stands at the corner of the streets on the Sabbath or frequents the company of profane and filthy talkers and singers; what shall we say of such as those?

They will be caught in an evil net.—They will fall into a hidden trap, and can they say: "We didn't think!" Yes, perhaps they can. But if they tell the whole truth, they will add, because we wouldn't think. They have eyes but they see not. Give a mouse their wit and see if he will be caught in such a trap.

Punctuality.

The punctual, next to the honest and the religious man, is the most praiseworthy in community. He who is always behind his time is pretty sure to be behind in reputation with all sensible people. Melancthon, when an appointment was made, not only expected the hour but the minute to be fixed, and was sure to be there exactly or a little before the minute. The Secretary of Washington, when repeatedly late, tried to apologize to the latter by blaming his watch. "You must then," said Washington, "get another Watch, or I another Secretary."

The Fly on the Wall.

"See the fly on the wall overhead; why does it not tumble down?"

"Because it is so light," answered a little girl.

"But dead flies fall down, and dead flies are as light as live ones; beside, in the Island of Java there are lizards weighing five or six ounces, which run over the walls chasing flies. Why does not the lizard fall?"

"Because it does not. I cannot think of any other reason," answered the little girl. "But that is no reason at all, for it is a law of nature that everything which is not held up falls to the earth; now what keeps the lizard and the fly from tumbling off the smooth walls? Something must."—The child cannot think.

Little girls you know sometimes suck their thumb on their lips or on the palm of their hand, the thimble sticks on, and you can hardly shake it off. What keeps it on? I will tell you. The air is sucked from the inside of the thimble, so the air outside presses all around and holds it tightly down. It is so with the fly's foot. A fly's foot has hollow places from which it can force out the air, when the air outside presses against the top of the foot and holds it on the wall. So also with the lizard.—Each of its feet has five toes, on the underside of which are bags, with slits in them; the creature forces the air out of the bags, when the out outside air holds the feet against the ceiling, and away it runs all over the walls.

Always be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object. Like trying to be graceful, the effort to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care of your spirit and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself.

Instead of regretting that we are some times deceived, we should rather lament that we are ever undecieved.