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Poetical.

OUR NOBLE SCOTT.

AIR—"Our Native Song."

Our noble SCOTT, our gallant SCOTT;
 Oh, tell me where, in North or South,
 Can that great name be e'er forgot,
 From Maine to Mississippi's mouth?
 Though other men our praises claim,
 As well beloved in hall and cot—
 We find no fruit, we will not blame,
 But yet, oh yet they're not our SCOTT.
 The warrior brave—the patriot just—
 The bitter foe to tyrant's plot—
 The noble soul we all can trust,
 'Tis him we love—Our Noble SCOTT.

He knows no South—He knows no North—
 But loves his country as a whole,
 Then let the ringing words go forth,
 From sea, to sea, from pole to pole,
 Proclaiming loud, how well we know,
 With hearts sincere, with visions keen,
 The debt of gratitude we owe
 To him who our Defender's been.
 Then shout it forth—We love our land—
 We love the man who for us fought;
 True Whigs, united, hand to hand,
 We all revere our gallant SCOTT.

Yes, while the lamp holds out to burn,
 While memory lasts, while reason's left,
 While, like our sires, we tyrants spurn,
 And are of freedom not bereft—
 Whene'er we hear his glorious name,
 Who lived but for his country's fame,
 Our souls will burn—our spirits yearn—
 True to the land we love and claim.
 The high, the low—in weal or woe—
 By whom our Union's not forgot—
 Will find their hearts with pleasure glow
 At mention of our noble SCOTT.
 PENNSYLVANIA.

Family Circle.

Government of Children.

Anticipate and prevent fretfulness and ill temper, by keeping the children in good health, ease and comfort. Never quiet by giving to eat or by bribing in any way, still less by opiates.

For the first few months avoid loud and harsh sounds in the hearing of children, or violent lights in their sight; address them in soft tones; do nothing to frighten them; and never jerk or roughly handle them.

Avoid angry words and violence both to a child in its presence; by which means a naturally violent child may be trained to gentleness.

Moderate any propensity of a child; such as anger, violence, greediness for food, cunning, which appears too active. Show him no example of these.

Let the mother be, and let her select servants, such as she wishes her child to be. The youngest child is affected by the conduct of those in whose arms he lives.

Let a mother feel as she ought, and she will look as she feels. Much of a child's earliest moral training is by looks and gestures.

When necessary exhibit firmness and authority, always with perfect temper, composure and self possession.

Never give a child that which it cries for; and avoid being too ready in answering children's demands, else they become impatient of refusal, and selfish.

When the child is most violent, the mother should be calm and silent. Out-screaming a screaming child is as useless as it is mischievous. Steady denial, of the object screamed for, is the best cure for screaming.

In such contests, witnesses should withdraw, and leave mother and child alone.—A child is very apt to look around and attract the aid of foreign sympathy for its little rebellions.

Never promise to give when the child leaves off crying. Let the crying be a reason for not giving.

A Golden Sentiment.

The following exquisite MORCEAU is from Longfellow's new poem, "The Golden Legend."

"There are two angels that attend unseen
 Each one of us, and in great books record
 Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
 The good ones, after every action, closes
 His volume and ascends with it to God;
 The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
 Till sunset, that we may repent: which doing,
 The record of the action fades away,
 And leaves a line of white across the page."

☞ He who loves his purse alone has his affections on the best thing about him.

Communications.

For the Journal.

Female Education.

Did our young ladies understand the great moral position which they occupy in society—did they fully realize the influence which they exert over others—they would be inspired with a laudable zeal to qualify themselves for their high destination.—True, they are not called upon to wrangle in debate, nor contend upon the political arena—to plead at the bar, or minister at the altar; their influence is noiseless and unseen, yet as potent and all-pervading as the sun-light. They wield a moral power that must tell on the nation's destinies and the nation's hopes. From the quietudes of home, they send forth a secret influence that is felt in our halls of legislation, in our courts of justice, and, indeed, in every department of human pursuit.

But this influence cannot be exerted for good, by an ignorant, an unlettered female. Her influence, if not pernicious, must at least be limited—her light the dim obscurity of fading twilight. And is there not reason to fear that female education in our country has been sadly neglected or perverted? Young ladies may be taught to sing, and play, and paint and speak Italian; but they are not taught to think.—They are trained more to figure in the drawing-room than to instruct and charm by intelligent conversation. They are treated more like things to be looked at and admired than like moral agents preparing to take part in the high responsibilities of life.

Females have been and still are, too emphatically regarded as the "weaker vessel," and hence their nobler powers of thought have not been called into active and vigorous exercise. True, we have seen a Hannah Moore or Mrs. Hemans rise above the mist and prejudice of ages, and shine forth as stars of the first magnitude in the intellectual firmament. They have taught us what woman can do, and shown us, if we need evidence, that in all that constitutes moral greatness, she is not inferior to the sterner sex. Young ladies, look to these, and others like them. Make them an example. Set your standard high. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. You may not, indeed, hope all to rise to such enviable positions in society; you may not all expect to become authoresses, and emblazon your names in the grateful remembrance of posterity; but you may all occupy positions of usefulness, and your influence in your own circle, be like the dew of heaven, silent and unseen, yet vivifying and refreshing. A virtuous and well educated woman is more to be prized than rubies—she is a charm, "a blessing and a vision of gladness to all around her."

She gives a high and noble cast of character to those with whom she associates.—She teaches without assumption and without authority. She has the power of imparting knowledge without seeming to instruct; and possesses an influence next to the "wisdom that cometh from above," in moulding the habits and the life.

But powerful as is woman's influence elsewhere, at home, in the domestic circle her example is omnipotent. This is HER APPROPRIATE SPHERE. There she sits like the nocturnal queen, shuddering a mild and mellow light around her. Is she a wife, and has she intelligence mingled with piety, then doth the heart of her husband trust her; she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of his life." Is she a mother, then she is prepared to guide the great principles of truth and duty. Her children will grow up like olive plants, around her, to be ornaments to society and blessings to their race. We need such mothers—the church needs them—and when once they shall adorn every fire-side and altar, we need cherish no fears of our country's safety.

How important then is female education—an education that will discipline the mind to think and the heart to feel? How infinitely does it surpass the petty outward accomplishments so eagerly sought and so highly prized? Beauty alone can never secure the permanent respect of a discerning mind. A woman admired for her beauty, either personal or artificial, may charm and amuse for a time—she may draw crowds of admirers around her, who like the stupid butterfly, prefer gaudy-colored flowers without fragrance to plainer ones that yield delicious odors. But beauty is frail and fleeting—a reed which is demolished by the slightest breeze; while an educated mind is like the towering oak which defies the tempests of years. Beauty, riches, friends—all earthly good may forsake us, but an educated mind will live when all things else have perished.

Let me then urge our young females to think less of pleasing by what is called beauty of person or dress, and seek more to adorn the mind—the inner temple with attractions that will never decay. "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord—she shall have praise."

R. A. M.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—

May I presume, through the medium of your columns, to call the attention of Directors, Teachers and others interested in the cause of education, to the importance of a thorough acquaintance with the elementary sounds of the English language? It is evident to any one who has given the subject proper attention, that the pupil should be taught to articulate the elementary sounds of a language, before he is able to utter the words composed by them, with distinctness. But in the usual mode of giving instruction, the simple sounds of the language are seldom recognized, or heard in our primary schools—except in the pronunciation of words.—There are thirty-eight different sounds in the English language, represented by only twenty-six letters; which is a radical defect in our alphabet, and the cause of much perplexity to the learner. It would be more philosophical to teach the pupil, first, the elementary sounds, then the enunciation of syllables and words, and afterwards, the reading of simple, complex and compound sentences, yet, strange as it may appear—in this age of progress—but few of our teachers or scholars are able to tell what these sounds are, or who can speak them singly. To remedy this defect, in the common schools, let the Directors furnish each school with a Sound Chart of the English language; and have the scholars well drilled in this important branch of elementary education. The uttering of these sounds expensively, not only proves a healthy and pleasing exercise to the scholars, but, is of great advantage in curing defective articulation. It would be superfluous, to attempt, in this brief article, to describe either the sounds or the manner of teaching them. The object is simply to call the attention to this much neglected branch of education. Teachers and others to whom this subject may appear new, can get all necessary information in "Comstock's System of Elocution," or "The Complete Phonographic Class Book." Phonography is a new art, based upon the science of Phonetics, and in point of beauty and rapidity, is vastly superior to any other system of short hand. It can be written much more rapidly than the common long hand, and requires less time and labor in its acquisition.* The advantages of Phonography can hardly be over-rated, especially as it relates to the pronunciation of our language. It means the writing of sounds, or writing according to sound, and has a distinct character for each of the thirty-eight sounds; and when these are familiar, it can be read with equal, if not greater facility, than common writing. I commend the art of Phonography to the attention of young persons of both sexes, as one of the most desirable accomplishments they can acquire.

Huntingdon, August, 1852.

*Some of the best Phonographers can write from one hundred and sixty to two hundred and twenty words per minute.

Miscellaneous.

Public Speaking.

Rufus Choate, it is said, never made a speech of any kind without having first written it out and committed it to memory. His legal arguments are subjected to the same preparation. The same thing is said to be true of Edward Everett. All his orations bear marks of the most careful finish, especially in language and the formation of the sentences. Both these gentlemen are gifted with an extraordinary power of memory. It is said that Mr. Everett will read over a very long address twice and then repeat it nearly verbatim.—Mr. Calhoun prepared all his speeches with a wonderful degree of labor, and seldom said anything in the Senate Chamber which he had not first carefully considered and shaped in his study. Mr. Webster generally speaks from full notes, in which the skeleton of the speech is carefully developed, and all statistical statements, quotations, &c., set down. He relies upon the moment for language, but generally it is written out at full length.

TO THE DRUNKARD.—Take in your hand the cup of delusion, and with your eyes on the consequences however appalling—drink! The white bubbles that float on the top of the cup—they are only the tears of your wife. Drink on! you have drained her happiness. Take the gloomy cup anew! The drops look red—they are only the blood of your starving children. Drink then—drink on. Take the horrible cup again. Be not dismayed; you see only the grey hairs of your parents floating on the surface—you have drained their existence. Drink then, and drink on. But you must take the cup; for, alas! it is no longer the cup of choice, but the cup of habit; no longer the cup of enjoyment, but the cup of punishment; no longer the cup of delirium, but the cup of necessity. Its pleasures are gone while nothing remains but its bitterness.

Learn a Trade.

No one can look over his neighborhood, town or village, without being astonished at the large number of young men and boys who are suffered to grow up without a trade; and if the inquiry is made of their parents, whether they do not believe it is best for all boys to learn a trade, the answer is in the affirmative. Men who live at random—who suffer themselves to exist without having any fixed aim or object in view—generally make a miserable 'botch' for life. Hence the importance of setting out in early life with a determination of being something. Every one at the age of 16 or 17 should select some vocation with a determination of pursuing it, and yet we sometimes observe families of half a dozen, growing up to the age of maturity, trusting altogether to chance, for employment. While some are so fortunate, many others, from idleness, want of fixedness and determination, become poor wretches, and are kicked about through the world as mere tools, of little value to anybody. The proportion of successful men in the world are as 10 to one in favor of those who set out in early life to learn a trade, profession or calling with a determination to follow it as a source of living—or at least until mature judgment and age may safely dictate a change, over those who spend their minority in changing about from one business to another.—Even the boy who desires to be a farmer should make up his mind early in life to that effect, and at once set about acquiring habits of industry, economy, perseverance and a knowledge of agricultural science, that he may pursue it with pleasure and profit. Few persons, who thus start out in early life, make a failure of their existence, but will thrive, become intelligent and attain comfortable circumstances, before the frost of age begins to settle upon their heads. Are these remarks, in the general sense, found to be true? Let the reader, who has attained the age of 25 to 30 years, answer. That answer will be an emphatic YES! Then why are so many heads of families failing to fix in the minds of their children the fixedness of purpose so necessary to success? It is this grand fatal error of neglect to train boys for some particular occupation which has a mighty influence in peopling this world with vagabonds and 'botches' in mind, in character, and in mechanical skill. It is truly lamentable that such a vast number of persons are growing up like a herd of cattle, to be driven through the world pretty much in the same manner. Why have we such a multitude of poor mechanics? Manifestly, in a great measure, because they have never served their time, and paid that attention to their business which they might and ought to have done. They neglected to enlighten their minds and purify their morals in a manner calculated to facility and improve the labor of their hands. Why have we such a host of inefficient school teachers? Because they have never qualified themselves for the vocation!

Why are so many thousands making a bare hard living by peddling along and trading off their commodities by various small operations? Why so many wandering about without knowing to what to turn their hands? Why so many who must resort to keeping oyster shops, groceries, etc., in order to make a living? Because they have never qualified themselves for more useful employments! Some thoughts like these might claim the attention of a mass of parents with profit.—Potstown Ledger.

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco.

"I had a drame last night, yer honor," said he to the gentleman.

"What was it, Pat?"

"Why, I dramed that yer honor made me a present of a plug of tobacco, and yer ladyship there—heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife."

"Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know."

"Faith, and they may be that," said Pat, without the least hesitation, "so yer ladyship is to give the tobacco, and his honor the tay!"

The New York Dutchman says:—To better the condition of the world there should be more charity and less alms-giving—more kindness and less broken victuals. A good natured word is worth more to some men than all the riches of California. People who send folks away with a shilling and a slammed door, will please notice.

A GIRL out west, who had become tired of single blessedness, thus wrote her intended:

Dear Jim—Cum rite off if you'r cunning at all, as Sile Holmes is insinuat that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer. I must have a feller before next winter, and I can't stand it any longer. Your flame.

JULIA ANN.

Qualifications of Voters.

The laws of most and I believe all the States require that a person shall own a certain amount of property or pay some certain tax to give him the elective franchise. Would it not be wise to make some alteration in this? The strength of this Government is confiding in the intelligence and good understanding of the people. In their knowledge of their rights and privileges, of their duty as citizens and of the true principles of self government. Would it not be well to pay more attention to our public schools and make the elective franchise dependent on the ability of the voter to read and write, and the taking of some good weekly paper for about six months in the year? Thus you would raise the standard of intelligence; you would increase the interest of society, you would benefit the rising generation; and if any thing on earth can do it, I believe you would contribute to render more permanent and even as enduring as the hills, the institutions of our land. Visit the Printing Offices and Post Offices of our country, and I believe you will find, notwithstanding the cheapness of papers and the freedom of their transmission, not one half of the voters in our country take a paper; nor do I believe more than one half read a paper from one six months' end to another. How can such men know much of the transactions of the day. How can they possibly know all that is going on; and not knowing all, how can they possibly understand what is best and what is not, what would be for the interest or what the injury of the country. No subject can be properly decided and judged of, that is not well understood, and can such understand the contested and disputed subjects of the day? Many do not understand them thoroughly, who devote much of their time to reading and study, and as well might the man who takes no paper, who of course reads no paper, tell me that he has analyzed the sun, that he can tell me all its component parts with the principles and properties of light, as that he understands the controverted subjects of our legislatures, and if he does not understand thoroughly the principles of the man he votes for as well as the subjects which would be for the interest of the country, he is liable to become the tool of any designing political demagogue, and far more likely to give his vote for the injury than the benefit of his country. Then I say make it obligatory, as well as it is already the duty and interest of every man to render himself intelligent and well informed; and depend upon it the country would soon experience the salutary influence it would exert.

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.—When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle—was connected with the U. S. Bank, there was an old negro named Harry, who used to be loafing around the premises. One day in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey—

"Well, what is your name my old friend?"

"Harry, sir—ole Harry, sir," said the other, touching his sleepy hat.

"Old Harry!" said Biddle, why that is the name that they give to the devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "some time ole Harry and sometime ole Nick."

"E-e-l-l or D-i-m-i-k-r-t-s! We are on the eve of a lugubriously consequential and obsequiously important and spiritual campaign, when all free dinuikrats are expected to meet the brunt of the battle, bare their virtuous bumzums to the scathing fight, and go it for Thompson Pierce!" (Tremendous shouts of applause.)

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

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

THE FAT OF THE LAND.—The Albany Dutchman defines this term, as being girls whom you have to hug twice to make a complete circle of their waists. Let those girls get hold of the calculator and they'll make him one of the 'lean kind.'

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Be jagers, I had a brother," said Pat, "that went to Botney Bay, an' faith I know it was greatly against his own will."

MODERN HUMANITY.—Jane put the baby to sleep with Laudnum, and then bring me my parasol and revolver. I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race.

A CHEERFUL face is as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself.

It were well if old age were truly second childhood; it is seldom more like it than the berry is like the rose-bud.

Youths' Column.

The Little Girl's Good Morning.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
 As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle bed;
 "'Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning,
 papa!
 Oh, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
 Only do look at my pretty canary,
 Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary!
 The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes—
 Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
 Early to wake up my birdie and me,
 And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
 And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—
 "Happy so happy—but think of the One
 Who wakened, this morning, both you and the
 sun.
 The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
 "Mamma, may I say my good morning to God?"
 "Yes, little darling one, surely you may—
 Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
 Looking up earnestly in the skies;
 And two little hands that were folded together,
 Softly she laid on the lap of her mother;
 "Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she
 said;

"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;
 For taking good care of me all the dark night,
 And waking me up with the beautiful light;
 Oh keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
 Bless Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

An angel looked down in the sunshine, and
 smiled;
 But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

Great-men Children.

Some parents are particularly fond of naming their children after great men, and ransack history to christen embryo heroes in swaddling clothes. Marc Antony and Octavius Caesar, often quarrel over a single boat in a gutter, in modern times, with as hearty good will as did their distinguished originals about the ownership of the Roman Empire at Actium. A dotting mother in a western city has three boys whom she has named Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Thomas Corwin, and always takes especial care to give them the full benefit of the illustrious titles.—Being nearly of the same age, and constant companions, it is entertaining to hear her address them. They were all three playing upon the pavement, under the window not long since, when she "sang out" to them in this wise—"Now, Daniel Webster, if you take that bread and molasses from Henry Clay, I'll let Thomas Corwin stick that fork in your eye. Why, Henry Clay, you are an ungrateful little wretch, to fill Thomas Corwin's ears with sand; and that new pair of pantaloons I bought for Daniel Webster, he has torn to pieces, riding a hobby without driving in the nail."

The last we heard of the distinguished trio, Thomas Corwin was endeavoring to persuade Henry Clay to get a grasshopper, and both of them doing their utmost to force an india-rubber ball down Daniel Webster's throat.—

The Deity of Infancy.

As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if in pain, she relieves it, if happy, she caresses it.—In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is its heaven: "The mother is the deity of infancy."

Passing away Time.

"There's a cheat in all trades but hours," said the clock dial.
 "You are a very HAND-some punster," rejoined the bell.
 "Strike away—it deserves WRINGING," sung out two WREGGITY little fellows below.

"You be HANGED!" inteposed the pendulum, "while I have a SWING in this affair;" and thus they tickled one another for a full hour, when the key took hold and wound them together.

NINE LITTLE GRAVES.—In the graveyard at Palmer Centre, there are nine little graves, side by side, where sleep all the children of one family. The age of the oldest child, at the time of its death, was but five years. Nine little graves! What a touching sight!

Beautiful Saying.

It was a saying of the Jewish Rabbi, "that if the sea were ink, the trees pens, and the earth paper, they would not be sufficient to write down all the praises due to God for liberty."