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Poetical.

SOMETHING NEW.

BY CHARLES SWAN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
 Nor yet one half so dear;
 'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
 Or thousands gained a year.
 It lends the day a new delight;
 'Tis virtue's finest shield;
 And adds more beauty to the night,
 Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
 To sorrow whispers peace,
 It is a gift from Heaven sent,
 For mortals to increase.
 It meets you with a smile at morn;
 It lulls you to repose;
 A flower for peer and peasant born,
 An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
 To snatch the frown from care,
 Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay—
 Spread gladness everywhere.

And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
 That gems the lily's breast:
 A talisman for love as true,
 As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
 When threatening storm begins—
 As music 'mid the tempest loud,
 That still its sweet way wins—
 As springs an arch across the tide,
 Where waves conflicting foam,
 So comes this seraph to our side,
 This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
 With power unheard before—
 This charm, this bright divinity?
 GOOD TEMPER—nothing more.
 Good Temper 'tis the choicest gift,
 That woman homeward brings;
 And can the poorest peasant lift
 To bliss unknown to kings.

Political.

A Dastardly Assault.

In his superior qualifications as a statesman, rests the difference between him and Gen. Scott. No Whig will deny, not even the "bellicose" editor of the *Gazette*, or the "non-resistant" editor of the *Journal*, that he is infinitely superior in experience and talent to their mere soldier, and that the only "qualification" according to their notions, in which he has not surpassed their favorite, is in failing to have killed as many human beings as it is claimed Scott has butchered since he ornamented himself with the feathers.—*Pittsburg Post*.

We have read many outrageous, we might say infamous, assaults, made upon the fair fame of Gen. Scott, by the *Locofoco* British Free Trade journals; but the above which we copy from the *Pittsburg Post*, is the most brutal and villainous attack we have yet seen. How any man, who claims to be an American freeman, can so far degrade himself as to denounce Gen. Scott, as a butcher of human beings, we are at a loss to conceive. No man but a traitor to his country would thus speak of one who fought and bled in its defence. Not content to rob Gen. Scott of that which is dearer to him than life, the editor of the *Post* is base enough to add insult to injury, by coolly denouncing him a butcher. He who will carry British lead in his body to the grave, and who bravely met and repelled an invading foe which would have despoiled our homes, when the editor of the *Post* was nursed in his mother's arms, deserving of no other name for his patriotism and bravery than that of a butcher! Oh shame, where is thy blush. How can such a recreant look an honest American in the face? The man who can thus speak of Scott, would rob a hen roost if it was not for fear of being detected.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. SCOTT.—The *Tecumseh* (Mich.) Herald relates the following anecdote:
 "A citizen of our town gives a remarkable made by Gen. Scott at Fort George, in 1814. A British flag was sent to the American army. The carrier was sent to Gen. Scott's tent, and said to him: 'Our General has sent me with this flag to request that you surrender to him; for if you do not, he shall be compelled to storm the fort, and he will not be responsible for the Indians.' The reply of Gen. Scott was this: 'Tell your General to come on and storm the fort, and I will be responsible for the Indians.'

Why are the British for Pierce?

That is the question to be duly considered by every one who has the best interests of these United States at heart. That the British journals, which are known to be the mouth pieces of the British Capitalists and Manufacturers, are manifesting a great anxiety for the election of Franklin Pierce, no one can or will deny. Why are they thus anxious? No one can be simple minded enough to suppose that they are so philanthropic in their views as to desire to promote the welfare of this country. What motive then can it be which influences them? They are in favor of Pierce, as they say themselves, because they regard him as an ally of England. They think he would co-operate with them in fastening upon this country British Free Trade. They know full well that Free Trade is advantageous to British Manufacturers, while Protection to our industry would prove injurious to them and beneficial to us. This is the secret why the British are for Pierce. He is known to them as an out and out Free Trader. Hence their preference for him.

If this be the reason why England prefers Pierce to Scott, is not that in itself the most conclusive reason why America should prefer Scott to Pierce? The one is the champion of a policy destructive to American interests; the other the advocate of a system which will encourage Home labor and promote American interests.

"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."

American laborers! who understand your true interests too well to commit such a mistake as to make us a nation of paupers, by a system of free trade which is intended, and so operates, to destroy the manufacturing interests of this country, and thereby enrich British manufacturers, the choice is before you. Will you side with Free Trade Pierce, who is regarded as an ally of England, and may emphatically be called the British candidate? Will you support him for the Presidency, and thereby fasten upon your country a revenue system which will rob our farmers of their home market, our men of toil of their labor, and our country of its prosperity, so that British capitalists and manufacturers may enrich themselves at our expense? We know there is no true hearted American, be he an adopted or native citizen, who will answer aye. Then let your rallying cry be Scott and Graham.

"So run your flag aloft,
 Your colors spread abroad.
 The Free Trade scamp will then cry out
 The Whigs are on the sod."

Miscellaneous.

Value of a Smile.

Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all the young ones gloomy and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business:—

A smile—who will refuse a smile,
 The sorrowing heart to cheer,
 And turn to love the heart of guile,
 And check the falling tear?

A pleasant smile for every face,
 O 'tis a blessed thing;
 It will the lines of care erase,
 And spots of beauty bring.

That fellow has seen something of the world, who said that the young man who spends all his earnings to appear genteel amongst the ladies, as the fashion is about town, ought to consider that the money which bought that cigar will be needed to buy a pig when he and the young lady get married; that the buggy hire would be needed to buy a load of lumber to build a house; that that extra fine clothing might buy a forty acre lot of land for a home, and that money you paid for a ball ticket for you and Miss—, would come so handy to dress Alice and Andy. Well it would.

Sixty years ago there was not a single piano in the town of Northampton.—Now there are ninety, which cost not far from \$18,000. Sixty years ago, there were spinning wheels in nearly every house, not excepting those of the clergyman, lawyer and physician, perhaps between three and four hundred in all. A large part of these have disappeared. Some remain in old garrets and out buildings, but many of the rising generation never saw one, and have no knowledge of their manner of operation. The same is substantially true of other towns in New England.

For the Journal.

Ambition.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

There is, perhaps, no principle in the human heart which has been more derided—none against which more enormities have been charged, than Ambition.

Such expressions as "the slaughter clogged chariot, Alexander"—Napoleon, with the crowns of the Universe sighing at his feet," &c., have become familiar as household words. Indeed they would fain make us believe ambition to have been the cause of every shameful deed upon the pages of history, and that it is bloody, diabolical, and ruinous in its tendencies.

No doubt its unbridled excess has been the cause of crimes of the deepest and blackest die—but to contend from this that its right and moderate sway is fatal, is as idle as to condemn the utility of reason and philosophy, because of the miserable logic employed by a diseased and disordered mind.

Ambition was implanted in the human heart by the all-wise Creator, not as the predominant influence, but as the slave subservient to the will, and designed to prove its possessor to

"Noble ends by noble means attained;"

and if it be restrained within its appropriate sphere—if it be judiciously directed, it will guide over every difficulty and obstacle to usefulness and renown.

Show me the man who occupies any prominent position, of influence or credit in society, and I will show you one whose guiding star, and whose beacon light, has been ambition. True, it may develop itself differently in different individuals, and perhaps, may be known under various names; but still in all its constituent qualities, it is essentially the same, only varying as the gradations of refinement or difference in intellect of the individual may render it more or less conspicuous.

Were it mine to advise the youthful pilgrim just setting out on the journey of life, I would say to him, be ardent, be ambitious!—or in the words of a celebrated divine,—

"Bo! let the eagle's course be thine,
 Upward, and onward, and true to the line,"

I would urge him to set his mark high, and to press on, over every obstacle, to fame and glory! I would fire his soul with a noble ambition, and point him to some monument of intellect as enduring as time, upon which to carve his name in characters too deep ever to be erased. I would say to him, as did Willis to his classmates,—

"Press on,
 For it hath tempted angels! oh! press on."

Nor would I fear that under such tuition, he would prove a martyr student, exhausting the falling springs of life, by the flickering beams of the 'midnight lamp,' or that,—

"His languid eye;
 His cheek deserted of its bloom;
 His placid, shrunken, and withered muscle,"

would attend the melancholy effects of such advice in carving his name, not on a monument of fame,—but upon a block of marble in the Cemetery. Students have long since ceased to die such intellectual deaths; and they are now only to be found in the strains of some poet who like the sober Pollok, wanders from his course to vilify his "better angel," or in the tirade of some author whose writings abound in such expressions, as "garments rolled in blood," and "cities wrapt in flames," while secretly he is one of the most obsequious worshippers of the god he thus pretends to despise.

To say that ambition is more allied to evil than to good, is as absurd as to condemn the goodness of the Creator, in the gift of the nutritious fruits of the earth, because man has succeeded in obtaining from them, baneful and deadly poisons.

Huntingdon, August, 1852.

What does it Portend.

The kings and queens, the emperors and empresses, are roaming about Europe, says the *Home Journal*, and laying their heads together in an unprecedented manner. The Czar has called at the courts of Prussia and Austria, the Czarina is visiting the watering places of Germany; the Austrian Emperor is making a progress through Hungary; the King of Prussia was journeying towards Coblenz, and the King of Belgium was thinking of meeting him there. The royal personages are evidently aware that theirs is a common cause, and seem determined to stand or fall together. So far as regards falling together, it is not impossible their determination may be carried into effect.

"La, me!" said Mrs. Partington, on reading in the papers that Jenny Lind had a fellow feeling in her bosom for the suffering and oppressed of all nations, 'Twas just so with me when I was a gal! Her companions fainted, while the old lady re-adjusted her specs.

Teachers--Teaching.

We have often presented these themes, but they are still important, and we repeat the same facts over and over—our schools are where our men and institutions are made.

The vocation of the teacher, is at once pleasing, difficult and responsible. Few realize its truly interesting character. He, indeed, in the language of the solemn artist, "is painting for eternity." The human soul is his sketch board—the incessant influence of thought his colors—and his own skill in the appliances the instruments of design and execution. And what a picture will he make? Ask the quacks and dabblers in the art to exhibit their work—and ask the faithful artist who draws his lines with intense care and anxiety, to present his. Each class may well and justly point to living specimens. Do you think it too much or impossible, that the fair haired youth, just bending his crown to the dignity of manhood, with beautiful affections, and intellect, and a virtuous heart, is the work of the one; while the profligate, with the dark lines of vice upon his character, and the shadows of intellectual night upon his soul, is that of the other? Men of thought will trace the unerring dependencies of cause and effect, and here they can find both. The scholar will be as the teacher. It cannot be otherwise in general. The time will come—it is near—when the common school will be as sacred to the complete education and discipline of the pupil, as it now is to only a partial effect. The symmetry and proportion of the Intellect, the Heart, and the Physical System will not be marred by any distorted and half way discipline. As Health is the first condition of progress in life—the means of preserving it; the Physiology of the animal frame, and the Functions of existence—will become simple rudimentary subjects for the youngest learner—no mystery about them, any more than the now simplified truths of Geography. Ask our fathers, if, in their day, an octavo of Morse, of 40 pages was suffered to enter an humble School house, or wander from the shelves of the Academy? But times have changed.

And as the heart, or, as others would express it, the Sensibility and the Will, must share in any right or proportionate education (for what is intellect merely in a devil) the development of the moral feelings, and affections, the love of virtue and truth, will become an integral part of the systematic cultivation.

In the department of the intellect there will be many changes. This is an age of condensation. Truth is assuming compact forms and a narrower compass. Men live fast in a little space. The child of this meridian time, opens its eyes on more facts in twelve months, than did its father in as many years. The next fifty years is to increase the ratio of this effect greatly.—The sciences will be simplified and made more embracing. The abstract and difficult deductions of the Philologist, the Mathematician and the Philosopher, will be reduced to simple elements, so that the common school may, at no distant day, place within the reach of every child of the state, the rudiments of all valuable knowledge and acquirement, and education will not be a stinted, but a general and comprehensive effect, moulding and making the scholar, the citizen, and the man. At such an epoch, the teacher's will be an important station. The question asked him then will be, not "have you studied?" but "do you know?" It is a fact, now overlooked, that the instructor who has a clear understanding of principles, can present more truth to a learner, and communicate more knowledge, in a few moments of ingenious and forcible illustration, than a befogged intellect can elaborate in a week—nay, in an age. Indeed, the thing is impossible. Ignorance cannot enlighten the brow of truth, or point the way to the palace of thought.—The unfitted teacher is an opaque, a rayless orb—he shines a moonless, starless night upon the lonely intellect and heart.

We close with an ardent hope that a new era is about to dawn. That the facilities for education are to increase and energize, till men shall learn its value, and the superiority of the new, over the old forms and systems; the *pseudo shapen*, or as the geologist would idealize it, the transition stratum of teachers shall give place to regular and perfect forms of the profession, and every school house become a fountain of light and happiness.—*Youngsville (Pa.) Express*.

"Ma, I want some liquid generosity on my bread and butter."
 "Some what, my child?"
 "Some liquid generosity."
 "What in the world does the boy mean by 'liquid' generosity? What is it like, my son?"
 "Gosh, mam! don't you know? Why, 'tis molasses, to be sure?"
 "Here 'Bridget, spank this boy and put him to bed."

LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a world this is! This world, as Shakspeare very beautifully remarks, "is all a cattle show, for man's dilution given—and—and woman's too." That's a fact. Shakspeare's right! This here is a very—a very checked life.

This world is given to fault-finding, tremenjus. Now, here's my wife—kicked up a great row just because I went to bed with my over-coat, boots and hat on, when she knew that I wanted to get up very airy in the mornin', and start off immediately on 'portant business. She's very particular to enquire what business it is that calls me out so airy, but I won't tell her.—She's no right to interfere in my business. I don't interfere in her's. I don't never ask her where she buys groceries and provisions, and get's trusted for 'em. I don't care where she buys 'em—if she only gets 'em without throwin' away money for 'em. And then she finds fault wi' me for spendin' so much money for licker. But what am I goin' to do. Licker's cash. It can't be borth without the dimes. Hain't the men that sell licker got to live? How can they pay rent if nobody patronises 'em! That is a question that goes to my heart like an arser.

BEWARE OF MAN TRAPS!—The Supreme court of Connecticut has decided that a correspondence in writing between a marriageable female and an unmarried man is presumptive evidence of an engagement!—The Judge says:

"That an engagement exists, or an offer has been made and accepted there a correspondence takes place between such parties, as are described in this case, is, we think, in accordance with general experience, which is one of the usual and most satisfactory tests of human evidence; and although, when taken alone and disconnected from other facts, it may not be so strong as some evidence that might be suggested, yet we hold it competent to be submitted to a jury, and from which they may find a promise to marry, if the evidence satisfies them of the fact."

Bachelors and cousins should beware of committing themselves. They should be as chary of the use of their pen as a politician who is a candidate for public office.

COMMON SCHOOL REPORTS.—The reports of the Directors of the various School Districts for 1852, and certificates of assessment of School tax for 1852, which should have been forwarded to the Superintendent on the first Monday of June or immediately thereafter, are not yet near all received at the Department. Directors are respectfully urged to be prompt in making these returns, as it is the interest of their respective districts as well as the public generally that they all be received at an early period. Directors are also especially requested to write proper names as plainly as possible, so as to avoid errors in forwarding the school warrants, documents, &c. A large number of the reports received have been returned to the districts for correction because the same person held the offices of President and Treasurer, or Secretary and Treasurer. Our exchanges would serve their readers in many instances by copying or calling attention to this notice.—*Harrisburgh Keystone*.

A most singular superstition exists in the department of the Indre of France, that after death the soul of the defunct flits about the apartment in which it took its departure from the body, like a butterfly, seeking an aperture to escape to Heaven; and therefore when any one is considered in the last agonies, every vessel containing water, milk or any other liquid, is removed carefully for fear the passing spirit should fall into it, and thus be prevented from reaching its eternal place of rest.

A miserly Church member becoming excited by a sudden burst of eloquence from his minister, clapped his hands and shouted out, "Thank God for a free Gospel—twenty years have I been a church member, and it has not cost me as many coppers!" "Lord forgive your stingy soul!" exclaimed the preacher.

A clergyman who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was "one of the few. Such a jewel of a Christian. You cannot find his equal, you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, "with an almost broken heart, 'I don't know, but I'll try.'"

SLIMBLE.—A western reporter gives the following description of a conflagration: The devastating element unsatisfied with floods of water, belched forth its crimson tints, and spread the fiery flag of devastation over entire squares, unchecked by the superhuman exertions of the firemen, who seemed like lost spirits in the halls of pandemonium, as they flocked round the terrific spectacle.

The Duty of Ministers to Children.

The churches must receive all their accessions of real strength from the young. In far the larger portion of the country, the young people generally have, or seek to have, other associations than with the churches of any denomination. They are therefore, beyond the reach of our influence. The congregations are made up mainly of experienced men, unconverted, who admire the moral positions assumed by our preachers—and the heads of families, making up the membership of the Church, and the children of those families, with a few young acquaintances.

The Church receives no strength from ever so large a crowd of admirers. It is not the throng shouting to the soldiery in the highway, but the men under arms who make the army strong. "These old men" who patronize us, if they ever become truly converted, are not made of the stuff that gives the energy to the churches. They begin so late in the day that their fire of zeal has burnt out, and they are rather in a condition to enjoy, than to serve the church. God bless them. Let them come. But we want something more than these. Churches made up of elderly people are not adapted to, nor fitted for engaging the young. Every arrangement, every movement, has the stamp of age and of a conservative spirit, and lacks the energy that the young esteem an appropriate feature of every enterprise.

Again, a few years exhaust the entire energy of a church of old people, which has not been invigorated by the continual infusion of the youth of both sexes. Shall we then, as a people, see our churches becoming infirm and powerless, in a few years—or shall we have an ever blooming, vigorous, and healthy community, with its ranks recruited yearly from the youthful portion of society? There is, there can be, no hesitancy on this point. All agree that the latter is essential, and must be secured. But how?

Let the preacher look after the small children, with special solicitude. Too little attention is paid to children, by the ministers of every denomination. And our ministers are sadly at fault in this matter.—The importance of it is not felt and understood as it should be by us. Only a few short years elapse, and the little ones who bashfully cling to the mother's gown when a stranger speaks to them, become transformed to men and women, who walk the earth as joint sovereigns of nature, and in their turn uphold the tottering steps of age, and wield the destinies of earth.

When our people first began to give a home for the preachers of a thorough Christianity, there were found in every family young olive plants around the tables where the preacher sat, whose blooming faces turned to the minister, as the opening flower to the sun, deeming it a privilege to receive the light of his smile or a word of kindness from his lips. If he were a wise man, he imitated his master. Little children were found in his arms, and at his feet. Their awkwardness, timidity, their waywardness, even, were overcome by his influence, and the young hearts twined about him with an affection that grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength as years passed on.

The confidence and esteem of little children, cannot be too highly valued by the Christian pastor. He cannot be too careful to secure and cultivate it. It has nothing of the cold, calculating cautiousness, that often distinguishes the friendship of maturer years.

Time and distance may separate the Christian pastor and the lambs of his flock, but ever will be found, in manhood's prime, or woman's loveliness, the pure love of the little child, now grown to dignified and firm attachment, for the minister of Christ. *Westeyan*.

A friend tells us the following rich anecdote, which we pronounce decidedly good:

One of the storekeepers of this place, a few days since, purchased a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

"Sure," said Biddy, "its your own fault if they are light, for 'wasn't it a pound of soap I bought here myself that I had in the other end of the scales when I weighed them?"

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof and love: there is happiness for you, whether the day is rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or on a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

A celebrated barrister one day examining a witness, who foiled all his attempts at ridicule by her ready and shrewd answers, at last exclaimed: "There is brass enough in your head, madam, to make a five pail kettle." "And sap enough in yours, sir to fill it," quickly retorted the witness.