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Poetical.

[By Request.]

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU---A HYMN.

I once was a stranger to grace and to God—
 I knew not my danger, I felt not my load;
 When friends spoke with rapture of Christ on the tree,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I've oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
 Isaiah's wild measure or John's simple page;
 But e'en when they pictured the blood sprinkled tree—
 Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughter of Zion that roll,
 I wept when the water went over his soul
 Yet thought not my sins had nailed him to the tree,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

But when free grace awoke, and with light from on high,
 My legal fears shook me—I trembled to die—
 No refuge or safety in self could I see,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before that sweet name—
 My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
 To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;
 Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my name and my boast—
 Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er shall be lost;
 By Thee I shall conquer, by blood and by field,
 My Cable, my Anchor, my Breast-plate and Shield.

E'en passing the valley—the shadow of death—
 This watch-word shall rally my faltering breath;
 For when from life's fever, my God sets me free,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be.

Political.

A Voice from Tennessee.

At the Whig ratification meeting in Washington city, the Hon. WM. CULLOM spoke as follows:—

Mr. President and fellow-citizens of the city of Washington and of the District of Columbia—Do not know but that I ought to extend my congratulations beyond the District, for it occurs to me on this occasion, that not only is the city of Washington out in its strength, and the District of Columbia, but it seems to me from the front you present here to-night that we must have had a sprinkling from the world at large. [Laughter.] I thank your Chairman for stating to you that I come from Tennessee. I am a Tennessean by adoption, although a Kentuckian by birth. I am a Clay Whig of the Kentucky school. [Cheers.] And I am here to-night, as all Whigs are at all times, and on all occasions, to bear my testimony in behalf of the virtues of Whig principles. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, I will not occupy your precious time by recounting what transpired in the Baltimore Convention, of which I was one of the humble members; but suffice it to say, whether you preferred Daniel Webster or Millard Fillmore, as I did, or Gen Winfield Scott, the selection of a candidate is a matter of compromise between the thirty one free and independent States of this Confederacy. No section of the nation expected its choice; no locality is to stand upon its preferences in defiance of the great will of the American people; but in that Convention the claims of every aspirant were canvassed, and their friends adhered to them with unwavering tenacity; and the choice at last fell upon Gen. Winfield Scott, of New Jersey, whom I proclaim to-night as the second father of his country. [Cheers.] Yes fellow-citizens, I care not for my preferences; I am a Whig from principle. I worship at the shrine of *no man*; and when you say to me that you cannot subscribe to the nomination because it is not your choice, I pronounce you men-worshippers, who forget what has been inscribed upon the Whig banner—"measures not men."

Gentlemen, what is the struggle in which you are to engage for the next few months? Gentlemen, Winfield Scott and William A. Graham have committed to them the banner of the Whig party; while our Democratic friends, amidst great "noise and confusion," have ransacked the Democratic calendar from A to Z, and find for themselves a suitable man; and behold they have "grabbed" and hauled up "from the vasty deep" a gentleman who, they say is a general tool. [Laughter.] Gentlemen, Franklin Pierce has been made the Democratic Standard bearer; and now let me run a brief parallel

before the audience between the relative claims of General Winfield Scott, who is a *real general*, and the man whom the Democrats say is a general—Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire. That Mr. Pierce may be a gentleman, and doubtless is a gentleman, I am not here to controvert; but if he is presented to the country on the score of his military achievements, in opposition to our General of six feet four inches standing in his [laughter] stockings; a general covered with honorable scars received in fighting the battles of his country; scars which mark him from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; a man who never *fainted* in a battle, [cheers and laughter,] and whose glorious war charger never *fainted*, [renewed laughter;] if, I say, General Pierce is come into competition with our *real general*, I am here as one of the Scott boys to pull off the mask. [Loud cheers.]

Sir, where are the achievements of General Pierce? I ask you where are his exploits? I have looked in vain for his grave-yard. [Laughter.] I have not been able to discover his laurels on all the face of the earth—and the Republic of Mexico included. [Great Laughter.] Not at all doubting his courage, yet in view of the truth of history I must be allowed to say, and every Democrat must allow me to repeat it, that it is not recorded upon any page of the history of my country that Gen. Franklin Pierce ever fought a battle or won a victory. [Great cheers and laughter.] There is a general of Mr. Polk's appointment! I have been told by a gentleman that, that was the best appointment which Mr. Polk made.—God save the mark! [Laughter.] I replied to the gentleman that I did not know about this appointment being the best. "Why because, in the first place, he had the candor to admit that he was no general at all; [Great laughter;] and, in the second place, because he had the manliness to resign his office and come home, while his other appointees had neither the manliness to acknowledge their deficiencies, nor the honesty to resign their commissions." [Roars of laughter.]

But, gentlemen, it is certain that Mr. Pierce was unfortunate; I will not say that he lacked in courage, but he was unfortunate. On the day of battle some say that he fainted. I will not, however repeat that, for it may be a slander. I understand that that is entirely a mistake; that Gen. Pierce did not faint, but that his horse fainted. [Peals or laughter.] I will not slander Gen. Pierce, but I must confess that I have no peculiar liking for that stock of horses that are given to fainting. [Continued laughter and cheering.] That horse that fainted under Gen. Pierce, was not of the old stock that Gen. Scott rode upon many a battle-field; for I never heard that the glorious war charger of the hero of Lundy's Lane fainted anywhere.—I find it recorded that one of his glorious war chargers in a certain battle was cut down by a cannon ball beneath his glorious rider. But, instead of Gen. Scott fainting, what was the effect? Why, sir, he laid his powerful grasp upon the arm of a British officer, pulled him from his horse, took him prisoner, vaulted into his vacated saddle, and pursued the flying enemy. [Immense cheering.] There is a general for you! [Tremendous cheers.] A general not merely entitled to military buttons and epaulets, but to the highest confidence of his country. [Renewed cheers.]

But, gentlemen, when you corner a Democrat in regard to Scott's military achievements and he gets hard pressed, he will reply to you, "I am opposed to putting military men into civil office." I have no doubt you are. [Laughter.] I believe it from the bottom of my heart; you cannot bear the idea. But when you had Gen. Jackson, how was it then?—[Roars of laughter.] When you had a real military hero who never fainted, you said, "Glory be to Jackson!" [Tremendous applause and cheering;] and every Democrat when he dies wants to go to Jackson. [Renewed cheering and laughter.] He cares less to be in Abraham's bosom than to be with Gen. Jackson.—[Immense applause.]

So much for the military qualifications of Gen. Pierce. And now for his civil qualifications. What are they? He is against protection to the labor of Americans and in favor of building up British interests at our cost. He is for striking down the American laborer to the level of the European laborer. My countrymen are to be reduced from their present rate of wages to five or ten cents per day. He is against river and harbor improvements.—His voice was lifted in Congress against all that can Nationalize American Institutions. But there is one thing in particular to which I wish to refer. You remember the late lamented Gen. Harrison, when he died in your midst, having served his country from early infancy—you remember when he died in your midst, being stricken in years—the partner of his bosom still lingering. Gentlemen, I am

ashamed that such a thing as I am about to relate should have happened in America; and I am sure there is not a lady will dare to utter a word in favor of Gen. Pierce, when she learns what I am about to relate. Gen. Harrison at the age three score and ten years, after serving his country, was summoned to his fathers.—His aged widow was here poor and penniless—the wife of a patriot who had given his whole life and substance to the service of his country. When he died in your midst, and a magnanimous Congress proposed to give a small pittance, the balance of his salary, to his old widow to subsist upon for the remainder of her days, this glorious, magnanimous man, Franklin Pierce, this civilian who is to over-ride every body and everything in yonder Capitol, lifted up his voice against the claims of the widow in such circumstances; and yet he rests his claims to the Presidency upon the magnanimous consideration that he will starve the millions of our countrymen by advocating a free trade policy, and by refusing a miserable pittance of a few hundred dollars to the widow of a deceased military hero! Where is the heart that does not start back at such a picture!

But they say that old Scott, being a purely military man, won't do. I have no doubt that it was objected to the "Father of his Country" that he "would not do." [Great cheering.] I believe, however, that it is generally understood that he made a very good President. [Vociferous cheers.] It was said of old Jackson, in the same manner, that he "would not do," but the American verdict gave the lie to the assertion. And when old Harrison was presented, they said, you have presented an "old granny to the country." But the patriotism of the American heart lifted him to the first office within the gift of any people upon earth. [Cheers.] So of old Gen. Taylor. The Democrats said he was a "rusty old blade," and they argued, "If you take a military man why don't you take Gen. Scott; there," they said, "is a real General for you; he is not only skilled in war, but in civil diplomacy." When they talked in this way, I told them, "Just hold still, and we will give you a 'hasty plate of soup' next time." [Immense applause and laughter.] The truth is, we had taken it into our heads to run old Zack, and we did run him; and I congratulate you and the country now that the soundness and healthiness of our present condition is attributable to his coadjutor and successor, who is worthy of all praise. Now we have presented you with a man whom you said four years ago that we ought to have run; and, justly fearing his success, you now tell us that we ought to have run a civilian. Brave Democrats! Consistent Democrats! [Cheers and laughter.]

Who is the civilian whom you have proposed? The man who refused to allow a few hundred dollars to "Old Tip's" widow! Wo to such qualifications! We give you old Scott, the second "father of his country," and I will not occupy your time by recounting his deeds of chivalry, for they are written as with a pen of steel on every American heart. [Cheers.] I will yield the stand to other gentlemen. [Loud cries of "no, no," and "go on, go on."] Why, gentlemen, I have been running day and night ever since the nomination. I have hardly laid me down or shut my eyes for the last two or three days, and have made about two speeches a night since we inscribed the name of Scott on our banner. If it were not for fear of intruding on the patience of my friends, I would talk you all into fits in favor of the nomination. [Laughter and cheers.] Gentlemen, Gen. Scott fought for me before I could fight for myself. He fought for my country; he has borne the flag of my country in many a victorious field, [cheers,] and he shall not want an advocate while my free American tongue is loose to speak. Nor shall the glorious principles which he impersonates ever want an advocate while I have the power of speech. [Loud and continued cheering.] Humble as I am, unpretending as I am, I always bring to the rescue zeal and determination never to yield while there is a shot in the locker. [Great cheering.]

Old Tennessee is going to show you a little spunk of her own. Tennessee has never failed to support the Whig candidate for twenty years. Do you know that?—[Cheers and "yes."] Do you know that under Andrew Jackson himself Tennessee dared to be Whig? [Cheers and "yes."] Let me tell you a little incident about that. I was brought up in Kentucky, but having nowhere to stay, I concluded I would loaf off. I "pulled up my stakes" and tied all my earthly treasures in a pocket handkerchief, which was labelled "this is the house that Jack built." [Cheers and laughter.] I got to Tennessee in time to take part in the contest of Gen. Jackson's first election. I don't exactly want to come out, because you see it fixes my age, and I may want to marry again. [A laugh.] I was one of two men in the county who voted against old Jackson, and I stood alone till the State was revolutioni-

zed in 1836, and thank God I have taken a part in every struggle we have had since then; and these same fellows that voted for Jackson have seen the error of their ways, and they are the same chaps that sent me to Congress, in place of a better, to represent the hermitage district itself. I don't see how they could have done any better—do you? [Immense cheering and laughter, and cries of "no, no, no."] I think they have made a pretty respectable show of their good sense, which is a great compliment to themselves, and not to me.—[Cheers and laughter.]

Well, gentlemen, I will be with you for at least two months yet; and all you have to do is to get up a little "hollobaloo," and I will come and talk to you. [Cheers.] I have nothing else to do. I am a Scott man, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I am not anything else but a Scott man now. Write that down in a book and print it, and preserve it for your children and mine. In the Convention, there was competition as between Fillmore and Webster and Scott, but as between General, Captain, Lieutenant Pierce and General Scott, there was no room for guessing. [Cheers and "Scott forever."] I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the polite attention you have given me. I just came in as a sort of small change to fill up the crevices between the big guns. [The honorable gentleman retired from the stand amid long and continued applause.]

Miscellaneous.

Dignity of Vocation.

No impression prevailing in society, is more false or fatal to the manhood of people, than that which gauges a man's worth or respectability by the field of labor or profession he occupies, so long as the labor or profession is useful or honest. And we hold every useful vocation to be honest, denying most emphatically, that dishonesty is ever useful. The nobility of man, in this country not depending, thank God, upon hereditary honor, title or wealth, should flow not from the nature of his honest toil, but from the spirit he carries to that toil; the spirit by which, with or against the smiles of temporal fortune, he shapes his career among and his intercourse with his fellow-men. It has ever been our conviction that he is more of the true man, who turns chimney-sweeping to an honest, independent account, than he who, scornng the rough toils of the humble and needy, is willing to live an idler—however proudly caparisoned, upon the industry, sweat and blood of his fellow-man.

Henry Clay—republican in all his instincts—paid the workman a just and noble compliment, when he said to a mechanic as he shook his hard hand, and pointed to the city palaces and spires, "behold on every side the monuments to your glory!" What matters it whether one carries the hod or plumbline; whether one mixes the mortar or handles the trowel, so long as each is essential to the progressing triumphs of human attainment in all our varied respects? We would not have a man descend to inferior conditions of toil voluntarily, if he has the chance and capacity for the superior, but we would have every man feel that, when necessity commands, there is no useful labor dishonorable. The Lord Chancellor on his wool-sack does not more conserve, according to his advantages, the welfare of mankind than the mason who hews stone in the quarry, or the shepherd who tends his flocks on the hill side.

A ROUND BILL.—Tom presented his bill to his neighbor Joe, for service rendered. The latter looked it over and expressed much surprise at the amount.

"Why, Tom, it strikes me you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?"

"I'm sensible it's a round one," quoth Tom "and I have come for the purpose of getting it squared!"

A young gentleman of Detroit, who has of late been much afflicted by palpitation of the heart, says he has found considerable relief by pressing another palpitating heart to his bosom. Queer, isn't it?

There are only two things in which the false professors of all other sects, and to plunder their own.—Lacon.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.—Lacon.

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, has turned out to be a hoax.

In literature, our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgement by that which we withhold.

We never yet knew a man disposed to scorn the humble who was not himself a fair object of scorn to the humblest.

It is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favorable side, than to an estate of ten thousand a year.

The Boy and Man.

BY REV. JOHN C. ABBOTT.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business, and concluded to go to England and try his fortune there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make eminent man.

After he graduated he studied law.—And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity.—One or two cases of great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The King and his cabinet seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the government. They therefore raised him from one point of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago he was a poor boy of Boston. His father was a little portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men, in talent and power, in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his days in idleness, he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other boys were idle; he studied at College, when other young men were wasting their time; he adopted for his motto "Ultra Perge," (Press Onward,) and how rich has been his reward!

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation of your future life. You are every day at school deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of misspent boyhood.

The human mind has an insatiable curiosity; there is no end to its speculation and researches. Had God, to meet its difficulties, given a rule of faith consisting of as many volumes as there are chapters in the Bible, it would still have advanced its conjectures. Instead of setting it at rest, this would therefore, only have thrown it into greater agitation. The better way of arresting the fight of pre-emptuous reason, ever disposed to go beyond its proper limits, and at the same time to render its knowledge more sure, was not then to enlarge the volume of revelation; but to oblige man to renounce his curiosity and pride. On this account it is the will of God that a great part of religion should consist of humility.

If you want to buy anything,
 If you want to sell anything,
 If you want to hear anything,
 If you want to tell anything,
 If you want to do anything,
 If you want anything done,
 ADVERTISE!!!

THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.—We met a gentleman in a bookstore the other evening searching for the origin of the multiplication table. Who of our readers could have told him its author? It was invented, as authentic history informs us, by Pythagoras the Grecian philosopher, 539 years before Christ, and is 2391 years old. It has done great service in the world, in the study of mathematics.

Well, you may say what you please about Captain Speckle's meanness—there's one thing I know, and that is, he saved my life three times at the battle of Chapultepeke.

"How so?"
 "Why every time he ran away I followed him."

One thing is quite clear, that whether Fortune be more like Plutus, or an angel, it is no use abusing her; one may as well throw stones at a star.

Women are called the "softer sex" because they are so easily humbugged.—Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

Youths' Column.

THE BABY.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."
 O, what a joyous sunbeam comes
 To chase away the gloom!
 A little infant robed in white,
 Illumines all the room!
 So innocent, so beautiful,
 We gaze with fond delight
 Upon the brow so pure and fair,
 The blue eyes mild and bright,
 The cheeks that tempt the fervent kiss,
 The mouth like rose-bud sweet,
 The little arms whose soft embrace
 We lovingly entreat.
 There's something like a golden crown
 Upon the cherub's head,
 Which seems around the gentle form
 Celestial light to shed.
 That light which is more felt than seen,
 Must be the blessed sphere
 Of heaven, which, in infancy,
 Lies with its glory near.
 Dear child! its presence fills our hearts
 With earnest joy and love,
 Nor wonder we that angels watch
 And guard it from above.

"That is a Boy that I can Trust."

I once visited a large public school.—At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me. I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess.—He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark.—What a character had that little boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community.

I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by older people; every boy in the neighborhood is known and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by your teachers or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, and you also will be called to render an account to Him. Be trusty—be true.—*Child's Paper.*

Alfred.

Alfred the Great had reached his twelfth year before he had even learned his alphabet. An interesting anecdote is told of the occasion on which he was first prompted to apply himself to books. His mother had shown him and his brothers a volume, illuminated in several places with colored and such other embellishments as were then in fashion. Seeing that it excited the admiration of her children, she promised that she would give it to the one who first learned to read it. Alfred, though the youngest, was the only one who had spirit enough to attempt it on such a condition. He immediately went and procured a teacher, and in a very short time was able to claim the promised reward.—When he came to the throne notwithstanding his manifold duties, and a tormenting disease which seldom allowed him more than an hour's rest, he employed his leisure time in reading, for the best interests of the people he was called to govern; and the benevolence of his conduct is well known.

Evil Company.

The following beautiful allegory was translated from the German:
 Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eudalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child; take it."

Eudalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it happened; her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eudalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

Roast not, for discerning folks will think you a fool.