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Poetical.

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.

BY W. L. HUBBELL.

"Who leads the Column?" Who but he,
Whose name is linked with Victory!
Who but the Hero who has won
An hundred battles—losing none!
Who but the Chieftain of two wars,
Triumphant with the stripes and stars!
Who, wounded, scorned the bitter pain,
And bleeding, charged the foe again!

"Who leads the Column?" Ask of those
Who nobly met their country's foes
At Chippewa and Lundy's Lane,
Nor met their country's foes in vain.
Go where Niagara's roar has vied
With Battle's dark ensanguined tide,
From San Ulla's castled walls
To Montezuma's princely halls,
At Cerro Gordo's bristling pass,
Or glorious charge at Contreras,
At Cherubusco's awful fray,
Chapultepec, or at Del Rey,
Or where'er our flag hath won,
And ask, "Who foremost led the van?"

"Who leads the Column?" 'Tis not he
Who fears to meet the enemy;
For many a daring bold advance,
Against the foe's quivering lance,
And many a blood-red-battle-field
Where deep-mouthed cannon loudly pealed,
And many a stealthy ambuscade,
With fœmen of the forest glade,
Attest how brave that heart must be
That ever leads to Victory!

"Who leads the Column?" 'Tis he,
Proud Champion of our Liberty,
Who nobly deems what'er betide,
War as his duty, Peace his pride!
Bears by a Nation's proud acclaim
The Great Pacificator's name,
Who first in War the Victory gains,
And welcomes dove-eyed Peace again.

"Scott leads the Column?" Hark! that roar
Re-echoing back from shore to shore,
Those wild huzzas that rend the skies,
Are but a nation's warm replies.
"Scott leads the column!" 'Tis there one
That will not now his armor don,
And charge amid the battle's van?
Scott leads! Hurrah! On! Freemen, on!

Family Circle.

Self Education.

Learning that is acquired at schools is but the beginning of our education. It is the theory without the practice of the requirements and duties of life. It is after leaving school that we are to commence the most important part of education—self education—the applying of what others have taught us—the carrying out what others have begun for us, to our own self-improvement.

It is then, in reality, that true education begins, for whatever a man learns himself, he always knows better than that which he learns from others. Not that we should disregard the help or advice of others, for it becomes us to use all the aids and facilities we can command. But we should set ourselves at work upon ourselves, to be independent.

When we were young our food was provided for us; but even then we ate and digested it for ourselves; now we must not only do this, but we must earn it also—acquire it ourselves, and so in understanding and knowledge, become men.

Accustom a child as soon as he can speak to narrate his little experience, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instructions, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures. This is the ground-work of a thoughtful character.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—A mother teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive of. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the champions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministrations we are inclined to do good and turn from evil.

Education of the Heart.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom; to educate the head and forget there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when it is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by the senses, and move the heart; and the father may instil more solid and available instructions in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in a stereotyped aphorism.

No physician doubts that precocious children, fifty cases to one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid. When the studies of mature years are stuffed into the head of a child, and people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed, and can bear exertions; and the other is growing, and needs repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts; to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart, to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out this course, for the emotions are the liveliest and most easily moulded; being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source the mass of men are hereafter to show their sum of happiness or misery.—The actions of the immense majority are all under circumstances determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents a happiness that we should feel rightly; very few instances occur where it is necessary that we should think profoundly. Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention, not to interrupt them by improper or over excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period that is necessary to its health; and the best is moral instruction exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

It is perhaps necessary to add that at this period of life special attention should be given by both parents and teachers to the physical development of the child.—Pure air and exercise are indispensable; and, wherever they are withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless sufferings have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child; simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of those innocent victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land. Give us fresh air and wholesome exercise; leave our expanding energies to be developed in accordance with the laws of our being, and full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood.—Quarterly Review.

Political.

Progress in Democracy.

A great deal has been lately said, especially by Young America, of the progressive character of Democracy. Our opponents are fairly entitled to their claim of Progress. But then, they should not insist in the same breath, that they belong to the old school of American Democracy. Nothing can be more different than the Democracy of the early days of the Republic and that of the present hour.—Bank, Tariff, &c., were once warmly supported by the Democratic party. Now they are denounced as the distinguishing features of Federalism. The progress of the Democratic party from their ancient creed, and their claims still to be the genuine old American Democracy finds a fair illustration in the following anecdote.

"I say, Squire," said an individual who was indulging in the luxury of whittling a pine stick in front of a tavern, "this here's my grandfather's jack-knife."
"No, not your grandfather's, is it?"
"Yes, it's grandfather's knife sartin,"
"What an old knife it must be! how have you kept it so long?"
"Why, there's been four new blades and six new handles put to it since grandfather's time; but it's the same old jack-knife for all that!"

Senator Dawson, of Georgia, comes out manfully for Gen. Scott.
Slander is the revenge of a coward.

A Testimony of A Neighbor about Franklin Pierce.

"The Independent Democrat" is printed at the town of Concord, where General Pierce resides. The editor, Mr. Fogg, is intimately acquainted with him, having for some time been an inmate of the boarding house with the nominee of the Democracy. The public services of Gen. Pierce, both civil and military, and his public character, are becoming known; but little or nothing is known with regard to his qualifications, the tone and scope of his mind, and his private sentiments and feelings. Mr. Fogg has given some information of the points, which he derived from long acquaintance with Pierce. We give an extract from "the Independent Democrat," and desire the reader to mark the weak points in the character of Pierce. They are infinitely worse than any alleged weak points in the character of Scott—such as egotism, and fondness of dress and display:

"We do not think him a great man or a great statesman. We do not think him a fit man to trust with the destinies of this great nation. We do not think him capable of grasping the great idea of Democracy, and of administering the government in obedience to the doctrines and principles of the fathers of our Republic. We believe, nay, we know him to be a partizan, at once unscrupulous, intolerant and ambitious. With very respectable impulse, he knows not what it is to take or pursue any course because it is right and commends itself to the approval of an enlightened conscience."

Gen. Scott and his old Soldiers.—An Incident.

A gentleman from a neighboring county, related to us an incident a few days ago, which goes far to show the warmth of gratitude and affection still entertained for their old commander by the old soldiers who served under Gen. Scott in the war of 1813. "One of these gallant old soldiers," said our informant, "resides in our county. He is and has been a prominent and active Democrat all his life, and has six sons, all arrived at mature age, and all Democrats but one."—When the news of Gen. Scott's nomination was received it was communicated to the old gentleman by his Whig son, who, knowing his admiration of the General, was eager to inform him of it.

Before announcing it, he inquired of the old man—"Father, who do you think the Whig Convention has nominated for President?"

"Why, Mr. Fillmore, I suppose"—was the reply.

"No," said the son.

"Well then, Mr. Webster?"

"No," was the answer again.

"Have they nominated Gen. SCOTT?" inquired the old man, waking up with animation!

"Yes! they have nominated your old commander," replied the son; when the old soldier leaping from his chair, his eye kindling with the wonted fire of his youth, and striking his hands together exclaimed:

"Then I will vote for him! and every one of you six boys must do too! I never voted for a Whig in my life, but I will vote for Gen. Scott. I have fought by his side in the thickest of the battle, and I will not now desert him."

The Canvass in Tennessee.

A letter in the New York Tribune from Shelbyville, dated July 25th, says: The drift of public feeling in Tennessee is not well known abroad. The State is safe for Scott. The disaffection is small, and it has done more good than harm; it has roused lukewarm Whigs and put them to work. There are twenty Democrats in this State who will vote for Scott, to one Whig for Pierce. Don't put Tennessee down again on your doubtful list. Kentucky and Tennessee will go for Scott by larger majorities than they cast for Taylor or Harrison. With the exception of Gentry and Williams, the few Whigs who go against the Whig ticket, are persons of no influence. Brownlow will do us more good than harm. You may proclaim that 'all is well in Tennessee.'

Gen. Scott at the West.

The intensity of the enthusiasm with which the nomination of Gen. Scott is received at the West, observes the Albany Journal, is without a parallel, it is everywhere hailed with delight. In Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois, the news excited the most lively animation, eclipsing even the enthusiasm of 1840.—Ours is a grateful people. They cannot forget the services of those who have periled their lives for their country. General Scott is destined to receive the reward of his patriotic heroism.

It is not study alone that produces a writer—it is intensity: in the mind, as in the chimney, to make the fire burn hot and quick, you must narrow the draught.

Refreshing their Memories.

The Pennsylvanian has been charging Gen. Scott with cowardice, with embezzlement of money and dishonest and dishonorable conduct.

The Daily News refreshes its memory with the subjoined article from its own columns. The reader will be delighted to find in it the warmest praises of the Hero, and denunciation of his calumniators. For example: "GLORY, THEN, TO WINFIELD SCOTT! and forever silent be the ribald tongue or pen that would link his name with aught that is not glorious in action, invincible in courage, and unflinching in resources and wisdom!"

From the Pennsylvanian, May 10, 1847.

GENERAL SCOTT.—Those who read the general orders of General Scott, disposing his forces before the fearful battle of Cerro Gordo, will be struck with the powerful truth of the subjoined remarks of the New Orleans Delta. We question whether history records an instance in which similar confidence, coolness and attention to details, prior to a conflict, have been followed by equal success, and a more rigid and literal fulfillment of all the minutia of the commander's design:

GENERAL SCOTT'S ORDERS.—The spirit of Lundy's Lane, of Bridgewater, and of Queenston, pervade the general orders of the gallant soldier issued the day before the battle of Cerro Gordo. The calm determination heroic resolve, firm purpose, and judicious foresight displayed in this document, must excite the warmest applause and highest admiration of every American. In Scott's vocabulary there is no such word as "fail." He never permits a doubt to cross the high purpose he has in view. There is no looking back, no return. "The enemy's whole line of entrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front and at the same time turned." And then he is not satisfied with a bare victory! He will not stop his onward course and quietly repose on his laurels until he is reinforced. But he pushes on, not even resting from the fatigues and wounds of battle, nor awaiting the slow approach of baggage wagon, but with the determination to reap the benefit as well as the honors, he pushes forward his columns, upon the heels of the fugitive enemies, and stays not the pursuit until there is not one left to follow. Glory, then, to Winfield Scott! and forever silent be the ribald tongue or pen that would link his name with aught that is not glorious in action, invincible in courage, and unflinching in resources and wisdom.

Miscellaneous.

Reform Should Begin at Home.

A DOMESTIC CHAT.

"This is pleasant!" exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking chair, as the things were removed.—The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a pretty and neatly furnished sitting-room with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a house of one's own," he said again, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he really thought he felt grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now if we only had a piano," exclaimed the wife.

"Give me the music of your sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared complacently, despite a certain secret disappointment, that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us, and not to hear a piano," exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted his wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play one, and I don't want to hear it."

"Why, they are so fashionable—I think our room looks nearly naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano, shockingly," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes my dear," he said, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we needed one," said Esther, pettishly.

"Those are very pretty lamps—I never can see by an astral lamp," said the husband. "Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw—they were bought in Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp," said

Esther, sharply, "they are so fashionable! Why, the Morgans, and Millers, and Thorners all have them; I am sure we might too."

"We ought to if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that."

The husband moved uneasily in his chair. "We want to live as well as others live," said Esther.

"We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure we can afford it as well as the Morgans and Millers, and many others I might mention—we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"Then we do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it look like other people's we want a piano and an astral lamp."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband, "there is no satisfying a woman's wants, do what you may," and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions!

How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! Could the real cause of many a failure be made known it would be found to result from useless expenditures at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and "what will people think?"

"My wife has made my fortunes," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, "by useless extravagance and repining when I was doing well."

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. But all that is necessary to work skillfully and adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step farther and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, an absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, then return to your own with a joyful spirit.—You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; then you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears, lest family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young house-keeper never needed greater moral courage than she now does to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let A's and B's decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse.—You know best what you can and ought to afford; then decide, with strict integrity, according to your means. Let not the censure or the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matters little what people think, provided you are true to yourself and your family.

What queer things come in sleep. We dreamed the other night that we went to Egypt in a canal boat, that we were received with open arms by the statue of Memnon, who, in compliment of our arrival, played a fantasia on a Chinese gong.—Shortly after this, we were invited to dine with Scosstris, and such a dinner! She took down the great Oasis with a single swallow, and concluded the entertainment by picking her teeth with the sharp end of a pyramid. When we left an army of mummies were throwing back somersets over the Nile, an entertainment that Cleopatra accompanied with 'Oh, Susanna, while Mark Antony was sweating like a nigger under oath in a Virginia breakdown. We came home on skates, and awoke 'an hour too late for breakfast.'

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker for August says:—"By the by, speaking of the various forms in which grief is manifested, reminds me of something I heard a day or two ago. A servant girl was talking of the loss her sister had recently sustained, in the death of a devoted husband. 'Poor Mary!' said she, 'though George has been dead near six months, yet she grinds her teeth (!) even now whenever she thinks of him.'

Advantages of Classified Schools.

The early organization of classified Common Schools, will confer upon any community some important advantages which are generally overlooked. It seems to be taken for granted, by many towns and districts of the State, which are delaying the thorough and proper re-organization of their public schools, that lost time can be made good by an energetic movement and a liberal expenditure of money, at some future convenient period. Not so. A great sensation may be suddenly made, and notoriety very soon acquired, but solid advantages are of much slower growth. Other things being equal, those towns and cities of the State that are first in the field, with really good schools, have an immense advantage over others, which they may hold as long as they please. Last time is never made good any where; and whether in the quiet student's life, the pursuits of ordinary business, or the great interests of the public, the contrary is impossible—absurd. Rewards belong to effort, to patient toil, to sacrifice and to unwearied faithfulness, anywhere and everywhere. But the advantages—let us enumerate them.

First: The older pupils will receive some benefits, which would otherwise be lost to them and to the community.

Second: The younger pupils may have the benefit of a systematic course of instruction through the entire period of their school training. This is a matter of the first importance. Eccentricities, omissions and irregularities during early life, can never entirely be made good by any subsequent labor or expense.

Third: The sooner the strong and salutary influences of the good order, the thorough discipline and the respectful demeanor of the school room, can be felt upon the large mass of the children of a town or city, the sooner will the streets be free, by night and by day, from disturbances and violence.

Fourth: When a school system, worthy of the name, is actually put into operation, its arrangements and influences, more or less, affect the habits and domestic arrangements of the whole community. The sooner and more perfectly these are made to harmonize with the new order of things, the greater will be the success of the system.

Fifth: The public schools of our country are to furnish the laborers, the mechanics, the business men, the citizens, of every community. The sooner these grow up intelligent and upright, the more truly prosperous and happy will be that community, independent of all outward advantages.

Sixth: The sooner a solid reputation for proper elementary training is acquired for any town or city, the sooner will the very best class of citizens choose it for a home—for a place of residence for themselves, and all their relatives and friends.

To Apprentice Boys.

Be faithful boys. A good faithful apprentice will always make an honest and industrious man. The correct habits of youth are not lost in man. Associate with no persons who are addicted to bad habits. Spend your leisure hours in some profitable pursuit.

Do not go to any place of amusement where the mind is not really benefited.—Do not stand at the corners of streets, or lounge in shops of bad repute. Always have a useful book to take up or a good newspaper.

Read the lives of such men as Franklin, Hale, Doddridge, Locke, Newton, Johnson, Adams, Washington, &c., men who have been useful in life, and left behind them characters worthy of imitation.

Break not the Sabbath. Always attend church; never let your seat be vacant, except you are sick, or away from home. Be kind to your associates. Cultivate benevolent feelings. If you see distress or sorrow, do all that in you lies to alleviate it.

When friend or companion is confined by sickness, make it a point to call on him and bestow all little favors possible upon him. If you cultivate kind feelings, you will seldom quarrel with another. It is always better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. We should never hear of mobs, or public outbreaks if men would cultivate the kind feelings of the heart.

Finally, make the Bible your study. Live by its precepts. In all your trials and disappointments, here you will find peace and consolation. You will be sustained in life and supported in death.

SHARP.—"My love," said an amiable spouse to her husband, "don't sell that horse, I like him, and I want to keep him."

"He's my horse, and I'll sell him," replied the loving lord; "didn't I buy him?"

"It was my money that bought him," retorted the aristocratic lady.

"Yes, madam," said the husband and your money bought me, or you never would have had me."

The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest simplicity.