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### Poetical.

#### THE OLD GREEN LANE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Twas the merry summer time  
That garlands hill and dells,  
And the south wind rung a fairy chime  
Upon the foxglove bells;  
The cuckoo stood on the lady-birch  
To bid her last good bye—  
The lark sprung o'er the village church,  
And whistled to the sky,  
And we had come from the harvest sheaves,  
A blithe and tawny train,  
And tracked our path with poppy leaves  
Along the old green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a sunny day,  
And we were a happy set,  
As we idly bent where the streamlet went  
To get our fingers wet;  
With the dog-rose here, and the orchies there,  
And the woodbine twining through;  
With the broad trees meeting every where,  
And the grass still damp with dew,  
Ah! we all forgot in that blissful spot  
The names of care and pain,  
As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot,  
To rest in the old green lane.

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh  
As I think of that rich hour,  
When my heart in its glee had seemed to be  
Another woodsie flower;  
For though the trees be still as fair,  
And the wild bloom still as gay—  
Though the south-wind sends as sweet an air,  
And heaven as bright a day;  
Yet the merry set are far and wide,  
And we never shall meet again—  
We shall never ramble side by side  
Along that old green lane.

### Political.

#### Hear a Mexican Soldier.

At the ratification meeting at Detroit Mr. Rynner, who served in the Mexican war, being loudly called upon, came forward and addressed the meeting.  
He said he had enlisted in the service of his country when a boy, that he was a Whig then, and had not changed his political opinions since. [Applause.] He had seen Gen. Scott, and loved him as did every soldier who had ever served under him. [Great Applause.] General Scott was a plain man, an honest man, an independent man, and a brave man; and while his name alone was sufficient to strike the enemies of his country with terror, his soldiers approached him familiarly: he loved them with all the tenderness of a parent, and they adored, revered, and idolized him. [Tremendous Applause.] With Scott for their leader, the Americans felt invincible: danger was forgotten; no one could withstand the fury of their charge; they mocked at danger and laughed at death. [Deafening applause.] Mr. Rynner then gave a general description of the battles in the vicinity of the City of Mexico, together with many interesting facts connected with the history of the conquering Chieftain during that momentous period. Speaking of the villainous and outrageous arrest of General Scott, he said, I was in the city of Puebla when the glorious old Chieftain was arrested. The news of the outrage spread like wildfire. Many of the soldiers would not believe the report.—When convinced of its reality, the bosom of every American burned with grief, shame and indignation. Grief that their beloved Scott had been degraded—shame, that their Government had degraded itself, eternally disgraced itself in the eyes of the world, and indignation at the perpetrators of the foul deed. [Thunders of applause.] We determined to give him a triumphant reception; but, learning our intentions, he entreated us, for his sake to desist. When he arrived in the city, his soldiers stood pale and mute with very rage. He descended from his carriage in the midst, and drawing his towering form up to its full height, said, "Fellow soldiers, I am a prisoner in the nation conquered; I can not accept a public demonstration." [The audience was silent for a few moments; every eye flashed with indignation, every hand was clenched; every lip was pale and compressed; suddenly a prolonged and deafening yell went up which shook the building to its centre.]

Below we give an extract from a regular Pierce and King organ, the Lycoming Democrat, edited by Col. Carter, a gentleman of ability and integrity. Can any true democrat, or any honest man, of any party, read this startling evidence of corruption, and afterwards doubt, for a moment, the necessity, or propriety of a political division of the power and patronage of the Canal Board? Making a large allowance for the general laxity of official morality, and the force of long indulged habits of political profligacy on our Public Works, it is still, we think, not unreasonable to hope that a division of place and power, here, as elsewhere, might impose some check on these most abandoned of petty tyrants, and public plunderers. We, therefore, ask the tax-payers of Pennsylvania—the independent voters of this Commonwealth, to read and ponder the following facts from the pen of an honest Democrat, and let truth, public duty, and the dictates of common honesty control their decision of this question. Col. Carter, in his paper of the 21st ult., says:

"As we said last week, the citizens of this county have not the slightest voice in the selection of their officers—they are, to all intents and purposes, in the same state of disfranchisement as the wretched peasantry of the wilds of Connaught. A few individuals, bound together by the cohesion of Canal plunder, monopolize the offices for themselves, their relatives, and their followers. As soon as the general election is over they meet together in caucus—sometimes on a store box—sometimes on the steps of the Court House—sometimes in the back room of a lawyer's den—and sometimes in an obscure tavern—and there form the ticket for the ensuing election. With the prestige of former success; with the funds of the canal always at their disposal; and with the means and influence of men in office who expect to be rotated into higher and more lucrative birth, the "clique" succeed in electing just such delegates as will carry out their wishes. Occasionally, it is true, in several of the townships, a spirit of disgust, or to use the language of the party leaders, a spirit of *disorganization* is manifested, and the people wholly refrain from attending the delegate elections.—But this does not interfere in the slightest degree with the operations of the public robbers. Before the Convention assembles—and it always assembles during Court week—a stray juror, or a stray witness, from the disaffected township, is caught, presented with credentials, pressed into service, and for five or six hours he sits in Convention with the gravity of an owl and the wisdom of an ass—not as the duly accredited representative of a free and independent township, but as the hired tool to office holders and office hunters.—Political affairs as they now exist in this county could not well be more humiliating and degrading.

The party organization moulded and controlled by a few individuals who have added acre to acre, and farm to farm, from successful public plundering—primary elections held to ratify the selections of delegates previously named by the candidates for office—and last of all more than all, a constituency without a free representation. Will any one who has taken the trouble to look at the corrupt workings of the delegate system, and who has brains enough to keep him out of the rain, have the impudence to assert that Lycoming, with all her great and growing interests, has ever been truly and faithfully represented in the Halls of our Legislature? No! no!—Gen. Paucker has been represented, and Gen. Petrikin has been represented, and Judge Lewis has been represented, and the Williamsport and Elmira Rail Road has been represented, and robbing Canal Officers—from defaulting Collectors down to thieving mud bosses—have been represented, but for the last eight or ten years, not a hand has been lifted, not a voice has been raised, in either branch of the Legislature, in behalf of the outraged, disfranchised, pillaged, plundered, tax-ridden people of old Lycoming."

LOOK OUT!—A statement in the *National Intelligencer* shows that the United States have already run into debt to Europe, under the tariff of 1846, upwards of \$200,000,000.

Nothing but the gold of California has prevented a crash similar to that of 1840. But it must come, sooner or later, if the present state of things continue.

A FACT THAT TELLS TO TAX-PAYERS. We copy the following from the *Pottsville Ledger*:

"The shipment of iron over the State works will not be half as heavy this year as in 1848. Cause—the use of foreign iron. Poor policy for Pennsylvania.

### Stand Firm!

The *New York Tribune* has the following wholesome advice to the friends of Gen. SCOTT:

The adversaries of Gen. SCOTT hope to secure his defeat by persuading the more timid and lukewarm Whigs that his election is impossible—that the triumph of Pierce and King is a 'fixed fact.' They know that, as between Pierce and Scott, a majority of American Freemen would decidedly prefer the latter for next President; but they say to themselves, 'If we can convince all the trimmers that Pierce's election is certain, they will rally to his support; and if we can make the fainting Whigs believe Scott has next to no chance, they will neither work nor vote; so let us brag high, claim everything, offer bets to every one whose principles condemn betting, and we shall probably carry our man.'

This game does not always win. It was tried out in this State in 1837, when the Whigs were bragged down with offers of 'Two to one on Marcy,' 'Even bets on five thousand majority for Marcy!' &c., yet Seward carried the State by over Ten Thousand majority. The Whigs did not pretend to match their adversaries in bets, but when it came to working and voting, they were there—as, we confidently trust, they will be again.

In 1848, the friends of Cass were sure of electing him in the early stages of the canvass, and would have bet any amount on it. They ridiculed the idea of Gen. Taylor, who had spent all his life in the back woods as an army officer, beating a scholar, civilian and diplomatist like Gen. Cass. They paraded estimates, giving Gen. Taylor but half a dozen States and challenged bets on them. When Pennsylvania elected Johnston Governor in October, by only 302 majority over an unpopular rival, and at the same time chose the Cass Canal Commissioner by 2,634, they scouted the idea of Gen. Taylor's carrying the State. Johnston, they said had been elected by Freesoil votes, which would go for Van Buren in November; when lo! November showed a majority for Taylor over both Cass and Van Buren—though Cass's vote was heavier than his party had ever before thrown in the State. And so with Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Tennessee, North Carolina, and other States which, on the strength of local contests, they had claimed as likely or certain to vote for Cass.

There are two or three hundred thousand voters in the Union whom nothing short of a Presidential contest can bring to the Polls—we regret the fact, and they ought to be ashamed of it—but it is a fact, nevertheless. Of these voters, nine-tenths are Whigs. The only way to beat Gen. Scott is to persuade them that their votes can avail nothing this Fall, and to persuade our live Whigs that it is fruitless to make the necessary effort to bring them out. If this impression can be diffused, and Whig apathy shall open the way to the polling of illegal voters in the strong Pierce districts, they may beat us. And this is what they are now working for.

WHIGS! STAND FIRM! They who shout over the loss of half their usual majority, half their Congressional delegation, and more than half their Legislative majority, in Iowa, and who are delighted with the choice of only two whigs to Congress from Missouri, where we carried none in the Taylor year, will of course find a pretext for shouting in every election between this and the November. They will add together the Rum votes for Chandler, and the Whig Temperance votes for Hubbard in Maine, and show a vast majority against us in that State; and so, doubtless with regard to the State elections in Maryland, Indiana, &c., where they have extraordinary elements of strength in the State contests. In each of these States there are thousands who will vote for Scott, who cannot be counted on to vote the Whig local tickets in October. Our adversaries of course will shout—let them shout!—They will profess and cherish a strong desire to bet—let them seek gamblers among those to whom gambling is congenial.—They will hold great meetings and fire cannon—let them incur the expense; the noise will wake up our voters as well as theirs. Let us go straight along, putting facts and documents into every one's hands—quietly organizing and preparing to bring out the legal voters and keep out illegal votes, and we shall silence their bragging effectually on the 2nd of November. Then we can shout, and exult, and fire cannon, if we have a taste for such amusements; but let us postpone playing till our work is done. We may then cheer with a good conscience, and without a fear of yaking up the wrong passenger. Put out the documents and push on the organization now; leave huzzaing till the proper time.—The Chinese warfare of our antagonists will alarm none but very timid children, and need not terrify even them. Old Chippewa has faced a heavier fire on many a field, and never thought of quailing; let his friends profit by his example.

### Communication.

#### For the "Huntingdon Journal." The Proper aim of the Scholar.

Man was cast up by the Divinity upon the ocean of time, doubtless for some specific purpose—though brief his stay, he passes not, as a bubble from the water, without a record of his existence to live after him. He is the creature of a day indeed, but such is his connection with this world, so intimate his relation to his fellow men and the rest of creation, that even in this short period, he becomes the agent of a vast deal of influence in the moral government of God. From this tendency of his actions, there is no exemption; no condition can render him an isolated object.—Whether he be in authority or in obscurity, on the throne or in the hovel—wherever mind is brought in contact with mind, there is a mutual assimilation, as necessary and invariable as any of the laws that regulate the Universe.

The education of the human mind derives its principal importance from the nature of its relations. Were man born to live by himself and for himself, he could propose no object for the exercise of his faculties apart from his own gratification, and of course the community would not be interested in his success: truth could find no development beyond the labors of the individual, and science would be a multiplicity of systems, each deriving its peculiarity from the mind that gave it birth.—But it is not so. The present state of the world is the result of combined effort, the direction of which is due to the learned.

These are the primary agents, to whom the illiterate are subservient, the master-builders in the construction of the world's history, whose learning is employed to direct and economize physical force. Thus it is that the aim and success of the scholar, or the youthful literary tyro, become objects of interest to the whole community—nay, to the world itself. What this aim shall be, is readily dictated by a benevolent heart.

Talent is a fearful gift to man, and is capable of becoming, even in the individual, the nation's glory or the nation's scourge. The eloquence of a Tully's tongue may thrill a Roman Senate, and save the city from impending ruin; but when Caesar plunges into the Rubicon, Rome is free no more. When Voltaire or Newton speaks, the world is all attention; but soon a nation's woe responds to the infidelity of the one, and the world's master-minds admire the genius of the other. France enthrones reason, where God should be, and pays the recompense of her folly with her people's blood, but the scientific world weeps only when Newton speaks no more. Education shone in both, out to different ends. The one made reason subservient, and by it vindicated the ways of God to man; the other exalted the servant above his master, and to maintain the throne vilified the very idea of his existence—and the scourge fell, and the malignity of its smart is felt even now.

To become a great man for the sake of display in the world, should be the last, as it is the least commendable, aim of the scholar. There is something in the false glitter of applause, that blooms brilliantly before the enchanted view of the aspiring youth. He looks and is captivated; he grasps, and behold, it is a shadow! He retires within himself and rears castles in the air, until his fancy reels upon the giddy heights to which it has wrought itself. In his flight he penetrates the dark veil of futurity, beyond which, if mortals pass they tread forbidden ground. He sees himself the admiration of the world, wielding State affairs with wondrous effect, electrifying honorable assemblies with the grandeur of his eloquence, or leading armies on to victory, whilst nations tamely submit to his authority. Scarcely does he dream that all this is a mere phantom, that it has no correspondent reality. And still his eye rests upon the far off object of his ambition; he covets the prize, and like the giants of old, he would fain pluck up Pelion and Parnassus to construct a common causeway, over which he might gain the goal of his wishes, at a single leap. But here there is no probability of success. The motive, which actuates the aspirant, renders him averse to the employment of means. While he dreams, he is quiescent, and when he awakes he is amazed to find the reality so unlike the creations of fancy. Moreover there is hazard in the experiment. The untempered aspirations of Prometheus rivited his fate to the chilly rock and doomed him to the relentless gnawings of the cruel vulture. A reputation based upon the interest seeking enterprises of the world, is less secure than an air-balloon at the mercy of the winds, which is liable at every moment, to be shivered to atoms, by the very element that bears it up.

In discussing the subject of education, it can not be too much insisted upon, that character is everything. The scholar, and all whose hopes are bright with future anticipations, for the present, should be more concerned about what he shall be, than what he shall do, in the world; knowledge

is power," but devils employ this power for one purpose, and Angels for another—the end is determined by the character of the agent. Moral culture is therefore of the first importance, as being the sole guide in the direction of mere mental acquirements. The heart is to action, what the sun is to vegetation—the only source of color. All the beautiful hues, on the deeply-pictured page of nature, due one to the solar beam; so all the loveliness in human character is radiated from the heart as its centre. However unjust the vulgar imputation, that learning makes rogues, it is nevertheless true that some, who are educated belong to this class. And what an engine of evil is an educated villain? Unchain the tiger upon society, and his rage will expend itself upon the carcass; place daggers into the hands of the madman, and there is hope that his fury will turn upon himself; but send forth the educated monster man upon the community, without character or principle, and the very core of society will be effected, and the evil will evade the restraints of all law. The exercise of ingenuity in the progress of vice is really astonishing, and there is no telling where roguery will stop, when the weapon, which the villain employs is well tempered and polished.

There is a common bond of interest between the learned and the people of the age in which they live. Schools and nurseries of learning are the property of the whole community, as it is from their influence that society receives its very hue and color. The scholar, instead of being an isolated object, at war with all the sympathies of human life, is destined to exert an influence upon the world; and the proper use of that influence should be his most cherished aim.

Increase of knowledge, so schooled as to realize his position among his fellow men, will be fearful of consequences. G.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Folly.

"For girls to expect to be happy without marriage. Every woman was made for a mother, consequently, babies are as necessary to their 'peace of mind,' as health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid. If you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother."

Now I won't stand that! I'm an old maid myself, and I'm neither melancholy nor indigestible! My "piece of mind" I'm going to give you, (in a minute) and I never want to touch a baby except with a pair of tongs! "Young mothers and sunshine!" Warn to fiddling strings before they are twenty-five! When an old lover turns up he thinks he sees his grandmother, instead of the dear little Mary who used to make him feel as if he should crawl out of the toes of his boots! Yes! my mind is quite made up about matrimony; but as to "babies," (sometimes I think and then again I don't know) but on the whole I believe I consider 'em a d—cedid humbug! It's a one-sided partnership, this marriage! the wife casts up all the accounts!

"Husband!" gets up in the morning, and pays his "devoirs" to the looking glass; curls his fine head of hair, puts on an immaculate shirt bosom; ties an execrating cravat; stows away a French roll, an egg, and a cup of coffee; gets into the omnibus, looks slantingly at the pretty girls, and makes love between the pauses of business during the forenoon generally.—"Wife must 'hermetically seal' the windows and exclude all the fresh air, (because the baby had "the snuffles" in the night) and sits gasping down to the table more dead than alive, to finish her breakfast. Tommy turns a cup of hot coffee down his bosom. Juliana has torn off the string of her school bonnet; James "wants his Geography covered;" Eliza can't find her satchel; the butcher wants to know if she'd like a joint of mutton; the milk-man would like his money; the ice-man wants to speak to her "just a minute;" the baby swallows a bean; husband sends the boy home from the store to say his partner will dine with him; the cook leaves "all flying;" to go to her "sister's dead baby's wake;" and husband's thin coat must be ironed before noon. "Sunshine and young mother!" Where's my smiling bottle?  
[Fanny Fern.]

Like the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederick the Great had a most philosophic indifference to life—in others. In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out—"Why do you run away, you old blackguards?—Do you want to live forever?"

CAPITAL.—The most conspicuous effort to manufacture capital for the advancement of Mr. Pierce has just been made by the Baltimore Sun. It declares with great gravity and considerable vehemence that an individual who was wounded at Lundy's Lane, married Pierce's sister.

### Science Answering Questions.

Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earths and minerals.  
Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft? 1st, Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; and 2dly, Wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment, by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain-water tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters, washed from the roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.

How does blowing hot foods make them cool? It causes the air which has been heated by the food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their face by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No; it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face; but it cools our face, by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught through the keyhole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore, the air from the hall rushes through the keyhole into the room, and causes a draught.

Why is there always a strong draught under the door, and through the crevices on each side? Because cold air rushes from the hall, to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.

Why is there always a draught through the window crevices? Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney.

If you open the lower sash of the window, there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this. If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room, and cause a great draft inwards; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room will rush out; and, of course, there will be less draught inwards.

By which means is a room better ventilated by opening the upper or the lower sash? A room is better ventilated by opening the upper sash; because the hot, vitiated air, which always ascends, towards the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled, by opening the upper or the lower sash? A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash; because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does the wind dry damp linen?—Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbues the particles of vapor from the surface of the linen, as fast as they are formed.

Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel? The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building? Because the heated air of the building ascends; and all the air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor, till it has become heated.

Why do plants often grow out of walls and towers? Either because the wind blew the seed there with the dust; or else because some bird, flying over, dropped seed there which it had formerly eaten.—*Dr. Brewer's Guide to Science.*

There is a youth who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, halloo's *fi, e,* right under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window and inquires where, when he poetically slaps himself on the bosom and exclaims, Here, my Hangelina!

HE FIXES 'EM.—A quack advertises to cure among other incurable diseases.—Mareobozart, Abdelkader, Hippotamus, Potato Rot, Hydrostatics, Inflammation of the Abominable Regions, Ager Fits, Shaking Quaker Visits, and all kinds of Anniversary.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of a great mind.

Beauty is a rock on which many a man makes shipwreck while in search of the pearls which adorn it.

"Well, Joe, what do you think of the chance of the election of Pierce?" asked one Democrat of another. *Faint was the laconic reply.*—*Louisville Journal.*