



BY J. A. HALL.

HUNTINGDON, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1852.

VOL. 17, NO. 41.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates, viz: If paid in advance, per annum, \$1.50...

Poetical.

THE HEART OF MAN IS LIKE A HARP.

BY JOHN CHAPMAN.

The heart of man is like a harp Of many thousand strings; Touched by a skillful hand, a tone...

Oh! many are the notes that ring From this poor heart of mine; Sometimes 'tis like a joyous bird...

But then again sad tones of woe, Come from each trembling string; Sad as childless mother's heart...

Deal gently with this wondrous harp— Breathe on it soft and low; Let every trembling note be free...

Political.

Letter from Major Jack Downing.

MR. GALES & SEATON: My dear old friends, I wish I had better news to write to you. I'm pesky afraid General Scott is coming in...

There's Cousin Sargent Joel, he can't live without hurrahing for somebody as much as two or three times a day. He got in a habit of it in old Hickory time...

"What's that you say?" said Uncle Joshua. "I say, hurrah for General Scott, and I don't care who hears it," says Cousin Joel...

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business," said Uncle Joshua, "setting such examples as this to their neighbors. There's many a word spoke in jest that's turned into earnest before it's done with..."

"But, may be, Uncle Joshua," says I, "the Whigs haven't gained so much as you think for, after all. It looks bad in the Legislature, I see but it may be all owing to the rum business, as you say about the Governor..."

"I 'spose I shall," said Cousin Joel. Then, why in the name of common sense don't you hurrah for him? said Uncle Joshua...

Uncle Joshua turned away looking rather down in the mouth, and saying, "he didn't know what the world was coming to..."

These things has kept Uncle Joshua very uneasy along back, and before our State election, which come along last Monday, he got quite nervous; and he ain't no better yet...

"I'm afraid we are coming out at the little end of the horn, Major," says Uncle Joshua, and he looked up over his spectacles...

"Oh, I guss not," says I, for I wanted to cheer him up as much as I could. "The liquor law has played the mischief with this election all around, and got things badly mixed up..."

"That don't amount to nothing at all," said Uncle Joshua; "a good many thousand of temperance Whigs voted for Hubbard, and a good many rum Whigs voted for Chandler; and when the Legislature comes to meet, Grosby will stand just as good a chance to be chose Governor as any one of 'em..."

Legislature, I see but it may be all owing to the rum business, as you say about the Governor. "No, no; it isn't that," said Uncle Joshua...

"Well, now, how is it?" In the next Congress this State has six Representatives, and the Democrats have made out to elect three and the Whigs three...

"Well says he, "that don't prove whether we shall have two-thirds or one-third in the next Congress." If the States go on as they begun, it will be pretty likely to be one-third...

And now, Mr. Gales & Seaton, if you can say anything to encourage us, or to relieve Uncle Joshua's anxious mind, you would do a great kindness to our old friend, MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Miscellaneous.

For the Journal.

Birmingham Female Seminary. This institution—located in the borough of Birmingham, Huntingdon county—devoted exclusively to the education of females...

This institution is what it purports to be; a school for females—where the heart and mind of the scholar will be properly taught and directed—by precept and example...

AUGUSTINE WAKEFIELD, ANDREW S. HARRISON, SAMUEL CALDWELL, EPHRAIM BAILY, J. K. McCAHAN, A. P. CALDERWOOD, M. D.

October, 1852. There is a man in London who has a canary with such a delightful voice that he sweetens his tea with it.

Choosing a Profession.

Young men in making a choice of profession or business, must be governed in a considerable degree, by their particular tastes and talents, and in estimating these there is no little danger of mistake...

We have a few plain and obvious remarks to offer on this subject of choosing a business for life. The first is, that young men, unless they have great application, industry, decided talent, and see the way clear to acquire a thorough education...

Let young men be cautioned against preferring clerkships to mechanical trades. It has been estimated that not one in ten attempting business in large cities, and not one in a hundred commencing as clerks have succeeded...

From the Spirit World.

The following is reported as a true message from a certain individual now in the "Spirit World," as we have been told: Rapper—John S. Jones?

R—No; send a message to your once fond, dear wife, to pay it for you, and then you will be happy. S—Yes, yes, tell her if she wishes me to enjoy eternal happiness, to go at once and discharge the debt and everlasting bliss is mine.

R—I will do as you bid me. A message is despatched to widow Jones, informing her of the sufferings of the spirit of her late husband, on account of not making peace with the printers...

S—O, joy unspeakable. R—She has seen the printer, and paid him! S—Happy! happy!! am I!!! The above is a warning to you who will not heed the call of the "man of types..."

UNEASY and ambitious gentility is always spurious. The garment which one has long worn ever sits comfortably.

The Irishman and the Deacon.

A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscott, R. I., was traveling through the western part of the State of N. Y., he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country...

Pat was a strong athletic man; a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired for the road nearest to the church.

Ingalls was a good pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to accompany him thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by...

The meeting was opened with a prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when suddenly an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted 'glory!'

And suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick a posteriori, as the logicians say, he landed him in the vestibule of the church.

The Responsibility.

A young man in Virginia had become intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy, which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend would remonstrate with him in vain...

"Now if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?" "Set down that glass." It was set down, and the two friends walked away without saying a word. Ah, the drunkard knows the awful consequence of a first glass...

A SHORT STORY WITH A MORAL.—A young Yankee had formed an attachment for a daughter of a rich old farmer, and after agreeing with the bonnie lassie, went to the old farmer to ask consent; and, during the ceremony—which was an awkward one with Jonathan—he whittled away at a stick...

FRIENDS are queer things. It is an old saying that they are always absent when you need them; but as soon as you can do without them, they swarm about you like bees about a hogshead of sugar. Lucky are you if misfortune does not convert them into enemies. Would a porpoise, and all his comrades pitch into him without mercy...

West India Insects.

A work written by Henry N. Breery, who resided for 13 years on the island of Martinique, thus describes its insects:

"The most remarkable insects are the scorpion, woodlouse; annulated lizard, locust, tarantula, centipede, wasp, blacksmith mosquito, bat, cockroach, fire fly, chigre, betenouge, caterpillar, grasshopper, cricket, and bee. Of these, the scorpion and centipede are the most dangerous, the ant and woodrat the most destructive; the musquit the most troublesome, and the cockroach the most repulsive. The destruction caused by the ant is generally confined to plants and flowers; but the depredations of the woodrat extend to the houses, furniture, and even cloths of the inhabitants; and the mischief they occasion is no less incredible than the promptitude with which it is accomplished..."

N. P. Willis, in a letter dated last April, says on this subject:

"My date just written, is a little illegible, and I take the opportunity to beg you to guard the printer against the alterations made in my manuscript by the omission of some of the teeming climate. I called my friend's attention, just now, while I counted to him thirteen, who were running up and down on the quill with which I was writing. They are all over my table and paper. The pitchers and washbowl are full of them. You clean your teeth with ants and water—wash in ants and water—sleep on ants and a mattress—all well enough, if they were not attracted by fresh ink as well as by other moisture. They do not sip, either. They first walk through the liquid of which they intend to taste, and hence you see my tribulation. They turn my periods into commas, my semicolons into notes of admiration, my quotation-marks into stars, etc., etc. Perhaps it never occurred to you before, why these Islands are called the 'Antilles'—a corruption of the plain English word ant-hills, if my experience goes for anything."

The Rev. Mr. Steward advised three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man:—First, is it true? Second, is it kind? Third, is it necessary?