



BY J. A. HALL.

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Poetical.

THE UNION.

BY MRS. T. H. BEVERIDGE, OF TEXAS.

FREEMEN! Sons of Patriot sires!
 Kindle now your altar fires;
 UNION, our song inspires,
 Raise the strain to Heaven!—
 Fling our banner to the sky!
 God beholds it from on high—
 Watched by the all-seeing Eye,
 It shall not be riven!

Think ye on the glorious time
 When, in majestic sublime,
 First upon our native clime
 Freedom's star arose;
 Tyranny, in threatening night,
 Strive to quench its dawning light—
 Foreign power and kingly might
 All combined, our foes!

Then, in halls, now old and grey,
 On Columbia's natal day,
 Stood a band in firm array
 With united breath;
 In that dire, unequal strife,
 With the fate of nations rife—
 Pledging fortune—honour—life—
 To Liberty—or Death!

In their country's sacred name,
 From the north and south they came,
 One in heart, and one in aim,
 Signed with steady hand
 Freedom's glorious charter right,
 Which, like lightning o'er the night,
 Flashed—a tyrant power to blight,
 Through the awakened land!

Master Spirit of the time—
 WASHINGTON—with soul sublime,
 Born, to save his native clime,
 Bade them on! nor pause!—
 Sworn their rights no more to yield;
 Stern and calm they took the field—
 Victory's flaming sword to wield
 In a righteous cause!

Onward rolled that strife of years;
 Dark and dread!—mid hopes and fears,
 Widows' sighs and orphans' tears,
 Fearless still, and brave;
 Side by side stood sire and son—
 Patriot mothers urged them on—
 Courage! and the victory's won!—
 God the right shall save!

Patriots! of Godlike mould,
 Unwielded by power, unbought by gold—
 Where the voice had been so bold
 To name dishonor then?
 Dark had been that traitor's doom!
 Life, a day of sullen gloom;
 And death—a cold, dishonoured tomb
 To that despised of men!

And such the fate forever be
 Of him who would dismember Thee!
 Great land of law and liberty,
 Of brotherhood and love!
 Be true through thy borders sung,
 And echoed down from sire to son,
 That parting word of WASHINGTON
 Columbia's safeguard prove!

Family Circle.

Be Patient with Children.

"Ye have need of patience!" Nothing can be more true than this, and nothing is more applicable to those who have to do with boys and girls. There are so many provocations which demand endurance, so many faults which require correction, so much carelessness which provokes rebuke, and so much perverseness which calls for firmness and control, that "teachers of babes," if not of a temper absolutely angelic, need to have "line upon line—line upon line, precept upon precept—precept upon precept," to aid in the work which has fallen to their lot.

There are so many temptations and accessories to impatience, too. It is so easy and so natural for the strong to tyrannize over the weak! Absolute power is too frequently abused; and the power which a parent or a teacher exercises over the child, is so far absolute that immediate resistance can be rendered unavailing.—True, the parent has parental tenderness and love to restrain the impetuosity of impatience, but the teacher has not; and if parents are often, in spite of natural barriers, impetuous, what wonder that teachers are so too.

It is less trouble, so far as the present time is concerned, to blame and scold, and punish a child for negligence, stupidity, or misconduct, than to explain, reason, and instruct. It takes less time to box a boy's

ears for being mischievous, or to push a girl into a bedroom "all by herself," for being idle, or talkative, or troublesome; than it does to investigate intentions and motives, or to inquire into causes; and we do not wonder that the patience of the most patient sometimes gives way. But it is not the less to be deplored when it does give way. In one hour—in less time than this—in *one minute*, evil may be wrought which will undo the work of months, or which years of judicious treatment will not obliterate.

Do we say, then, that children should be indulged and pampered, and their faults overlooked? No: this again seems easier to the self-indulgent parent and teacher than the wearying work of constant watchfulness and wise circumspection.—But patience is as much required in the avoidance of false indulgence, as in the banishment of undue or injudicious severity. It is easier, for the moment, to yield to the wishes and dispositions of children, than to oppose or regulate them. But notwithstanding this, "Patience" should "have her perfect work." O ye teachers of the young "ye have need of patience."

And not patience only. In the proper exercises of discipline, discrimination and keen perception must be united with it, or even patience will fail. Perhaps no two children in any given number are precisely alike in formation of mind, disposition, and general capacity. One will be timid, another bold; one sensitive, another obtuse; one quick, another slow. In different things, and at different times, the same boy or girl may exhibit almost contradictory qualities, and yet there shall be nothing in all this that ought to be construed into a fault, or that should call for even a rebuke. Patience here, will be lost in a maze, to which discrimination alone can furnish the clue. And that not always, for we have the word of Inspiration to assure us that "the heart is deceitful above all things;" but, in general, perhaps, the heart of a child may be pretty correctly read by those who do not, idly or contemptuously, neglect his study.

At all events, it is better to be credulous than incredulous—better that a child should ten times escape the just punishment of a fault through an excess of patience, than be once unjustly punished through want of discrimination. The memory of the injustice will rankle in the soul, and produce worse fruits there, tenfold, in after years, than will spring from the consciousness of having committed faults innumerable with impunity.

Teachers or parents never will or can deal wisely with a child, unless they dispense with impulse, and scrupulize, in every possible way, what appears worthy of condemnation; and the best way to follow out this scrutiny is mentally to change places with the offender—to be a child again—to divest one's-self of all but a childish judgment and capacity—to throw back one's-self upon childish views and feelings—and to submit to be guided by childish reasonings, and then after all, if there be a doubt, to give the child the benefit of that doubt.

But, O, what a deal of trouble is all this!

Very well, —, we are not thinking about your trouble, but about the child's good. Though, as to trouble, the best way of doing anything, is the least troublesome way in the end. But by trouble you mean pains-taking, time and attention, and regard to the ultimate object. Now, can anything in the world, worth doing, be well and properly accomplished without these? Can a pudding be made, or a pig be fed, or a beard be shaven without these?

Trouble! Shame upon those who, under the selfish, but vain plea of saving themselves trouble—present trouble—make trouble for others in after years! Let them do anything, be anything, rather than teachers of the young.

Leaving Home.

I can conceive of no picture more interesting than one which might be drawn from a young man leaving the home of his childhood, the scene of all his early associations, to try his fortune in a distant country, setting out alone for the 'forest.' A father on the decline, the downhill of life, gives his parting blessing, invoking the best gifts of heaven to rest on his beloved offspring, and to crown all his efforts with complete success; tears gush from his eyes, and words are forbid utterance. A kind, a most affectionate mother, calling after him as he is departing from the parental abode, & with all the dangers to which he is about to be exposed rushing into, and pressing upon her mind, she says: "Go, my son—remember that there is a right and a wrong way." Her advice is brief. Language is inadequate to the expression of the feelings that there crowd on the mind of a virtuous child. Every reader has known a case of this kind, and may have been the subject of one in some respects similar. Here may be found eloquence more touching to him to whom it is delivered than even the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes.

Miscellaneous.

For the Journal.

Labor and Recreation.

While we are free to admit that employment is essential to happiness, and that idleness is too frequently the parent of vice, we cannot but think that many classes of society are greatly overtaken, and are afforded neither means of intellectual nor physical recreation. There are thousands of the poor, the honest, and industrious poor, who toil on from year to year, until bent by age or broken down by sickness, and with scarcely a week in a lifetime which they may call their own, and during which they may indulge in innocent festivity and harmless relaxation. This should not be. There should be a season for all things. Social enjoyment should not be lost sight of—hours of leisure and recreation should, if possible, be provided for all classes and conditions of society. In this country, we regard ourselves as eminently happy and prosperous as a people. We possess many advantages and comforts—and yet, generally speaking, we are money loving and hard working in an eminent degree. Our system is one of toil. We find it difficult to discover when we have enough. A moderate independence will not satisfy, and thus we often find men who are in the decline of life, still moving forward, as eager to grasp and accumulate as ever, and unwilling that those in their service should pause even for a day or an hour, for the purpose of recreation and amusement.—They seem to think that the business of all mankind is to work, not only from sun to sun, but in many cases till midnight.—Our public festivals are few and far between. Our national holidays are rare.—Labor occupies all minds and hands, either mental or physical, and thousands annually hurry themselves to an untimely grave, who, if they would but pause occasionally, endeavor to recruit their health and spirits, and thus fit themselves for renewed activity, would not only lengthen, but brighten their lives. How often do we see individuals with failing health, nay, tottering on the verge of the grave, who are nevertheless planning some worldly enterprise calculated to increase their gains, and devoting sinking energies to the accumulation of money, which they can never live to enjoy! The mistake that most of us make, is—that we fancy that we are particularly long lived.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves." We forget when we reach the age of fifty, that we have passed the better part of human existence, and that from that period forward, the chances are that we shall decline—"fall into the sea and yellow leaf"—that in less than half the period of our previous existence, we shall in all probability, be among the clouds of the valley. The true philosophy of life is indeed sadly neglected. There are few who calculate their real chances, measure their pecuniary circumstances, and live not only with a view of enjoying all mental and physical comforts as long as possible—but with reference to another world. There are few, moreover, who are wealthy and prosperous, who deal in a spirit of generosity with their workmen. We do not mean so much as relates to wages, as to comforts, recreation and enjoyment. The employer does not sympathize sufficiently with the employed. He is apt to regard himself as a superior being, and to look down upon the other without reference to his social wants, his sensibilities, and his worldly joys and sorrows. He argues that the man is a good workman, and he pays him his wages regularly; and thus he imagines he has discharged his whole duty. If he should venture to ask for a day or week of leisure, the act is in too many cases regarded as a piece of presumption; and the poor fellow, although he may be worn with toil, is regarded with an eye of suspicion. If he ventures to take his little family to any place of amusement, he is denounced as idle and extravagant, while there are some harsh and heartless individuals who look upon such indulgence as entirely out of place, and indeed altogether unbecoming a mere laborer. Alas! for such a miserable appreciation of the tastes and affections of the children of toil. Can we wonder at blunted sensibilities and chilled perceptions, when we find so many among the working classes, to whom a day of real rest, repose, and enjoyment is indeed a rarity and a luxury? Can we wonder at so much disease, and that death claims so many victims within the period usually assigned to the existence of man? Rather let us express surprise that so many survive—continue to drag on till old age is in possession of their faculties.

Physicians tell us that exercise, recreation, are absolutely essential to health of body as well as of mind. We know, moreover, that nothing so presses upon the spirits, so subdues and oppresses, as a ceaseless round of toil—a daily routine, that has no bright and cheerful pauses, and which must be kept up, in order to maintain our position and earn the wages so essential to the families of the poor. But is not this system cruel and unworthy a benevolent and

Christian people? Should not some attention be bestowed upon means of recreation for the masses? Should not life be brightened with more social sunshine?—Should not our philanthropists, when devising plans for the welfare and prosperity of the human family, call out the affections, provide innocent festivals, furnish popular recreations, and thus take away some of the gloom and depression, which are so apt to accompany increasing and health destroying toil? The life of man is at best, but a span. A few short years, and we are gone. While due attention should be paid to the duties of family and society—while due preparation should be made for a future state—something should also be done for the recreation, the enjoyment, the amusement of the millions—something calculated to teach the laboring man that he is not a mere physical machine—an instrument in the hands of a master, but a sentient, social, cheerful and affectionate being—capable not only of working and suffering, but of reflecting and enjoying—something suited, in the language of Burns:—"To make him quite forget his labor and his toil."
ALONZO.
Birmingham, September, 1852.

A Beautiful Sketch.

We are indebted to a writer in the Chicago Journal for the following sketch of a domestic scene that cannot fail to touch a chord in every parent's heart:

Yesterday we saw a wagon loaded with wheat coming into town—nothing strange in that, certainly. A man driving the team, and a woman perched on a load beside him, and a child throned in the woman's lap—nothing strange in that either. And it required no particular shrewdness to discover that the woman was the property—personal, of course—of the man, and that the black-eyed round-faced child was the property of both of them. So much we saw—so much we suppose every body saw, who looked. It is a fair inference that the wife came in to help her husband "trade out" a portion of the proceeds of the wheat, the product of so much labor, and so many sunshines and rains. The pair were somewhere this side—a fine point of observation, isn't it?—this side of forty, and it is presumptive, if blessed like their neighbors, they left two or three at home "to keep house," while they came to town—perhaps two girls and a boy, or, as it is immaterial to us, two boys and one girl.—Well, follow the pair in and through, until the wheat was sold, the money paid, and then for the trade. The baby was shifted from shoulder to shoulder, or sat down upon the floor, to run into mischief, like a sparkling globule of quicksilver on a marble table, while calicoes were priced, sugar and tea tasted, and plates "rang." The good wife looks askance at a large mirror that would be just the thing for the best room, and the roll of carpeting, of most becoming pattern, but it won't do, they must wait till next year. Ah! there is music in those next years, that orchestras cannot make. And so they look, and price and purchase the summer supplies, the husband while eyeing the roll of bank notes growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Then comes "aside" conference, particularly confidential. She takes him affectionately by the button, and looks up in his face—she has fine eyes, by the by—with an expression eloquent of "do now; it will please them so." And what do you suppose they talk of? Toys for the children? John wants a drum, and Jane a doll, and Jenny a book, all pictures, "jist like Susan so-and so's." The father looks "nonsense;" and feels in his pocket for the required silver, and the mother, having gained the point, hastens away, baby and all, for the toys. There acts the mother—she had half promised, not all, that she would bring them something, and she is happy all the way home, not for the bargains she made, but for the pleasant surprise in those brown parcels. And you ought to have been there when she got home, when the drum, and the doll, and the books were produced—and thumped, and cradled, and thumbed—wasn't it a great house? Happiness is so cheap, what a wonder there is no more of it in the world.

After Jenny Lind had been introduced to Daniel Webster, she is reported to have said, "I have seen a man;" and so, after one has heard a chorus by Handel rightly interpreted, he may say, "I have heard a chorus."

A man may be secretary of seven reform societies, and secretly commit the seven deadly sins all the while.

Surely some people must know themselves; they never think about anything else.

Milk, so nutritious when taken as food, if injected into the veins acts as a deadly poison.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men and women.

The Advertising Principle.

By the agency of the press, revolutions take place, tyranny and oppression are vanquished, and liberty and intelligence erected upon their ruins. Thus it is with advertising. Through its instrumentality, quacks, ignorant pretenders and impostors are dethroned, the people are undeceived, and the worthy and meritorious supply their places.

The system is already in extensive operation throughout the United States, and in fact the moral world. But vastly more can yet be accomplished through its wonderful instrumentality. Let its march be a progressive one; one in accordance with the spirit of the age, and we will shortly see a great, a mighty revolution in the business affairs of our country. Under its broad and radiant banner, our people will march forward in the road of progress—industry will thrive, labor receive its just reward, talent be appreciated, worth and merit sustained—and the mass of society be blessed with everything valuable and useful.

Until this is accomplished, much remains to be done. The worth, the talent, the industry, enterprise, and the vast resources of our country, are not yet fully developed, and until they are thus exhibited to the world, we have failed to reach the zenith of our glory in regard to true national greatness and distinction. If the advertising principle be extensively practised upon, it will as certainly produce many, if not all these results, as that causes produce effects—and thus secure to ourselves and posterity the most lasting and enduring blessings.

He who contributes to no newspapers by advertising or subscription, or but sparingly, excludes himself from the world, and resembles the rustic who seldom leaves his native woods, when on his semi-centennial visit to the city. He is liable to become the prey of sharpers, to have old-fashioned and inferior goods palmed upon him at exorbitant rates, even after he has been wandering all over town, like a ship without a compass for an uncertain port, and incurring trouble, loss of time, money and domestic comforts. His merchandise becomes dusty, stale, and antiquated, remains at its post steadfast as the hills to salute the daily sunlight, and is abandoned by his respected friends. Such an one is personating Casper Hauser in trade. His thrifty neighbor long before discovered that an ascetic life was fatal to a merchant; and that his dumb stock could not advertise itself very generally. By plying the proper means, he has enlarged his store, increased his capital and business, employed more help; and all this adds to his income. His frequented stand assumes the appearance of a bee hive rather than that of a deserted mansion. Affluence is his destiny.—
[Palmer's Philadelphian.]

Physiological Facts.

The following physiological facts were translated from a French Scientific Journal:

"The average height of a man and woman at birth, is generally sixteen inches. In each of the twelve years after birth, one twelfth is added to the stature each year. Between the age of twelve and twenty the growth of the body is slower; and it is still further diminished after this, up to twenty-five, the period of a maximum growth. In old age the height of the body diminishes on the average about three inches. The height of a woman varies less than that of a man, in different countries. The average weight of a male infant is about seven lbs.; of a female, about six and a half pounds. The weight of an infant decreases a few days after its birth, till it is a week old. At the end of the first year, the child is three times as heavy as when it is born. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as when a year old."

Flat Roofs for Houses.

All the new houses which have been built in New York recently, have what are termed flat roofs, the roof is nearly level, and slants but slightly from one side to the other. The huge old peaked roof are fast disappearing; we wonder how they ever came into use. The inventor of them must have been a man full of original ideas. The flat roofs are covered with tin and well painted. If a fire takes place in a building, it is easy to walk and work on the flat roof, so as to command the fire, if it be in the adjacent buildings; this cannot be done on peaked roofs. Flat roofs are cheaper and more convenient in every respect. We advise all those who intend to build new houses to have flat roofs on them. It is better to have a flush story at the top of a building than a peaked-cramped up garret, which is only comfortable for travelling on the hands and knees.

Several houses in Europe have been built with their roofs as reservoirs for water. It is valuable in case of fire, or for domestic purposes; a large quantity of rain water being generally ready for use.—*Scientific American.*

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

Youths' Column.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY J. L. CARPENTER.

Guardian angels! do we doubt them?
 Night by night and day by day,
 Could we guide our steps without them,
 Where would waver fancy stray?
 Every noble thought that's spoken,
 Every smile and every sigh,
 Are they not a sign—a token—
 That some guardian angel's night?

Guardian angels, hovering o'er us,
 Keep the soul, in mercy, pure;
 Had we not bright hope before us,
 Could we this frail world endure?
 Then be sure that ever near us,
 Voices come from forms unseen,
 Breathed by angels sent to cheer us,
 Watching earth and heaven between.

A Bird Story.

THAT ardent admirer of nature, Mrs. Child, tells a pretty anecdote about a family of swallows which she was acquainted with. "Two barn swallows," she says, "came into our wood-shed in the spring-time. Their busy, earnest twittering led me to suspect they were looking out a building spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and very frequently hammering, sawing and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof.—To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open doorway. I was delighted, and spent more time watching than 'penny-wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby clothes, than they did in fashioning their little wren cradle.

The father bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all the day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love.—Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or hair, to be interwoven in the previous little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round, with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gust of gladness sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

When the young became old enough to fly, anybody would have laughed to watch the manoeuvres of the parents! Such a chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling! For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little things looked down, then looked up, but alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length, the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled by a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner beautiful to behold. The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it.' Three times the neighbors came and repeated their graceful lesson. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped till they lighted on a small upright log.—And oh! such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying around, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe handle and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind, and two were swinging, in the most graceful style, on a pendant hoop. Never while memory lasts, shall I forget the swallow party."

The American population of Liberia is now about 8000, inhabiting a territory over 500 miles of coast. They have but about twenty cities and towns. They have made treaties by which one hundred thousand natives are brought under their laws and nearly a million have abandoned the slave traffic. The money to accomplish this good has not exceeded a million, and a half of dollars. The society calls for additional aid in their good work.