



BY J. A. HALL.

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

THE LABOURER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Up to the throne of God is born
 The voice of praise at early morn,
 And he accepts the punctual hymn,
 Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
 From holy offerings at noontide:
 Then here repose, let us praise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
 We need not toil from morn to night:
 The spirit of the mid-day hour
 Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments—loubly blest—
 That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
 Are with a ready heart bestowed
 Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
 An altar is in each man's cot,
 A church in every grove that spreads
 Its living roof above our heads!

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun,
 Already half his race hath run:
 He cannot halt, nor go astay,
 But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
 If we have faltered or transgressed,
 Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course!

Help with thy grace through life's short day,
 Our upward and our downward way;
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink in final rest.

Communication.

Abstract of an Address
 Delivered at the close of the Summer term
 of Mountain Academy,

BY T. WARD.

The accomplishment of any thing desirable on the present occasion needs not a learned address. By this we do not insinuate the low capacity of those who hear, to appreciate, but the high claims of the subject to be considered.

Though we shall not now decide upon the propriety or impropriety of looking upon "Education" as the hobby of such occasions, jaded and abused yet, we may upon that of the assertion that its claims are reasonable and important, commending themselves to every working mind. There are many themes aside from this which might be dwelt upon, not only with a shadow of fitness, but with better prospect of affording entertainment. Our age is not barren of questions before the public mind seeking to be settled, among which the veriest tyro might be fortunate. Politics casts, upon the public speaker, a pitiful and praying look. Oppressed humanity spreads forth imploring hands, and with tearful eyes and burning eloquence, begs us to settle the mooted question of intervention. Almost a score of gaunt and shapeless Isms, with long fingers, are beckoning us to say which shall be greatest, and to assign their "venerable founders" a place among the gods. But to the entreaties of the first, we turn a listless ear, sure it has nothing to fear in point of attention, though we should never name it. Others, at other times and places, must settle Austria's claims; and from the demi spiritual or demi demon host that is shouting, with many voices, "we! we!" as if to the childrens fire-side question, "who speaks first?" we turn unmoved. Our business is about the intellect improved.

Suffice it if the effort prove a nite to further a great cause—to effect in the least degree that we fall not behind the marshaled host that is pressing on and leaving Indolence in the rear.

Indolence! Heavy charges might be

substantiated against this sleepy goddess. Sarcasm might almost be permitted to use its sharpest claws to expose her hideous deformities and criminal delinquency; but if more moderate measures will answer, we must not fail to employ them.

It is a maxim of important meaning, that "charity begins at home," and how fitly it is manifested in a concern for our own welfare considered in its widest and most proper sense. Look at man, either as a moral or intellectual being, and it is easy discovered his condition is far from what it might and should be. It is not particularly the business of this occasion to show or attempt to show, that the great fabric, the moral man lays low in helpless ruins to be re-started by God alone, but that intellect, a gem that may be polished and improved by man himself, and that the chief concern should not be for the physical condition.

If it is asserted that man is the noblest specimen of creative powers, we will admit it, and only ask wherein does this nobleness or superiority consist? In any one of all his wonderful doings? In that with the telescope's "ever lengthening sweep" he counts the distant worlds? In that he hath learned to navigate the air or with steam to plough the ocean? In that he hath tamed the fierce lightning, and made it the bearer of his messages? In that he raises the vallies and levels down the hills and drills the mountain of rock to make a track for the winged ear? O' no; the single characteristic of enterprising ingenuity could never mark the difference. It is only comprehended in the wonderful contrast between animal instinct and the human intellect;—the one perfect in the earliest period of existence, the other capable of indefinite improvement. Thus the very constitution of mind not only forces us back to a starting point to all attainment, but argues the necessity and propriety of continual and properly directed effort, that those attainments be as high as possible.

And this same progressive nature of mind may be ground to conclude that we not unfrequently mistake our own capabilities.—Though so general, there is nevertheless but little, if any, credit to be attached to that species of modesty which develops itself in thinking meanly of self in an intellectual point of view. Its character is decided. It is wrong, wrong as pride itself, and often nothing but that wicked thing in a better shape. As individuals, our aim will be low as the estimate we put upon our abilities; and as a people we will be satisfied with our condition till viewing it properly, we discover it practicable that it be bettered. But how to rid one's self and community of the incubus,—that's the question.

When we consider the lofty attainments made by proper exertion, it may be said with safety, we have not the faintest idea of the position our race would occupy if that exertion were but general. A farmer in a thousand, perhaps, is aware of the effect of proper tillage to multiply the number of bushels produced by an acre of land. There is some analogy between the soil and the intellect. Both require cultivation or they remain barren or produce but noxious shrubs and poisonous plants.

Our idea of Nature's process in calling up, at early spring-time, the tribe Rana was always vague, yet it has been said it is done by means of thunder. The fire-side philosophy which discourses upon the breaking of the fledgling's shell by the same mighty instrument is still but poorly understood; yet we do not admit that circumstances have not very much to do in calling into action the dormant powers of intellect.—We are sure they have. There is reason to believe that many, very many who might have been men, indeed have lived and died in obscurity for want of means or opportunity as a just idea of things early taught them, circumstances never hindered to wake them into life, which, had they, it would have appeared they were sleeping giants. A great deal too much may here be trusted to the capability of things to find their proper level. It may be a truth of force to some extent, that genius will develop itself, yet it may with some reason, be looked upon as a "base slander" of the human race, to say that better talent has not remained buried in the rubbish of indolence and adverse circumstances, than ever filled the Pulpit, graced the Bar, or thundered in the Senate chamber.

To create feelings of vanity in the minds of any would be a wicked wish indeed, and one which would require years completely to undo, yet on the other hand, we could not as effectually bless or benefit mankind in any other way, as in convincing first, of the worth of a soul, and second,—if there be a distinction—of the capabilities of the immortal mind. The accomplishment of almost any thing, by man, depends upon zeal and determination. Especially is this the case in the work of education. To inspire the scholars thus, is the teacher's first, often, most difficult task. And why? Why, very much for the reason, that the parents duty has been neglected. O! the wicked waste of talent, caused by the ignorance and neglect of those to whom the years of earliest training are entrusted.—You ask then, what is to be done? Why,

without waiting to explain, Fathers, Mothers, wake thy boy lest he sleeps himself a dwarf to all eternity. Teach him what you can, of the worth of intellect. Teach him what you can, of the importance of improving the immortal mind, which here but commences a flight to last throughout eternity. Art thou a Philanthropist, indeed, sighing for the well being of humanity, neglect not the surest means and method, to effect it. Look about and see where the richest jewels lie concealed—smile upon the efforts that are making to develop the powers of those embryo giants. Pick up that ragged urchin in the street; not to feed and clothe him simply, but to mark the fact, and teach it to him, that he may become a mighty man, and you will have done the Philanthropist's first, and noblest, and most appropriate work—a work which would almost give a fresh impulse to the course of things in the literary world—would almost open anew the treasury of discoverable truth;—would widen the sphere of human research, and eventually teach mankind more and more of the wonderful works of Deity. We do not fancy it will ever happen that men will not hate to "labor up to greatness,"—that a boy will ever be able intuitively to decline "penna" or congregate "tupto"—that Mathematics or Philosophy, or any science, will be mastered but by first mastering the elementary principles,—no such thing. But we do fancy, that "penna" and "tupto," and Philosophy, and Mathematics, and all such, are but play things for a determined mind.

Very much is comprehended in the simple word, *Progress*. We can hardly claim that our condition, in respect of education, contrasted with the past, affords a very fair illustration of what it means; but so far as it will go, take the present character of common schools, and the same even within a period known to "living historians," when an acquaintance with Arithmetic "through the rule of three," was looked upon as learning for males, fully qualifying them for business in life, and when a knowledge of the elementary rules and other things in proportion, constituted, for females, an accomplished education. Palmy days of literature, these, and even later, when poor Murray and Kirkham were esteemed, by teachers, only as little too dry, for "reading books," Geography, as rather interesting, for its pictures, and Philosophy, as not intended for the common people. None of these things are said by way of boasting. Nothing in our condition would justify it, yet the fact that such studies are made a part of the education, not only of the more aspiring males, but also of females, is evidence that in point of intellectual advantages, at least, we occupy a higher station than as good and sensible people did, less than fifty years ago. But this, by no means, argues that things are as they should be. This must not be supposed.—Almost as well might we inscribe our motto *retro*, for very soon, should our course be backward. Neither must it be supposed there is any analogy between mind and body, in regard to their perfection. We are not aware upon what principles the theory is based, which teaches that at a certain period in life, men become "too old to learn," but we risk the assertion, they are false. It must be confessed, without much honor or credit to any one related to the race, that very many, perhaps the majority of men, at no great age, become too big or too lazy to give any further attention to mental improvement, but we are sure, that at no time, have they been "too old" but in their own estimation. This would be to deny the progressive nature of mind, and to admit that it is a thing of mere ephemeral growth, which all its manifestations contradict. If it is so with Intellect, why soars she away upon the wings of fancy, not simply to dance around the airy castles built for her amusement, but to linger in the regions of undiscovered truth? Why so often does she, as it were, burst asunder the fetters that enslave her, and soar aloft to gaze upon the works of Deity? To her, why hath Nature's voice a charm? Why loves she to sport upon the sunbeam and "frolic in the harvest sky"? The wind that bloweth where it listeth why hath it a charm? Why loves she thus, the sea, lordless and limitless; or the cataraet with which Niagara tells eternity she is chainless now, and will forever be.—All these are her tendencies, and these elements of Nature's freedom is but an atmosphere in which Intellect breathes its own native air. Then who shall dare to fetter it, or by their course, to cast a withering shadow over it? Who dares, can do it. Mark you giant oak that has braved a thousand hurricanes. Its history, in a word, is this,—it was once an acorn, which in shooting its tender leaflets through the surface of the earth, might have been crushed and smothered by a pebble. So of the infant mind. A thousand withering influences may operate against its growth. It is not the emaciated ghost of poverty alone, that is destructive here; but the cold hand of avarice; the bony, bloodless fingers of the miser;—the hurricane of business;—wealth heaped up "to be enjoyed";—luxury, fat and pampered with a mind, not sim-

ply waste from neglect, imbecil from abuse of the physical man.

It will not be expected that any one will here ask what is to be done. Does it not appear? Needs it any argument of ours, to show that riches, without a reference to the mental and moral, are but a temporal and eternal curse? We have the right of the question, and shall answer it without a moments hesitation. What signify these canals and rail roads, though all their cars and crates were loaded with bullion?—What signify these furnaces, cold or hot, though they were so many mints, for the coining of guineas and eagles? We answer, nothing; taken simply as a present benefit, and that without regard to morals or intellect, nothing but the completest curse.

If then we regard the most reasonable dictates, whether of reason or inspiration, the treasure, however small, will be fairly appropriated. The cause of education, next to that of religion, shall have more to hope for. The one shall unturl its banner of love and peace over a benighted world, and the other shall put forth its hundred hands to help the infant efforts of the intellectual man, and if possible, render him indeed the pride of creative power.

Suppose that son were an idiot, but barely conscious of his own existence, what father would spare a fortune, though it equalled the stores of Croesus, if he could thereby but purchase for him, a common mind? Then if that father be told that his son, instead of being an idiot, possesses not only a common mind but one of superior strength and brightness he might read his duty. But will he? Ah, there is a wretched blindness here, that charms the wretch when it afflicts and leads to monstrous errors a goodly character. True, it is not the privilege of every one, as it is ours, to say "we are an honest and industrious people. Neither is it their right as is ours to say "we have come by what we possess by the hardest." These are comfortable considerations; but it is a pity they are made—sometimes basely made a retreat from the discharge of duty.

No one shall be permitted to ask, on any account—what have you to say why these things should not be so. It is the duty of every one, to right the moral wrong, and we must not avoid it. Then we will be allowed to say that with all our tendencies upward and onward—with all we know and all we possess, it behoves us to lay some new foundations; and with all our constructions not to forget the literary institution; nor yet to establish it merely in mockery of our neighbors, but because it is needed—actually needed—to stud our high ways with the Academy, the College and the Seminary, not simply that we may seem to be keeping pace with the spirit of the times, but to show by the health influence exerted that in the realization of any desirable state of things, mind with all things else must progress; and to convince the "way-faring man" as he dashes by in the winged car, that we are truly a people marching on to greatness in its proper sense.

We have no quarrel with the "spirit of the times" so far as it is marked with improvement. All we ask is that it be not narrowed down to the accumulation of dollars and cents. That in the great thoroughfare of business, some small place be appropriated for the dealer in mental wares;—for our cause a living chance. And this it must have. Neither true wealth, true greatness, nor true happiness can ever be realized without it. The advocates of intellectual improvement must plant their strand in the very "market places," and there, upon banners appropriately inscribed, point the busy world to the only merchandise of temporal sort that is worth buying next to the "necessaries of life" which with most purchasers are the fewest and least expensive. By the dock and the depot must be erected the school house and Academy, where shall be dealt out, not small trappings for the body, but furniture for the great mental fabric which God has built. And though the land resounds and tremble under the thund ring tramps of business, yet throughout its entire length and breadth must be established, first the church and second the school—the only reliable marks of true progress.

Miscellaneous.

Orson Pratt, one of the Mormon prophets, has put forth a proclamation to the Spanish Americans in California and elsewhere, inviting them to look into the mysteries of the "new revelation," and assuring them that they are descendants of the original Mormons Nephi and Laman; two brothers who emigrated from Jerusalem two thousand four hundred years ago, and settled upon the American continent.

An old man picked up half a dollar in the street. "Old man that's mine," said a keen looking rascal, "so hand it over."—"Did yours have a hole in it?" asked the old man. "Yes" replied the other smartly. "Then, it is not mine," mildly replied the old man, "these must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy?"

Sham Dignity.

Among the thousand deceptions passed off on our sham-ridden race, let me direct your attention to the deception of dignity, as it is one which includes many others.—Among those terms which have long ceased to have any vital meaning, the word dignity deserves a disgraceful prominence. No word has fallen so readily as this into the designs of cant, imposture and pretence; none has played so well the part of verbal scarecrow, to frighten children of all ages and both sexes. It is at once the thinnest and most effective of all the coverings under which duncedom sneaks and skulks. Most of the men of dignity, who are or bore their more genial brethren, are simply men who possess the art of passing off their insensibility for wisdom, their dullness for depth; and of concealing imbecility of intellect under haughtiness of manner. Their success in this small game is one of the stereotyped satires upon mankind. Once strip from these pretenders their stolen garments—once disconnect their show of dignity from their real meanness—and they would stand shivering and defenceless, objects of the tears of pity, or targets for the arrows of scorn. But it is the misfortune of this world's affairs, that offices, fitly occupied only by talent and genius, which despise pretence, should be filled by respectable stupidity and dignified emptiness, to whom pretence is the very soul of life. Manner triumphs over matter, and throughout society, politics, letters and science, we are doomed to meet a swarm of dunces and windbags, disguised as gentlemen, statesmen and scholars.—Coleridge once saw at a dinner-table, a dignified man with a face as wise as the moon's. The awful charm of his manner was not broken until muffins appeared, and then the imp of gluttony forced from him the exclamation, "Them's the jockeys for me!" A good number of such dignitarians remain undiscovered.

It is curious to note how these pompous gentlemen rule in society and government. How often do history and the newspapers exhibit to us the spectacle of a heavy-headed stupiditarian in official station, veiling the strictest incompetency in the mysterious sublimity of carriage, solemnly trifling away the interests of the State, the dupe of his own obstinate ignorance, and engaged, year after year, in ruining a people after the most dignified fashion! You have all seen the inscrutable dispensation known by the name of the dignified gentleman; an embodied tediousness, which society is apt not only to tolerate, but worship; a person who announces the stale commonplace of conversation with the awful precision of one bringing down to the valleys of thought, bright truth plucked on its summits; who is so profoundly deep and painfully solid on the weather, the last novel, or some other nothing of the day; who is inexpressibly shocked if your eternal gratitude does not repay him for the trite information he consumed your hour in imparting; and who, if you insinuate that this calm, contented, imperturbable stupidity, is preying upon your patience, instantly stands upon his dignity, and puts on a face. Yet this man, with just enough knowledge "to raise himself from the insignificance of a dunce to the dignity of a bore," is still in high favor even with those whose animation he checks and chills—why? Because he has, all say, so much of the dignity of a gentleman! The poor, bright, good-natured man, who has done all in his power to be agreeable, joins in the cry of praise, and feignly regrets that nature has not adorned him, too, with dullness as a robe, so that he, likewise, might freeze the volatile into respect, and be held up as a model spoon for all dunces to imitate. This dignity, which so many view with reverence and despair, must have twinned, "two at a birth," with that urbane vanity mentioned by Coleridge, "which keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance." The Duke of Scmerset was one of these dignified gentlemen. His second wife was the most beautiful woman in England. She once suddenly threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss which might have gladdened the heart of an emperor. The Duke, lifting his shoulders with an aristocratic square, slowly said, "Madam, my first wife was a Howard, and she never would have taken such a liberty."—Whipple!

Dr. Frankfort, who has been working some abandoned lead mine opened at Middletown (Conn.) during the revolutionary war for the supply of bullets to our army, has found more than enough silver to pay the expenses of working the mines, thus leaving the lead obtained as clear profit. The amount of silver appears to be increasing.

Advices from Mexico exhibit that country in a deplorable condition. Insurrections continue to take place, and pronunciamentos to be issued. The treasury is exhausted, and ever and anon a rumor is circulated that a formidable outbreak will take place in the the capitol.

A Drop of Blood.

Were we called upon to demonstrate, through his works, the supreme wisdom of the Creator, we would desire to speak of nothing more than the structure and functions of a little drop of blood, taken from those numberless rivers of life which have their origin in the heart, and which pursue their unfiltering course through our bodies in many millions of channels.

Through the whole world's history, science has had no higher exponents than Galileo and Harvey. Though separated by many leagues of sea and land, they toiled in the same sunlight and in the same fruitful day; and while one had the scope of his vision so enlarged as to be able to see the earth rushing through its eternal orbit, and to point out the anchor of the sun in the depths of infinity, the other, with his refined gaze, was unfolding the sublime mysteries of the structure of the image of God, and teaching the world that these human forms are merely bundles of many thousands of canals, through which rush the crimson boats, laden with the nutriment and essence of life.

The latter discovery was of infinitely more consequence to the well-being of mankind than the former. It gave us the key to the uses and abuses of food; a key to the changes which the inanimate bread which we eat undergoes, ere it becomes a part of our living bodies, and also taught us the kinds of food most easily converted into blood; and endowed with vitality. A drop of blood was no longer regarded as a simple red fluid, but was proved to be a beautiful compound of some seventeen substances; all of which—not excepting even the sulphur, flint, copper or iron—are absolutely indispensable to a state of health.

Let us follow a single drop of blood in its travels through the system. All arterial, or pure blood, is distributed through the body from the left ventricle of the heart. Starting, then, from that point, this drop of blood; fitted to nourish and warm the most distant part of the body, passes through those three valves, shaped like half moons, which stand at the outlet of the ventricle, and serve as flood-gates in preventing the tide of life from ebbing back upon the heart; here it enters the great aorta, which is the name of the first artery—the largest in the body—and from the numerous branches and sub-divisions of which, all the vessels which carry pure blood from the heart, and which are termed *arteries*, are formed. Passing through the aorta; it is hurried; with great rapidity, perhaps into the head, perhaps into the hand, or perchance into the foot; we will suppose the latter to be the case. Upon arriving at the foot, (the artery through which it passed having been growing smaller,) we now find that it enters, particle by particle, one of those minute vessels termed *capillaries*, some of which are little more than one-fourth of an inch in diameter.

Here the blood globules of the drop with which we started, having parted with their health-giving oxygen, and taken on a like quantity of worthless carbon and exhausted matter, and having exchanged their roseate hue for a dark, purple color, the drop commences its ascent to the heart, which it finally enters at one of the two openings into the right auricle. *It went forth*, a pure blushing, healthy drop of perfect blood, fitted to strengthen, nourish and vitalise any portion of the system to which it might flow; even should it be directed to that exceedingly delicate fabric where Reason sits throned, and all the good within us, of sentiments or intentions, are elaborated. *It returned*, laden with dead matter, a mass of corruption and disease, which would be poisonous to the least vitalised bone in the human system.

It went out, in its perfection, as a gleaner of all the noxious matter it might find in its path, and it ate the seeds of fever, and drank the miasmatic dews that were scattered through the system, and now it is in the heart, demanding to be released of its burden. The heart hurries its visitor into the vessels of the lungs, and there, while passing through the capillaries, it shaves off all its foul incumbrances, takes on the elements and hue of life, and then returns to the heart, fresh and purified, ready to perform again the offices of nourisher and scavenger of the system.

OUR LANGUAGE.—The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines; where the combination of the letters *ough* is pronounced seven different ways, namely, as *o, u, of, up, ow, oo, ogh*.

"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
 O'er like dark lough my course I still pursue."

A Frenchman who proposed to establish a school in New Orleans; having heard that a high school would be most respectably patronized, took a room in the garret of a four story house.

"If I am 'stuck up,' I ain't proud," said the beetle when he was pinned to the wall.