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### Poetical.

#### INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time, just ere the frost  
Prepares to pave old winter's way,  
When autumn, in a reverie lost,  
The mellow day-time dreams away.

When summer comes, in missing mind,  
To gaze once more on hill and dell,  
To mark how many sheaves they bind,  
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,  
The dying flowers look up and give  
Their sweetest incense ere they go,  
For her who made their beauties live.

She enters 'neath the woodland shade,  
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,  
And bear it gently where she laid  
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

She seeks the shore, old Ocean heaves,  
In gladness hugs his mighty breast;  
Prisons his wild winds in the eaves,  
And basking in their smiles is blest.

And last old Autumn, rising, takes  
Again his sceptre and his throne,  
With boisterous hands the trees he shakes,  
Intent on gathering all his own.

Sweet Summer, sighing, dies the plain,  
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,  
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,  
And smiles to think it all for him.

### KEEP THE HEART AS LIGHT AS YOU CAN.

We have always enough to bear,  
We have always something to do,  
We have never to ask for care  
When we have the world to get through;  
But what though adversity test  
The courage and vigor of man,  
They get through misfortune the best  
Who keep the heart light as they can.

If you shake not the load from the mind,  
Our energy's sure to be gone;  
We must wrestle with care, or we'll find,  
Two loads are less easy than one!  
To sit in disconsolate mood  
Is a poor and profitless plan;  
The true heart is never subdued,  
If we keep it as light as we can.

There's nothing that Sorrow can yield,  
Excepting a harvest of pain;  
Far better to seek Fortune's field,  
And till it, and plow it again!  
The weight that Exertion can move,  
The gloom that Decision can span,  
The manhood within us but prove!  
Then keep the heart light as you can.

### Family Circle.

#### Put Away that Novel.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had himself written a novel, in writing to his brother respecting the education of his son, uses this strong language: "Above all things, never let your son touch a novel or romance.—How delusive, how destructive are those features of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune had mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the work of a man who has seen the world, and studied it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say, such books teach us very little of the world."

What unites the mind for the realities of life, also unites it for religion—for it is a practical matter of fact subject. The injurious effect of novel reading is never fully known. It hinders doing and getting good, and it also trains up and grows an amount of evil products which eternity alone can exhibit. It hinders the mind from receiving good instruction which might be blessed. It quenches the influence which truth, accompanied by the Spirit of God, was likely to produce in blessed results. "It is only a novel, and

only for pastime," so says the frequenter of the theatre or bar-room. It is pastime. But alas! does a culprit, who is under sentence of death, and only waiting for the day of execution, want something to amuse him to pass his time? Does a sinner, who is already condemned, and who knows not but this very night the order will come for his immediate summons to the judgment bar of his offended God, and there hear the sentence, depart, or cast ye the unprofitable servant in outer darkness—can such a soul need anything to pass his time? Throw away that novel; give thoughts to the realities of your life, and the solemnities of your death. You have no time to spare—use it—use it well, and use it at once. If you would save your soul have nothing to do with novels.—Presbyterian.

### Hymn on the Power and Providence of God.

God shall be my song. He is omnipotent; the Lord is his name; his works are great, and his government extends through all the heavens.

He wills, he speaks, and millions of worlds rise into existence; he threatens, and they are reduced to dust.

Light is his garment; his counsels are wisdom and truth. As God he reigns; truth and righteousness are the foundation of his throne.  
Monarch of all the worlds, who is like unto thee? Without beginning of days, and without end of time, thou art eternal in the heavens, the incorruptible unceasing source of glory, wisdom and felicity.

All that is, was, or ever shall be in heaven, earth, or sea, is known to God. He has contemplated his innumerable works from all eternity.

He encompasseth us; he watches over us, and under the shadow of his wings we rest in safety. None of our actions escape his penetration; he searches the inmost recesses of the heart.

He is always near us; when we lie down, and when we rise up, he is present. He knows our thoughts before we are conscious of them. If we climb up to heaven, he is there, and though we should fly with the rays of the sun to the boundaries of the universe, or fathom the depth of the ocean, there he is also.

He knows our affliction, he heareth our prayers, and sees all that passes in our souls. All our good actions are known to him, as well as those that are bad; and when we are in danger of falling, his merciful hand upholds us.

From eternity he has planned the welfare of man; we have nothing that does not proceed from him; we are wholly his, by his goodness we live; let us therefore glorify his name, and continually sing his praises.

Who is able to comprehend and recount the grandeur and magnificence of God's creation? Every grain of dust displays his power, every blade of grass his wisdom, and the air, the sea, the hills, the meadows, declare his glory.

God waters the earth, and spreads a verdant carpet beneath our feet. His blessings encompass us; the day and night, the corn, and the fruit of the vine, joy and abundance all flow from him.

Not a sparrow falleth to the earth without his will; and why shall man abandon himself to vexation, and not confide in the paternal cares of his God, his protector, and constant supporter, under whose shelter and guardian power no dangers can overcome, no terrors appal; with God for our leader, we need not fear the united powers of darkness, of oppression, and of iniquity; though tempests roar, and storms howl around us, we may in safety view the contending elements, and calmly contemplate the sublimity of nature, whilst we adore the Deity.—Sturm's Reflections.

EVERY WORD TRUE.—It is a great and prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of company and temptations for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in. This mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves and drunkards. No man would deal so with his garden or lot, no man would raise a colt or puppy on such a principle. Take notice parents—unless you till the new soil, and throw in the good seed, the devil will have a crop of poison weeds before you know what is taking place. Look at your dear children, and think whether you will leave their safety to chance, or whether you should guard them from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He that would pass the latter part of life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old, and lay up knowledge for his support, when his powers of acting shall forsake him; and remember when he is old that he has once been young; and forbear to animadvert with unnecessary rigor on faults which experience only can correct.

PERSEVERE in every thing that an enlightened conscience tells you is honest and right, and you need not fear the result.

### Miscellaneous.

#### For the Journal.

### Divine Wisdom Manifested in His Works.

#### The Planetary System.

This globe, though large, when compared with a single town or an individual country, appears insignificant indeed, when we take for our standard of comparison the whole universe. But however small and insignificant it in reality is, it presents, nevertheless, sufficient evidence of having been the workmanship of an all-wise and omnipotent Being. The peculiar properties of its surface, and the atmosphere that surrounds it—its admirable formation and complete adaptation to the purposes it undoubtedly was intended to answer, as a habitation for myriads of living creatures—afford ample proofs of that fact; and the proposition with which I set out night, perhaps, be sufficiently well established without taking into consideration any other part of God's works than those which are found connected with the inconsiderable portion of them that has been set apart as the abiding-place of man, and the various orders of living creatures with which man is acquainted, and over which he is appointed a ruler, invested with full power and dominion. My design, however, is rather to make manifest "Divine Wisdom," by a general reference to the whole of his known Creation, than to establish it by a critical analyses of any isolated part. I will, therefore, in compliance with this design, extend my remarks from "terrestrial to celestial scenes."

When we turn our eyes towards the visible Heavens we behold hundreds of worlds, and thousands more remain undiscovered—he hid in immensity, and will perhaps never be displayed to finite man in his present corrupt state of existence.—HYGIENUS, whose expansive mind took a liberal view of this subject, supposes that "there are stars whose light has not travelled down to us since their first creation." From the fact that light flies at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a minute, we infer that the distance of these stars is immense beyond conception; and supposing the intermediate spaces between us and them to be filled up with revolving systems, their number must defy the power of language to express.

To our own system belong no less than thirty one planets, thirteen of which are called primary, and eighteen secondary planets exclusive of recent discoveries.—The sun is the grand centre of this system. All the others, both primary and secondary, are, as it were, mere appendages of this immense radiator, and connectives of this revolving worlds. Around this great axle the planets are placed at different distances, some nearer, some more remote, than our earth. His refulgent rays enliven, cherish, and sustain them all. He is the supreme centripetal power that keeps them in their respective places, and around which they perform their stated courses. Nothing can, in my opinion, more fully demonstrate the consummate wisdom of the divine Architect, than does the rotary motion of the planets, and the sublime law of nature which governs it. Were the planets acted upon by no force, they must remain stationary, which would deprive us of all the pleasing variety which their present motions produce. Were they operated upon by no other than projectile force, they would have continued to move on in a right line ever since their first creation; and, passing the limits of their present system, have been sometimes involved in total darkness and frost—at others, exposed to dazzling light, intense, perhaps consuming heat.—On the other hand, were they subject to centripetal power alone they must, long ere this, have been drawn into close contact with their great attractor, and have been either crushed by the terrible concussion, dissolved by his puissant rays, or at least completely enveloped and lost in the condensed splendor of his light. This two-fold power removes every difficulty, prevents all these disastrous consequences, and thereby raises our conceptions of Him who is the Supreme Creator and Governor of the Universe.

The power of projection and attraction so exactly counteract each other's effects, as to cause one of the most pleasing phenomena in nature—the revolution of the planets in their orbits. To this revolution we are indebted for the changes of the seasons, and all the charming varieties of climate—the grateful succession of heat and cold, of summer and winter, spring and autumn; and for all the beauties, pleasures and benefits attendant on these changes, without which the whole face of creation would be a tiresome scene of uninteresting monotony.

A point which must not be left unnoticed, whilst speaking of this rotary motion, is, its perfect uniformity, its unvaried regularity. It is a well attested fact, that the planets have, ever since they emerged from non-existence, continued to run their stated rounds in the precise time allotted to

each, when first projected on its course, by the hand of the Creator. The earth which we inhabit performed its first revolution in 365 days, 5 hours, 56 minutes and 54 seconds. It has run, unwearied, the same circuit five thousand eight hundred and fifty six times, and each successive round has been accomplished in exactly the same period of time, uniformly producing the same effects. But this is not all. The primary planets have another motion which produces even more sublime and important changes than the former. By the former is occasioned the variation of seasons, producing heat and cold, seed time and harvest; the latter causes the regular succession of day and night, affording us alternate hours of action and quiescence—labor and rest. The former is called the annual or yearly, the latter, the diurnal or daily revolution. The former exhibits striking proofs of "Divine Wisdom," the latter equally attests his greatness, and is absolutely necessary to the convenience and happiness—nay, the very existence of many of his creatures. "Amidst the gloom of night, how could we labor? amidst the bustle of day, how could we sleep?" And yet without the exercise of the one, the body would become relaxed and feeble, the mind dull and stupid; and deprived of the refreshment of the other, both body and mind must, in a short time, sink under the exhaustion and oppression of unremitting action. How admirably, then, are these changes suited to their respective purposes! How manifestly are "Divine Wisdom" and Superintending Power displayed in the motions of the Heavenly bodies! What more splendid idea can enter the mind, than that of being carried forward more than sixty thousand miles an hour by one of these motions, and no less than seventeen miles in a single minute by the other, and yet remain entirely unconscious of this almost inconceivable velocity?

Could a spectator be so situated, as to take at one glance a full and complete view of every part of only a single planet—could he see plants growing, flowers blooming, and trees clad in rich foliage, in one region, and in another, vegetation hastening to dissolution;—could he behold the "spring, in virgin robes attired," fast approaching on one continent, and autumn's mutation silently but impressively spreading its mournful vestments over the scene of his observations in another;—could he see smiling summer and frowning winter in opposite directions;—and could he at the same time, have a view of noon-day and mid-night, of the sun, radiant god of day, ushering in the moon to one people, emitting his lucid rays from the zenith of another, and sinking beneath the horizon of a third;—could he see the sun in his meridian splendor, the moon in all her phases, and the firmament mantled with unnumbered stars;—and, in fine, could he at one and the same instant, trace out all these aspects and changes—some of which are every moment present to the inhabitants of this globe—he might then form some adequate idea, some rational conception, of the grandeur and sublimity of the annual and diurnal revolution of the planets! He would then discover the Wisdom of Him who makes so simple a cause produce such wonderful effects, and after having contemplated, in silent admiration and mute astonishment, this *mere atom* of creation, and considered that the scene now before him has existed the same for thousands of ages, and will continue the same operations until "time shall be no more," wit out the loss of a single particle,—he would, from the fullness of conviction, give vent to his wrought-up feelings by exclaiming, "How fully, how strikingly is "Divine Wisdom manifested in all his Works!"

R. A. M.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1852.

### An Eccentric Character.

The Boston Chronicle gives the following, in addition to the particulars already published, relative to John Crofts Coffield, who died in that city on the 28th ult., supposed to be worth \$200,000.

For the last thirty years this eccentric man has not laid in a bed, except when travelling, he being too miserly to indulge in such "extraneousness," as he termed it. He has made his bedchamber on trunks and boards, and finally died, lying upon a large trunk. Three days preceding his death, he purchased a burial lot in Mount Auburn. He lived, if living it could be called, in a small shop off from the street. He lived a bachelor, not being willing to marry on account of the expenses incident upon a married life, and dragged out his existence as solitary as an oyster. His meals cost him on an average six and a quarter cents, and in payment he generally tendered a crossed-off four pence. He had not probably taken off his clothes for a year. Avarice shone from his cold, glassy eye; he loved no one, and no one probably loved him.—The late Dr. Parkman was his friend, and was selected as his executor.

The most effectual cure for moths, so common in stores of goods, is said to be a moderate dose of newspaper advertisements.

### Division of Texas.

An active movement is on foot in Texas for the division of that State. In the eastern part of the State it has been and still is vigorously pushed; and it is now proposed that an extra session of the Legislature be called, for the purpose of considering the subject. The Houston Telegraph opposes the project, on the ground that if there should be a division of the State, as proposed, in Eastern and Western Texas, there would be great danger of the western section becoming a free State, which the Telegraph thinks, would much depreciate the value of slave property in eastern Texas. It is stated that the success attending the culture of sugar in Texas has been such that the country between the Trinity and Guadalupe rivers is rapidly filling up with planters, and if the State remains united for some years longer, it will be pretty well peopled with a slaveholding population.

### A Modern Romulus—Strange Story.

The Delhi Gazette relates an almost incredible story of the discovery of a boy, who had consorted with wolves so early that nearly every trace of humanity had been lost. He walked or ran, on all fours, and after his removal into the service of an officer, he still delighted in the company of jackals and other small four-footed animals, which he would make his trencher companions. He was never known to smile, and only spoke once to indicate that his head ached. He died suddenly after drinking some water. This poor creature was recognized by his parents, but they soon became disgusted and deserted him. His age, at the time of his death, was apparently twelve years.

### Clerical Joke.

At Madame Sontag's "full dress rehearsal," at Boston, on Monday forenoon, a well known clergyman of that city excited considerable remark by keeping his hat on during the performance. Those who were seated behind him were of course annoyed by the obstruction of their view of the performers, and one gentleman, not having the fear of "the cloth" before his eyes, ventured to suggest to the divine that none of the other gentlemen were covered. The clergyman looked around with an apparent air of abstraction, and the fag end of a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth, and removing his chapeau remarked that he "really thought this was a full dress concert."

ALE.—Pale Ale has created in many men numerous causes of ail. It has driven him out of the pale of society, and brought many to their bier. This is a lamentable world. Crime impales a poor devil alive, and within the pales of a prison he lingers to his end. A hale, hearty man becomes pale, the moment he enters within the pale of a bar-room. It is his fate in this vale of trouble to encounter the sneer and scorn of sober thinking men.—He enters the dale where stands the ale house, and when he exits therefrom, he is in a perfect gale of fury. He commits an act of outrage—no one will go his bail—so he is packed up and baled off to the jail. How often do we see a female enter the lists, and even outdo the male in riot and discord. Thus ends our tale about ale, which, when published, cannot fail to have a rapid sale.

### Anecdote of Col. Crocket.

Once upon a time; during a debate in the U. S. House of Representatives, on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western members observed "Mr. Speaker—My opinion is that the generosity of mankind—in general, are disposed to take the disadvantage—of the generosity—of mankind is general." "Sit down, sit down," whispered the Col. who sat near him, "you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

Queen Caroline, having observed that her daughter, the princess, had made one of the ladies about her stand a long time, while the princess was talking to her, on some trifling subject, was resolved to give her a suitable reprimand. Therefore, when the princess came in the evening to read to her mother, as usual, and was drawing a chair to sit down, the Queen said to her, "No, my dear, you must not sit; for I intend to make you stand, this evening, as long as you made Lady B—remain in the same position."

The Montreal Courier of the 30th ult., hints that some daring incendiaries have lately attempted to burn the remainder of the city of Montreal, and it, therefore, warns the citizens to be prepared with loaded arms, and if they detect the ruffians, to finish them at once.

A man without money, and a heart full of philanthropy whose coat is a little threadbare, is shunned like a thief: a man with a pocket full of money, and a heart full of villainy is courted for his virtues.

The Battle of Germantown was fought on the 4th of October, 1777.

### Youths' Column.

#### I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,  
When I first began to creep,  
How I crawled straight into mischief—  
How I wouldn't go to sleep—  
How I pulled the table linen  
With its contents on the floor;  
How my mother spanked me for it;  
Till my tender flesh was sore.

I remember, I remember,  
When I used to go to school,  
How I kept a watchful eye on  
The school-master's rod and rule;  
How I cut up monkey shins  
Every time his back was turned—  
How I sometimes used to catch it,  
When I'd not my lesson learned.

I remember, I remember,  
When I went a hooking peaches,  
How a dog came out and caught me  
By the scruffs of my breeches;  
How I hung on to the bushes—  
How the dog lung fast to me,  
Till my crying brought a man who  
Flogg'd me most "woful-a."

I remember, I remember,  
When the girls I used to kiss,  
How I thought it rather funny,  
But it gave no extra bliss;  
Now it seizes me with rapture,  
Now it fills my soul with joy;  
Yet with manhood's blissful pleasure,  
Would that I was still a boy.

Boys—when they are boys—are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics! Who remembers when he would have sold his birth-right for a rocking-horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who forgets the sweet-faced girl, older than himself, against whose golden hair he leaned and wept his griefs away? Who recollects when the thought of being a circus-rider appeared greater than to be president; and how jealously he watched the little fellows that wore spangled jackets and turned somersets, and prayed to become like them? If memory preserve not these caprices, or something similar, the boy is lost in the man. Happy visions, they come but once and go quickly, leaving us ever to sigh for a return of what can never be again.

#### A London Boy.

Young people in our favored land have very little idea of the sufferings of the poor in England and elsewhere. The following little sketch will give them some idea of the truth:—

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools of the metropolis, I became interested in a lad of ten or twelve years of age, with a frank open countenance, though somewhat dirty, and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher, that I could but smile. His "practical observations" on certain parts of the Scripture, if clothed in eloquent language, would have done honor to men of education.—There was a frecheartedness in him that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down beside him, to ask him some questions.

"Where do you live," I asked, "and how?"  
"I live anywhere I can," he replied, "and almost how I can."  
"But," said I, "what your trade or business? What do you generally do for a living?"  
"I am a water-tress boy," he replied, "and get up every morning at two o'clock and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, into the edge of the city; to buy the water-cresses. I get a basket for a shilling, and by crying them a whole day, generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."  
"But can you live upon a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well, but many times I don't make a shilling, and then buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of the London Bridge, or in some crate or box down on the wharves."  
Just then the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm, he said—  
"The lad you have been talking with, comes here every night to learn to read, and although he cannot get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two, yet he is always punctual."

Lately his mother was imprisoned for back rent—ten shillings. The brave boy, almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save the money to release her.

COMPLAINING.—"I never complained of my condition but once," said a poor old man, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes—but I met a man without feet, and became contented."—Child's Paper.

If you a gentleman would know,  
Tis he whose deeds proclaim him so.