



BY J. A. HALL.

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Poetical.

JANUARY.

A Northern Scene.

BY W. H. BENNIE.

Aquarius spreads o'er hill and plain
 His liquid, fleecy wings,
 And o'er the placid, giant main,
 A silv'ry radiance flings;
 A sparkling mist his breath sends far,
 Throughout the ether clear,
 And from above each orb'd star
 Seems dropping down a tear.

The flow'ring trees, the grove, the glade,
 'Neath his white mantle spread,
 Are nurtured still, though not a blade
 Of verdure lifts its head;
 The naked forest moans and sighs,
 And Boreas from the wave
 Sweeps by, whilst Hope, with tearful eyes,
 Weeps o'er poor Flora's grave.

The latticed hedges, plaited boughs,
 In crystal tubes repose;
 No tuneful voice, no melting vows,
 The spells of love disclose;
 All seem at rest, save down yon hill,
 O'er rocks of plated sheen,
 The brook as blithesome dances still,
 As though the vales were green.

The minstrel birds have fled—and now,
 Whilst Death pervades the grove
 Where beauty reigned, they breathe a vow
 In foreign climes of love,
 With winning strangers far from sight,
 In fragrant sunny spheres—
 Like false and fickle friends to-night,
 Who leave us in our tears.

But soon these scenes shall pass away,
 Enchanting Spring return;
 The flow'rets blow, and Floral May
 Appear with brimming urn;
 The truant birds, that woo and roam
 Through distant bow'rs and glades,
 Will seek their dear neglected home
 When bloom revives the meads.

Ah, sweet the flow'rs shall smile again,
 And deck the matted bowers,
 The emerald verdure spread the plain
 Restored to life and power;
 To waft their odors—blend the air
 Infused with genial rays
 And balms ambrosial—beauty rare,
 When Vesper sings her lays.

'Tis then, Aurora, in the East,
 In all her wonted pride,
 Will tinge with roses Heaven's breast—
 Diffuse an odorous tide;
 On golden wings despatch the morn,
 And homeward Ceres send,
 With proud Amalthæa a full horn—
 Earth's tears with mercy blend.

Oh, then rejoice! a voice Supreme,
 The spirit of the flower,
 Shall call to life from Death's stern dreams,
 To beautify the bowers;
 In purer state, from his fell blast,
 Triumphant to bloom—
 As mortal flow'rets of the past,
 Immortal from the tomb!

Miscellaneous.

The Soul Immortal.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky;
 The soul immortal as its sire,
 Shall never, never die!"

Thus Watts sweetly sings. Yes, the mind is immortal. Infinite wisdom had otherwise never implanted longings which all of earth leaves unsatisfied, or gifted with capacities capable of improvement.

The brute is born, attains maturity and hastens to depart. Its powers culminate, and it sinks into a decay ominous of extinction; whilst man's longest life closes upon an intellect yet in rapid development. The body, as it runs quickly through its cycle from youth to age, proves oftentimes, it is true, a weariness and clog to the prisoner within; put their union severed, like a bird cage-freed, the disenthralled spirit will

soar away on pinions imperishable.

Distinct, as it is, in its nature, from the material, analogy forbids that we should anticipate the mind's annihilation when that home where it briefly tabernacled has gone back into dust. Death involves a disintegration of parts; but in the immaterial we can conceive of no such separation, and hence can predicate no decay. As the insect flutters from out its chrysalis in green and gold, to sport amid flowers and sunshine, so shall the purified spirit forsake its chrysalis to dwell amid the beauties and brightness of heaven. There, in the fruition of its fondest hopes, will it find ample amends for all sorrow and every sadness, and participate in pleasure which those who deny a future—because they dread its awards—can never enjoy.

Then cheer up, travel worn and Christian pilgrim. With thankful heart partake of such as thy present affords, and trust unwaveringly in God, assured that whatever betide hereafter, thy voice shall be attuned to angel harmonies, and thy home be in that city whose gates are pearl; along whose streets murmur the crystal river, and in whose midst blooms the tree of life.

Exposition of Juggling.

The Chicago (Illinois) Journal, exposes to the public some of the most interesting secrets of the Wizards. A conjuror's implements were lately seized in Chicago, and hence this exposition:

In the hurry of departure he unluckily left at the depot a couple of large boxes, which the creditors of his wizardship immediately pounced upon, and which were found to contain the implements of his trade. Still more unlucky for professors of diablerie, these articles reveal the modus operandi of their business—showing how it is done and how it isn't. We beg pardon of all wizards for letting the public into their secrets, but as we are not sworn to privacy, we cannot be reproached for violation of confidence, and moreover as the knowledge gained is of such stupendous consequences, we deem it a duty to give it for the "cause of public enlightenment."

The most combrous article of this "stock in trade" is a large copper kettle, in which Dr. Faustus and the Devil were wont to boil their dimmers. This kettle is suspended before the audience, and into it are thrown several pails full of water, which is suddenly converted into solid ice, or mysteriously metamorphosed into half a dozen pigeons, rabbits, &c., &c., which, on removing the cover, hurry away in every direction. All this is the silliest piece of humbugging in the world to such as can perceive that this mysterious kettle is made with double sides, with a vacancy between them into which the water passes, and thence is drawn upward through the pail and suspending rods, which are hollow, and passes off in the manner of a syphon to a tub below the stage. The cover is sufficiently large to contain the birds and rabbits, which, by turning the knob of the cover, are let down, together with the separatrix that concealed them, into the kettle.

The celebrated "bottle feat"—of pouring a great variety of wines and liquors from a common glass bottle—is no less simple, and when understood no less silly than the foregoing. The common glass bottle borrowed from the audience is, of course, not the one used on these occasions, but is exchanged for another made of Japanned tin, and furnished internally with receptacles for the different kinds of liquors.—Each receptacle has a valve, and these valves may be opened and closed at pleasure, by stops on the outside of the bottle, arranged for the fingers, like the keys of a musical instrument. The compartments having no connection with the mouth of the bottle, except by the valves, the bottle may at any time be rinsed with water, and then more liquor be poured out. There are a couple of these "inexhaustible bottles" in the "present collection," both of which are to be sold to the highest bidder. We advise parties going to California or the lumber regions to buy and take them along—they may thus carry a respectable liquor shop in each pocket.

The "Ethereal Suspension," is another trick of the jugglers, at which people, with large marvélousness, were staring with open mouths and elevated eyebrows. The strong iron machinery for suspending the body, in a horizontal position, is among the articles disclosed by the opening of the box.

A small piece of brass ordnance, calculated for the use of gold watches, canary birds, &c., for ammunition, is another of the interesting collection. There are also a great variety of other articles, numbering together some fifty or sixty, designed for various uses in the black art.—News.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Reese's Medical Gazette says, "In case of any burn or scald, however extensive, all the acute suffering of the patient may be at once and permanently relieved, and that in a moment, by sprinkling over the surface a thick layer of wheat flour.

Many friends are lost by ill-timed jests.

ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER

TO THEIR

Patrons of the

"HUNTINGDON JOURNAL."

JANUARY 1, 1853.

Custom is law—a maxim sage and old
 Demands that we, the typo's "devil,"
 Should tell a tale, that yearly now is told—
 We seek a little of the "root of evil."

AN ADDRESS then, kind patrons, we must make,
 And you of course will an each address take.
 We make our bow—a modest bow, to win,
 With "sold again," and further "got the tin."

We claim the poet's license, and of course,
 For our Pegasus, ride a common horse.
 And we shall write such matter and such measure
 As best may suit our themes, and suit our pleasure.

A year has sped!
 Time's drifting tide has swept us past
 Another year, that slumbers with the dead.
 Another! that may be our last;
 Its buds of promise, now so full and fair,
 May fade and fall, or only blossom there,
 Where swell the anthems of the dead and blest,
 Where wicked trouble not, and weary rest.

This lesson learn:
 Life is a race,—we start at birth,
 First creep, then walk; then run each devious turn;
 The goal a grave, in the cold earth.
 Our Master summons, we obey the call
 And win a crown, or loosing surely fall—
 The Crown, of jewels all divinely fair;
 Our loss, the stern demands of dark despair.

A year is dead, as we have said,
 And we must tell its story;
 Of course in verse—brief, true, and terse,
 And then we'll get the glory,

We have cause to weep,
 Our gallant HARRY CLAY
 Sleeps his last sleep.
 Sleeps! no eternal day
 Welcomes him home to seek, at last a rest
 Where envy's shaft shall never reach his breast.
 He lives! his deeds, on history's brightest page,
 Shall teach the sons of every clime and age,
 That patriot zeal, and holy love of truth,
 Builds a proud name, to crown the humblest youth.

Let the good man sleep.
 His toil on earth is done,
 The wise will weep,
 For they can see how one
 Who spent a life of sacrifice and toil,
 Received no honor but in party broil.
 How party hate embittered every hour—
 Envy and falsehood knew their shameful power.
 He rests at last; and now they own their shame,
 And their false tongues admit his lasting fame.

Death, the stern monarch,
 Claims us all his own.
 WEBSTER, a shining mark
 He hasten'd quickly home.
 Away from his task, in the Nation's White Hall,
 He hurried away at his Master's last call:
 His fame, all the tempests of time will survive,
 And each deed of his life say "still I do live,"
 "That Rod and that Staff" received his last trust,
 And he now, it is hoped, is with God and the just.

Now a word about conventions,
 Where candidates set up pretensions
 To be their party's nominee
 In hopes they may elected be.
 At Baltimore last spring you know
 The Locos held their rare show.
 The first one named was Lewis Cass
 He saw his hand and said "pass."
 Next in the ranks Buchanan stood
 Who swore he'd found that drop of blood
 That was not found, nor yet let out,
 In eighteen twelve, or there about.
 The cunning sons of our own State
 Who knew the tracks that "Indians" make,

Midnight.

The clock is striking twelve! How finely the full tones sweep past through the air as if it would take up thought and carry it miles away to the friend we were thinking of at the moment. How many haunts of wretchedness hidden from human eye, in the depths of human hearts, have the cold vibrations reached while dying so carelessly upon the ear? What tales might they tell of secret misery, sickness, watching and praying, sorrow and fear, and care, and the thousand bitter cankers that lie and feed at the

Said Jimmy's blood and breeding too
 For such a race would never do,
 The effort he had made to pay
 The work-man with "ten cents" a day;
 His Indian allies here at home
 Would be his death; and they were 'some'
 Pumpkins. Jimmy's dollars didn't win
 For Cass's friends took off his skin.
 Some smaller chaps had stood aside
 And in the "wagon" hoped "to ride,"
 When lo! a sudden jerk, and fierce
 Threw in their midst—one Franklin Pierce,
 And "presto change"—the trap was set—
 Ah! Pierce, 'tis said is running yet.

Next came the Whigs; with honest zeal
 They sought to serve the public weal.
 They had their three good men and great;
 With one they hoped to guide the State—
 Fillmore and Webster and old Scott:
 Upon the latter fell the lot,
 The brave old man, had spent his life;
 In the battle's deadliest strife.
 Where e'er our starry stripes have waved,
 There has old Scott the carnage braved,
 In camp, in field, in Cabinet,
 No braver, wiser, heart was met.

It matter'd not, the die was cast,
 And Scott and Whigs went down at last.
 But Whigs, a word, before we close,
 Whose turn is next, there's no one knows,
 Our flag, for smoke, would seem, no where,
 Yet see! high up, it flutters there,
 "The sign of hope and promise nigh"—
 In triumph yet that flag shall fly!

We ought to say a word or two,
 About John Bull, and old "Crappeau,"
 But our foreign relations are quiet of late,
 The bull ceas'd to bellow,—the Frenchman to prate,
 They claim as their friend, and faithful ally,
 Our President Pierce, and the free trading fry;
 So Louis and Empire, we hand to old Nick,
 And the beef eating Britians will find us a "brick,"
 For the Whigs have no allies, but American bread,
 With protection to work they'll find plenty of bread,
 And they'll live just as well, as the Locos no doubt,
 Although they don't know, when there's 'stealings' about.

Now though our flag—seems but a rag
 "It will not do"—in town, sir
 We'll let you know, to give up so,
 Most worthy "Mr. Brown," sir.

We'll wait that tide, whereon men ride
 Which taken at its flood, sir
 To fortune leads—whoever heeds—
 We'll wait that time so good, sir.

There's no good Whig, will care a fig—
 We know how beating feels, sir
 Our skins before, were oft times tore—
 We're used to 'like the eels, sir.

Oh remember, Oh remember,
 When in eighteen forty-four,
 How they flaked us then like dogs,
 So we didn't need no more;
 But the swindle then that skin'd us
 Lived its four years, but to die,
 Then we licked the Locos soundly,
 You remember—so do I.

Well remember, well remember,
 What has been, can be done again
 And we'll give the Locos jessie
 If then Whigs their ranks maintain;
 Cause you know their hungry puppies
 Cant all have a bone to gnaw;
 And they'll curse and quit the party,
 Because such knaves they never saw.

I've spun my lay, so now good day,
 For I must close my song, sir
 Give a shilling—to show how willing,
 To help the boy along, sir.

heart strings, beyond all reach of medicine, to the ear, that will soon tire of its monotonous perhaps of sympathy. Many a wife sits by for the forerent poet is building up watching with a broken heart for her husband's dream into the sky, with his eyes the band's step—many a mother for her child's straining in the darkness, and his pulse ring and many an adventurous merchant lies mounting with the leaping freedom of many an undetected defaulter watches at out his fiery spirit to ashes, and laugh to scorn the fine work of his towering fancy.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure and put it where you can find it.

A burden which was thoughtlessly got must be patiently borne.

Youths' Column.

"MY MOTHER'S DEAD."

"I'm very, very lonely,
 Alas, I cannot play;
 I am so sad, I sit and weep
 Throughout the livelong day.
 I miss dear mother's welcome,
 Her light hand on my head,
 Her look of love, her tender words;
 Alas, my mother's dead!"

I have no heart to play alone;
 To-day I thought I'd try,
 And got my little hoop to roll,
 But ah, it made me cry;
 For who will smile to see me come,
 Now mother dear has gone,
 And look so kindly in my face,
 And kiss her little nose?

I'll get my blessed Bible,
 And sit me down and read;
 My mother said that precious book
 Would prove a friend in need.
 I seem to see dear mother now,
 To hear her voice of love;
 She may be looking down on me,
 From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her—
 She cannot come to me;
 Our Father, teach a little one
 How he may come to thee,
 For I am very lonely now,
 Our Father, may I come,
 And join my mother in the skies?
 And heaven shall be our home.

[From the Child's Paper.]

Counsels to Children.

Love your father and mother. Who are so kind to you as your parents? Whotake, so much pains to instruct you? Who provide food for you, and clothes, and warm beds to sleep on at night? When you are sick, and in pain, who pity you, and tenderly wait upon you, and nurse you, and pray to God to give you health, and strength, and every good thing? If your parents are sick, or in trouble, do all you can to comfort them. If they are poor, work very hard, that you may be able to assist them. Remember how much they have done and suffered for you.

Love your brothers and sisters. Do not tease nor vex them, nor call them names; and never let your little hands be raised to strike them. If they have any thing which you would like to have, do not be angry with them, or want to get it from them. If you have any thing they like, share it with them. Your parents grieve when they see you quarrel; they love you all with dear love; and they wish you to love one another, and to live in peace and harmony.

Never tell an untruth. When you are relating any thing that you have seen or heard, tell it exactly as it was. Do not alter or invent any part, to make, as you may think, a prettier story; if you have forgotten any part, say that you have forgotten it. Persons who love the truth never tell a lie, even in jest.

Consider well before you make a promise. If you say you will do a thing, and you do it not, you will tell a lie; and who then will trust or believe you?

When you have done wrong, do not deny it, even if you are afraid you will be punished for it. If you are sorry for what you have done, and try to do so no more, people will very seldom be angry with you or punish you. They will love you for speaking the truth; they will think that they may believe what you say, since they find you will not tell a lie, even to hide a fault, and to prevent yourselves from being punished.

Never amuse yourselves with giving pain to any body, not even to dumb creatures. A great many animals are killed because we want their flesh for food; and a great many are killed because, if we were to let them live, they would do us harm; but I can see no reason why little boys or girls should kill flies, or pull off their wings or legs; or catch butterflies, and crush them to death; or steal young birds from their soft, warm, comfortable nests; or whip and beat horses till their sides bleed and are very sore; or do any cruel actions.

I remember once sitting by the margin of a stream, in one of the low sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of a full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maidens and children. It rose, indeed "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfume." The dew, from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, as it swelled on the ear, and wrapt me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world.—Hazlitt.