



BY J. A. HALL.

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

PAY THE PRINTER.

The following has to be published every winter, and we may as well do it now as at any other time. So here goes:

Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Storms of hail—and snow—and sleet—
Pay the Printer—Pay the Printer,
Let him warm his hands and feet.
Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Whitening every hill and dale,
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Send your money by the mail.
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
All remember his just due,
In cold winter, in cold winter,
He wants cash as well as you.

CANT DO WITHOUT A PAPER.

A SOLOQUY—BY "ONE OF THE PEOPLE."

What! do without a paper! No,
I've tried it to my sorrow;
So, to subscribe for one I'll go,
Nor wait until to-morrow.
Should lovers hang or drown themselves,
Or other foolish caper,
I never get to hear of it—
I do not take the paper!

Why, there's my neighbor, Toby Stout,
He always reads the news,
And, having news to talk about,
He never gets the "blues";
While others yawn in ennui,
His mind is light as vapor;
The cause is plain to half an eye—
He always takes the paper!
While neighbor Stout hears all the news,
And knows each current price,
And always minds the P's and Q's,
By taking good advice,
I cannot tell the price of grain,
Of poultry, coffee, tapers,
Or any kind of merchandise—
Because I take no paper!

Though I have studies which require
Much time and mental labor,
Yet I can spare a little time
As well as Stout, my neighbor;
Though time be precious, I can use
A longer midnight taper,
And thus find time to read the news—
Therefore I'll take the paper!

Family Circle.

Domestic Endearments.

I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasure of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics.

Next to being well with his own conscience; the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seem to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet, that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amid the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts and its permanent effects on his happiness at every pause of ambition or of happiness.

Reputation after Death.

It is very singular, how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them: Death is so genuine a fact, that it excludes falsehoods or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or lower point than he had formerly occupied on the scale of public appreciation.—Hawthorn.

Whispering in Company.

This habit, so often indulged in by many young ladies, in presence of friends or strangers, savors strongly of rudeness, if not of gross ignorance. The vainest being, the most conceited, or the most perfect, suffers alike under that emancipation from the government of true politeness. We cannot help, though perfect we may imagine ourselves; to consider ourselves the theme of a merry whisper, and the pain rankling in our wounded self-love, leaves a thorn which sooner or later will sting the aggressors, and prove a thorn to them.—Whispering in the presence of strangers, without some cogent apology, is therefore entirely out of place, and should be avoided.—National Intelligencer.

The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved.—Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience, the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torch-light, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about!

Miscellaneous.

Unearned Money.

However common may be the desire for sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, or so pleasantly or judiciously spent, as when hardly earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, of a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labor and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality. Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without any effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in obtaining it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so much to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labor and activity; it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labor of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition in life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which must be done, will be the safest and the best. Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; nor always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and painful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untold for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and enriches the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

WELL SAID.—The following is an extract from Mr. Benton's late Speech in Missouri:

"For myself, I feel all the gravity and responsibility of my position. Time and events give admonitions which cannot be disregarded—time which hurries us along to that bourne from whence no traveler returns," and events, which thin ranks of our cotemporaries, and leave solitude where associates stood. Four times in the short space of two years,—to go no further back—I have seen the departure of some one of those with whom I have long been associated, often matched in fierce political contest, never in malice or envy. Calhoun, Woodbury, Clay and Webster, have all gone! leaving voids where they stood, and the reflex of a light which shines through the world, and will be seen in after ages to the latest posterity. In the presence of such impressive events, and on the verge of such a time, I can have no feelings but those of good will to the departed, good wishes for the living, solicitude for the national honor and prosperity, and an anxious desire to save for myself the good opinion, valuable beyond all price, with which my countrymen have honored me."

The Title of Louis Napoleon.

A Paris letter in the Brussels Independence, alluding to the title of Napoleon III, which will be assumed by the new Emperor, says—"There is no analogy either in idea, in principles, or in resolutions, between the representative of the divine right of the Bourbon family and Louis Napoleon, demanding his right from France. Louis Napoleon will therefore call himself Napoleon III, for the same reason which led the brother of Louis XVI to call himself Louis XVIII. Let us see whether there are, in order for him to assume that title, more motives than those which were for Louis XVIII. The son of Louis XVI languished in prison from the 21st January, 1793, to his death, under the government of the Convention. His right alone, according to the legitimist doctrine, made him king, and not any act of the country, or of its representatives. This, on the contrary, is the way in which things took place in 1815, for the son of the Emperor. A proclamation of the Emperor, of the 22d June, published in the *Moniteur* on the 23d, announcing his abdication, expressed itself thus—"My political life is terminated, and I proclaim my son Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon II." If this act, with the condition of the abdication, had remained personal to the Emperor, and had not been accepted by the country, it might only be considered as a wish and an intention, not followed by effect, as has since happened under other circumstances. It is important, therefore, to see how it was confirmed and sanctioned. The Emperor addressed on the same day, (the 22d,) his proclamation, in the form of a message, to the two Chambers. Both of them accepted his abdication unanimately, in the terms expressed by him, and sent commissions, selected from their respective bodies, to inform him officially on their resolutions. The Emperor's reply to these commissions, was, "If I have handed the right which France has given me to my son, while I am alive, I have only done it for the welfare of the nation, and for the interest of my son, whom I have accordingly proclaimed Emperor." Thus was Napoleon II proclaimed in the face of the official delegates of the two Chambers. The Chamber of Representatives decided, on the 22d, soon after having accepted the abdication that a commission of the provisional government should be named. This commission, composed of five members, three elected by that chamber—the Duke of Otranto, Carnot, and General Grenier; and two by the Chamber of Peers—De Caulincourt, Duke de Vicenza, and Quinette. In the sittings of the 22d and 23d, numerous propositions were made and developed. At the end of the latter sitting, the Chamber of Representatives adopted the following resolution (1 copy literally from the *Moniteur* of the 24th June, 1815, page 725, the text of the resolution and the account of the vote):—"The Chamber of Representatives, deliberating on the different propositions made, passes to the order of the day *motu proprio*—I, Napoleon II, having become Emperor by the abdication of Napoleon I, and the constitution of the empire, and the two Chambers, having, by their decree of yesterday, nominating a commission of provisional government, desired to give to the nation the guarantees which it requires for its liberty and repose, the present act shall be transmitted to the Chamber of Peers." The proposition was adopted unanimously. A loud and prolonged cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* followed the announcement. On the same day the Chamber of Peers adhered to the resolution. It is thus clearly shown that the Chamber of Representatives, in nominating a provisional government, only intended to organize a means of administration. Napoleon II was Emperor.

Marrying Drunkards.

Young ladies or more elderly women, who contemplate marrying at all, as most ladies do, ought to reflect seriously, that in forming family relations the drinking habit must be excluded, or misery, shame, and disgrace, are inevitable. We caution in the fear of God—nay, we feel no hesitancy in warning young women, whether rich or poor, educated or uneducated, never to accept for a husband any man who drinks ardent spirits, however moderately. And we warn all men addicted to the vile habit of drinking to excess, or even in moderation, that in proposing marriage to a lady properly informed, he insults her.—The promise of such a man to love, protect, cherish, and keep her in sickness and in health, is solemn mockery; it is a fraud of the meanest kind, practised upon an unsuspecting, confiding, and innocent female. May Heaven save the rising generation of females from that worst of earthly afflictions, that surfeit of all degradations, drunken husbands.—Temp. Jour.

A golden rule for a young lady is, to converse always with your female friends as if a gentleman were of the party; and with young men, as if your female companions were present.

Kentucky in the Olden Time.

In the early settlement of that territory, her present aged, queenly matrons were without many of those things now esteemed by their sex so indispensable, and amongst them the *looking-glass*, which had never made its appearance across the mountains. In its stead, the eye and hand of a companion, or the smooth, reflective surface of the glassy brook, were made to subservise the purpose of the toilette; and a wooden trough, or hollow stump, filled with water, not unfrequently daguerrotyped the flowing curls and tallowed heads of the backwoods beauties.

But it happened, on a time, that there came along the Indian trails a Yankee pedlar, who, amongst his precious store of goods, which he was exchanging for furs and skins, had a small looking-glass, such as fits the top of an old fashioned, round shaving box. As soon as seen by them, all bid for the rare and desirable thing; but, with native shrewdness, under the pretence that he could not spare it,—well knowing it would prejudice his trading, did he prefer a buyer then—he refused all offers, intending, in the end, to accept the highest.

At last, however, ready to pack and leave, he called upon the best bidder, and received his offer. The purchaser was a young beau, who at once presented it to a family of beautiful sisters, the rival belles of the country. It was near the time of a large ball, to which they were invited, and where they proudly appeared with pieces of the looking-glass framed in lead, suspended by yellow bark strings to their beautiful brown necks. They were at once the observed of all—the main attraction of the evening—much to the slight of their equally handsome, and "quite as respectable," who where, after that, with bitterness and wounded pride heard to reproach their late attending beaux with—"Yes, oh, yes, you couldn't see us this evening; we're too common. You chose first to dance up to the girls with the looking-glasses." "And," said the lady narrator, "that night were first sowed seeds of envy and hatred that show themselves to this day between many of the leading families of old Kentucky—and all because of the *looking-glasses*."

Abstemious Diet.

Many cases of illness, both in adults and children, may be readily cured by abstinence from all food. Headaches, disordered stomachs, and many other attacks are often caused by violating the rules of health, and, in consequence, some parts of the system are overloaded, or some of the organs are clogged. Omitting one, two, or three meals, as the case may be, gives the system a chance to rest and allows the clogged organs to dispose of their burdens. The practice of giving drugs to clear out the stomach, though it may afford the needed temporary relief, always weakens the system, while abstinence secures the good result without doing any injury.

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner, in Philadelphia, "Doctor, what do you do for yourself when you have a turn of headache, or other slight attack?"

"Go without my dinner," was the reply.
"And if that does not cure you, what then?"
"Go without my supper."
"But if that does not cure you, what then?"
"Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families, for we know that abstinence is better, but we can not make our patients believe it."
Many cases of slight indisposition are cured by a change of diet. Thus, if persons suffer from constipation, headache, slight attacks of fever or dyspepsia, the cause may often be removed by eating rye-mush and molasses, baked apples, and other fruits.—Domestic Receipt Book.

THREATENED DISRUPTION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—It is stated by the London Weekly Dispatch that, in consequence of the determination of the Crown not to allow Convocation to sit for the despatch of business, the leaders of the High Church party at a recent meeting, have resolved to secede from the Establishment, and to connect themselves with the Episcopal Church of Scotland, which, while in its main points it agrees with the Church of England, adds to its services an acknowledgment of something very like the Roman Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, and regulates its own affairs by synods of bishops and clergy. The Right Hon. W. B. Gladstone, one of the leaders of the movement, has taken the first step.

Printers.

J. T. Buckingham, in his 'Reminiscences,' in the course of publication in the Boston Courier, speaks of the importance of printers to authors, as follows:—"Many who condescend to illuminate the dark world with the fire of their genius, through the columns of a newspaper, little think of the printer, who almost suffocated by the smoke of a lamp, sits up till midnight to correct their false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuation. I have seen arguments of lawyers in high repute as scholars sent to the printer in their own hand writing, with many words, and especially technical and foreign terms abbreviated, words misspelled, and few or no points."

I have seen the sermons of divines sent to the printer without points or capitals to designate the division of sentences—sermons which, if published with the imperfections of the manuscript, would disgrace the printer's devil if he were the author.—Suppose they had been printed; the printer would have been treated with scorn and contempt, as an illiterate blockhead—as a fellow better fitted to be a wood sawyer than a professor of the art of printing. Nobody would have believed that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the ignorance and carelessness of the author. And nobody but the practical printer knows how many hours the compositor and after him the proof reader, are compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition, manuscripts that the author himself would be puzzled to read."

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion; every trifling question of manner appearance; it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the mass upon subjects such as these. But learn, from your earliest days, to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—Rev. Sidney Smith.

The New Member.

A year or two since, a Mr. B— was elected to represent the town of Shelburne, Vermont, in the Legislature. He was a plain old farmer, full of sound sense, and ready for any real work that was needed. When he had made his appearance at the State House, it must be confessed that his *tout ensemble* was anything but fashionable. His hat was a perfect relic of antiquity—his course frock and trousers of genuine dapple-grey homespun, his shirt bosom, the product of his wife's own loom, and his boots of the thickest and most substantial cow-hide. As Mr. B— entered the lobby, there were several young 'members' standing about the fire, and supposing the new-comer to be only a visitor, they merely cast a glance at his weather-browned face, turned up their noses at his verdant look, and then continued their conversation. B— took a seat near the stove. "No room here for visitors," said one of the flippants.

"O, I'm a member."
"You a member!" uttered the first speaker.
"Sartin," responded B—, in a mild tone.
"Where from?"
"Shelburne."
"Well," said a fashionably dressed 'member,' with a disdainful look at the rough, course dress of the farmer; "han't the folks in Shelburne got anybody else to send here?"

"O, as for that matter," returned Mr. B., with perfect good nature, "I s'pose there's a good many men there that know mo'n I do, but they ha'n't any of 'em got any clothes that's fit to wear!"

"Give the devil his due. Certainly, says a cotemporary; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due him."

Theodore Hook says of railroads and steamboats—"They annihilate space and time, not to mention a multitude of passengers."

Sometimes one line fills out a column, but in this instance it takes two.

Youths' Column.

THE BLACKBERRY GIRL.

Why, Phebe, have you come so soon?
Where are your berries child?
You cannot, sure, have sold them all;
You had a basket piled.

No, mother; as I climbed the fence,
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon a stake,
And so I tumbled down.

I scratched my arm and tore my hair,
But still did not complain;
And had my blackberries been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

But when I saw them on the ground,
All scattered by my side,
I picked my empty basket up,
And down I sat, and cried.

Just then a pretty little miss
Chanced to be walking by;
She stopped, and, looking pitiful,
She begged me not to cry.

Poor little girl, you fell, said she,
And must be sadly hurt;
O, no, I cried; but see my fruit
All mixed with sand and dirt!

Well, do not grieve for that, she said,
Go home, and get some more.
Ah, no; for I have stripped the vines,
These were the last they bore.

My father, miss, is very poor,
And works in yonder stall;
He has so many little ones,
He cannot clothe us all.

I always longed to go to church,
But never could I go;
For when I asked him for a gown,
He always answered, No—

There's not a father in the world
That loves his children more;
I'd get you one, with all my heart,
But, Phebe, I am poor.

But when the blackberries were ripe,
He said to me, one day,
Phebe, if you will take the time
That's given you for play,—

And gather blackberries enough,
And carry them to town,
To buy your bonnet and your shoes,
I'll try to get a gown.

O miss, I fairly jumped for joy,
My spirits were so light;
And so, when I had leave to play,
I picked with all my might.

I sold enough to get my shoes,
About a week ago;
And these, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a bonnet too.

But now they're gone, they all are gone,
And I can get no more;
Just Sundays I must stay at home
'Till as I did before.

And, mother, then I cried again,
As hard as I could cry;
And, looking up, I saw a tear
Was standing in her eye.

She caught her bonnet from her head
Here, here, she cried, take this!
O, no, indeed—I fear your 'ma
Would be offended, miss.

My 'ma! no, never! she delights
All sorrow to beguile;
And 'tis the sweetest joy she feels
To make the wretched smile.

She taught me, when I had enough,
To share it with the poor;
And never let a needy child
Go empty from the door.

So take it; for you need not fear
Offending her, you see;
I have another, too, at home;
And one's enough for me.

So then I took it; here it is,
For pray what could I do!
And, mother, I shall love that miss
As long as I love you.

It is a well established fact, that children who are accustomed to read the newspapers, are more intelligent and better qualified for the business of life, than those who are deprived of this means of instruction. We not only endorse this opinion, but go further, and say:

"That every child that reads, carefully, only the 'Youths' Column' of the *Journal* every week, will grow up wiser and better, with one half the schooling, than the child deprived of all newspaper instruction. Dear children, believe us, and try the experiment. Read our 'Youths' Column,' and you shall reap a rich reward. The knowledge you will there gain, will prepare you for the duties of life, and smooth your pathway to the tomb."