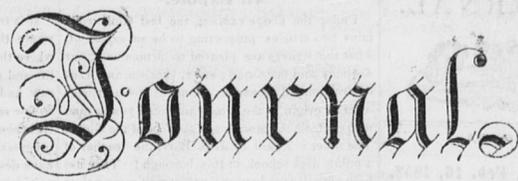




# Huntingdon



BY J. A. HALL.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1853.

VOL. 18, NO. 7.

### TERMS.

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following yearly rates:

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### Poetical.

The finest Elegiac effusion upon the death of Webster that has yet passed under our eye, is the following dirge written by Epes Sargent, the author of many of our most favorite songs, and also of some beautiful poems:

Night of the tomb! He has entered thy portal:  
 Silence of death! He is wrapped in thy shade:  
 All of the gifted and great that was mortal,  
 In the earth, where the ocean mist weepeth, is laid,  
 Lips, whence the voice that held Senates, proceeded,  
 Form, lending argument aspect august,  
 Brow, like the arch that a Nation's weight needeth,  
 Ever, wells unfathomed of thought—all are dust.  
 Night of the tomb! Through thy darkness is shining  
 A light, since the Star of the East, never dim;  
 No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining,  
 Could hide it, in life, or life's ending, from him.  
 Silence of death! There were voices from Heaven,  
 That pierced to the quick ear of Faith, through thy gloom:  
 The rod and the staff that he asked for were given,  
 And he followed the Savior's own track to the tomb!

Beyond it, above, in an atmosphere finer,  
 To that land of the spirit, that region diviner,  
 He liveth, he loveth, he worshippeth still.

### Family Circle.

[Selected for the Journal.]  
**Dr. Doddridge's Dream.**

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clark, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "the visions of the night," his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form: He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he exchanged the prisonhouse and sufferings of mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embroidered in a splendid aerial form he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but no glittering city or village, the forest or the sea was visible. There was naught to be seen below save the melancholy group of friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his change, but by mysterious power utterance was denied, and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air: their forms became more and more distant and gradually melted away from his sight. Resting upon golden clouds he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movement, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was for the present to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor he replied, that while on earth he had often heard that eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those that love him: but notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which

he had actually before seen, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply, they were already at the door and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with snow white cloth, a golden cup and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life.—Here he saw upon the canvass that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from immediate peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection and unfolded many things, which he never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all, an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hands led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having drunk himself, presented to him, saying, "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of the summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is the reward."—Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit and slid into the very depth of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The Doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

### The Universe and Man.

This earth might have been made a wild dreary waste, without beauty or grandeur to cheer the heart of man; but the evidences on every hand prove conclusively that the universe and man, as man is constituted, have been formed by the same Almighty Creator, with all their laws in harmony, to promote the happiness of intelligent creatures. The stars, when they come out at night in the blue heavens, with their millions of flaming torches, to light up the mighty dome above, impress the heart of man with feelings of wonder and admiration. The sublime mountain, the roaring cataract, the rustling breeze, the forest with its singing leaves, the songs of warblers in the groves, the purling rills, the grassy meadows, the flower's perfume, yea, the black thunder cloud, as well as the calm sunshine, were all made for man, for his pleasure, his happiness, his immortal glory. The very cloud of the arctic and antarctic regions—those vast solitudes of ice and snow—were made for the benefit of man; the sun looks down upon the oceans of the tropics, the clouds and vapors rise, the cold currents from the North to South—"the wind, in its circuits," as Lieut. Maury says, "rush in to fill up the vacuum below, while the hot winds fly away to the North, and fall down in gentle showers, refreshing the thirsty ground." The winds thus formed and the vapors thus carried, bring health to the cheek, and abundance to the fields. The mountains are also nature's reservoirs; they husband up the snows and rains to pour them down again in silver streams and rolling rivers, to irrigate the soil, or transport the inland commerce of a continent to the broad ocean; and the oceans themselves, their wide expanse of waters—their ever-restless beatings on wild shores—were all made for the benefit of man. Without such an expanse of ocean covering two-thirds of the surface of our globe, lands now blooming with verdure and beauty, would be nothing but

deary sandy wastes. The winds carry our ships from shore to shore,—they keep the deep from stagnant putridity, and their very voices have a charm, when deep callet to deep; "there is beauty on the ocean's vast verdureless plains, when lashed into fury, or lulled into calm."

The summer clouds, as they stand and move, red and grand against the setting sun, when they rise like Alp upon Alp, or castle upon castle, with flaunting banners and gleaming lightning behind them, like the far flashing of artillery, impress every heart with feelings which tell us that these things were made for the delight, the admiration, and benefit of intelligent beings. The very curves of mountain ranges, hills and winding rivers—those bounding lines of beauty, were made for some important purpose,—they harmonize with those laws or endowments—call them what we will—which are entamped upon the heart of man; in the language of John C. Price, "there is beauty and music o'er all this delectable world,"—and so there is, but man often tramples those beauties and delights beneath his feet, in the same way that the profligate treads recklessly upon virtue. He who would enjoy the beauties of nature, must, like the Patriarch Isaac of old, often go out to muse at the evening hour, and "look from nature up to nature's God."

### Miscellaneous.

#### A Letter Worth Reading.

We will back the following piece of composition against anything ever produced.—It was written half a century ago, by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish parliament, in the "troubled times of '98," when a handful of Wexford men struck terror into the hearts of many gallant sons of Mars, as well the worthy writer himself. It was addressed to a friend in London:

MY DEAR SIR,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God! killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty muss, can get nothing to eat, nor wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other.

I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such things going on that every thing stands still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck, there was nobody in it, but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors or any drums except bagpipes. Immediately, every man in the place, including the women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half of our little party were killed, we began to be all alive again.—Fortunately the rebels had no guns, except pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except those that were drowned in an adjacent bog, and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp, which they left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried, therefore I beg you to write and let me know.

An Albany paper mentions the fact, that a young lady of that city having frequent occasions, in the prosecution of benevolent objects, to visit the residences of the extremely destitute, was often pained with the slovenly appearance of their dwellings and children, and determined to make the experiment, on a small scale, of teaching the male children, of a particular locality not only to read but to work.—She secured a room for this purpose, and with the aid of a few friends, such books and furniture as may be necessary to begin the work with. She intends to live with the children through the day—to cook for them and to eat with them; and, so far as possible, to prepare them for service. It is a praiseworthy undertaking, and will require a great deal of patience and hard labor to succeed.

### Handsome Women.

You put this question—how comes it to pass that the greater part of your handsome women are exceedingly ignorant and childish in their manners? I believe I can account for it. It is not that nature has been less kind to their minds, because lavish to their bodies; nor that they are born with less capacities than others, but because they neglect to cultivate their minds, and to improve their mental faculties; and they are vain, and desire to please and to be admired. An ill-favored woman knows that she cannot be loved for her face: this induces her to endeavor to draw attention by her intelligence and wit. She applies her mind to books, and bends the whole force of her attention to her improvement; and in spite of nature and all her unkindness, she becomes agreeable. The beauty, on the contrary, has only to make her appearance to please: her vanity is gratified; as she never reflects, she never thinks that her beauty is only for a season. She is, besides, so taken up with dress, with the care of being at every assembly, to appear with advantage, and to hear herself praised that she has no time for the cultivation of her mind, however convinced she might be that it was necessary. Thus, of necessity she becomes a fool, taker up with childish tricks, the vain frippery of dress, shows and sights. This may continue to thirty, at most forty years of age, if the small-pox, or some other disorder, does not tarnish this beauty. When youth is over, the time for improvement is gone; then this young lady, once, now no longer, a beauty, continues in ignorance all her life-long, though nature has given her as great an advantage as any one; whereas the homely looking young woman who has now become very amiable, defies old age and sickness that can take nothing from her.

[Mrs. Jameson.]

### The Wit of Sarcasm.

To be sarcastic is thought by some people, a proof of ability. Such individuals are like a pack of Chinese crackers thrown into a crowd, continually exploding in every direction, but with greater noise than injury. There is more ill breeding than wit in a sarcasm; and more ill nature than either. True wit does not consist in abus; but in profound wisdom tersely expressed. Nothing, therefore, can be further from wit than sarcasm, and where they go together, one is pressed into the service, and is not a legitimate ally.

Nevertheless, we know many, mostly young persons, who set up for wits on the score of sarcasm. They are usually very conceited, or very foolish, or very unamiable individuals, and by no means the terror to others they imagine. Persons of sense are no more affected by their sarcasms than mastiffs are by the yelp of a lap-dog. A real wit never condescends to reply to them. We have known many of such sarcastic persons in our experience, and always found they cured themselves of this childish habit as soon as they grew up; or, if they did not, that they remained children in their tempers to the end of their career. It is a mean sort of revenge, that seeks to gall another's feelings by sarcasm; for where it chances to be successful, it is like the copper shot of the Mexicans, which gangrenes the wound.

### A Good One to Go.

"Paddy, honey, will ye buy me watch?  
 'And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?"  
 "Troth it is, darlint."  
 "What's the price?"  
 "Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the creature."  
 "Is the watch a decent one?"  
 "Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it niver once desaved me."  
 "Well, here's your tin, and now tell me does it go well?"  
 "Bedad! it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not baring Dublin."  
 "Bad luck to you Mike, then you have taken me in. Didn't ye say that it niver desaved you?"  
 "Sure an' I did; nor did it, for I never depended on it at all at all!"

### March of Mind.

A very popular preacher in South Carolina, and a secessionist withal, harangued his hearers on the importance of perseverance and fortitude. He said: "You that is church members must not look back upon Babylon (Sodom) like Paul's wife (Lot's) done! You must be a heap better than the world's people! Religion is like a battle, and Satan are strong! He hates good men and wants to kill them at wast! In short, my dearly beloved hearers, you must do like Gen. Washington (one) at the battle of Waterloo. In the skirmish his horse was killed by a British cannon ball. Did Washington give up his sword to the enemy?—Not he! He sung out at the top of his voice, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' A horse was brought him by Frank Marion, and he drove the bloody British from the field, and thus secured the liberty of South Carolina!"

### GEORGE WASHINGTON ON PROFANITY.

A true extract from the original "General Order Book" of General Washington, under the date of 29th July, 1779:

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing—notwithstanding which with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being, from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated & profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful.

"If officers would make it an invariable rule to reprimand, and if that does not do, punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it could not fail of having the desired effect."

AUCTION OF LADIES.—An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually at Babylon. "In every district," says the historian, "they assembled on a certain day in every year, all the virgins of the marriageable age," the most beautiful were put up, and those who bid the most money gained possession of her. The second bidder followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives, according to the length of their purses. But alas! it seems there were some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these were the Babylonians. "When all these beautiful virgins," says the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up, and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least." In this manner the money arising from the handsome served as a portion of those who were either of disagreeable looks, or who had other imperfections. This custom prevailed about one hundred years before Christ.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend when enemies gather thick around him—when sickness falls heavy upon him—when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try thy friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress or offer reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his kindness is appreciated, and that his friendship was not bestowed upon you in vain.

HUSK BEDS.—No one, who has not tried them, knows the value of husk beds. Straw and mattresses would be entirely done away with, if husk beds were once tried. They are not only more pliable than mattresses, but are more durable.—The first cost is but little. To have husks nice, they may be split after the manner of splitting straw for braiding. The finer they are the softer will be the bed, although they will not be likely to last as long as when they are put in whole.—Three barrels full, well stowed in, will fill a good sized tick, after they have been split.

THEN AND NOW.—Fifty years ago steamboats were unknown; now there are 3,000 afloat on American waters, alone. In 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world; now there are 10,000 miles in the U. States, and about 22,000 in America and England. Half a century ago it took some weeks to convey news from Washington to New Orleans; now not as many seconds as it did then weeks. Fifty years ago the most rapid printing press was worked by hand power; now steam prints 20,000 papers an hour on a single press. Now is a great fellow, and will be much bigger half a century hence.

BIGOTRY.—Phillis, the Irish orator, in one of his speeches, gives a most vivid personification of bigotry. It is as follows: "Bigotry has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is in quid ruin; her prayers are curses; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of her victim; if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desperation."

The English Government has put the Maine Law in operation among the miners in Australia. Grog-shops are burnt down as soon as they are discovered.

### Youths' Column.

#### KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," as the law directs,  
 For such is the law of the road,  
 Keep to the right, whoever expects  
 Securely to carry life's load.  
 Keep to the right with God and the world,  
 Nor wander, though folly allure;  
 Keep to the right, nor ever be hurled  
 From what by the statute is yours.  
 Keep to the right, within and without—  
 With stranger, and kindred, and friend;  
 Keep to the right, nor harbor a doubt  
 That all will be well in the end.  
 Keep to the right, whatever you do,  
 Nor claim but your on the way;  
 Keep to the right, and stick to the true  
 From morn till the close of the day

#### Forget me Not.

"Grandmother," said little Gretchen, "why do you call this beautiful flower, blue as the sky, growing by this brook a 'Forget-me-not?'"  
 "My child," said the grandmother, "I accompanied once your father, who was going on a long journey to this brook.—He told me when I saw this little flower, I must think of him; and so we called it the 'Forget-me-not.'"  
 Said little Gretchen: "I have neither parents, nor sisters, nor friends from whom I am parted. I do not know whom I can think of when I see the Forget-me-not."  
 "I will tell you," said her grandmother, "some One whom this flower may remind you—Him who made it. Every flower in the meadow says, 'Remember God; every flower in the garden and the field says to us of its Creator, 'Forget-me-not.'"

#### An Impressive Fact.

A vessel was overtaken with a terrific hurricane in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. After the most astonishing efforts to weather the storm, the awful intelligence of the captain broke on the ears of the passengers. The ship is on her beam ends; she will never right again; death is certain.

"Not at all, sir! not at all, sir," exclaimed a little sailor boy, "God will save us yet."

"Why do you think so?" said the captain, with strong feeling and astonishment.

"Because, sir, at this moment they are praying under the Bethel flag, in the city of Glasgow, for all sailors in distress, and us among the rest; and God will hear their prayers; now see if he don't!"  
 The captain, an old weather beaten tar, exclaimed, with the tears running down his cheek, "God grant that their prayers may be heard in our behalf, my little preacher!"

At that moment a great wave struck the ship and righted her. A simultaneous shout of exultation, gratitude and praise, louder than the storm, went up to God.—A few days after the noble ship rode safely into the New York Harbor.

#### Benjamin Franklin.

George Bancroft, Esq., in a lecture before the New York Historical Society, reported in the Times, pays an eloquent tribute to the Philosopher: "Not the half of Franklin's merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of the great design at Albany; and at New York he lifted up his voice. Hero among us he appeared as the apostle of the Union. It was Franklin who suggested the Congress of 1774, and but for his wisdom, and the confidence that wisdom inspired, it is a matter of doubt whether that Congress would have taken effect. It was Franklin who suggested the bond of the Union which binds these States from Florida to Maine. Franklin was the great diplomatist of the 18th century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much, he never failed to speak the right word at the right time.

Whence arises the misery of this present world? It is not owing to the deficiencies of our bodies, or the unequal distribution of property. Amidst all the disadvantages of this kind, a pure, a steadfast, and an enlightened mind, possessed of strong virtue, could enjoy itself in peace, and smile at the impotent assaults of fortune and the elements. It is within ourselves that misery has fixed its seat. Our disordered hearts, our guilty passions, our violent prejudices, and misplaced desires are the instruments of the troubles we endure. These sharpen the darts which adversity would otherwise in vain point against us.

One who, in early years, will not look forward with virtuous forethought and resolution along the path which he is to travel, will be forced, it is probable, in maturer years, to look backward on it with compunction and sorrow.