

# Huntingdon



# Journal

BY J. A. HALL.

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**Poetical.**

**A WINTRY LANDSCAPE.**

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

The lofty pines look down with scorn  
Upon the leafless trees,  
And wave their plumes amid the storm  
As they shiver in the breeze.  
They feel, themselves, no cold or snow,  
In vestments warm and green,  
But the bare old trees in the vale below  
Are pierced by blasts so keen.

Their song of mirth is loud and clear  
As the winds through their branches lie,  
They care not for stolid soot or tear,  
Nor the poor tree's wailing cry.  
The storm to the pine brings a thrill of delight,  
But the old tree's shattered door  
Rattles and howls through the live-long night  
To represent the poor!

Borne with the weight of sorrow down,  
A freezing load they bear,  
Or else imploringly around  
They gaze in mute despair!  
How full of teachings Nature's Book!  
Then let us read and learn  
What God unfolds in every look,  
And thus His will discern.

**Family Circle.**

[From the Parlour Annual.

**Time's Soliloquy.**

BY ORRIN P. ALLEN.

When the radiant morn of creation drove darkness from the earth, I was there; that was I born. I rose upon the pinions of that bright morn, and caught the crystal dew-drops as they fell and sparkled on the green verdure of the fairy lawns. I listened to the sweet carol of the feathered songsters, whose joyous notes rose upon the wings of the soft zephyrs, and were wafted far away through the solitudes of the waving forests. 'Mid the beauty and loveliness of Paradise I gazed out upon the young world, radiant with celestial smiles. Long before the foot of man disturbed the silence of the wilderness, I gazed out upon its numberless rivers flashing in light, and reflecting the effulgent rays of the sun like a thousand diamonds upon their bosoms. Niagara sent up its thundering anthem in the solitudes of the western wilderness, for thousands of years before the ear of man listened to its awful roar. The proud Mississippi swept its turbid waves to the ocean, and the strong Atlantic beat its angry surges against the shores of an unknown continent, and none were there to listen to the wild melody but I.

The blue Mediterranean heaved its gentle waters against its sunny shores, long before the rude barge of man broke its smooth surface; the sun smiled upon Italy's lovely clime for ages, and none gazed upon the enchanting scene but I. The beautiful gazelle bounded over the plains, and drank at the crystal streams which meandered through the verdant meads, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. At even's gentle hour the bright stars blazed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their beauty but mine. And when the progenitors of the human race were placed in Paradise, I was there, and hovered around their amboisi bower, and attended their steps as they wandered forth, hand in hand, by the side of the gushing fountains, or reclined beneath the shade of bowering elms which overhung some silver cascade.

But when by disobedience they were driven forth from their elysian home, and were forever excluded from the blissful haunts of Paradise, by the flaming cherubim who guarded the entrance with vigilant care, I attended them on their lonely journey, and, instead of flowers, I strewed thorns in their pathway, and multiplied

cares and sorrows at every step. I dimmed the radiant beauty of the now-made world, even in its infancy, and sowed the seeds of dissolution and decay in all of its thousand forms of beauty. And when men multiplied upon the earth, I was ever intent on working their ruin, and demolishing the labor of their hands. At length corruption spread over the earth like a sweeping tornado, and mankind having incurred the wrath of Jehovah, were threatened with destruction by an universal deluge which would destroy all vestiges of mankind, except one solitary family. But they heeded not the warning, and at length the heavens were black with tempests, and the storm of wrath descended with awful fury upon the devoted world. The booming thunder rattled through the dark chambers of the sky, and the terrific lightning gleamed along the black outlines of the swift-rolling clouds, and all creation shuddered as if it paused upon the brink of ruin, and I almost thought that my existence would end and eternity begin; but I was permitted to wing my flight over a submerged world, and gaze upon its changes in succeeding ages.

Meanwhile mankind were seized with consternation as they beheld the torrent sweeping over the rich valleys, and overwhelming their cities and villages; in vain they ascended the highest mountains, for soon the mighty flood swept over the highest point, and consigned them all to one common grave.

Then the humble ark of Noah rose triumphantly above the dark-rolling surges of the mighty abyss of waters, and, guided by the hand of Omnipotence, rode in safety over the shoreless ocean, till at length, when the waters began to subside, it rested upon the mountains of Ararat.

Days and months passed on; at length the waters were dried from the earth, and man descended from the resting-place of the ark into the plains below. Ah, how changed the scene! How unlike the beautiful earth on which I gazed in the first radiant morn of creation, when I commenced my flight!

The once lovely plains of Paradise were divested of their beauty, and the luxuriant forests were swept away by the swift current and imbedded in the earth; the lofty mountains, which had been disfigured by the merciless flood, looked down upon the universal wreck in mournful and silent grandeur, while nature in all of her works gave marks of a mighty change.

But I soon peopled the earth with numerous nations, and laid the foundations of mighty empires and kingdoms; mighty cities rose up in the plains, and smiling villages along the banks of the rivers. Babylon, Palmyra, Nineveh, Tyre, Thebes, and Carthage, each rose in its season, flourished, and fell; and I beheld them in their glory and decline. 'Mid all their magnificence, glory, and wealth I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their proudest monuments of glory to dust; and now scarce a vestige is left to mark the place where once they stood and flourished, except here and there a solitary colonnade or gigantic pyramid, whose gloomy forms rise above the sands of the desert, and look down in mournful grandeur upon the desolation around them. The gods which filled their splendid temples could not defend their own habitations, much less their vain worshipers, against my power, for then in their turn I crumbled to dust.

Mighty Babylon rose and flourished in proud supremacy upon the ruins of conquered nations; but I humbled her pride to the dust, and laid her proud walls and towering battlements in muldering ruins.

Upon the magnificent ruins of the Babylonian Empire rose that of the Persians, under the mighty energies of Cyrus, who conquered the world.

But I introduced luxury among their soldiers which brought on effeminacy and love of ease; and at length the bright star of Persian glory set in obscurity. Then Alexander the Great came upon the stage of action, and with his invincible Greeks he subdued the world. But this proud monarch was forced to yield to my power; the glory of his arms could not save him, nor his vast conquests preserve his mighty empire from my shocks. For at length the resplendent glory of Greece, which had dazzled the world so long, began to be dimmed by the bright star of Rome, which soon rose in the ascendancy, and swayed her iron scepter over the world.

But I conquered the iron strength of the Roman Empire, and divided her territory into many kingdoms. Her orators, poets, and heroes I have consigned to the grave. I have laid waste the imperial city of the Caesars. The loud shout of the gladiator, and the wild applause of the spectators, no more echo through the lofty arches of the mighty Coliseum; and the eloquence of Cicero no more resounds through the senate-hall of Rome.

Thus for ages I have witnessed the rise and decline of empires, which have bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a day of decline. Old, call you? ay, but when shall my days be remembered?

Not till He who first bid me begin my flight so orders it.

When His purposes who called me into being are accomplished, then I, too, shall go to the place of all living.

• The First Apostles.

The word Apostle has the same meaning as the word Missionary, it is used generally in a religious sense; and is commonly applied to those twelve persons, whom our Lord selected to accompany him, and to go about Judea and elsewhere to preach his doctrine. These apostles were generally poor and humble men. At least four of them were fishermen.

Jesus was walking by the sea of Galilee, when he saw two brothers, Simon and Andrew, casting their net into the sea. Simon was afterward called Peter; and was the same who wrote the Epistles, or Letters, which bear his name. The Saviour said to the two brothers, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. Having heard of and known Jesus before, they had confidence in him, and immediately left their nets, and went with him.

Going a little farther on, Jesus saw two sons of Zebedee, James and John, in a vessel with their father, mending their nets. These two brothers were also acquainted with him; and when he had called them, they too left their nets and their father with his hired men, and accompanied Jesus. This James is not he who wrote the Epistles bearing that name; but the John is the beloved disciple who wrote all the books of that name in the New Testament as also the Book of Revelation.

The following, which we clip from an exchange, is the Report of the School Committee of Exeter N. H. It is a rare production; and yet there are in it some things that might apply to certain localities nearer home than New Hampshire. We have no doubt its perusal will amuse most of our readers.

"We have so often spoken in terms of high commendation of these Teachers, and they are so well and so favorably known, that it is hardly necessary for us to attempt "To throw a perfume on the violet."

The County Commissioner, who has had ample opportunity to know whereof he affirms, has stated publicly, that one of these schools is the best Primary School in the County. The other, we may add, is like it in all its essential characteristics.

It has become a pleasant fashion in these latter days to bestow suitable testimonials of approval and appreciation upon those, who, in responsible positions of trust or honor, have acquitted themselves like men. It is no unusual thing for Sea Captains and Clergymen, Police Officers and State-men to receive from their friends Gold Medals or Silver Pitchers, as a reward for long continued, faithful service. Now the elder (not elderly) Miss Ellis, has not, it is true, commanded a ship, nor worn a white cravat on Sundays, nor carried the staff of a Marshal Tukey, nor has her eloquence illuminated from the Capitol, but she has been a laborious & successful teacher in this town for twenty-five years, during which time she has probably done more than any other single human being to give shape and direction to the young minds in this community. We beg leave to suggest, with due deference to District No. 1, that some expression of respect and confidence—some befitting testimonial of a great appreciation of unremitting labors, performed with more and more efficiency through a quarter of a century, might not be inappropriate or ungrateful."

It may be further stated, that the children, few as they are in number, are yet altogether too numerous for the little box in which they are packed. Such building is not large enough for any purpose of human instruction. It is too inconvenient to tend one baby in—to ugly in itself and in all its appointments to be looked at without danger of strabismus. A good sized boy of high aims and expansive views would feel himself cabin'd, confined, crib'd in it, and in his attempts to study would find himself unconsciously babbling of brooks and green fields. We shall be pardoned for suggesting, that an edifice, not unlike a medium looking-glass pen in airiness and amplitude of dimensions, set upon a few cobble-stones on the edge of a rough and rocky road, surrounded with no play grounds, and overs-hadowed by no tree, with no pleasant object without the heart, is not exactly the place to kindle the intellect and develop the moral nature of the young."

"There is in fact very little in the school house itself or around it calculated to stir the divinity within them." We have expressed our mind in relation to this Temple of Apollo, and the Muses' on former occasions. It certainly does not look any better now than it did five years ago. Indeed we did not perceive any striking difference. Perhaps the walls are a little more brown—the benches a little more hackneyed—the tout ensemble, like the

character of the First Consul, a little more "grand, gloomy and peculiar." The stove-funnel, it should be observed was, possibly in honor of our last visit, tied up, and securely fastened with a bran-new tow strings! The bricks which at some remote period formed the hearth, have come to be "like angels' visits, few and far between," so that now, in the wild waste of the billowy floor, the solid land looks up like an island in an Archipelago. Time or somebody else, has, in a good degree, stripped the plastering from the ceiling, as

"From a Tartar's skull they strip the flesh, Or peel a fig when the fruit is fresh."

Aside from these slight variations, "all things since the fathers fell asleep continue as they were from the beginning."

The school in this District has been taught 35 weeks—23 in the summer by Miss Sarah A. Locke, and 12 in the winter by Mr. John Porter Sanborn. Miss Locke had 30 different scholars; Mr. Sanborn had 36. Miss Locke's intellectual qualifications were very good; Mr. Sanborn's were by no means deficient. Miss Locke was gentle and at the same time firm; Mr. Sanborn, so far from being tyrannous in his exactions of obedience, was as easy as an antiquated slipper. Miss L. made her pupils sing; Mr. Sanborn did not make his dance. Miss Locke was careful to keep the room neat and clean; Mr. Sanborn was content to let it go dirty. With Miss Locke the children studied hard most of the time; with Mr. Sanborn they whispered hard all the time. In looking upon the exercises as conducted by Miss Locke, at our examination, we were favorably impressed with the stillness which prevailed; in listening to the discordant hubbub, of Mr. Sanborn's young disciples we thought of what an old poet has said:

"The earth and planets in their course,  
Move along with silent force;  
The smallest chap that walks the footstool,  
Makes more racket by a jug full."

"Miss Locke's children made rapid progress up the hill of science. Mr. Sanborn's slid down the same hill. In a word, as Cicero hath it, Miss Locke kept a good school; Mr. Sanborn kept no school at all.

It is possible, that Mr. Sanborn, if he would revise and correct his notions of discipline, might yet become a successful instructor. We hope, however, that the experience of the past winter, may satisfy this District, without further trial, that the masculine teacher because he taught himself. Both had a better teacher daily, because both were advancing daily in knowledge and in the art of acquiring it.

Baron Cuvier was also a self-made man. He was at all times under a good teacher, because he was always taught by Baron Cuvier. He, more than any other man, perhaps than all other men before him, brought to light the hidden treasures of the earth. He not only examined and arranged the mineral productions of our globe, but ascertained that hundreds, and even thousands of different species of animals, once living, moving in the waters and upon the land, now form rocks, ledges, and even mountains. Cuvier thought, however, that he owed a constant debt of gratitude to his mother for his knowledge, because, when a small child, she encouraged him in linear drawing, which was of the utmost service in his pursuits. To the same encouragement the world is, of course, indebted for the knowledge diffused by Cuvier among all nations.

Sir Humphrey Davy, by "self-instruction," made more brilliant and more important discoveries in chemical science, than any one who preceded or followed him.—Farmers, mechanics, house-keepers, and many others are now enjoying the benefit of his labors.

Elihu Burritt, by self-instruction, had acquired, at the age of thirty years, fifty languages; and that too, while working over the forge and anvil, from six to twelve hours daily.

The late Dr. Bowditch taught himself, until he exceeded all who had gone before him in mathematical science.

Roger Sherman, whose name will descend to posterity as one of the ablest statesmen, and brightest ornaments of the American Congress, taught himself while working on his shoe bench.

George Washington was a self-made man. His name will fill all future ages with reverence.

Hosts of others, who, in former ages moved the intellectual and moral world; were men who first moved and elevated themselves. Such must be the fact in all future ages.

Every child is his own teacher. He teaches himself things; and every thing coming under his observation—animals, vegetables, minerals, tools, and operations of farmers, mechanics, and house-keepers—science and art. He teaches himself by seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, talking, handling, using, and comparing things and their operations with each other; also cause with effect. Every child of common talents learns a language before he is three or four years of age. Many thousands and children, now in our country, not over five years, speak fluently two languages—the English and German.

in a bean-pod. His mental storehouse should be filled with the fruits of various and extensive reading, so that he need not be compelled to draw his illustrations for the Recitation-room from the "Tales of his Grand-father" or from the treasures of last year's almanac. In addition to this intellectual furnishing, he should be a man of integrity, of moral rectitude and purity of character, imbued with the spirit of truth and wisdom. If, besides all this, the light of a Christian faith should radiate his scientific and literary acquirements, it would serve to give them a brighter lustre; even as "a lamp set in an alabaster vase brings out in bolder relief and clearer expression the beautiful figures which may be sculptured upon it."

"Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

Boy. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who sent you to work?

Boy. My father, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

Boy. Just by, among the trees there, sir.

Mr. L. What is his name?

Boy. Thomas Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

Boy. Peter, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

Boy. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

Boy. Ever since six in the morning, sir.

Mr. L. And are you not hungry?

Boy. Yes, sir; I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

Boy. I don't know; I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

Boy. Playthings! what are they?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

Boy. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in cold weather, and sets traps for birds; and then I have a jumping-pole, and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

Boy. No, sir; I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands; and these are as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.

Boy. O! I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread I don't mind it much, for my mother gives me a piece of pie, now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

Boy. I have one—here it is;—brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes—don't you