

# Huntingdon Journal

BY J. A. HALL.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1853.

VOL. 18, NO. 10.

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## Poetical.

[From the London Ledger.

### THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

A title once could only show  
The signs of noble birth,  
And men of rank were years ago  
The great ones of the earth.  
They deemed it just the crowd should think  
Before the cap and gown;  
They thought it wrong the poor should think  
And right to keep them down.

Those were the days when books were things  
"The people" could not touch;  
Made for the use of lords and kings,  
And only made for such.  
To work the loom, to till the soil,  
To cut the costly gem,  
To tread the round of daily toil—  
Was quite enough for them.

Time was when just to read and write  
Was thought a wondrous deal  
For those who wake with morning light  
To earn their daily meal—  
The man a more submissive slave  
The less his head-piece knew;  
And so the mass from habit gave  
Their birth-right to a few.

Now look abroad—the light of Truth  
Is spreading far and wide,  
And that which fills the English youth  
Must shame our ancient pride.  
"This MIND alone can wield the sword,  
In spite of wealth and rank;  
The artisan may face a lord  
With thousands in the bank.

We scorn not those of high degree,  
For so 't were wrong to do;  
But poorer men as rich can be,  
And quite as noble too.  
The price may act a gayer part,  
But he who works for bread  
May have, perchance, a warmer heart;  
Perhaps a clearer head.

Then grieve not for the "good old times,"  
Behold a brighter day!  
The causes of our fathers' crimes  
Are wearing fast away.  
Before the Pen, the Press, the Rail,  
Must old opinions fall;  
The mighty project cannot fail—  
Then aid it one and all!

## Family Circle.

[From the Parlor Annual.  
The Thinker.

BY F. W. S.

Of all the conquests made by man, none can equal, none can bear comparison with the mighty and profound achievements of THE THINKER. From his dome of thought truths buried deep and long have come, at the sound of his bidding, high, and feats have thus been accomplished, which the close investigator alone could fathom.

It is THE THINKER who has scanned the hidden mysteries that reach far beyond the surface of things, who has sounded away into the immense unknown, and brought out therefrom "truths sublime, that wake to perish, never," those secrets of the universe; which unravel and portray the nicer and more exquisite skill of the Great Architect. It is his penetration that "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," that "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Strung with a delicacy of texture fine as Olympian deeds, the varied atoms of matter dilate beneath his gaze, and particles that go to make up the sheen of things, magnify beneath his tread. The nook, the glade, the rock-bound coast, the mountain peak, and the cloud-capped tower furnish him lofty sentiments for contemplation; thus he quaffs from nature's fountain pleasures pure, unsophisticated, and which never cloy. The lightning's flash and the thunder's roar are

to him, not the fabled monsters of the olden time, but simply the natural effects of natural causes, which, like all things in the material world, act in harmony. The cavern and the mighty abyss below, he brings vividly to view, examines the geological structure and compound of our globe, and from out its strata deeply embedded there, he gathers facts upon which he dwells with an intensity of emotion, and a capaciousness of thought. The coral beds of the wide, blue sea, partaking of this under-current, upheave from their rocky basis, and upward tending, and still, their beauty and grandeur are too well fitted to his refined taste to be passed listlessly by, and here he expatiates in astonishment, in admiration, and in awe.

From the teeming panoply beneath, to the canopy above, reaching away into the illimitable regions of space, he feasts his own enlivened and forever-expanding capabilities, till imbued with wondrous and high-wrought conceptions, he grasps the remote, and unfolds from out their cloister, objects strangely vast, and immensely complicated.

He even essays to taste of angels' food, to study the science of God, and become acquainted with those things which celestial intelligences desire to investigate.

Not only the whole broad earth is beautiful, but the great arcana of animate and inanimate being pour forth an eloquence that far surpasses speech, and he opens the volumes of the universe and reads therein characters of living light, till his own nature becomes resplendent, embellished with those tints which beauty and adorn that inner temple, thus emanating a halo of brightness, and shedding mellowed splendor where obscurity has veiled the finer lineaments that are scattered here, and there, and everywhere, over the fair face of creation, and which proclaim:

"The hand that made us is Divine."  
The range of the thinker is far from being circumscribed—far from being trampled down within those limits which narrow, and cramp, and cloy, and fettering, bind. No slavish fears, no contracted prejudices warp his enthusiasm! Erect and commanding, the image of his Maker, he stands unmoved amid the confusion of elements, borne aloft by the nobler and the higher, he sways the scepter of his own universal dominion like as "a workman who needeth not to be ashamed." Mark him! Free and boundless he flits upon the wings of the wind, roams at pleasure wheresoever he will, and at random.

"Lives in all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

### Mr. Webster on the Evidences of Christianity.

A few evenings since, sitting by his own fireside, after a day of severe labor in the Supreme Court, Mr. Webster introduced the last Sabbath's sermon, and discoursed in animated and glowing eloquence for an hour on the great truths of the Gospel. I cannot but regard the opinions of such a man in some sense, as public property.—This is my apology for attempting to recall some of those remarks which were uttered in the privacy of the domestic circle.

Said Mr. Webster: "Last Sabbath I listened to an able and learned discourse upon the evidences of Christianity. The arguments were drawn from prophecy, history, with internal evidence. They were stated with logical accuracy and force; but, as it seemed to me, the clergyman failed to draw from them the right conclusion. He came so near the truth that I was astonished he missed it. In summing up his arguments, he said the only alternative presented by these evidences is this: Either Christianity is true, or it is a delusion produced by an excited imagination. Such is not the alternative, said the critic: but it is this: The Gospel is either true history, or it is a consummate fraud; it is either a reality or an imposition. Christ was what he professed to be, or he was an impostor.—There is no other alternative. His spotless life in his earnest enforcement of the truth, his suffering in its defence, forbid us to suppose that he was suffering an illusion of a heated brain.

Every act of his pure and holy life shows that he was the author of truth, the advocate of truth, the earnest defender of truth, and the uncompromising sufferer for truth. Now, considering the purity of his doctrines, the simplicity of his life, and the sublimity of his death, is it possible that he would have died for an illusion? In all his preaching the Saviour made no popular appeals. His discourses were all directed to the individual. Christ and his Apostles sought to impress upon every man the conviction that he must stand or fall alone—he must live for himself, and give up his account to the omniscient God, as though he were the only dependent creature in the universe. The Gospel leaves the individual sinner alone with himself and his God. To his own master he stands or falls. He has nothing to hope from the aid and sympathy of associates. The deluded advocates of new doctrines do not so preach.—

Christ and his Apostles, had they been deceivers, would not have so preached.

If clergymen in our days would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, and preach more to individuals, and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. Many ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying, 'You are mortal! your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily; you are immortal too. You are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge standeth before the door.' When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or to sleep. "These topics," said Mr. Webster, "have often occupied my thoughts, and if I had time, I would write on them myself."

The above remarks are but a meagre and imperfect abstract, from memory, of one of the most eloquent sermons to which I ever listened.—*Congregational Journal.*

## Miscellaneous.

### A New Jersey Justice.

A distinguished member of the New York bar was retained on one occasion by a friend, also a New Yorker, to attend to a complaint made against him before a New Jersey Justice, for an alleged assault and battery upon one of the residents of the "old Jersey State."

"I appear for the prisoner," said the counsellor to the modern Dogberry.

"You appear for the prisoner, do you?—and who den be you?" interrupted the justice, eying him from head to foot with marked curiosity: "I ton't know's you; vair be's you come from, and vot's yer name?"

The counsellor modestly gave his name, and said: "I am a member of the New York Bar."

"Vell, den," replied the justice, you gan't practice in dis here gort."

"I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the State of New York," reiterated the attorney.

"Dat makes not'ing tiferent," said the invertebrate justice.

"Well, then," said the baffled lawyer, "suppose I show to your Honor that I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States?"

"It ton't make a pit petter," replied he of the ermine: "you sin't a counsellor von de State of New Jarsey, and you gan't bractis in dish gort."

This decision accounts for the fact that New Jersey is not in the United States!

On another occasion, the same dignitary said to a jury, who had been listening to a "trial" before him of an unfortunate fellow for some offence against the State:

"Shentlemen of der shoory, stand up; dish er yellow, dar brisner' at the par, sash er ish von Few york; now I dinks he pes a putcher poo, and if he ish a putcher boy he trives pigs troo de shreetes, and von he trives der pigs, he kits oder beeples pigs mit dein vot he haf before: dar's vot I calls pig-stealin'." Now, shentlemen, if de yellow shteaits pigs in New York, I tink he vill shteaal a gow in Jarsey, and darefore I tink he be a grow 'tief, and your shudgements all be kilty. Vot you shall say, shentlemen of de shoory—ish he kilty, oder not kilty? If you say he ish kilty, I sends him to de Shtate Brisson, mid two years."

And he did send him.

### Children.

The part that children play in the economy of families is an important one. But, important functions often devolve upon creatures trivial in themselves. Not so in the case of children. The child is greater than the man. The man is himself, and that is often a shabby enough concern; but the child is a thing of hope and anticipation, we know not what it may become.—

The arch laughing glance of those eyes, which flash upon us when the bushy nut-brown hair is thrown back by a toss of the head—what a lovely creature that may become, to make some honest man's heart ache! That boy, with flaxen hair slightly tinged with the golden, while his clear, rosy eye looks fearlessly at everything it encounters—what may he not accomplish in after-life! To us there is more of terror in the passions of children, than of grown men. They are so disproportioned to their causes, that they rudely draw back the veil from our own hearts, reminding us "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Of all expressions of pain, we can least endure the wail of an infant. The poor little innocent cannot explain its sufferings, and, if it could, so little lies in our power to alleviate them.—There is nothing for it but to have one's heart rent by its complainings, and pray in one's helplessness that its dark hour may pass away.

Waste not, want not.

## How Husbands may Rule.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Dear Mary," said Harry—to his little wife, "I have a favor to ask of you. You have a friend whom I dislike very much, and who I am quite sure will make trouble between us. Will you give up Mrs. May for my sake, Mary?"

A light shade of vexation crossed Mary's pretty face, as she said, "you are unreasonable, Harry. She is lady-like, refined, intellectual, and fascinating, is she not?"

"Yes, all of that; and for that very reason her influence over me so impulsive and yielding as yourself, is more to be dreaded, if unfavorable. I'm quite in earnest, Mary. I could wish never to see you together again."

"Pshaw! dear Harry, that's going too far; don't be disagreeable, let us talk of something else. As old Uncle Jeff says, how's trade?" and she looked archly in his face.

Harry didn't smile.

"Well," said the little wife, turning away, and patting her foot nervously, "I don't see how I can break with her, Harry, for a whim of yours; besides, I've promised to go there this very evening."

Harry made no reply, and in a few minutes was on his way to his office.

Mary stood behind the curtain, and looked after him as he went down the street. There was an uncomfortable stifling sensation in her throat, and something very like a tear glittering in her eye. Harry was vexed! she was sure of that; he had gone off for the first time since their marriage, without the affectionate good-bye that was usual with him, even when they parted but for an hour or two. And so she wandered, restless and unhappy, into her little sleeping room.

It was quite a little gem. There were statues, and pictures, and vases, all gifts from him either before or since their marriage—each one had a history of its own, some tender association connected with Harry. There was a bouquet, still fresh and fragrant, that he had purchased on his way home the day before, to gratify her passion for flowers. There was a choice edition of poems they were reading together the night before, with Mary's name written on the leaf, in Harry's bold, handsome hand. Turn where she would, some proof of his devotion met her eye. But Mrs. May! She was so smart and satirical! She would make so much sport of her for being "ruled" so by Harry! Hadn't she told her "all the men were tyrants?" and this was Harry's first attempt to govern her. No, no, it would not do for her to yield.

So the pretty evening dress was taken out; the trimming re-adjusted and remodelled, and all the little *à ceteras* of her toilette decided. Yes she would go; she had quite made up her mind to that. Then she opened her jewel case, a little note fell at her feet. She knew the contents very well. It was from Harry, (slipped slyly into her hand on her birthday, with that pretty bracelet.) It couldn't do any harm to read it again. It was very love-like for a year old husband. But she liked it! Dear Harry! and she folded it back, and sat down, more unhappy than ever, with her hands crossed in her lap, and her mind in a most piteable state of irresolution!

Perhaps after all Harry was right about Mrs. May; and if he wasn't, one hair of his head was worth more to her than all the women in the world. He had never said one unkind word to her, never! he had anticipated every wish; he had been so attentive and solicitous when she was ill. How could she grieve him!

Love conquered. The pretty robe was folded away, the jewels returned to their case, and with a light heart, Mary sat down to await her husband's return.

The lamps were not lit in the drawing-room when Harry came up street. She had gone then! (after all he had said!) He passed slowly through the hall; entered the dark and deserted room; and threw himself on the sofa with a heavy sigh.—He was not angry, but he was grieved and disappointed. The first doubt that creeps over the mind, of the affection of one we love, is so very painful.

"Dear Harry!" said a welcome voice at his side.

"God bless you, Mary," said the happy husband, "you've saved me from a keen sorrow."

Dear reader, (won't you tell?) there are some husbands worth all the sacrifices a loving heart can make!—*Olive Branch.*

OLD TOWSER.—Don't you remember old Towser dear Kate? Old Towser so shaggy and kind; How he used to lay, day and night by the gate, And seize interlopers behind!

The Louisiana Legislature, by a majority of two-thirds, have refused to go into an election for a U. S. Senator in place of Mr. Benjamin.

Edward Harris is the Free Soil candidate for Governor of Rhode Island and Stephen Harris for Lieutenant Governor.

## Love of Home.

I have at times tried to imagine the feelings of a man who is about to emigrate, fully convinced that he never again will look upon his native land—to my mind it brings thoughts allied to death. I could fancy that I was going away to die—going to live somewhere until death came—in some huge prison,—with a jail-like sky above it, and an area that might stretch hundreds of miles, with a wide sea around it, on the margin of which I should wander alone, sighing away my soul to regain my native land. Every thing would be strange to me; the landscape would call up no recollections; I should not have even a tree to call my friend, nor a flower which I could say was my own. Ah! after all it is something to look upon the churchyard where those that we love are at rest, to gaze upon their graves, and think what we have gone through with them, and what we would undergo to recall them from the dead. Reader, pardon these childish thoughts—they forced themselves into my mind, and I have recorded them, they seem to awaken my memory anew, and strip me of a score of years; they have a foolish hold on my affections. But surely it is a worthy passion to cherish; there seems something holy about the past; it is freed from all selfishness; we love it for its own sake; we sigh for it because it can never again be recalled; even as a fond mother broods over the memory of some darling that is dead, as if she had but then discovered how much her heart loved it.

## Growing Old.

So long as we may grow therein in wisdom and worth it is well, it is desirable, to live, but no further. To my view, insanity is the darkest, the most appalling of earthly calamities, but how much better is an old age that drivels and wanders, misunderstands and forgets! When the soul shall have come choked and smothered by the ruins of its wasting, falling habitation, I should prefer to inhabit that tenement no longer. I should not choose to stand shuddering and trembling on the brink of the dark river, weakly drawing back from the chill of its sweeping flood, when Faith assures me that a new Eden stretches green and fair beyond it, and the baptism it invites will cleanse the soul of all that now clogs, clouds, and weighs it to the earth. No; when the windows of the mind shall be darkened, when the growth of the soul, shall have been arrested, I would not weakly cling to the earth which will have ceased to nourish and uphold me.—Rather "let the golden bowl be loosed and the pitcher broken at the fountain;" let the sun of my existence go down ere the dusky vapors shroud its horizon; let me close my eyes calmly on the things of earth, and let my weary frame sleep beneath the clouds of the valley; let the spirit, which it can no longer cherish as a guest, be spared the ignominy of detention as a prisoner; but freed from the fetters of clay, let it wing its way through the boundless universe, to wheresoever the benign Father of Spirits shall have assigned it an everlasting home.

"Larning—larning—larning," is the cry of father an' mother—if my boy had the 'larning,' what a genius he'd be! In course, ye old fools, your bouchal would be a swan among the goslings; but it isn't 'larning, half the world want; instead of 'larning,' by which they mean cobwebs picked out of dead men's brains, if they would get some discipline. Discipline—discipline—discipline, that's the only education I ever saw that brought a boy to any good. What is the use of battering a man's brains full of Greek and Latin p'othooks, that he forgets before he doffs his last round jacket, to put on his first long-tailed blue, if ye don't teach him the old Spartan virtue of obedience, hard living, early rising, and them sort classics! Where's the use of instructing him in hexameters and pentameters, if you leave him ignorant of the value of a penny piece? What height of blitherin' stupidity it is to be fillin' a boy's brain with the wisdom of the ancients, and then turn him out like an *omnibus*, to pick up his victuals among the moderns?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Festival of Life.

Life is a ball-room, whose guests are constantly pouring in at the front door, and out at the back door, without apparent diminution of the number within; who are neither less gay nor more miserable on account of the perpetual entrance and exit at the two thresh-holds of Time and Eternity. And whosoever looks into the ball-room in ages to come, will find its youth still as buoyant, as graceful and as beautiful as ever; just as happy and unconcerned as if Death never had occurred, and never would occur upon earth! Oh life! the fascinating disguise with which Youth infests thee, is thy precious amulet, for it is their hands that encircle thy blooming fields with those gorgeous curtains which veil from the eye of consciousness the rough scenery that lies beyond—its retreating storms, its portentous clouds; its mournful retrospect, and its painful future!

## Youths' Column.

### THE LOST KITE.

My kite! my kite! I've lost my kite!  
O, when I saw the steady flight  
With which she gained her lofty height,  
How could I know that letting go  
That naughty string would bring so low  
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,  
To pass forever out of sight!

A purple cloud was sailing by,  
With silver fringes, o'er the sky;  
And then I thought it came so nigh,  
I'd let my kite go up and light  
Upon its edge so soft and bright,  
To see how noble, high, and proud  
She'd look while riding on a cloud!

As near her shining mark she drew,  
I clapped my hands; the line slipped through  
My sily fingers; and she flew  
Away! away! in airy play,  
Right over where the water lay.  
She veered, and fluttered, swang, and gave  
A plunge—then vanished with the wave!

I never more shall want to look  
On that false cloud, or on the brook;  
Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took  
My dearest joy, thus to destroy  
The pastime of your happy boy.  
My kite! my kite! how sad to think  
She soared so high, so soon to sink!

### True Courage.

Two little boys went to pass the afternoon and evening at the house of one of their playmates, who had a party, to keep his birthday. Their parents told them to come home at eight o'clock in the evening.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and a large party of boys met at the house of their friend. The first part of their visit was spent out of doors; and never did boys have a more happy time.

They climbed the trees, they swung on ropes,—and as they jumped about, and tried all kinds of sports, they made the place ring with their joyous shouts. When it became too dark for out-door play, they went into the house, and commenced new sports in the brightly-lighted parlor.

As they were in the midst of the exciting game of "blind man's buff," some one entered the room, and requested them all to take their seats, for apples and nuts were to be brought in. But just as the door was opened by the servant, bringing in the waiter, loaded with apples and nuts, the clock struck eight.

The boys, who had been told to leave at that hour, felt troubled enough. The temptation to stay was almost too strong to be resisted. The older brother, however, had the courage to whisper to one at his side, that he must go. Immediately there was an uproar all over the room, each one exclaiming against it.

"Why," said one, "my mother told me I might stay till nine."

"My mother," said another, "did not say any thing about my coming home; she will let me stay as long as I wish."

"I would not be tied to my mother's apron-string," said a rude boy, in a distant part of the room.

A timid boy, who lived in the next house to the one in which these two little boys lived, came up, and said, with an imploring look, "I am going home at half past eight. Now do stay a little while longer, and then we will go home together. I do not wish to go home alone in the dark."

And even the lady of the house came to them, and said, "I do not think your mother will be displeased if you stay a few moments longer, and eat an apple and a few nuts."

Now, what could these poor boys do?—How could they resist so much entreaty? For a moment they hesitated, and almost yielded to the temptation. But virtue wavered only for a moment. They immediately mustered all their courage, and said, "We must go."

Hastily bidding them all good-night, they took their hats as quickly as they could, for fear, if they delayed, they should yield to the temptation, and left the house. They stopped not a moment to look back upon the brightly-shining windows and happy group of boys within, but taking hold of each other's hand, they ran as fast as they could on their way home.

Do you not admire this noble proof of the courage of these little boys, and of their determination to do their duty? Go you then and do likewise, and you shall have their reward.

The young and thoughtless should remember that the frequent use of the name of God, or the devil; allusions to passages of Scripture; mocking at anything serious or devout; oaths, vulgar by-words, cant phrases; affected hard words, when familiar terms will do as well; scraps of Latin, Greek or French; quotations from plays, spoken in a theatrical manner; all these, much used in conversation, render a person very contemptible to grave and wise men.

If you would be respected, respect yourself!