

# Huntingdon Journal



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## AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Juniata Academy, at Shireysburg,

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1853,

BY

T. P. CAMPBELL, Esq.

On the withdrawal of the audience, at the close of the exercises, on Wednesday afternoon, the directors of the Juniata Academy of Shireysburg, convened, D. MADDEN in the chair, and S. L. SPANOGLE, Secretary—when the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we express our acknowledgments to T. P. CAMPBELL, Esq., for the very able and courteous address delivered before the Zetamathem Academy and the Students of the Juniata Academy; and also request a copy of the same for publication.

D. MADDEN, President.

S. L. SPANOGLE, Secretary.

J. CARL, Wm. MINTZ, JOHN BREWSTER, Wm. B. LEAS, SAM'L. McVITT, SAM'L. LUTZ, and others, Trustees.

Gentlemen of the Juniata Academy, Directors and members of the Zetamathem Society:—My address, imperfect as it is, is submitted to your control. Consider my answer to this as you will.

Yours, &c.,

THOS. F. CAMPBELL

My young friends of the "Shireysburg Collegiate Academy," and "Zetamathem Literary Society":—

Upon an occasion so interesting as this, it is no affectation in me to say that it affords me sincere pleasure to meet with you, to address to you a few words on the objects of your enterprise and pursuits—to congratulate you on the interest you manifest in a cause so intimately connected with the public good, and with which, indeed, your own usefulness, happiness, and destinies are so inseparably interwoven.—You are now at a most interesting period of life—and to yourselves and others, engaged in a most interesting vocation. You are now laying the foundation upon which, afterwards, you are to rear the superstructure; and as you would that the fabric so to be built, should exhibit its proportions, in utility, beauty and grace, so should you be careful that the base itself is solid, substantial and true—an abiding substratum of elementary truths.

The great importance of a solid education—a thorough education of the mind in elementary truths, my young friends, commends itself to us with a force that no arguments of mine could strengthen or illustrate. The human mind, though immortal in its nature, encumbered with mortal trammels, and operating but imperfectly through frail and mortal organs, gropes its way through darkness, by the aid of fitful and uncertain lights; and it requires all that mankind have ever drawn and tested from the arena of nature, providence, and revelation, or that time and experiment have discovered, arranged, condensed and systemized, to form even a tolerable guide to all but what belongs to man's immortality. Except in this—man's individual duties in relation to his Creator, and another life, he is left to investigate with but the desire to know. In all else, clouds and darkness are round about him; and a knowledge of the hidden laws of nature, of matter and mind, are to be but the reward of labor, the same as he is ordained to "eat his bread by the sweat of his brow." And the wisdom of the design is manifest; that he should labor both physically and intellectually—that his very wants should demand it, and his pleasures and enjoyments be enhanced by an obedience to the command. The physical life and appetites are sustained and gratified by the one, whilst the intellectual are invigorated and enraptured by the other.

Man is constituted of two natures, and both are to be nourished by the natural ailments provided for each, or want—both are to enjoy or suffer. That inactivity and indolence debilitate, and want emaciate and destroys, whilst industry and plenty strengthen and nourish the one, the merest human animal is sensible. But who can explain the mental ailment the mind of the student drinks from the well-springs of learning, or describe his spirits rapture un-

der the blaze of each new light that bursts in upon his soul—at the demonstration of a tangled problem, or the "ureka" of the hidden truth brought from its dusty confines as the reward of his busy labor—the offering of his intellectual toil? As far as the spirit is superior to the flesh, so are the gratifications of its Heaven-born desires above the satisfaction of the merely sensual appetites of the other. As durable and ethereal the one; as the other is temporary and grovelling. The one classified amongst the insects common to the brute, whilst the other soars towards the fields of Paradise, and claims kindred with the tallest angels around the throne on High!

The reward of the student for his labor, is indeed a rich reward. If it were not so—"if ignorance were bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." If it were not so, the breath which God blew into his nostrils in the beginning, were indeed a curse, and the spirits' reachings after the far and unseen, but a tantalising evil entailed upon our race, born amid the councils, and winged upon errands of vindictive wrath.

The reward of the student is a double reward. For whilst by his researches he is adding to the worlds store of knowledge, and is thus rewarded in a consciousness of personal consequences, and usefulness to others, his own capacities of enjoyment are enlarged and refined, whilst others are benefited by the fruits of his intellectual labors, the eternal law of recompense decrees that he himself shall taste its richest consolations—

"His are the joys no stranger heart can feel,  
'No wit define—no utterance reveal."

The elementary principles of knowledge in which you should be well grounded, from whence are they, and where are they to be found? They are the ripe and unripe fruits that have grown and are gathered from the brain-soil of those who have gone before, and are to be found in the folios of your class books, and the teachings of your kind preceptors. They are the hoarded wisdom of all past ages, digested and systemized, until they are received and known as philosophical truths. At first beginning in mere speculation, the successive generations of men, have explored the depths, and toiled amid the mazes of hidden mysteries, until many of their mightiest and most astonishing secrets have been brought to light. With these, then, known and understood, what may not the scholar of the present day—what may not the American scholar of the present day—accomplish! The present age is indeed fruitful in schemes, and facilities for education.—

Abroad, over all the world, a deeper interest is felt on this subject than in former times. Learning is no longer confined to the murky chambers of the cloister or the abbey, where, as if unfitted for men engaged in the stern battle of life, its parched lore was open only to the Philosopher and Priest. The day has past when learning entails upon its votaries suspicion and reproach.

The art of printing has broken down the barrier and partition wall between the clerk and people, and education is now everywhere honorable, and everywhere sought after and desired. It is a passport of respectability, and a patent of social caste. But it is here, particularly where the highways of education, like all else American, are open and free, nor hedged in or obstructed by any concentrated dogmas, ecclesiastical or civil, that speak to us as the oracles of the mitre or the crown. No religious or political paradoxes to fetter or circumscribe the mind in its freest range of inquiry, after the true, and the fullest faith in its sublime teachings.

I propose, then, to say a few words to you on the mission of the scholar of the present day—and particularly of your mission as American scholars. And if in so doing I shall be able to add any new incentive to a more unremitting perseverance in your present pursuits, or a single encouragement toward a more untiring effort in the acquisition of a profound and practical education, I shall be indeed gratified, and more than repaid for the feeble efforts of a half an hour spent in your service.

That mission is to accumulate all the wisdom of the past—apply to it that of the present, and to add to it that of the future. The literature of the old schools is to be acquired, but acquired only as a means of understanding the new, and revealing that yet unknown. Language itself is but the vehicle of thought, and useful only as a means of communicating it from one another. But the more correctly language is understood, the more perfectly will thought be communicated. Language is to the ear what the painter's pencil is to the eye, and its words are signs capable of conveying every thought, every light and shade of emotion; passion; of feeling, attitude or action which the human mind can receive or imagine. So whilst indeed, philosophically speaking, the study of a language is but the study of a medium of communication of thought, and not the acquisition of any substantive knowledge, yet in such study, especially of those languages in which the sciences of dead nations are recorded, and the genius of dead sages displayed, there

is much to be gained, in addition to the mental training such studies give to the young mind. And now, although there is no important branch of knowledge, nor any valuable historical fact, but is accessible in any popular living language or tongue, still a correct understanding of the etymology of our own, renders it profitable that a reasonable portion of time be devoted to that of the dead. What I would say is this, that whilst much is to be gained by a correct knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, in a familiarity with the feelings, impulses and opinions of the races composing these communities, of which they present perhaps the truest mirror; their systems of religion and government, their genius and learning, and the literary taste and finish it gives a modern scholar, it should ever be remembered that, after all, language is not learning, but a means only of acquiring and communicating it. Study, then, to acquire the sign, for the sake of the substance; the sound, for the sake of the thought.

You will explore deeply the laws and properties of matter; its relations and proportions, its affinities and antipathies, so that from a knowledge of these, the results of new combinations may be discovered.—You will descend to the earth and unwrap her vesture, that the process and mystery of creation may be revealed; and there amid her incrustations, finger the work of each age as it fell upon her from the day of chaos, and decipher the hieroglyphics of her history, from the folds that envelop her bosom, from now till before God said "let their be light." From around the throat of the volcano you will gather the product of her mighty womb in the burning scoria she expels, and from the intensity of the fires that consume her bowels.

You will ascend to the regions of space, and with the rapt astronomer, reveal amid the spheres! It will be your delight to become familiar with the stars; to measure their proportions and distances, to calculate their orbits and revolutions! And the winged wanderer of the skies, that like a mighty sceptre appeared to the unenlightened mind of old, surrounded by omens and portents, whose fiery tail prefigured pestilence and war, is contemplated by the eye of science with awe, but no longer with fear! As he plunges from his perilous down into the dark chambers of space beneath the plane of the ecliptic, the eye of science still follows him in his unseen track, and foretells his return to a single day!

The whole system of nature is to be the field of your explorations—her organic, physical and moral laws,—as they compose her sentient and insentient creation; as they govern the rational and irrational subject. From the lowliest living thing only instinct with life, to the master piece of God's handiwork here, "but a little lower than the angels"—from the atom of the world, extends your great encyclopaedia—the circle and range of your mighty mission. And when from these you have drunk in the streams of gathered wisdom the portals of duty, and present and future usefulness will open to your power. It will be for you, then, with the key of acquired knowledge in your hands, to go forward in the great race after the unknown; to open the sealed books of the hidden mysteries that have been locked away heretofore, forever, in the tombs of the Omnipotent Creator himself.

It will be your privilege to discover in their application to natural laws, many new antitoxins to human suffering; to alleviate physical pain; to prevent and heal diseases.

By an increased familiarity with the springs and motives of vital action, to remove the obstructions to the machinery of human life, that now clog and wreck it long before the time of its ordinary decay. By a deeper knowledge of the character of man,—his passions, his vices, his impulses,—his social and domestic wants, virtues and instincts, you will be enabled to add new and wholesome improvements to the codes of municipal and domestic laws, by which the guilty are punished, the innocent protected, and the rights and happiness, both of the individual and community, vindicated and secured. It is your mission to go abroad in search of all that can minister to man's comfort, his wealth, his dignity. To call upon the earth to yield her ores, and discover the riches of her mines; on the ocean, from her coral beds, to give up her pearls and jewels, which amid her slimy caverns, it has taken a thousand ages to form. On the gasses that encircle our earth, to develop their agencies, in their decomposing and regenerating influences,—and the lightning itself, whose erratic gambols amid the clouds of Heaven, appear to us as the awful scintillations from the eye of Deity, how its subtle, incomprehensible and intangible fluid pervades, sustains and modifies all matter; which withdrawn, would leave us what all would be without God's breath—"what genius, power and beauty would be forever and forever, if there were no God!"

From a familiarity which man's structure, physical and mental, to point out the

true philosophy of health and comfort.—By the aid of science, inventing schemes, by which physical labor is relieved of its burthens. In increasing the means and facilitating the way to mental culture; in drawing wisdom from earth, air and ocean—in harnessing the elements themselves and the lightning's arm, to the purposes and service of man; in removing every fetter, and breaking every chain, by which the rights of man are bound contrary to the laws of nature,—in the immolation of false systems; the destruction of every kind of unwarranted tyranny of the strong over the weak, and the substitution so far as practicable in a world like ours, of the law of reason for the law of force. This is the mission of the scholar of the present age, and particularly of the American scholar.

The present age is distinguished beyond all preceding ones for the rapidity with which science has thrown upon the world new and astonishing discoveries. From the time that Franklin first drew electricity from the clouds, succeeding revelations have broken upon us, like the lurid flashes of its own light. The discovery which immortalized the name of Newton, appears but as a dim and shadowy outline of the true philosophy, since it is apparent that the circulation of the electric fluid around the earth gives it its magnetic influence, known as attraction of gravitation. By the use of the same fluid, distance and space have been annihilated; earth presents no circuit over which men's thoughts cannot travel in a moment of time. Truly we can now "send the lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are."

Since Fulton applied the power of steam, or expanded vapor, as a propeller of boats upon our waters, but a few years since, discovery has followed discovery, and improvement, improvement, with such rapidity that it has left scarcely time to look back upon past imperfections, or opportunity for wonder or admiration in the pauses of its advance. How changed the scene from that day, when the poor child of genius, broken in health and fortune, but not in patience and hope, launched before the world his enterprise to test its success, and was gladdened when the words, "It moves," fell upon his ear from the incredulous multitude, till this, when in every civilized land, and over every sea, the panting of the laboring engine is heard. "It moves!" magic words! But not only did that power dreamed of, and applied by the world-called madman, move that little craft, on that day upon the bosom of the Hudson, but it has, since then, the true lever of Archimedes, moved the world! Directed by its mighty power, under every flag known to the Heraldry of the seas, stately vessels navigated the deep; and on plain, through gorges; along precipices, and over mountain barriers, thousands of feet above the ocean-level, long trains traverse the land. Its deep breathing, and the groaning earth over which it flies with eagle swiftness; the churned waves of ocean, as they are dashed back crested with foam, from the paddle-wheel, are the witnessess of the triumph. Nations are brought into proximity and neighborhood by its agency, and cities, grown into greatness as by magic, point you to the smoke that issues from the lungs of their thousand work-shops, as the very breath of their life.

Where once we could only look to the painter for a transcript of the features of ourselves or friends, of some wild landscape, or gorgeous and enrapturing scene, the agency of light is now invoked, and behold in a moment of time the work of the artist is done; and the living features stand out to the eye, in life-like exactness and out-line, upon the plate.

And now, while the power of steam, of which I have spoken, has as we suppose been just brought to perfection, suddenly a new force springs up before us, that of heated air, by which even steam itself may be superseded. Astonishing discoveries! Wonderful triumphs of art and science!—And what new and mighty wonders are we yet to see? Who can tell what the future will next reveal?

It is your mission to go even beyond these. Think you that there are no more mysteries to unravel—no more discoveries to be made—no more victories for the votaries of science to gain? Think you that because of the rapid streakings of the morning sky, that the full day-light has come? I tell you no. The sluggish vapors still hang around the horizon, and only here and there a ray penetrates the rifts in the clouds which the coming Sun has made. But the mists will dissipate—the shades of darkness will roll back upon the sky as the folding up of a mighty curtain. It is for you to be instrumental in hastening the advance of that light; in heralding its day-spring to the world.

But I have said my young friends; that it is as American scholars that your mission becomes most important, and its privileges and responsibilities valuable and magnified. Aside from the noble desire, fostered by patriotic sentiments, of leading all mankind in the race after the know-

ledge, this nation stands the silent, but effective teacher of human rights to all the world, in the very view of the old monarchies, in sublime antagonism to their false, but time consecrated systems, the practical workings of the new political faith is exhibited. Its beauties and harmonies are perceptible to all, of whatever order or station in the social scale; and the light of its contrast is revealing the hideousness of the old dogmas to every eye from the palace to the cot.

The true philosophy of human government may be understood in our example, and its blessings become universal, the trust committed to us must be fully discharged. And as these were established and ordained in wisdom, so, only by wisdom, can the principles of political liberty be maintained. Their foundations are laid in public virtue, and no permanent public virtue ever rested, or ever can rest upon an ignorant and unenlightened public mind. Your knowledge therefore, is not to be confined, like the miser's hoarded wealth, to the selfish stewardship of your own coffers; but diffused like the dews and light of Heaven amongst and over all. Yours is a mission of duty and beneficence toward your fellows, and the products of your labors must be dispensed as common riches, with a free and generous charity. You are to communicate your knowledge; to assist, to encourage, to instruct others, that the individual contributions to the great store house of national intelligence, may go out in fructifying streams over the land, that its very distribution may be the unfailing source of natural greatness, and political and intellectual power.

Here we have no hereditary rule by which the right and power to govern is placed by law in a single family or line of blood; for all are indeed rulers. A portion of sovereignty rests with every citizen, and it is his duty to exercise it for the common advantages and welfare. It is to the people we must look for the perpetuation of the blessings we have been selected to enjoy, and it is, after all, to the people we must look for that instruction by which we are guided as a nation, and that force by which our rights are defended. It is true, looking towards our pulpits, colleges, academies, and schools—our bar, our laboratories, our army, we find these places filled by particular classes of men, but they are nevertheless the people; they are from and of the people; parts of the whole social body. Particular individuals select for themselves, different professions and pursuits—and particular individuals are selected by the whole to exercise the functions of government, and execute the laws, but, their power and right to do so proceeds from the mass, and is no more of themselves than of the humblest citizen in the land.—And there is no situation enumerated, but may be reached by any one of you. It is your birth-right as freemen, to aspire to the highest posts of honor or duty known to our constitution, whatever these may be, to sway the destinies of the greatest nation on earth, represent her abroad, or defend her rights and honor in the field. It may be the future lot of some of you to take part in her councils; in a Senate wiser and greater in its character than any the proudest nations of the old world, in their palmy days, behold—grander and nobler than any assembly of Peers, who arrogate to themselves exclusive titles, privileges and superiority as the accidents of birth. It may be your privilege to represent abroad the interests and character of your people in kingly courts. And what child of liberty but sympathizes in our honor and attitude then? Who would desire to see such truths committed to incompetent hands?—Surely no one. An insult to our flag can be resented, and the stain washed out in blood, but the wrong done a nation by a weak or inefficient minister, affords neither means or opportunity of reparation. Our attitude both at home and abroad must be worthy our character and institutions.—From the Senate Hall the voice of freedom should speak trumpet-tongued the rights of man, until its reverberations around the walls of old dynasties shall cause them to crumble and fall, like Jerico of old, before the blasts of the Hebrew horn.

Before the courts of earth we should present ourselves in our stern, yet simple grandeur. In the midst of the glitter of artificial rank and the paraphernalia of regal pride—proudest of all,—but proud only in our virtue and intelligence, and the embodied principles we represent. Thus boldly must our position be taken and maintained. Our potent protest must be entered against all violation of national or natural law, in the sacredness of which as a nation, we are interested; against all inhumanity, violence and wrong, our voice must be lifted, and our judgment spoken. And to what manner of persons must these duties be confined? Who are to be the oracles of a political faith like ours, implanted in the hearts of our thinking millions? It is truly the office of great and cultivated minds—of bold, fearless, earnest men. It is the mission of the American Scholar. A mission that has for its aim the preserva-

tion of our own liberties, the political elevation and dignity of our own people, and which rests not in its purpose, until the curse of oppression shall no longer smite the earth with its desolations; but like the eagle, when it soars into the Heavens, fixes its eyes upon the sun, and in its onward and upward course scarcely pauses amid its gyrations to gaze upon its shadow on the plains beneath.

This, then, my young friends, is your mission. How you may fulfill it may cause much solicitude, and many anxious hopes and fears, on the part of your excellent professor, and your numerous friends.—How you will fulfill it, depends upon yourselves. The race is not always "to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," for industry and perseverance will do its work. And to the bold in heart, and the energetic in purpose, there is no such word as fail. The aphorism of the great Hungarian Statesman and orator, deserves to be engraven on tablets of gold, "there is no difficulty to him who wills."

The temple of knowledge may appear far in the distance, and the way to its ambrosial arbors and classic porches, steep, rugged and impassable to the eye; new difficulties may interpose at every step toward the ascent, whilst in the vista beyond,

"Hills on hills,  
And Alps on Alps arise."

But press forward. Re-nerve the fainting energies, and revive the fainting hope.—Press forward! The road to success in all things lies through difficulty and toil; why should yours be strewn with flowers? Remember there is nothing on earth worth enjoying that is not worth a struggle to obtain. Have you met him in your path? Him, the ghostly Demon of the threshold! and do you startle at the frightful apparition? Ho is a foe that every real student must prepare to meet and vanquish. The Demon of the threshold! he is a ghastly spectre. But as darkness comes before the light, so are his haunts upon the confines and outer verge of knowledge, and before the first flickering of the mind's morning he will disappear. Wo to the student of any science who has never encountered the Demon of the threshold; he has not yet reached the outer boundaries of Cimmerian gloom—he has not yet begun to see and know.

But your obstacle may be time, which you feel you have not to spare. Then economise your leisure hours, and always—at the plow, the bench, the counter—wherever you are, at home and abroad—fill every interval with thought. Perhaps you are too old—you did not commence till mankind had come upon you, and it is now, too late. You have indeed lost or wasted a propitious season of your life—but it is not too late. Seize the sluggard suggestion from your thoughts. Press on! Think what Franklin did for science, after the sun of his life had passed its meridian. Or does poverty interpose an apparently insurmountable barrier across your way? This, perhaps, of all, is most discouraging, but press on, my brave boy. Remember poverty is no disgrace, and that you bring clean and honest hands to your task. Press on—and you will win the prize at last.—"Time, faith, energy," and you will surmount all. "Time, faith, energy." What are they? "The three friends God has given to the poor."

Press on! It will not always be to you a dry and cheerless task. The threshold once passed, the cheerful day will take the place of the dark night watches. No longer drudging through rudimental and nominal labors after knowledge, but reveling in the full blaze of its noon-day glories!—an inhabitant of earth, but privileged in spirit to communion with the skies; to draw in intellectual riches from its etherial fields, and recline in fancy beneath its gorgeous domes. With mortal eyes to catch glimpses, even, of immortality itself.

"Like angels' wings, the parting clouds,  
Just seen, and then withdrawn."

and whilst the extatic visions linger around the soul, forget even earth itself, in the entrancing raptures of the free spirit.—Press on—let your mission be fulfilled, and your rewards will be greater, higher, nobler than ever here received as the victor of bloody fields—richer indeed, than the brightest gemed tiara that ever bound a monarch's brow.

INSANITY.—"Did you say, sir, that you considered Mr. Smith insane?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case.—"Yes, sir, I did."—"Upon what grounds did you base the inference?" "Why I lent him a silk umbrella and five dollars in cash, and he returned them both."

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character, and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

"I never knew," said Lord Erskine, "a man remarkable for heroic bravery whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity."