

The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.]

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POETICAL.

Misanthropic Hours.

By N. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as could blot All traces of mankind from earth— As if twere wrong to blast them not, They so degrade, so shame their birth, To think that earth should be so fair, So beautiful and bright a thing; That nature should come forth and wear Such glorious appareling; That sky, sea, air, should live and glow With light, and love, and holiness, And yet men never feel or know How much a God of Love can bless— How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down and light Like floods of glory on the sky— When every tree and flower was bright, And every pulse was beating high— And the full soul was gushing love And longing for its home above— And then, when men would soar if ever, To the high homes of thought or soul— When life's degrading des should sever, And the free spirit spurn control— Then have I seen, oh how my cheek Its burning with the shame I feel, That truth is in the words I speak, I've seen my fellow creatures steal Away to their unloved mirth, As if the revelries of Earth, Were all that they could feel or share, And glorious heavens were scarcely worth Their passing notice or their care.

I've and I was a worshipper At woman's shrine—yet even there I found unwhorthiness of thought, And when I deemed I had first caught, The radiance of that holy light, Which makes earth beautiful and bright— When eyes of fire their flashes sent, And rosy lips looked eloquent— Oh, I have turned and wept to find Beaten it all a trifling mind.

I was in one of those high halls, Where genius breathes in sculptured stone, Where shaded light in softness falls On pencil'd beauty. They were gone Whose hearts of fire and hands of steel Had wrought such power—but they spoke To me in every feature still,

And fresh lips breathed and dark eyes woke And crimson cheeks flushed glowingly

To life and motion. I had knelt And wept with Mary at the tree

Where Jesus suffered—I had felt The warm blood rushing to my braw

At the stern buffet of the Jew—

Had seen the God of glory bow,

And bleed for sins he never knew,

And I had wept, I thought that all

Must feel like me—and when I came

A stranger bright and beautiful,

With step of grace and eye of flame,

And tone and look most sweetly blend

To make her presence eloquent;

Oh then I looked for tears. We stood

Before the scene of Calvary:

I saw the piercing spear—the blood—

The gall—the write of agony—

I saw his quivering lips in prayer,

"Father forgive them"—all was there,

I turned in bitterness of soul,

And spoke of Jesus. I had thought

Her feelings would refuse control;

For Woman's heart, I knew was fraught

With gushing sympathies. She gazed

A moment on it earnestly,

And coldly curled her lip, and praised

The High Priest's garment! Oh could it be

That look was meant dear Lord, for thee.

Oh, what is woman—what her smile—

Her lip of love—her eyes of light—

What is she, if her lips revile

The lowly Jesus. Love may write

His name upon her marble brow,

And linger in her curls of jet—

The light spring flower may scarcely bow

Before her step, and yet—yes—yet—

Without that meekest grace she'll be

A lighter thing than vanity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Backbiters.

Every community holds in its bosom a species of viperous bipeds called backbiters, eaves droppers, or slanders, who go about doing evil continually. They introduce discord where peace before reigned—they wake up ill-will between peaceful and friendly neighbors—excite suspicion in trusting hearts, and substitute bitter controversy for social quietude. They malign private characters with impunity, because they are too cowardly and hypocritical to make their assaults bold and manfully, so that those whom they traduce can have a chance to defend themselves. They run up behind you and strike you in the dark, and then fly to escape detection. They put on a great swiftness and friendliness to your face, but when your back is turned, look out for them! for they will cling to your heels like a rabid dog. Avoid them as you would a poisonous reptile—refuse their company—and above all, do not admit them to your family circle—do not induct them into your freinds' secrets; for if you do, they will leave the baneful stain of their footstep on your very threshold, and happiness will flee before them as from a deadly foe. For the love of peace, or order, and of friendship, do not countenance their slanderous imputations against your friends and neighbors.

DEA. A Mr. Flaherty, of Washington City, has the following posted on his window: "Eggs newly laid here on the shortest notice."

Ancient Babylon—Its Ruins.

It may be known to many of our readers that the French Government has employed a party of gentlemen to explore the site of ancient Babylon. From reports just received from them, it appears that they have ascertained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a tumulus called the Kasr, are those of the marvellous palace citadel of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar. They are in such a state of confusion and decay, that it is impossible to form from them any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They appear, however, to extend beneath the bed of the Euphrates, a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river. In them have been found sarcophagi, of clumsy execution and strange form, and so small that the bodies of the dead must have been packed up in them, the head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But how different! sain up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises! O! he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the state prison, I am so sick. O! if I was only ready to die it would not matter so much!"

"No," said he, "I am afraid to die!"

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me; and that makes me afraid to die."

"I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother then his lip trembled, and a single tear stole down his panting cheek.

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O, yes sir; and a good woman she was—Many and many a time she has warned me of this."

"Then you had good religious instruction, kind Christian parents, who no doubt often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the dying man, "I can answer you all in a short sentence—I did not obey my parents!"

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him I came away, reflecting on his awful condition, and the reason which he gave to me for being in that dark and gloomy jail—"I did not obey my parents."

Washington and Jackson.

Mr. Brancart, the historian, relates the following anecdote of the Father of his Country. "Once while in New Jersey, coming out to mount his horse, he found a child beside it attracted by the trappings. He placed the child on the horse's back, and led it around with its youthful joyance. It was to Washington's honor, that, although Heaven did not bless him with an offspring, he had a heart to love children, and took them to his bosom."

Mr. Hildreth, with equal justice and propriety, relates an anecdote of the revered Jackson, the man whose iron will prompted him to take the responsibility when duty called him to do it, and before whose inexorable determination all obstacles surmountable by human effort were forced to give way.

After the battle of the Great Horse Shoe, in which nearly 1000 Indians were killed, and 250 prisoners were taken, all women and children, the men having been exterminated, the following incident occurred: The grim General who presided over the bloody scene, which seemed to carry us back to the early Indian wars of New England, had still a tender spot in his heart. Moved by the wail of an Indian infant, picked up by the field, whose mother had perished during the battle, Jackson strove to induce some nursing women among the prisoners to suckle it. "It's mother's lead," was the cold answer, "let the child die too." The General himself a childless man, turned nurse himself! Some brown sugar formed a part of his private stores, and with this he caused the child to be fed. He eventook it home with him and treated it up in his own family.

CONRAD LIST.

"As an old soldier, I should have preferred another death, but I cannot help myself."

A number of papers, accounts, &c., was also found upon his person, and also his will, from which it appears that the property he leaves is worth about \$9000.

A coroner's inquest was held upon his body early yesterday morning, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

"I Did not Obey my Parents."

The jail was a large, gloomy-looking stone building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars, fastened across them. But the inside was the most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide and eight feet long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, with strong bolts and locks, when the jailor opened or shut the door the hinges grated frightfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the Judge said he must go to the State prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play in the green fields, down by the cool springs, or under the shade around his father's house; or, when he was tired, he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But how different! sain up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises!

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Dying Words of Noted Persons.

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart;

Here tried dissimulation drops her mask,

Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene;

Her real and apparent are the same."

"Head of the army,"—Napoleon.

"I must sleep now,"—Byron.

"It matters little how the head lieth,"—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Kiss me, Hardy,"—Lord Nelson.

"Don't give up the ship,"—Lawrence.

"I'm shot, but I don't believe I'm dying,"—Chancellor Thurlow.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.

"Clasp my hand my dear friend, I die,"—Alfieri.

"Give Dayroles a chair,"—Lord Chesterfield.

"God preserve the emperor,"—Hayden.

"The artery ceases to beat,"—Haller.

"Let the light enter,"—Goethe.

"All my possessions for a moment of time,"—Queen Elizabeth.

"What is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaumont.

"I have loved God, my father and liberty,"—Madame de Staél.

"Be serious,"—Grotius.

"Into thy hands, O Lord,"—Tasso.

"It is small, very small indeed,"—(clapping her wrists)—Ann Boleyn.