

# 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.]

BY WM. BREWSTER.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1854.

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**TERMS:**

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

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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrangements are paid.

Advertisers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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Will be charged at the following rates:

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Two " (32 " ) 100 150 200

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BLAZERS, footcap or less, per single quire, 1 00

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Extra charges will be made for heavy composition.

All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention.

## Select Poetry.

From the Perry County Freeman.

The Blue Junia.

By JOSE DONLOACH GRANT.

Air—Lily Dale.

Oh 'tis my delight, on a calm still night,  
'Neath the pale moon's gentle beam,  
The hours to spend with my lute and friend  
By the Blue Junia's stream.

Oh softly, oh sweetly,

The moments glide;  
Where the moonbeams dance on the green,  
grassy banks  
Of the Blue Junia's tide,

On the following Saturday evening he came to me, sat down and seemed somewhat embarrassed. At length he said, "I told you I could not pray; I knelt down twice, and could not utter a word; my tongue was stiff, and my mind faint and wavering. I had no strength or heart to pray. Besides," said he, "I have sworn twice since last Saturday; once when a man forced a barrel on my hand, and almost broke my finger, as you see," (holding up the wounded limb.) "Well," said I, "what must be the fearful condition of the man who cannot pray to his heavenly Father?" At this he seemed sensibly moved, and after some reflection, replied, "I'll try once more to pray, if you will not tell any one." I smiled encouragingly, consented, and left my room.

On the following Saturday evening he came to me, sat down and seemed somewhat embarrassed. At length he said, "I told you I could not pray—I cannot." But the utterance of those words gave him evident distress, and afforded me an occasion to press upon him his utter spiritual destitutions, and to explain to him his great need of divine aid which I insisted he would obtain only by prayer. "Then," said he, with deep emotion, "I'll try again," and left the room.

I beg to be informed here why the Greeks, who have found it necessary to place three or four hunters and huntresses of high title in the senate of the gods, have not even dreamed of reserving the smallest place in this august assemblage for the patron of fishermen. I know the Greek mythology too well, and its fondness for metamorphosis into a stag the hunter, Actaeon guilty of surprising her, amid her nymphs, in her bathing toilet, could not decently present herself in a similar costume to the eyes of the Trojan shepherd.

On the following Saturday evening he sat down by me and said, "I have ceased to swear." "Then," I replied, "then you have learned to pray." "A little," said he; and the tears came into his eyes; "but O! how little! how feeble are my prayers; but one thing comes of them; I begin to feel I am a sinner, and I must be pardoned." "Then," said I, "you must pray always and not faint." Putting his hands firmly together, and fixing his eyes intently on the fire he said, "I'll try again," and departed.

The following Saturday evening I heard him approaching with a lighter and quicker step, and entering, he said with eagerness, and yet with a tinge of sorrow. "I have been praying; yes I tried, and tears came to my relief; and words followed tears, and I can pray; but I have no answer to pray; no peace." "Well," said I, "you should not expect an answer until you asked faithfully and penitently. Have you prayed in faith, nothing doubting?" "O," said he, "all I endeavored to do was to pray—Is not this enough?" "No," I replied, "you must believe as well as pray." Upon hearing this I found he fell into the same desponding tone of feeling as when I first spoke to him of prayer; but I rallied him by saying, "try to believe; prayer will give you confidence, and confidence will give faith." A new light seemed to break upon him, and he exclaimed, "I'll try." I let him depart to make the experiment another week.

At the close of the next week he came to me and said, "I do believe; but only for a minute at a time, and then doubts obtrude; but I'll try to overcome these, God being my helper." I now perceived that he was not far from the kingdom of Heaven, and exhorted him to lay hold on the firm seat before him. "O!" said he, "I'll try," and rose to depart. "No," said I "do not go; I'll help you now," and we kneeled down to pray. I need not tell the reader the conclusion. In less than six months from the time I heard him swear in the ice-house, he was a living member of the church of God.—Often times afterwards I heard him say, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." And when any one would complain that he could not pray, could not believe, could not become religious, he would exclaim "O, try!—From the depth of the ice-house I began by trying, in the feeblest manner possible, and lo! I believe that the "brised need he will not break—the smoking flax he will not quench, until he sends judgment into victory." Reader say to thyself—if but in the lisping accents of helpless infancy—"I'll try" and God will help you.

at the man above. As he uttered those imprecations, I looked in and heard him without his seeing me. If I had witnessed a flash of lightning from a clear sky, I could not have been more astounded. I had never dreamed that he ever uttered an improper word. I felt confounded and grieved, but passed without saying a word. It was Saturday afternoon.—After tea, as was his custom, he came up to the room to spend an hour in conversation. The first proper occasion that offered, I said, "Mr.—did I not hear you swear to-day?"—

"Perhaps you did," he replied, "for I often swear and do not know it; it is a bad habit I have fallen into, and I shall be glad to quit it." "Suppose you try," said I. After pausing a moment in reflection, he said, "well I will."—But," I replied, "you will not succeed unless you pray for strength; the habit is too strong for you to break without divine aid." "Why," said he, smiling somewhat quizzically, "I never prayed in my life but once; if that might be called a prayer when I kneeled down on one knee, when parson W. visited my family and requested permission to pray with us. I am sure I cannot pray." "Well," said I, "then I am sure you cannot quit swearing." At this he seemed surprised and a little grieved; but after a moment's hurried reflection, he said, "If you will not tell anybody, I will try and pray, and quit swearing too; and I will come up next Saturday evening." "Very well," said I.

Next Saturday evening after tea, he came to my room and seated himself in silence, apparently waiting for me to speak to him. But I determined that he should open the subject, which he did by raising his eyes to mine, and with a slight disturbed smile saying "Well I told you I could not pray; I knelt down twice, and almost broke my finger, as you see," (holding up the wounded limb.) "Well," said I, "what must be the fearful condition of the man who cannot pray to his heavenly Father?" At this he seemed sensibly moved, and after some reflection, replied, "I'll try once more to pray, if you will not tell any one." I smiled encouragingly, consented, and left my room.

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Reader say to thyself—if but in the lisping accents of helpless infancy—"I'll try" and God will help you.

According to Order.

A country editor received a remittance with a request to "send the paper as long as the money lasted." He indulged in a bit of a "spree" next week, got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber, that according to his own terms, his subscription was out.

Falling in Love With a Bonnet.

That was a singular and very amusing circumstance which happened several years ago, near the town of Northampton, Mass. It will strike the ladies, we think, as an instance of "popping the question" under difficulties :

As a party of pleasure were ascending Mt. Tom, a well dressed man, furnished with a fishing tackle, accosted a lady, one of the party, who had loitered behind her companions to enjoy without interruption the beautiful scene which lay along the rich valley of the Connecticut.

"Good morning, madam," said the fisherman, touching his hat.

"Good morning, sir," replied the lady, with a dignity of manner which would have been considered perfect at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

"It is a fine morning," continued the gentleman. "I saw your bonnet at the foot of the hill, and I thought I should like to marry the

## PASSIONAL ZOOLOGY.

BY A. TOUSSINET.

MAN is king of the earth. To his royalty are attached certain attributes, called the natural rights of man. The chase is the first of these rights.

The chase is the first and most ancient of the arts. It is anterior to the kitchen and war.

Humanity owes its first great coat and its first roast beef to the chase, which is contemporaneous with the day when the advent of misery closed the Paraclastic era on our globe, and shut upon humanity the gates of the Garden of Eden; or, to speak more clearly, it is contemporaneous with the day when Man fell from Edenism into the savage state, and had to resign himself to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow.

The chase is the first-born industry of necessity—the first manifestation of the power and the liberty of man. Through it, he signalized the act of taking possession of his globe.

The chase is the pivotal industry of the savage—is, at the same time, the point of departure for social progress, the first bound of emancipating labor, which, thousands of years after, is to re-open for humanity the gates of the first kiss of Omphala, and only at a much later period claimed higher wages.

Moralists have cast much blame upon this pretended weakness of the noble son of Alceme spinning at a woman's feet. It is the exercise, *par excellence*, to make strong men. The hunter—the destroyer of monsters—is the born benefactor of humanity, the protector of herds and harvests, the guardian of the orphan, the defender of woman, and of all the oppressed.

What made so great the names of Bacchus, Hercules, and other heroes? Their passion for the chase. The history of the heroic ages is only a treatise on hunting. Humanity, in its gratitude, attributes the intention of the hunt to its gods!

The most adored of all is Apollo, god of the day—the god of poetry and the fine arts—the same that killed the serpent Python with arrows;

Bacchus, inventor of wine, tamer of tigers, supreme consoler of afflicted mortals; Diana, the modest vestal; the like and elegant goddess of the chase and chastity—Diana, sister of Apollo, and most beautiful of the immortals after the mother of Love and the Graces—Diana, who did not obtain the first prize of beauty at the great competition on Mount Ida, because she would not seek it—because the scruples of her ferocious modesty would not permit her to accept the conditions of the programme of examination—because the proud goddess who had commenced by metamorphosing into a stag the hunter, Actaeon guilty of surprising her, amid her nymphs, in her bathing toilet, could not decently present herself in a similar costume to the eyes of the Trojan shepherd.

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