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, FEBRUARY 7, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 6.

TERMS:

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

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5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

Original Poetry.

For the Journal.

CAN THE ABSENT BE FORGOTTEN?

BY INCOG.

"Can the absent be forgotton?
Will their memories ever die?
Were they loved, to be remembered
As mere shadows in the sky?"
Can we forget the fondly loved,
Of childhood's gay sunny hours?
The hearts, so kind, so good and true,
Of these life's roseate bow'rs?

Can the forms, we've loved on earth,
The hearts, so warm, so dear,
Be gone—forever from us;
Though their seats be vacant here?
Were we made mere floating bubbles
On life's tempestuous wave—
To sink, into deep nothingness;
Oblivion—or the grave!

Oh! no, there is a land above,
Where the rainbow never fades—
Where the sun never shines—
Along those happy glades—
Where, sorrow never comes,
From, deceit and sin are free—
Where, at the shrine of God of love,
Truth bends her humble knee.

Along whose peaceful streams,
In its wildest, sweetest song,
Melody ascends, to the throne of God,
From a bright, angelic throng.
And there beside those streams,
Where parting ne'er will come,
We shall meet, when the "cord is loosed"
And God, recalls us home.

Huntingdon, Pa.

Educational.

By J. A. Hall.

Huntingdon county Teachers' Institute.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON—CONTINUED.

Miss Benedict said she had been in the habit of detaining scholars that failed in their recitations. In this way she obtained good recitations without much difficulty. If scholars knew they would be detained till their lessons were perfectly learned they generally came prepared.

Mr. McKibbin said he first endeavored to enlist the interest of the parents. He never forced a study upon a class; but when once engaged in it he *used the rod* if unable to secure good recitations in any other way—as a general thing, however, he had found it much easier to lead scholars than to drive them. He recommended mental exercises for all grades of pupils, as an excellent means to excite interest. He had used prizes, but discontinued them, finding they had a tendency to awaken a wrong ambition and create a spirit of envy.

Miss McDivitt said good recitations are those which scholars will retain in their minds. Such recitations require more than a mere answering of the questions in the book—they include a thorough understanding of the lesson. To secure this the teacher must manifest a proper interest, must thoroughly explain the lessons when assigned, vary the questions, and ask such as do not occur in the order of the text. Scholars might be able to answer, in their order, all the questions in the lesson, and yet not understand its principles. To stimulate scholars to be thorough in the work of preparation, she thought a general review, each day, of the previous day's lessons very effective. Scholars would be be tempted to slight the work of to-day if they knew the deficiency must be made up to morrow.

Mr. Porter said he had been in the habit of giving rewards. He let it be distinctly understood, however, that he was under no obligation to do so. He had not yet discovered any bad effects from the use of rewards. The rod he had not used, but would not hesitate to use it as a last resort.

Mr. Hall said he was happy to find the strong points of the subject all presented with such clearness and power. He would merely recapitulate them. First, the classes must be made to feel an interest in their lessons, and the parents must be so far interested as to allow their children time and opportunity to memorize the lessons at home. Again, the principal difficulties should be explained when the the lessons are assigned, and privilege granted the class to ask questions before called to recite; and no recitation should be considered good unless the pupils thoroughly understand the subject The mere answering of questions as they occur in the books was, as the ladies insisted, a very poor evidence of the scholars' proficiency. He had often wished there were no answers to questions in our text-books—they were only made to accommodate stupid teachers and lazy pupils. As regards the use of rewards and punishments he agreed that the teacher should be able to reach a large majority of his pupils without recourse to either. But as long an the Governor of all things presents rewards and punishments as motives of action to his rational creatures, he believed both to be right, and each, in some cases, *necessary* in the school room. He did not advocate beating knowledge into children; but when all other means failed, he had always felt it to be his duty, however unpleasant, to try the effect of corporal punishment, and had generally found it attended, in such cases, with the most happy results.

Mr. Brigham presented a set of Pelton's outline maps, and after an introductory address, proceeded to show the advantages of teaching from them and and the manner of doing it by chanting. He said this system of teaching is based upon the well known principle that a thing fixed upon the mind through the organ of sight is much more lasting than things learned otherwise; that this system exercises not only the memory but the judgement also, and thus gives the mind a degree of cultivation not acquired by the old methods. The science of music which was also connected with it, was one of great power and in some cases had moved when the logic of a Plato or the eloquence of a Cicero had failed. He predicted that the system of teaching from outline maps and by chanting would supercede all other systems now in use.

Mr. Hall said he considered the system of teaching geography described by Mr. Brigham an excelleet accompaniment of the regular mode of study, recitation and mapping practised in our best schools, but he thought it a miserable substitute for these. He used the system as a recreation and to impress more permanently the *principal* facts of local geography on the minds of his pupils. But he insisted that *all* the facts should be first learned by study and drawing the maps on slate or black board, and that the mere chanting of lessons, without such study, was perfect humbug.

Mr. McKibbin agreed with Mr. Hall; he had tested the matter and found that those had no foundation, by previous study to build upon, passed through this so called matchless system without acquiring any connected knowledge of the subject, or any taste for the requisite effort to become good geographers.

Mr. Baker said he was in favor of outline maps and thought they should be in every school. He considered them a most excellent aid in teaching the locality of places, but said it was impossible to teach geography from these alone. The definitions and descriptive parts should be taught from books or orally; the rest might be learned from these maps.

Mr. McDivitt said the only method of impressing the facts of local geography permanently on the minds of scholars, was to teach them to make the maps themselves. This was chiefly relied on in his school, and if there he could show the evidence of its complete success.

Mr. Benedict said no system of teaching geography could be called good unless it leaves an abiding impression on the child's mind. Does the outline system do this? Is it the best way to impress the mind? He was not prepared to say it was. He thought it was a part of the best method, but did not regard it as full enough to meet the wants of the learner.

The following resolutions were then offered by Mr. Hall, and after some further discussion, adopted.

Resolved, That outline maps are a valuable *aid* to the right teaching of geography, and that no public school should be without them.

Resolved, That Pelton's system of outline maps is well executed and worthy of public patronage.

Adjourned to 6 o'clock this evening

FRIDAY EVENING SESSION.

Mr. Baker, on Distinct Articulation, said the subject was more important than most persons suppose, and also more neglected than others. Teachers will attend to all other branches and lose sight of this. He had visited many schools and conversed with many teachers, but seldom heard anything on this subject. He had heard a great deal of indistinct articulation in schools and very little notice taken of the defect by teachers. It was very unpleasant to hear a reader make a noise and not understand what he says. It was often easy to understand people when conversing who could not be distinctly heard when reading. This was owing to early training. He did not pretend to be proficient; had not been very successful, and wanted information. He thought it very important that the teacher should speak and read distinctly and require his scholars to repeat every sentence and word until they were distinctly heard. He had been in the habit of standing at the greatest possible distance from his reading class and having the scholars read so that he could understand them without looking on a book. He also, at least once a week allowed one in each class to select a piece in a newspaper or book, prepare it, and read for the class who were required to make the corrections. Such means, if regularly and rigidly practiced, will soon produce great improvement; but the manner in which reading is taught in many of our schools, is time worse than wasted. He closed with some amusing incidents illustrating the indistict, mumbling manner of reading generally practiced in the country.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Select Tale.

THE NEW CLOAK;
OR
"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

"There! I declare, if Mrs. Burton hasn't got a new cloak!" exclaimed Mrs. waxwell, to her intimate friend, Miss. Viney, as they came out of the church one Sunday.

"I see she has, replied Miss Viney, very quietly.

"I kow her husband cant afford it; she will be the ruin of him yet.

"I suppose they know their own business best. At any rate, it is a blessing that you or I are not accountable for her missdeeds," said Miss Viney, who, though what is technically termed an "old maid," was not of that class who have been slanderously styled gossips and busybodies.—And we have purposely introduced her to refute the foul calumny that "old maids are all meddlers—and we are sure that all spinsters will be grateful to us for the service.

"I dont know about that," returned Mrs. waxwell, with a dubious shake of the head; "Mr. Burton owes my husband three hundred dollars, and I don't believe he ever will get his pay if things go on this way. That cloak couldn't have cost less than thirty dollars."

I presume they could not afford it, or they would not have bought it—at any rate they know best."

"Mrs Burton is a vain, conceited, proud woman, and pride will have a fall one of these days,"

"I hope not."

"I hope she will have a fall; she would drop some of those airs then."

"I never thought she was what might be termed a vain woman,"

"She is an impudent minx, and the sooner she is brought down on a level with her circumstances the better for her and the world."

"She has the reputation of being a very kind hearted woman, and an excellent neighbor."

"I don't care if she has; but she likes to lord it through the village, and for one I won't be rnled by her."

"Really I dont understand you; she is as amiable and humble as any one need be."

"Amiable and humble, indeed!—What did she buy that new cloak for, except to excite the envy of half the town, and make them think she is somebody?"

"I hope there is no one so silly as to envy her," said Miss Viney, casting a significant glance full into the face of her companion.

"I don't for one; but I should like to teach her that she is no better than the rest of the world."

"She dont profess to be, she visits the neighborhood, and I'm sure there's no better person in sickness than she is."

"All that may be."

"When you had the erysipelas, you remember, she watched when no one else would."

"I know it; but is one to be tyrannized over forever, because she watched a few nights with me?"

"How strange you talk."

"Do I? Didn't she buy that cloak on purpose to cut a figure through the town, and make everybody feel cheap?"

"No I'm sure she did not; she had no such motive," replied Miss Viney, smartly.

"I don't believe it, there!"

"She is not such a woman as that!

"Yes, she is just such a woman as that!"

"I have seen no one but you who feels bad about it."

"But me! La sake! I wouldn't have you think I feel bad about it. She can wear what she's a mind to, for all me! only I hope she can afford it, that's all."

"I think she can; she has the reputation of being a very careful woman."

"I don't care; but I feel it my duty to warn my husband to look about his debt. When things get to be so awful extravagant there's no knowing what may happen."

"Mr. Burton is doing a very good business, people say."

"No body knows anything about what he is doing. All I know is, that when Squire Smith sold him two cords of wood last week, and carried in his bill, he coudn't pay it. That looks as though they coudn't afford thirty dollars cloaks, don't it?"

With these sage reflections, Mrs. waxwell turned down the lane, that lead to her house, leaving Miss Viney to pursue her way and ponder upon the extravagance of some folks.

Mrs. Waxwell loved fine clothes quite as much as any other woman of the nineteenth century, and this is saying a great deal. But then her husband was parsimonious, and though she loved money more—which, we take it, amounts to nothing more or less that meaness.

Mr. Waxwell was a farmer and well off in the world. The advent of the railroad in his native town had turned things topsy-turvy in general, and the heads of the women in particular—to use Mr. Waxwell's classical language. Time was when they were content to wear straw bonnets and calico gowns to meeting; but now they had to rig out in silks and satins, with flounces and furbelows and all sorts of rigging attached to them, for all the world just like a clown in a circus.—Such were Mr. Waxwell's views of the social influence of the railroad.

Society began to be a little "select," folks put on airs, and were struck up that you could't touch them with a ten foot pole.

Farmer Waxwell did not much like this state of things—it cost money on one hand, and he did not like to be thrown into the shade on the other. He was about the richest man in the place; but ten dollar bonnets and thirty dollar cloaks were abominations that he could not tolerate. Mrs. Waxwell didn't like to be outdone in the matter of dress, and when she bought a new merino cloak the previous season, she had not a doubt but it would be unsurpassed for two seasons, at least. When Mrs. Burton came out with the thirty dollar velvet, she found the wind was taken out of her sail, and she was as indignant as the case demanded.

In the rise and progress of the village since the advent of the railroad, two new stores had gone into operation, one of which was conducted by Mr. Burton, an enterprising young man from the metropolis, who had brought a city wife and a great many city notions into the place with him.

As with a great many who go from the city to the country, he was exceedingly annoyed by that disinteresting charitable attention to other people's busines, which so extensively prevails in many rural districts. He kept his affairs to himself, and this bothered and perplexed gossips. His wife had a way of attending to her own concerns; she had been brought up where people do not even know their next door neighbor. If she wants a new dress or a new bonnet, she never deemed it necessary to consult the neighbors in regard to her ability to afford it, or about the style and material.

Poor Mrs. Waxwell! her star began to decline when Mrs. Burton came to the village. She was no longer the leader of the *ton*, and her heart was bursting with envy. Though she often received the kind offices of the store-keeper's wife, both in sickness and in health, she would willingly have crushed her. That new cloak was the cap sheaf of the indignities which she fancied had been heaped upon her, and she determined that her unconscious rival should suffer the consequences of her temerity

Her first demonstration was upon her husband, whom she found no difficulty in convincing that Mr. Burton must be ruined by the extravigance of his wife, and that unless he immediately collected his debt, he would certainly lose it.

As soon as she had done her washing on Monday, she "made some calls," and embraced the opportunity of commenting freely upon that new cloak. The women told their husbands that Mr. Burton would certainly fail; and before three days had elapsed, there was quite a fermenting in the place.

Nobody knew anything about Mr. Burton's affairs; he seemed to be doing a good businesss, though no one knew of his having any money. He did not even own the house in which he lived; he had no property, apparently, but his stock.—The careful old farmers, to whom in the course of trade he had become indebted for produce which he sent to Boston, began to be alarmed by these rumors.

It was in the State of New Hampshire; and at the time of which I write, the "grab law" was in force, and is still, for aught I know.

One morning, as Mr. Burton returned from a journey to a neighboring town, he found his stock attached on the claim of Farmer Waxwell; and all on account of that new cloak his wife had worn to meeting on the preceeding Sunday.

He had not the means to pay the note at that moment, and while he was considering a plan to extricate himself from the dilemma, the news that his goods had been attached, spred all over the place.—All the creditors were in hot haste to follow the track of Farmer Waxwell—for it was "first come, first served"—and in less than two hours a dozen had fastened upon the stock of the store.

This was a tremendous result to follow in the train of a thirty dollar cloak, and a gossiping old woman.

"What do you think now, Miss Viney?" asked Mrs, Waxwell, as they met, soon after the storekeeper's disaster had been made public.

"I hope Mr. Burton will be able to pay his debts."

"But he won't—I know he won't!"

"Probably if they had given him any notice of their intentions to demand the payment of their claims, he would have been prepared to meet them."

"I guess Mrs. Burton will not feel quite so stuck up after this,"

"I hope *you* done nothing to bring about this sad result."

"But I have made my husband sue his note, and when he put on, the others did. Thirty dollar cloak indeed!"

"I am sorry you have done this; you may ruin Mr. Burton by it."

"That's just what I mean to do." and Mrs, Waxwell's malignant expression betrayed the jealousy she had long harbored.

"You did! It was very unkind and ungrateful in you to do so," replied Miss Viney, indignantly.

"Humph!"

"Any trader would be likely to come out badly to have all his creditors pounce upon him without giving him a chance to collect his debts."

"I don't believe he has any to collect."

"Even your husband, as well off as he is, might be embarrassed if suddenly called upon to pay his debts," and Miss Viney looked significantly at her angry companion.

"I doubt it."

"He may have a trial," said the maiden lady, as she moved towards the store.

"What can she mean by that?" thought Mrs. Waxwell.

Miss Viney had some property of her own, and it was all in the hands of Farmer Waxwell, who had, on his own account, invested the greater part of it in railroad stock.

That is what she ment. She would claim the three thousand dollars her husband owed her, and a cold chill passed through her veins as the thought struck her. Farmer Waxwell was rich in houses, lands and stock, all of which yielded him a good income; but he had not three thousand dollars in money, and it might cost him some trouble to raise it.

"Don't cry, my dear, I have enough due me in Boston, to pay these debts ten times over," said Mr. Burton to his wife, who was much alarmed by the storm which threatened them.

"What will they think?"

"What will they think when I pay them all? the whole amount is not above nine hundred dollars."

Just then, Miss Viney entered the house. In a few words she explained the circumstances which had led to the sudden "strike" among the creditors.

Mrs. Burton, kind soul, shed a flood of tears when she heard how cruel Mrs. Waxwell had been—she whom she nursed with all the tenderness of a mother, when her frightened neighbors fled from the contagious disease.

"Never mind it, my dear. We may expect anything from a meddler, a gossip, a slanderer." said Mr. Burton. "I must start for Boston in the noon train."

"Allow me, Mr. Burton, to offer you the money to discharge these liabilities.—I have three thousand dollars in the hands of Mr. Waxwell."

"You are very kind, and I accept your offer," replied Mr. Burton, "next week I shall have the means of repaying you.—I assure you I am worth at least five thousand dollars."

In proof of his assertion he showed her various notes, mortgages, and certificates of stock.

"I presume if the people here knew that I was not a bankrupt, they would not have molested me. In spite of all my amiable neighbor, Mrs. Waxwell, may say, I think I am abundantly able to give my wife a thirty dollar cloak."

"I never doubted it," replied Miss Viney, as she hastened to the village lawyer, to put her note in course of collection.

Farmer Waxwell was at dinner, when the lawyer, who was a personal friend, called upon him.

"Sorry to trouble you, but I am instructed to collect this note," said he.

"The devil!" exclaimed farmer Waxwell

"The huzzy!" added Mrs. Waxwell, as she perceived Miss Viney's prophetic words had been burdened with a meaning.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the lawyer, "but if I understand it rightly you have publicly boasted that you brought about all this difficulty."

"I?"

"Yes, madam, that new cloak did the business; you set your husband on, and the rest followed him, so Miss Viney tells me."

"My gracious!"

"And now she wants the money to assist Mr. Burton out of the difficulty into which you have plunged him."

"That's plain speech, squire."

"But true."

"I can't raise the money,"

"Then I must sue"

"Can't we compromise?"

"Burton is worth at least five thousand dollars, and when he gets a remittance from Boston will pay all."

"I will dissolve my attachment, and be bound for the payment of the other. Will that do?"

"Yes, if Miss Viney will consent."

Miss Viney did consent—she was a kind-hearted lady—and the matter was compromised.

"Now, wife," said farmer Waxwell, as he put the three hundred dollars in his pocket, which Burton had paid, minus thirty dollars, which he held in his hand, there's thirty dollars, and I think you'd better go and buy one of them 'ere cloaks. Your envy liked to have got me into the cussedest scrape I ever got into in my life."

She would not take it; she was too mean to dress well herself, and too envious to permit others who were able to do so in peace. But she gathered from the our story, a healthy experience events of of the wisdom of that excellent maxim —"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

Wit and Humour.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMEROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

I.—DOESTICKS ON A BENDER.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been to the Niagara, you know—Niagara Falls—big rocks, water, foam, Table Rock, Indian curiosities, squaws, moccassins, stuffed snakes, rapids, wolves, Clifton House, suspension bridge, place where the water runs swift, the ladies faint, scream and get the paint washed off their faces; where the aristocratic Indian ladies sit on the dirt and make little bags; where all the inhabitants swindle strangers; where the cars go in a hurry, the waiters are impudent, and all the small boys swear.

When I came in sight of the suspension bridge, I was vividly impressed with the idea that it was "some" bridge; in fact, a considerable curiosity, and a "considerable" bridge. Took a glass of beer and walked up to the Falls; another glass of beer and walked under the Falls; wanted another glass of beer, but couldn't get it; walked away from the Falls, wet through, mad; triumphant, victorious, humbug! Sir, all humbug! except the dabbleness of everything, which is a most certainty, and the cupidity of everybody, which is a diabolical fact, and the Indians and niggers everywhere, which is a satanic truth.

Another glass of beer—'twas forthcoming—immediately—also another, all of which I drank. I then proceeded to drink a glass of beer; went over to the States, where I procured a glass of beer—went up stairs, for which I paid a sixpence; over to Goat Island, for which I disbursed twenty-five cents; hired a guide, to whom I paid half a dollar—sneezed four times, at nine cents a sneeze—went up on the tower for a quarter of a dollar and looked at the Falls—did'nt feel sublime any; tried to, but couldn't; took some beer, and tried again, but failed—drank a glass of beer, and began to feel better—thought the waters were sent for and were on a journey to the ——; thought the place below was one sea of beer—was going to jump down and get some; guide held me; sent him over to the hotel to get a glass of beer, while I tried to write some poetry—results as follows:

Oh thou (spray in one eye) awful, (small lobster in one shoe,) sublime (both feet wet) master-piece of (jimmeny, what a lie) the Almighty! terrible and majestic art thou in thy tremendous might—awful (orful) to behold, (cramp in my right sholder gigantic, huge and nice? Oh, thou that tumblest down and riseth up again in misty majesty to heaven—thou glorious parent of a thousand rainbows—what a huge, grand, awful, terrible, tremendous, infinite, old swindling humbug you are; what are you doing there, you rapids, you—you know you've tumble over them and can't get up again to save your puny existence; you make a great fuss, don't you.

Man came back with the beer, drank it to the last drop, and wished there had been a gallon more—walked out on a rock to the edge of the fall, woman on the shore very much frightened—I told her not to get excited if I fell over, as I would step right up again—it would not be much of a fall anyhow; got a glass of beer of a man, another of a woman, and another of two small boys with a pail; fifteen minutes elapsed, when I purchased some more from an Indian woman, and imbibed it through a straw; it wasn't good; had to get a glass of beer to take the taste out of my mouth; legs began to tangle up, effects of the spray in my eyes, got hungry and wanted something to eat; went into an eating-house, called for a plate of beans, when the plate brought the waiter in his his hand. I took it, hung up my beef and beans on a nail, eat my hat, paid dollar to a nigger, and sided out on the step-walk, bought a boy of a glass of dog with a small beer and a neck on his tail, with a collar with a spot on the end; felt funny, sick; got some soda-water in a tin cup, drank the cup and placed the soda on the counter, and paid for the money full of pocket; very bad headache; rubbed it against the lamp-post and then stumped along; station-house came along and said if I didn't go straight he'd take me to the watchman, tried to oblige the station-house, very civil station-house, very, met a baby with an Irish woman and a wheelbarrow in it, and couldn't get out of the way; she wouldn't walk on the sidewalk, but insisted on going on both sides of the street at once; tried to walk between her; consequence collision, awful, knocked out the wheelbar-