# 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, MARCH 21, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 12.



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If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

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## Select Poetry.

### LONG I LOVED HER.

I loved her when the sunny light
Of youth was on her brow,
And not a trace of care was seen,
Which shades so darkly now,
When wreathed around those rosy lips
Lay smiles in beauty rare,
It seemed that nought could ever harm
A loveliness so fair.

I loved her when in after years,
A change came o'er her heart,
Yet knew that earth could never more
One ray of joy impart,
The rose upon that fading cheek,
I saw must soon decay,
'T was marked by earth's corroding care
To early pass away.

I loved her when that marble brow
Lay cold in Death's embrace,
When the sweet smile could play no more
Upon her angel face.
I mourn for her, so early lost,
Yet still the hope is given,
That we shall meet in Heaven above,
Where friends no more are riven.

## Educational.

By J. A. Hall.

### ESSAY,

*Read by* Miss NANCY MCDEVITT, *before the Huntingdon County Teachers' Institute, December* 22, 1854:

Subject—MORAL EDUCATION.

There are few subjects which have elicited more observation and discussion than that of education, yet comparatively few persons appear to comprehend the full meaning of the word. Education does not consist merely of a knowledge of Belles Letters and the different arts and sciences of the day. If we were merely intellectual beings, we would only be capable of improvement intellectually; but as we have been created with moral as well as intellectual faculties, we are capable of examining the laws of morality, and the attributes of the Creator from whom such laws are the eminations. And if we act simply as intellectual, and not as moral beings, we act contrary to the highest and most noble principles of our constitution.

If parents consider their children educated when they have been taught the rudiments of what is commonly called learning, with little, if any attention given to their moral education, they will discovar, when perhaps too late for amends, that they are ignorant and unlearned. Although a literary education is of much importance when united with morality and virtue, it is fearfully to be dreaded when linked with vice and immorality. Learning, where the heart, the temper and the moral frame are neglected, only gives power to do evil: and when the heart gravitates the wrong way, it draws along with it the understanding; blinding, duping and perverting that noble faculty, until its possessor is capable of perpetrating any crime which might promise a pecuniary reward.

Now as childhood and youth are the periods in life which materially influence all the following ones it is important that moral culture should be early attended to; this momentous work should be commenced while the mind is capable of indelible impressions. A lifetime of school discipline cannot fully eradicate the bad habits formed in the nursery. It is there, ere they start out upon the thorny pathway of life as responsible creatures, that they must be prepared with an outfit for the journey. The duty of preparing this, has been divinely entrusted to their parents, and demands that they use their utmost endeavors to secure to them health of body, vigor of intellect, and correctness of moral feeling.

Children, before they are capable of receiving instruction by precept, may be materially influenced by example. The propensity of imitation is very strong in them, and often ere parents are aware of the budding of the intellect, they are watching and trying to imitate what they hear and see; for like little monkeys or canaries they are always trying to mimic what is said or done in their presence, especially the words and actions of their parents or instructions. Therefore it is not a matter of minor importance, nor even of secondary consideration, that teachers should be of a sound moral education, and good moral courage, for without this they are as unfit to go in and out before our youth, and cast their unhallowed influence over their unsophisticated minds, as though they were ignorant of the first rudiments of our language.

Though "precept upon precept" be given to children and their minds stored with moral and religious lore of the purest kind, it will avail nothing, unless a corresponding example be set daily before them. They are are quick to detect any inconsistency especially in those to whom they are taught to look for instruction, consequently it is not by precept alone, that the principles of morality are inculcated; but by this with the continual acting out of those principles.

By the constitution of our nature, there is such an intimate connexion between action and motive; between the performance of an action, and the principle from which it emanates, that one cannot long exist without the other. The theory of morality would soon become effete if unaccompanied by the practice. Its existence is known only by this, and by this alone can it be successfully cultivated.

It is a proverbial saying that habit becomes a second nature; it was with reference to the almost invincible force of habit, the wise man penned this worthy aphorism, Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Habits either good or evil always become more inveterate by time; the longer they are indulged in, the more closely they become entwined with the nature.

Though this is an irrefragible truth, yet infatuated parents vainly hope that the faults of their children will be cured by time, while they, by a cruel indulgence—a false tenderness, are cultivated those very faults, and in so doing securing to themselves a store of grief and bitterness, and to their children a life of wretchedness and misery.

Time may indeed correct the errors of inexperience in those whose hearts are not wholly corrupt, those in whom the true principles of morality and religion have been early inculcated, instead of ill-temper, insubordination and all the corrupt promptings of the human heart; but time alone will not cure that vice and immorality which must arise from a want of the proper culture of the mind and heart; in that period of life when the human faculties are most susceptible of cultivation.

Again, the education of our youth should be adapted to the nature of our government. And as we are under the protection of a republican government, it is of vast importance that we look well to the moral, as well as intellectual training of the rising generation, those who, at no very distant day, must become the rulers of our nation.

Some of those whom we now serve in the humble capacity of teachers, must soon fill this responsible station, and as it is important that we should be under the jurisdiction of wise and just laws, so is it that we give to our youth such an education as will secure their adoption. This momentous truth claims of every lover of our country much more than a passing thought. Every true hearted American should consider it a privilege, as well as a duty to aid in the great and worthy enterprise, of uniting morality and literature until they are constellated forever; and as literature is rapidly advancing, God forbid that morality should be suffered to recede. Worldly knowledge is a dangerous leader, and should never be permitted to go in advance of morality and virtue.

There is now a loud cry in our land for moral reform; we hear it from our prison-houses, we hear it from that wretched hovel, the home of the drunkard's family, the tears of that heart broken wife and mother cry aloud for maral reform, the welfare of our country demands it, and we must obey. We must arise and battle against the great evil which, by setting at naught the law of our country, and sacrificing to avarice and passion all the better promptings of the human heart, threatens to destroy our existence as a free, moral, and federative people.

And how shall we more effectually and thoroughly eradicate it, than by striking at the root, undermining the foundation, which undoubtedly is, neglect of good moral training in early youth

Teachers, as well as parents, all whose situation in life, leads them where their influence is cast upon the rising generation, have much to do in this work, and should consider well the great responsibility devolving upon them—should examine carefully every thought, word and action, remembering that they are speaking and acting for eternity, and eternity alone may reveal the amount of good or evil proceeding therefrom.

We, as teachers have a great work, one indeed that is worthy of the most arduous labor. Ours is no ordinary business; we may with propriety adopt the language of Dr. Cumming, used in reference to the work of Christian, "The painter paints for a generation, we forever; the builder builds for a century, we for eternity."—And as the statuary takes so much pains in hewing out the marble whice soon perishes, so let us be far more careful in the forming of those minds which are to endure forever; ours is a far nobler work, that of adorning and beautifying those temples of God.

## For the Farmer.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

### HOMINY, BEANS, ETC.

Hominy we have before given our opinion upon. It is an article that no family desirous of participating economy can do without. It is a very cheap, healthy, nutritious food. It costs only half the price per pound of flour, and containing no moisture, while the best of flower holds from twelve to sixteen pounds of water in a barrel. Cracked wheat is excellent for sedentary persons. That and graham flour, should be used in preference, at the same price per pound, to white flour, because more healthy and more nutrititious. One hundred pounds of Graham flour is worth as much in a family as one hundred and thirty-three pounds of superfine white flour. Corn-meal costs lesss than half the price of flour. It is not so economical in summer, because it takes so much fire to cook it. The first great error in corn-meal is in grinding it too much, and next in not cooking it enough. Cornmeal mush should boil two hours; it is better if boiled four, and not fit to eat if boiled less than one hour.

The cheapest of food is white beans; they are worth from $1 50 to $2 a bushel and retail for eight cents a quart. Prof. Liebig has stated, that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life, and give bone muscle and fat, in proper proportions, to a man. This food will enable one to perform more labor, at less cost, than any other substance. A quart of beans, 8 cents, half a pound of pork, 6 cents, will feed a large family for a day, with good, strengthening food.—And who that can raise a reminiscence of good old times in New England, but will remember that glorious old-fashioned dish called "bean porridge?" We should call it bean soup now. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef would give a good meal to fifty men—one cent a meal.

### FACTS ABOUT CATTLE.

It is a fact that all domestic animals can be improved in size and value. One hundred and fifty years ago the average weight of cattle at the Smithfield Market was not over 370 pounds, and that of the sheep 28 pounds. Now, the average weight of the former is over 800 lbs.—and of the latter 80 pounds.

The average weight of cattle, properly termed beeves, in the New York market is about 700 pounds, and sheep 50 pounds.

The average live weight of the heaviest drove of beeves of 100 in number ever brought to this market, was 2,067 pounds, weighed from dry feeding, in Illinois, last spring.

The mode of selling cattle in New York, is at so much per pound for the estimated weight of meet contained in the four quarters. The estimation is made upon the live wieght of cattle, as follows:

A drover in buying a lot of grassfed, common stock in Illinois, should never calculate to get an estimate of over one-half here of the live weight there. That is, if the drove average 12 cwt., they will make 6 cwt., of meat each.

Medium beeves may be estimated at 54 or 55 pounds per cwt.* Good beeves at 56 or 57 pounds. Extra good, large and fat, from 58 to 62 pounds per cwt.

In the Boston market, is generally estimated upon 'five quarter,' that is, the product of meat, fat and skin.

There the cattle are generally weighed, and the product estimated upon an average, 64 pounds per cwt.

In New York not one bullock in ten thousand goes upon the scales to determine his price to the butcher.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## Miscellaneous.

### A FEARFUL APPARITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In a very wild and remote region of the Scottish Highlands there stood, on a rocky height, an old fortress

Our stormy evening, in harvest, its lord looked fron his window into the darkness over the well-guarded court of the castle, towords the opposite hills where the tops of the trees, still visible, rustled and waved in the dark blue heavens. The rivulet in the valley sent forth a wild and strange sound, and the creaking weather-cock clattered and brawled, as if chiding the storm.

The scene and the hour were congenial to the mind of the lord of the castle. He was no longer the mild and indulgent master. His only daughter had fled from the fortress with a handsome youth, far inferior to her in birth, but a sweeter singer and harp-player than any inhabitant of the wild Highlends; and, soon after their flight, the lover was found dashed to pieces in the bottom of a rocky valley, into which in the darkness of the night, he had fallen. Thereupon the daughter, by an unknown pilgrim, sent a letter to her father, saying that, night having robbed her of her lover, her eyes were opened to her fault; that she had retired to a convent to do the most severe penance, and that her father would never love her more. From that event the lord of the castle had become almost as obdurate as the surrounding rocks, and as unfeeling as the stony pavement of his fortress.

As he now looked from the window, he saw in the yard a lantern, move backwards and forwards, as if in the hand of some one who, with tottering steps, stole across the arena. Angrily he called out—"Who goes there?" for his domestics had strict orders to admit no one within the walls; and since the flight of the young lady, these commands were so rigidly observed, it seemed as if lifeless stones alone dwelt within.

"To the lord of the castle there came a soft voice:

"An old, old woman,' it said, "begs some food, noble knight."

But the humle demand was impetuously refused.

"Spy—vagrant witch!" were the appellations showered upon the beggar; and, because she did not immediately retire, but reiterated her petition with a fervent though weak voice, the knight, in the wildness of his wrath, called on his blood-hounds to hunt the beggar-woman away.

Wildly did the ferocious dogs rush forth; but, scarcely had they approached the old woman, when she touched the strongest and fiercest with a slender wand. The domestics who had come out expected that the savage dog would tear her in pieces, but, howling he turned, and the others laid themselves down, whining, before the beggar.

Again the lord of the castle urged them on; but they only howled and moaned, and lay still.

A strange shuddering seized him, which redoubled when the old woman raised her lantern on high, and her long white hair appeared waving in the storm, while, with a sad and threatening voice, she exclaimed—

"Thou in the heavens, who seest and hearest!"

Trembling, the knight retired from the window, and ordered his people to give her what she demaned. The domestics, frightened at the apparition, placed some food without in a basket, and then secured the doors—all the while repeating prayers, until they heard the strange old woman carry away the food. As she stepped out of the castle gates, the hounds moaned mysteriously after her.

From this time regularly, every third evening, the lantern was seen in the castle yard, and no sooner did the strange twinkling begin to be visible through the darkness, and the light steps to be heard to totter softly over the pavement, than the lord of the castle hastened back from the window, the domestics put out the basket of food, and the hounds moaned sorrowfully till the apparition vanished.

One day—it was now the beginning of winter the knight followed the chase in the wildest part of the mountains. Suddenly his hounds darted up a steep height, and, expecting a good capture, at the risk of imminent danger, he forced his shuddering horse over the slippery, stony sround. Before a cavern, in the middle of the ascent, the hounds stood still; but how felt the knight when the figure of a woman stepped to the mouth of the abyss, and with a stick drove back the dogs! From the silvery locks of the woman, as well as from the restless and low moanings of the hounds, and his own internal feelings, he soon percieved that in this drear spot the lantern bearer stood before him.

Half frantic, he turned his horse's head, buried his spurs in its sides, and galloped down the steep, accompanied by the yelling hounds, towards the castle.

Soon after this strange occurrence, the lantern was no longer seen in the court of the castle.—They waited one day—several days—a whole week passed over. but the apparition was no longer seen.

If its first appearance had alarmed the lord of the castle and his domestics, its disappearance occasioned still more consternation.

They believed that the former prognosticated some dreadful event, which the latter betokened to be near. On the knight this anticipation had a terrible effect; he became pale and haggard, and his countenance assumed such a disturbed appearance, the inmates of the castle were of opinion that the apparition gave warning of his death. It was not so.

One day, as was his custom, the knight rode to the chase, and in his present distraction of mind he approached, unawares, that part of the country where the old woman with the white hair had appeared to him, and which he, from that time had with great care avoided. Again the dogs sprung up the height, howling, and looking fearfully into the cavern.—The affrighted baron in vain called them back. They stood as if fascinated on the dreadful spot; but on this occasion no one appeared to chase them away. They then crept into the cavern, and from its dark bosom the knight still heard their moanings and cries.

At last, summoning resolution, he sprung from his horse, and, with determined courage, clambered up the steep height. Advancing into the cavern, he beheld the hounds crouched round a wretched mossy couch, on which the dead body of a woman lay stretched out.

On drawing near her, he recognized the pure white hair of the formidable lantern-bearer.

More slowly than the faithful hounds, who from the beginning had known their young mistress, did the unhappy knight become aware whom he saw before him; but to dissipate every doubt, there lay, on the breast of the dead body, a billet, on which with her own blood, her hand had traced the following words:

"In three nights the wanderer's hair became white, through grief for the death of her lover. She saw it in the brooks.—Her hair had often been called a net, in which his life was entangled. Net and life were both by one stroke destroyed.—She then thought of those holy ones of the church, who in humility have lived unknown and despised beneath the parental roof, and, as a penance, she has besought alms from her father's castle, and lived among the rocks from which her lover fell. But her penance draws near its end—the crimson stream falls. Ah! fath———"

She would have written "father," but the stream was exhausted, which with unspeakable sorrow, the knight perceived had issued from a deep wound in her left arm.

He was found by the servants near the corpse, in silent prayer, his hounds moaning beside him. He buried his daughter in the cavern, from which he never afterwards came out. The unhappy hermit forced every one from him; his faithful dogs alone he could not drive away; and mournfully they watched together by the grave of their young mistress, and beside their sorrowing lord; and when he also died, their sad howlings first made it known to the surrounding country.

## Wit and Humor.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

**FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.**

**Original Views of Men and Things.**

**HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.**

### VII.—DOESTICKS GOES TO CHURCH.

SEVENTY HUNDRED AND ONE, NARROW ST.

Having seen the Opera with detestation, the theaters with approbation, George Christy with cachinnation, and No. 2 Deyst. with affiliation; having visited Castle Garden, the Model Artists, and the National Museum—in fact, knowing something of almost all the other places of amusement in the City, I resolved to complete and crown my knowledge by going to church, and I hope I may receive due credit for my pursuit of amusement under difficulties. I made known my heroic determination to my new-found friends, and they instantly resolved to bear me company—Bull Dogge by way of variety, and Damphool from force of habit—(Bull Dogge seldom goes to church, and Damphool *always* does.) Sunday morning came, and the aforesaid individuals presented themselves—B. D. looking pugnacious and pugilistic, and Damphool perfectly marvelous—in fact, majestic as this latter named person had ever borne himself, and importantly huge as he had ever appeared—his coat-tails were now so wonderfully short, his collar so enviably large and so independently upright, and his hat so unusually and magnificently lofty—that he certainly looked a bigger Damphool than ever before.

Passing up Broadway through a crowd of people of all sorts, sizes, colors, and complexions; countrymen running over every third man they met; New Yorkers threading their way through apparently unget-through-a-ble crowds without ruffling their tempers or their shirt collars.—[By the way I have discovered that no one but a genuine New-Yorker, born and bred, can cross Broadway upon a dignified walk.] Fireman in red shirts, and their coats over their arms; newsboys with a very scanty allowance of shirt, and no coats at all; Dutch emigrants, with dirty faces, nasty breeches, and long, loppy looking pipes; Irish emigrants, with dirtier faces, nastier breeches, and short, stubbier pipes; spruce-looking darkies, and wenches arrayed in rainbowed colored habiliments—we at last reached the church door. Every thing looked so grandly gingerbready that I hesitated about going in. Little boy in the corner (barefooted, with a letter in the Post Office,) told us to "*go in*," and called us "*Lemons*." Did not perceive the force of his nomological remark, but "*went in*" nevertheless. Man in a white cravat showed us to a pew; floor covered with carpet, and seat covered with damask, with little stools to kneel down upon—Bull Dogge says, so the faithful will not dirty their pantaloons.)

Pretty soon, music—organ—sometimes grand and solemn, but generally fast and lively enough for a contra dance. [B. D. said the player got a big salary to show off the organ, and draw a big house.] He commenced to play Old Hundred, [Damphool suggests Ancient Century.] At first, majestic as it should be, but soon his left hand began to get unruly among the bass notes, then the right cut up a few monkey shines in the treble; left threw in a large assortment of quavers, right led off with a grand flourish and a few dozen variations; left struggled manfully to keep up, but soon gave out, dead beat, and after that went back to first principles, and hammered away religiously at Old Hundred, in spite of the antics of its fellow; right struck up a march, marched into a quick step, quickened into a gallop; left still kept at Old Hundred; right put in all sorts of fantastic extras, to entice the left from its sense of propriety; left still unmoved; right put in a few bars of a popular waltz; left wavers a little; right strikes up a favorite polka, left evidently yielding; dashing into a jig; left now fairly deserts its colors and goes over to the enemy, and both commence an animated hornpipe, leaving poor Old Hundred to take care of itself. At length, with a crash, a squeak, a rush, a roar, a rumble, and an expiring groan, the overture concluded and service began.

First a prayer—then a response—prayer—response by the priest and people alternately like the layers of bread and butter, and ham and mustard in a sandwich; then a little sing—then a little preach—then more petitions, and more responses. Damphool read the entire service, Ministers cues included, and sung all the hymns. I noticed that Bull Dogge gave all the responses with a great deal of energy and vigor. He said he always liked to come to this kind of Church, because when they jawed religion at him, he could jaw back.

Kept as cool as I could, but could not help looking round now and then to see the show. Elderly lady on my right, very devout; gilt edged prayer-book, gold-covered fan, feathers in her bonnet, rings on her fingers, and, for all I know, "bells on her toes." Antiquated gentleman in same slip; well preserved, but somewhat wrinkled; smells of Wall st; gold spectacles, gold headed cane; put three cents in the plate. Fashionable little girl on the left; two flounces on her pantalettes, and a diamond ring *over* her glove. Young America-looking boy, four years old; patent-leather boots, standing collar, gloves, cane, and cigar-case in his pocket. Foppish young man, with adolescent moustache, pumps, legs a la spermaceti candles, shirt-front embroidered a la 2.40 race-horse, cravat a la Jullien, vest a la pumpkin pie, hair a la soft soap, coat tail a la boot-jack, which, when parted, discovered a view of the Crystal Palace by gas-light on the rear of his pantaloons, wristband a la stove pipe, hat a la wild Irishman, cane to correspond; total effect a la Shanghai.

Artificial young lady, extreme of fashion; can't properly describe her, but here goes: whalebone, cotton, paint and white wash; slippers a la Ellsler, feet a la Japanese, dress a la Paris, shawl a la eleven hundred dollars, parasol a la mushroom, ringlets a la corkscrew, arms a la broom-stick, bonnet a la Bowery gal, [Bull Dogge says the boy with buttons on him brought it in a teaspoon fifteen minutes after she entered the house,] neck a la scrag of mutton, bosom a la barebones, complexion a la mother of pearl, [Damphool says she bought it at Phalon's] appearance generally humbug. [Bull Dogge offers to bet his hat she don't know a cabbage from a new cheese, and can't tell whether a sirloin steak is beef, chicken, flesh or fish.]

At length, with another variette upon the organ, and all the concentrated praise and thanksgiving of the congregation sung by four people up stairs, the service concluded. I thought, from the manner of this last performance, each member of the choir imagined the songs of praise would never get to heaven if he did not give a personal boost in the shape of an extra yell.

Left the Church with a confused idea that the only way to attain eternal bliss is to go to Church every Sunday, and to give liberally to the Foreign Missionary cause.

Bull Dogge tried to convince me, that one-half the people present thought that the Sixth av. runs straight into Heaven, and that their through tickets are insured, their front seats reserved, and that when they are obliged to leave this world, they will find a coach and four, and two servants in livery ready to take them right through to the other side of Jordan.

Yours, reverentially,

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

### WHAT HE DIED OF.

We overheard once the following dialogue between an alderman and an Irish shop lifter:

"What's gone of your husband, woman?"

"What's gone of him? Faith sir he's gone dead."

"Ah, pray what did he die of?"

"Die, yer honor, he died of a Friday."

"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?"

"Oh! what complaint, yer honor; faith an' it's himself that didn't get time to complain."

"Oh! he died suddenly!"

"Rather that way, yer, honor."

"Did he fall in fit! No answer.

"He fell down in a fit perhaps?"

"A fit, yer honor! why no, not exactly that. He fell out of a window, or through a cellar door—I don't know what they call it."

"Ay! and broke his neck."

"No, not quite that, yer honor."

"What then?"

"There was a bit o' string, or that like, and it throttled poor Mike."