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, APRIL 11, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 15.

TERMS:

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

If paid in advance.....$1,50

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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 arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

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2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

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☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

A MA JEUNE SOEUR.

BY W. TELL BARNITZ.

I've often thought of thee, sweet child,
Till tears have dimmed my eyes;
How short must be the mortal span
Between the and the skies,
For Heaven hath round thy features thrown
The light that marks thee for its own.

Though rich in outward loveliness,
Fond memory loves to trace
The meek confiding tenderness,
The soft and pensive grace,
Which to that fair young brow has given
The look Devotion wins from Heaven.

Calm and unruffled as the stream
O'er which the Queen of Night
Loves to reflect her placid beam
And bathe in floods of light,
Is the collected thoughtful mien
In which thy purity is seen.

Thine is that singleness of heart
That knows no selfish stain—
The tears from feeling's fount that start
To soothe another's pain!
Who thy kind sympathy could prove,
And know thee, dearest, and not love?

Oh, may no early suffering dim
Thy spirit's stillness glow;
May'st thou return as pure to HIM—
As pure from sin as now—
Who gave thee for a while to earth
To prove thy virtues and thy worth.

While memory on my soul shall trace
The records of the past,
Thy image time shall ne'er efface—
My love unslacken last—
In fond affection cherished there,
Too pure a guest for earth to share!

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

By J. A. Hall.

A Teacher Returned.

Miss ELLEN E. DRAYTON, favorably known in this community as a most accomplished teacher, has just returned from Steubenville Seminary, where besides the regular course of Academic study, she enjoyed the enviable opportunity of attending a full course of lectures on the "art of teaching." It is hoped she will engage a school in her native county, and scatter here the seeds of improvement she gathered on the banks of the Ohio.

Correspondence.

Below will be found a long deferred article by Mr. Tussey, one of our best teachers, and a letter from that noble friend of the public school system, W. G. Waring of Centre county. Apart from a little flattery, these are sound documents. The teachers of Huntingdon county will be happy to hear from Messrs Waring and Tussey frequently. May I indulge the hope that they will continue their favors, and that *others*, incited by their example, will write something for this department? Come, brethern, one and all, and lend a helping hand.

ALEXANDRIA, February 1855.

MR. HALL.—In compliance with your general invitation to the friends of education, to write on any subject in any way connected with our schools, I propose making some remarks relative to the condition of some of our school houses. Among the many subjects that have claimed the attention of the most devoted, and enlightened supporters of our school system, that of suitable buildings has received a prominent share. This is but just and right for the success of the Teacher, and the health and comfort of the pupil are measurably dependent on the adaptation of the school house to promote these ends. Consequently, where ever we find our schools in a healthy, prosperous condition, we find that neat, commodious and comfortable houses have been erected, or that the people are turning their attention in that way. But let us look at some of our school houses as they really are, and then any one can judge how well they are calculated to promote the success of the Teacher, or the health and comfort of the pupils. In the first place, then, some of them are so open that the Teacher on entering on a cold morning, finds the frost glittering upon the walls. And even with the stove heated red hot, and those near it perspiring freely, those on the back seats are trembling with cold; in some cases the ink freezing on the pen. Again, the arrangement of the seats and desks, is frequently far from being suitable. In some cases they are so crowded together, that a child might creep from one side of the house to the other, without being seen by the Teacher. In others, the seats have no backs, and are raised so high that it is impossible for children to set upon them, and have their feet upon the floor at the same time. The writing desks are circled round the building, and the pupils placed face to face, with the side or back to the Teacher. School houses though are sometimes made uncomfortable through carelessness. The fire is not made at the proper time, and the house becomes too cold, or sometimest too warm, through not being ventilated—glass is broken out and not replaced &c. In one instance we were creditably informed it required two little boys pacing over the floor, time about, to keep the door shut, simply because the latch was broken. The Teacher should see that such things are attended to. But I ask is it possible for any Teacher to keep children quiet upon their seats, and engaged in their studies, when they are suffering from the extreme of either heat or cold, or upon seats that might justly be termed, instruments of torture, Ours is an age of progress and improvement in things pertaining to our comfort and convenience. The old log cabin with its roof of thatch, or clabboards secured with poles has given place to the neat and comfortable dwelling, and the cabin barn without stabling has been superceded by the commodious bank barn with ample shelter to protect the beasts from the inclemency of the weather.

Many other improvements might be noticed, indicating that people in studying their comfort and convenience, are but looking to their own interest. In the matter of school houses, however, self interest appears to be lost sight of. The comfort of the children is not only sacrificed, but their health endangered, and in some instances permanently impaired. Heavy taxes are also imposed, and the money spent comparatively to little purpose, for the schools are truly in a very backward condition. Now these evils must and will continue to exist, till we have better school houses. It is true, there are other causes, but I will not notice them at present.—Why have we not better houses, and how shall we obtain them, are the questions I propose answering briefly. The cause is to be found in misapprehension of the nature and value of a good education. Impress it upon the minds of parents that a proper education is one of the greatest of earthly blessings—that to secure it to their children, is a solemn duty they owe their offspring, their country, and their God; and the natural love that burns within a parents bosom, will prompt them to make many sacrifices to obtain this precious boon. Let public opinion be rightly awakened, so that the lethargy and indifference that now exists may be shaken off. Let the most intelligent and liberal minded men in the community be selected as Directors; men who do not think their time lost when laboring for the good of posterity; men who can appreciate a higher and nobler reward than that which comes in dollars and cents. And let Teachers set about the work of self-improvement in earnest, not regarding teaching as a stepping stone to something higher, but as one of the most honorable, though responsible stations that any human being can occupy. Educational meetings; Teachers Institutes; Public Newspapers; and that *sterling* Publication, the Pennsylvania School Journal, are practical and efficient means of exciting an educational spirit.—In proof of this we may refer to Lancaster county, whose progress in education is perhaps second to none in the State. Mr. Lamborn, an experienced Teacher and indefatigable laborer in the cause of Common Schools, speaking of their progress in that county, (Penn. S. Journal, vol. II. 177th page) says. "In one district, where, four years since, the teacher was discharged for teaching that the earth is a Globe turning upon its axis every twenty-four hours, (which was pronounced infidelity,) and where the new teacher was employed with the *proviso* that the same books should be used, that were used forty years before, and that the black board should not be employed, I was pleased to see hemisphere maps adorning the walls of the schoolroom. In this same district, there are now three brick school houses, unsurpassed by any country school house in the county." I may notice some things hereafter that interfere with the comfort and decency of the school room but I have written enough for the present. Yours truly,

D. F. T.

Near Boalsburg, Pa., March 23, 1855.

MR. J. S. BARR—*My dear Sir;*—I am rejoiced to learn that you retain, as Superintendent, all the enthusiasm that distinguished you as a teacher, and especially that it has contributed to a measure of such estimable consequence and value as the establishment of a school to teach 'the art of teaching.' If further proof were needed of the wisdom of the enactment providing a County Superintendent, beyond its results in the great improvement, in the management and effectiveness of our schools in almost every township—it may be found in the brightened prospects for the future which are owed to it. And among these is one important result which the most sanguine advocates of Superintendency did not anticipate. Many thought that the establishment of Normal Schools—a measure which has been always held to be of essential importance in giving due effect to our system of Common Schools—but for the establishment of which the State has never yet been able to spare funds—would do most service in rendering Popular Education equal and effectual through every corner of our territory—But the Superintendency, at least in our county, and in yours, besides redeeming its own promise, brings the Normal School in its train—thanks to the devoted friends of education who have on their own responsibility undertaken its establishment.—And I cannot see that an endowed institution, however well furnished with library and apparatus, could do more for the supply of our first and most important school wants than can and will be done by Messrs. Hall, Baker and M'Divitt; three gentlemen, distinguished for their eminent abilities as experienced, practical teachers of the very first order, yet differing as one star from another in peculiar qualifications, the sum of which will make the trio "hard to beat" as conductors of a Normal School. And, in the present condition of our schools we do not require grand opportunities of prosecuting the higher branches of education. The opening of a school; the arrangement of classes; the various modes of maintaining discipline, and a knowledge of what discipline is; the proper teaching of plain reading, writing, and the very A. B. C. itself; some acquaintance with the laws of health, such as every teacher should possess, who is entrusted with the care of scores of children, each so liable to physical detriment by "school-going"—these, and hundreds of points of right and of duty which the teacher should have first thoroughly investigated before taking his sacred office—are among the first things to be treated and practiced upon in a Normal School. And the text book, works of reference and apparatus necessary for illustrating these, can be found as readily at Huntingdon as at college. The skill, experience and wisdom of the *principals* are the best endowment of the Normal School.

It is no small honor for the Superintendents, teachers, and citizens of Huntingdon and Centre counties that they have been among the first to establish Normal Schools, devoted to their proper object, and that by private enterprise.

I hear at least one board of directors in this county proposing to offer their highest rate of salary *only to those teachers* who have attended the Normal School and passed with credit.

To teachers, who have now such pressing inducements on all sides to perfect themselves more and more in their most honorable vocation, these schools afford the first opportunity of direct professional study and practice, and will not be neglected by any young man who has any self-respect, or the least desire to excel.—When it is not propose to become a professional teacher a session's training in a Normal School will be peculiarly valuable and instructive to every youth who has the least aspiration for usefulness. With many thanks for the early information you gave me of your entetprise, and assurance of my best wishes and efforts for its success

I remain yours, truly,

W. G. WARING.

Miscellaneous.

Wonderful Freak of a Snake.

Mr. John Gebhard, Curator of the Geological Rooms, well known for his *penchant* in the study of Natural History, recently made an experiment with a snake and mouse with the most wonderful and extraordinary results. His snakeship was some eight feet long, and proportionately large; like all of his race, he did not masticate, but swallowed his food whole, be the article of provender large or small.—Mr. Gebhard, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, determined to test the fact whether, by some unknown process, to masticate its food, or whether it was bolted whole. Accordingly, a mouse was procured and plazed in the cage with the snake, which at first did not appear to notice it, allowing the animal to run about, leap over its body, and cut up other antics in its haste to get away. In a few hours, however, the snake apparently "smelled a rat" and feliciting itself upon its good fortune in thus being furnished with a delectable morsel for its supper, began to move about with evident gratification, eyeing the infinitessimal lump of life with mward delight. Soon by the use of its most potent charming powers, the mouse sat upright, gazing at "its lord and master" with irrestible and evident delight. This, however, was dangerous pastime, for suddenly the snake, making a dart at the mouse, took it in its extended jaws and merely winking its glaring eyes swallowed the animal as easily as would a child a sugar-plum, and then curled itself up into a listless indolent way. Mr. G. believing that the mouse was forever "gone from his gaze," paid no more attention to the snake until the next morning, when going to look at it he was much surprised to find a mouse running about the cage, having the apaearance of being saturated with blood! Upon looking at the snake, a hole was found in its body near its tail, sufficiently large to allow the egress of the mouse, and from the freshness of the wound it was evident that the mouse, swallowed alive, had eaten its way out! This being the only hypothesis upon which to base a conclusion, and not being certain, Mr. G. determined to watch and see if the snake would again attack its diminutive though life-loving prisoner. With patience did Mr. G. keep a vigil over the box, until his suppositions were verified, the snake again swallowing the mouse, which eat its way out of the body, a few inches from the place where it had before regained daylight! Sixteen times was the experiment repeated, but the seventeenth time the snake was so completely perforated, that in the attempt to again swallow the mouse, and giving a sudden twitch of its body, it was snapped in twain The mouse died the next day, but the snake lived a week after.—*Albany Trans.*

PRETTY GOOD.—"Sir,' said a little blustering man to his religious opponent, in front of the Tremont Temple, last Sunday evening, "I say, sir, to what sect do you think I belong!"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but, to judge from your make, size, and appearance, I should say you belonged to class called the *insect*!"

AWFUL.—"Ain't you afraid you will break, while falling so?" said a chap in the pit of a circus, to the clown.

"Why so?" asked the latter.

"Because you are a *tumbler*," replied the wag. The clown fainted.

Steel and Iron.

The difference between common iron and steel is in the carbon in the latter, but if iron be heated to a white heat and plunged in cold water, it becomes very hard. Mechanics take the advantage of this in making axles and collars for wheel work, for it is easily filled and turned in a soft state, and afterwards hardened; this is most commonly practised in the machine shop. Molders who make wheels, are often embarrassed by this chemical property in iron. For as the metal is procured into the mould of moist sand, the evaporation of the water carries off the heat and cools the iron so quick as to make it extremaly hard. This is common in such portions of the metal as have to run the greatest distance from aperture of reception. The only remedy for this, is to have the sand as dry as possible, and as many apertures as convenient.

The harder the steel the coarser the grain,—fine steel has the closest grain.—A neat curved line and gray texture denote good steel; threads, cracks, bright specks denote bad. The management of the forging may indeed modify these indications, and steel good for some purposes may be bad for others. Very small articles heated in a candle, are found to be perfectly hardened by whirling them in the cold air; and tin plates of steel, such as the needle of a compass, are hardened by being ignited and laid upon a plate of cold lead and quickly covered with another.

"Case hardening" is that property of iron by which it becomes very hard on its surface. Articles of iron may be the case hardened by smearing their surface with a paste of the prussiate of potash, then heating them to a red heat, and dipping in cold water.

In making tools, the artist is directed by the colors of the steel while heating. The different colors direct, in tempering, to a standard. When steel is to hard, it will not do for tools intend to have a very fine edge, because it will soon become notched, and if too soft, it will too easily bend.—Purple is the color for gravers, or tools used to work in the metals; when the col or appears in heating, it is immediately plunged in coldwater; a very hard temper will be madeif the steel is taken at a yellow color and dipped. Blue is the color for springs and instruments for cutting soft substances, such as leathes, &c.

A New Horse Trick.

A Westmoreland farmer, who had several times been taken in by the Yorkshire horse dealers, in retaliation, contrived the following scheme to deceive the "biters." At the last Brough Hill fair, he had a pony of good shape and action, but unfortunately, by some accident, it had lost one of its ears. On making application to a currier, he was readily supplied with one just the same size and color as the one lost, which he fixed the pony's head by the bridle. The plot was successful; the pony was sold to a Yorkshireman, a bargain was soon made, the money paid, and the bridle of course was given over, the farmer disappearing in the crowd. The purchaser, on going to put a halter on the pony, took off the bridle, and to his surprise, the false ear also. He made some search for his brother "biter," but he was nowhere to be found, for he had made off from the hill in great glee at having succeeded in deceiving the Yorkshireman.—*Carlisle (Eng.) Journal.*

Take a Home Paper.

The following remark from the Southern Watchman, is worthy of attention:—

We are satisfied that many persons are governed by an erroneous view in regard to substaing their HOME papers—many of them believing that they contain little of interest, while those from a distance are brimful of every thing great and good.—Now the truth is, that precisely the contrary is the fact. A home paper is better than any one from a distance possibly can be; because it contains all the foreign and general news to be found in a distant paper, and besides this, the local news, advertisements, &c., which can never be found in a distant one. The man, therefore, who takes but one paper, stands greatly in his light, if he does not take the one nearest his place of residence—and no man can take so large a number of papers as to make desirable todispence with the reading of his local sheet.

☞ It is one of the most awful points of view in which we can consider Gon, that as a righteous governor of the world, concerned to vindicate his own glory, he has laid himself under a kind of holy necessity to purify the unclean, or to sink him into perdition.

Wit and Humor.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

X—Doesticks hears the Street Preaching.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19, 1854.
70 Hundred and One, Narrow st.

Got tired of New York, although it is a town of considerable consequence. Wanted to see the world; so started for the seven-by-nine State of Rhode Island, where they shingle the houses all over, outside and in, and put the windows in the roof; where they make their rail-fences out of cobble-stones; where the ducks roost on the fence, and hatch their young ones in the tops of the cherry trees; where the men look so much alike, their wives often kiss the wrong individual. [Damphool says it's a way women have, all the world over.] Went to the City of Providence, where all the men make jewelry, and all the women believe in spirit-rappings; where they've got a bridge wider than it is long, and Macadamized on both sides; where all the plaster-busts of great men have gray wigs on; where they light the gas in the middle of the afternoon; where they drive five horses tandem; where the apples grow as big as wash-tubs, and the oysters obtain the enormous size of three-cent pieces. Went into the woods after chestnuts; couldn't find any, but discovered a magnificent tree in the distance—rejoiced exceedingly thereat—started for it—three quarters of a mile away; went ahead, over stones, ditches, fences, snakes, briars, and stone walls, until, at last, I reached it, and found it was an elm, no chestnuts on it—got very mad; walked round the State a couple of time, and took the first train for home.

Glad to see the old place again.

Saw a big crowd in the Park—inquired about it, and was told the usual street screeching was going on—wanted to see the fun—got a good place, on a fat Irishman's toes. Enter Gabriel—tin horn—hole in his pantaloons—[Bull Dogge says, that if angels have wings, they are also provided with tails—hence this last item]; thought is extremely probable. Gabriel mounted one end of the City Hall steps, and, after a preliminary overture on his horn, and a slight skirmish among the faithful, resulting in four black eyes, a damaged nose, and a broken leg, the religious services commenced—[Damphool was entirely carried away by his sympathies for this last martyr, but soon discovered that the fractured member was "purely vegetable," as the patent medicine men say, and the injury was speedily repaired, by means of a few shingle nails, and a piece of clap board.] Gabriel went into win; but, spite of the sanctity of his name, and the holiness of his aforesaid breeches, he was not permitted a clear field A female, with bosom undressed, in the latest fashion—petticoats, [Damphool says skirticoats] not immaculate; stockings, through the texture of which, her delicate ancles were plainly visible to the naked eye—whose hair resembled molasses candy, with a nose symmetrical as an over grown sweet potato, and, in hue, not unlike the martyred lobster; and whose teeth reminded me forcibly of the "crags and peaks" mentioned by the man in the play—took up her station on the other end of the steps. She, like Gabe, went in for giving the Church of Rome "Jesse," but, otherwise did not agree with him. Did not seem willing to go to Heaven by his conveyance, but claimed to have discovered some kind of a north-west passage—some exclusive path "across lots;" and she advocated her right of way, with all her woman's power of tongue—in fact, they agreed only tolerably—"*Arcades ambo*"—both Celestials, but of a different breed—[B. D. says, that, some time since, they joined issue, on the Devil's head—one asserting that he has horns, and the other maintaining that his brimstone friend is a muley]—but they both pitched into the Pope—abused all foreigners, denounced the Church of Rome, walked into the affections of the Catholics generally—talked learnedly of priests, inquisitions, dungeons, thumb-screws, martyrs, convents, nunneries, and other luxuries, as being the only legitimate offspring of the mother of abominations—the scarlet woman; and, in fact, seemed to be having the field entirely to themselves, when, lo! a change came o'er the spirit of the Gospel show; for, in the midst of the crowd suddenly appeared a third combatant—his classic dress and intellectual face, gave unmistakable evidence that he was from the "Gim of the Ocean." With the dignified and majestic bearing peculiar to his countrymen, he slowly mounted the steps, and took a position directly between the two, and, in a voice strongly tinctured with the "sweet brogue," announced himself as a champion of that much slandered gentleman, the Pope of Rome. At this astounding impudence, the woman, for a single instant, held her peace. Gabe was so taken aback, that he seemed about to collapse, but rallied, played an "*ad libitum*" interlude on the tin horn, and all hands "pitched in," (as Miss Agnes Robertson says). Gabriel commenced the onset, by asserting that the Pope is not strictly a bachelor, but has seven white wives in his parlor, thirteen ditto, bound in law-calf, in the library, a hundred and forty-one golden-haired damsels, in his private apartments, and a perfect harem of jetty beauties in the coal hole.

Petticoats followed, by saying that he breakfasts on Protestant babies; drinks whisky punch out of a Protestant clergyman's skull; has an abducted Protestant virgin to black his boots; fifty-seven Protestant widows to dig his potatoes, and hoe corn, and that he rolls tenpins, every afternoon, with the heads of Protestant orphan children.

Irishman indignantly denied all—said the country is going to the old Knick; and, some fine morning, we shall wake up, and find that the Pope, unable longer to endure our perverseness, has sunk us all forty miles deeper than ancient Sodom; said that His Holiness can send us all to perdition, by one wink of his left eye; that he is the head of the Church on Earth; has all power, to save, or otherwise; could get us all out of Purgatory, and send us all "kitin into Heaven," by wagging his little finger; that he could, like a Joshua No. 2, make the sun and moon stand still; make the planets dance an astronomical rigadoon; cause the hills and mountains to execute a mighty geological jig, while old ocean should beat the time, against the blue vault of Heaven, and applauding angels encore the huge salutations.

Gabe said he didn't believe the yarn.—Petticoats remarked something about the Star Spangled Banner being always right side up.

Irishman proceeded to describe the future home of the happy in another world, as a place where there shall be plenty of potatoes, no end of shillelahs, oceans of genuine whisky; and where no Know-Nothing Yankee shall be allowed to come and kick up a plug muss.

At the word Know-Nothing, there was a great sensation. Symptoms of a free fight rapidly developed into an uncivil war. Petticoats got mixed up with the crowd, and presently emerged, rather the worse for wear, barefooted, bareheaded, hair down, nose injured by collision, eye in mourning, mouth bloody, and her whole appearance reminding me of the "sow that hath eaten her nine farrow." [I forget who penned this opposite quotation, and asked Bull Dogge, who, being excited by the fray, angrily asserted that it was by "Nero, or some other d—d old cuss"—is it?] Irishman was taken away by seven policeman, on his national carriage—a wheel-barrow. Gabriel came out unhurt, save, that his elegant features were somewhat marred by the finger-nails of Petticoats. Perceiving that the fun was over, I turned to go, leaving the self-elected Angel Gabriel astraddle of a hydrant, edifying the passers-by, by alternately sounding notes of victory upon his horn, and crowing like an overgrown Shanghai.

Yours, devoutly,

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

JEWISH MARRIAGE.—Yesterday afternoon, the Rev. S. Morias, Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue in Cherry street, above Third, was married to Miss Weyl, in the presence of a large assemblage. The members of the congregation and the invited guests were admitted before the opening of the doors, by a private entrance, nearly filling the body of the church.—Some of the ladies were dressed in a style of great magnificence, especially those selected to assist on the occasion. When the doors were opened, which was at a quarter to four o'clock, there was but little space left for the crowd of persons who were waiting without, a large proportion of whom were ladies. The marriage ceremony lasted about half an hour, and was very interesting.

☞ The annual steamboat commerce of the Great West is estimated as follows: Eight hundred steamboats, of nearly two hundred thousand tons, traversing thirty thousand miles of coast, and moving a commerce valued at three hundred and thirty millions of dollars.