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.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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TERMS:

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Select Poetry.

From the New England Farmer.

SCHOOL SONG.

AIR—*Nelly Bly.*

Morning comes with golden beams,
Night has fled away;
Up, my brothers, leave your dreams,
Hie for school to-day.
Sisters come, join our song,
A song of merry glee,
And as we ply our daily toil,
We'll sing right merrily.

CHORUS.

Hie! for school, Ho! for school,
Come along with me,
"You'll rarely find, go where you will,
A happier band than we."

When the beams of light shall fade
In the distant west,
Then with joy we'll hie for home,
And those who love us best!
Fathers dear, mothers true,
With loving words we'll greet;
O! how pleasant, *after school*,
Around the board to meet.
Hie! for school, &c.

Once again join the shout,
All our merry band—
Blessings on our common schools,
The glory of our land.
Then around the fireside hearth,
When the day is sped,
Bless the teacher in our prayers,
Then we'll hie to bed.
Hie! for school, &c.

Wrentham, May, 1855. A PUPIL.

THE OLD KIRK YARD.

O, come, come with me to the old Kirk Yard,
I well know the path through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard—
We'll trace out their names in the old Kirk Yard.

O, mourn not for them;—their grief is o'er;
O, weep not for them;—they weep no more;
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be, in the old Kirk Yard.

I know 'tis in vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;
I know that the joy of life seems marred,
When we follow them home to the old Kirk Yard.

But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should'st thou weep, dear love, for me?
I'm wayworn and sad, ah! why then retard,
The rest that I seek in the old Kirk Yard?

FORTUNE.—Never marry for a fortune. We overheard a poor unfortunate get the following sockdolager the other day from his better-half:—

"You good-for-nothing fellow!" said she "what would you have been had I not married you? Whose was the baking kiver; whose the pig trough; whose the frying pan and iron hooped bucket, but mine when I married you.

Miscellaneous.

A MISSISSIPPI FIGHT.

A THRILLING SKETCH

'Can it be possible that that handsome looking man is the far-famed Col. Bowie!' whispered Mr. A. in my ear.

'It is so,' I replied, and before I could add more Bowie was with us. My friend introduced us and soon were conversing together.

'I have not seen you for some time,' said my friend at length.

'I am just returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains,' said Bowie. 'Really, Mr. M I wish you had been along with us. We had several fight, with the Indians, and in one of them I received a bullet in the arm. Unfortunately for my friends, the gamblers, it is nearly healed, and a terrible look passed over his features. Our party had a most desperate fight with a party of Indians, near Coon's Hollow—they were twelve to one—but we beat them off.'

At this moment a loud shout caused us to turn our heads, almost immediately the cry of 'A man stabbed!' reached our ears. Soon the crowd opened, and a gambler came forth. His hands were covered with blood, and in the right hand he bore a huge knife, dripping with blood. Suddenly he turned, wiped his knife on the coat of a man who stood near him, and broke into a loud laugh.

What's all this about!" exclaimed Col. Bowie. On hearing this the gambler thrust his knife into its sheath and approached us.

'Merely a man stabbed—that's all,' he said,—'Any of you gentlemen wish to play cards?'

'I never play cards with strangers,' said Col. Bowie

'Why not?' asked the gambler.

'Because for all I know to the contrary, the person with whom I am playing may be a gambler,' was the instant reply.

On hearing this a crowd collected around us

'Do you mean to insult me?

'Insult you!' said Bowie, surveying the other with a look of contempt. 'I insult no man, sir.'

'Because you are too much of a coward to do so,' said the gambler, sneeringly. 'Is this gentleman your friend?'

'A new friend, sir,' replied Bowie.

'Well, I insulted him a few minutes ago,' said the gambler.

'Is this true?' asked Bowie, turning to Mr. M. Mr. M. replied in the affirmative.

'What is your name?' asked Bowie.

'My name is McMullen, replied the gambler.

'Ha!' exclaimed Bowie, with a look of delight, 'are you any relation to the duelist that slew Joe Wingo, a year ago?'

'Yes, it was I that slew him,' replied the gambler.

A terrible look passed over Bowie's face.

'Ho!' he exclaimed, 'perhaps you do not know that Wingo was my cousin.'

'I don't care who he was,' returned the gambler. 'If you wish I will serve you the same way.'

'Perhaps,' continued Bowie, a strange smile creeping over his features,' perhaps you do not know that I swore to avenge his death.'

'Then step out this way and fight me like a man,' said the gambler.

'Grant me one moment,' said Bowie, 'perhaps you do not know that my name is Col. James Bowie?'

'Bowie! Bowie!' he murmured faintly.

'Aye! James Bowie!' returned the other—'Come, come, you wanted to fight me two minutes ago—I now comply with your request. I am the challenged party, and therefore, I choose the weapons and the place. Our meeting will take place here, and our arms shall be the Bowie knife.'

'Have it as you wish,' said the gambler, throwing off his coat.

Bowie placed his hand behind the back of his neck, and drew forth a huge Bowie knife. Placing it between his teeth, he drew off his coat, and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

'I am ready', he said in a clear, ringing tone.

'So am I,' exclaimed the gambler.

Three cheers for Bowie, were given by the crowd. Bowie smiled, while the gambler bit his lips with rage.

'Make room here,' said Bowie, 'I cannot fight with out a clear field. Come, Mr. McMullen, are you ready?'

'Yes! cried the gambler.

Bowie raised his knife high above his head, and sprang upon him Both struggled for an instant, and then fell to the floor. They rolled over the deck, the crowd making way for them, until they reached the railing. Suddenly a stream of blood flowed from the gambler's right arm and he uttered a cry of pain. Still, however, he did not release his hold. Again they rolled over, and again Bowie plunged his knife into his arm. Suddenly each released his hold of the other, and sprang to his feet. With the quickness of lightning the gambler changed his knife from his right hand to his left, and sprang towards Bowie. Bowie met him halfway, and drawing back his arm, he plunged his knife into his body. At the fifth blow the gambler fell dead.

'It is over,' I said, drawing a long breath.

'Gentlemen,' said Bowie, placing his foot upon the gambler's breast, and half extending his right hand, 'This man insulted me and I slew him. If any one wishes to avenge his death let him step out.'

LIFE AND ITS EXCITEMENTS.

The excitements of life are so absorbing, that it requires great sagacity to discover the proper moment to withdraw from a position of constant activity, while more than ordinary moral courage is necessary to enable one to *act* upon such a conclusion or determination. This is not only the case in political but in the commercial world. Nay, it is so in almost every phrase and condition of social existence. There are few who can realize the fact that they have seen their best days: that their faculties, mental and physical, have become enfeebled; and in short, that the time has arrived for them to throw off some of the cares and responsibilities of business, of ambition, of power, or of position, and *retire*, to some extent at least within the calmness and seclusion of peaceful scenes and associations. Not a week goes by, that some rich man is not called away in the midst of his struggles for gain. A determination is made from day to day, and from year to year, to withdraw to wind up the tangled skein of a thousand business engagements, to pause in the struggle for more, and to hoard the little physical strength that remains. But the excitements of the time engross and absorb, new schemes present themselves new enterprises hold out their temptations, and thus the wear and tear are kept up, the busy chase goes on, until at last the weary and way-worn toiler, utterly exhausted, falters, fails, and absolutely totters into the grave. The majority of men not only mistake their strength, but overtask their powers. Nay, they constantly deceive themselves. They lull and delude themselves with a belief that they are stronger than they really are; that any feebleness or illness with which they may be troubled, will prove but momentary; that the world is still wide and inviting before them, and that they have yet much to do with its busy and bewildering scenes. Occasionally they are admonished, as some old friend is snatched away, and for a moment they pause, linger thoughtfully upon the subject, and then avoid it as unpleasant and painful. Business, too, calls with its many voices, power still holds out its fascinations, ambition points to its triumphs, and the sick, the dying, and even the dead, are forgotten! Such is life and excitements. Such is man; such are his pursuits. Such is human infirmity—such is human delusion Every opulent city abounds with illustrations. Shut out to a considerable extent from Nature and her teachings, unmindful of the progress of the lessons that are so constantly inculcated by the falling leaf and the fading flower, the denizen of a thronged metropolis sees only the busy multitude around and about him—each actively engaged, either in the struggle for bread, or the race for fortune, and the majority prompted by the heartless spirit of selfishness. The world, within such narrow limits, is full of anxieties and excitements. Not a day goes by that some new bubble is not blown before the eyes of the eager and the credulous; that some wild scheme is not concocted for the purpose of deluding the grasping; that some base imposture is not devised with the purpose of deceiving and defrauding. The young and inexperienced are in most cases, the victims, but not so always. Avarice often deceives itself, and in the effort to accumulate and clutch, it sometimes sacrifices the earnings of years. And thus it is that so many, unwilling to retire at the proper time, not contended with a moderate independence, unable to discover when they have secured enough, not only outlive their day, but indulge too long in the hazards of trade, and the perils of enterprise and find at last that they are on the eve of the grave, when, as they foolishly supposed, some new fortune was about to be showered upon them. It is, indeed, difficult to discover whether, in many cases, ambition and power do not present stronger temptations to the advanced in years than even the golden fascinations of Mammon. Look, for example at some of the Presidential aspirants of our own day and country. Look back, also, at some of those who have passed from the scene of their moral labors. Again, look into society penetrate the marts of trade and commerce, and single out from the crowds these busily engaged, the men who, already independent, abundantly so yet toil on, some of them bent with age and care, and feverish and hollow-eyed with anxiety!—The result will astonish and bewilder.—It will be possible to imagine *why* such anxieties are submitted to, why the failing energies are thus tasked and taxed, why health is thus trifled with, and life itself endangered. Is it because the individuals thus engaged, have become so thoroughly absorbed with the things of this world, that they have no thought for any future condition? Is it that they mistake their strength? Is it that they deceive themselves,—or has avarice so taken possession of their souls, that they cannot find time to reflect that there are other duties than those of accumulation, that humanity has its high and holy obligations, and that there is a world and a destiny beyond the grave? It is not for us to reply to these questions, but they are nevertheless pregnant with meaning, and entitled to calm and deliberate consideration. Why should the future be sacrificed to the present—and why should poor humanity toil labor, and strive for the hollow things of earth, to the neglect as well of the priceless consolations of an unaccusing conscience as of the blissful inheretance of a bright hereafter.

Proverbial Philosophy.

Other persons were born about the same time as thyself, and have been growing up ever since, as well as thou. Therefore be not proud.

Preserve few secrets from thy wife; for if she discover them she will grieve not that thou hast kept from her thy secrets, but thy confidence.

Educate thy children lest one of these fine days they educate thee in a school with no vacation.

O, how good was nature, that placed great rivers near great towns.

A traveler, journeying wisely, may learn much. Yet much may be learned by him who stays at home.

I do not say to thee, "Marys, for it will exalt thee," yet was their stubble meaning in those whose usage it was to say, "Mary, come up.

We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

By a conceit red fly hath been called a ladybird and bidden to fly away home.—The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

He who holds his tongue will one day have nothing else to hold. Yet it is not good to be over garrulous.

The weathercock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind; but if the weathercock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby.

Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self-love; not of course that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, oh friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

A stitch in time saves nine. If, therefore thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, oh friend.

Solomon knew several things, allowing for his age, but I could teach him a few more.

Jack Rink and the Yankee.

Few communities are more strongly imbued with a passion for horse racing, than the good people of Natchez.—In New York folks talk 'soger,' and engine;' in Paris they talk opera; in Natchez they talk horse They believe in quadrupeds, and nothing else—To own the fastest horse in Natchez, is to enjoy the fee simple of an honor in comparison with which, a member of Congress sinks into nothingness.

In October last, the 'fall meeting' took place, and led to more than the usual quantity of excitement and brandy cocktails.—The race of the last day, was a sort of 'free fight,' opened to every horse that had never won a race; purse, $500 entrance, $25.

Among those who proposed to go in was a Yankee pedlar, with a sorrel colt, of rather promising proportions. He thus addressed one of the judges:—

'I say, Captain I should like to go in for that puss.'

'With what?'

'That sorrel colt.'

'Is he speedy?'

'I calculate he is, or I would not wish to risk a load of tin ware on the result.'

'Do you know the terms?'

'Like a book: puss $500, and entrance fee $25; and there's the dimes.'

Here Yankee drew out a last century wallet, and socked up two X's and V.—Among those who witnessed the operation, was Jack Rink, of Bellevue House. Jack saw his customer, and immediately measured him for an entertainment. After the usual fuss and palaver the horses were brought out, saddled, and prepared for a single heat of two miles. There were eight competitors, besides the Yankee. The latter's was a smart sorrel colt with a fine eye and a lift of the leg that indicated speed and bottom.

'Bring up the horses,' said the Judge.

The horses were brought up—the Yankee gathered up his reins and adjusted his stirrups. While doing this, Mr. Rink went to the rear of 'the sorrel colt,' and placed a chestnut burr under his tail. The next moment, the order to 'go,' was given and away went nine horses of all possible ages and conditions. The Yankee's was ahead, and kept there. Tin-Ware was ahead, and smiled a smile that seemed to say, 'that puss will be mine, in less time than it would take a greased nigger to slide down a soaped liberty pole.'

Poor fellow! he hadn't reckoned on that chestnut burr The 'irritant' that Jack Rink had administered, not only increased the animal's velocity, but his ugliness. He not only ran like a deer, but he refused 'to do' anything else. As the Yankee approached the Judge's stand, he undertook to pull up, but it was no go.—He might as well have undertaken to stop a thunderbolt with a yard of fog.

The Yankee reached the stand—the Yankee passed the stand—the Yankee went down the road. When last seen the Yankee was passing through the adjoining county' at a speed that made the people look at him as 'that comet,' that was to make its appearance in the fall of 1854. Where the sorrel 'gin out' it is impossible to say. All we know is, that the Yankee has never been heard of from that day to this, while his 'wagon load of tinware' still makes one of the leading attractions in the museum of Natchez.

Vanity in Ministers.

Vanity is bad enough in anybody. But in young ministers it is fatal. It shows itself in a want of deference for age, which makes them odious to their older brethren. It gives them a pompous manner which exposes them to ridicule. When an unfledged stripling rises in the pulpit, and gravely announces some new metaphysical theory which is to throw light through the whole realm of theology, we can hardly keep our countenances at his self-complacent air at the presumption which would thus teach wisdom to gray hairs. In truth we have had enough of these young peacocks, fluttering in our desks. It is time that the whole tribe was exterminated.

Unfortunately, young ministers are less likely to be cured of this infirmity than other men. Lawyers are so knocked against each other that they soon find their level. But black coats throw around their wearer a charmed circle. In its own parish a young preacher is exalted on a pedestal. "He is monarch of all he surveys."

"He is such a dear man". His congregation flatter him—"such a sweet preacher!" All this creates an illusion about him, which he never sees through. Vanity covers him from head to foot. It oozes out of every pore in his body.

"'Tis like the choice ointment,
Down Aaron's did go,
Down Aaron's beard that downward went
His garment's skirts unto."

And so he goes through life, the same prim and pompous little person as when he delived to an awe struck assembly his first pulpit oration! The great evil of this inordinate self estimation is that it prevents a real progress. The most hopeful state of mind is a painful sense of one's defects with an earnest desire for improvement.—*The Presbyterian.*

DRUNK—any gentleman who mistakes his hat for the spittoon. Undertaking to write with a cork-screw, is also a slight indication of vinous hallucination.

THE CHINESE—are a queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton, writes "Kemlich Van Tassell," that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull dogs. The latter sa[illegible] to suit.

REGENERATION.

"Marvel not at it that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." But who may not apprehend a necessity of being regenerate? What will become of thee if thou diest with such a disaffected mind Godward? Do but suppose your soul going out of this body in this temper, full of disaffection towards the ever blessed God, before whose bright glory and flaming majesty (to thee a consuming fire) and as full of horror and amazing dread! How will thine heart meditate terror, and say within thee, This is the God I never could love, whom I never would know, to whom I was always a willing stranger; whose admirable grace never allured or won my heart! who in a day of grace that is now with me offered me free pardon and reconciliation, but I never was at leisure to regard it.—The love of this world, which I might have known to be enmity against God, had otherwise engaged me. It hath been the constant language of my heart to Him, "Depart from me, I desire not the knowledge of thy ways." I must now hear from Him that just and terrible voice even by the mouth of the only Redeemer and Saviour of sinners, "Depart from me, I know you not." And into what horrid society must I now go! The things that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, more glorious things than ever entered into the heart, are all prepared for the lovers of God. And for whom an everlasting fire be prepared but for the devil and his angels, and such other accursed God haters as I have been? Recollect yourselves; consider the present posture and temper of your souls, and what your way and course is. You care not to come nigh to God now, but love to live at a distance from him, through enmity against him; and from whence proceeds your departing from him; and saying to him "Depart from us." But another day you will have enough of departing from God; a wicked man's life is nothing else but a continual forsaking of God, or departing from Him. I appeal to your own hearts concerning the justice of that mentioned repartee: They say now to God, "Depart from me." That man's soul must thus perish, that lives and dies at enmity with God. Regeneration slays this enmity, and implants in the soul Divine love; for we must be regenerate, or we cannot enter into the kingdom of God. A man must have a new heart and a new spirit created in him; in which heart and spirit the love of God is the ruling principle. And again I repeat to you the things which the eye hath not seen, and a crown of life, are prepared and promised to them that love him. You may yourself collect the rest.—*Howe.*

One Happy Man.

The happiest man I have ever known is gone far enough from being in money, and who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its progress as much as in its results. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise every morning—then rides sundry miles by the rail—does ten hours work in town—whence he returns happy and cheerful. He always catches the earliest air of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand and a great one blooming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows, is a rainbow of glories that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fill the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—connubial, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam," and it always springs to take it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men, and learned men, men of great social position; and if there is a genius in America, I know it—but a happier man I have never known.—*Sermon of Theodore Parker.*

COMICAL.—A gentleman by the name of Man residing near a private mad-house met one of its poor inmates who had broken from its keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed:

"Who are you, sir?"

The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, he replied:

"I am a *double* man: I am a man by name and a man by nature."

"Are you so?" rejoined the other; why I am a man *beside* myself—so *we* two will fight *you* two."

Our Chip Basket.

☞ A boy seven years of age fell into the Connecticut river, at Haydenville, a day or two since, and was rescued by the Rev. Mr. Cook. On his way home, a person remarked to him, 'You got pretty wet, did'nt you?' 'Yes,' snid the little one, 'but the man that came in after me got as bad a ducking as I did!'

☞ Uncle Bill Tidd was a driver from Vermont. Being exposed to all weather, his complexion suffered some; but at the best he was none of the whitest, stopped at a public house near Brighton, a man rich in this world's goods, but of notoriously bad character, thought as Uncle Bill came in, he would make him the butt of a joke. As the black face of the weather-beaten man, appeared in the doorway, he exclaimed:

'Mercy on us, how dark it grows.'

Uncle Bill, surveying him from head to foot, coolly replied—

'Yes sir; your character and my complexion are enough to darken any room.'

HOME, SWEET HOME.—How sweet, how tender the word! How full of the associations that the heart loves! How deeply interwoven are the golden filaments of these associations with all the fibres of our affectionate natures forming the glittering web of the heart's golden life,—Here are father and mother, child, brother, sister, companions, all the heart loves all that makes earth lovely—all that enriches the mind with faith and the soul with hope! What language is meet for home use, to bear the messages of home feelings, to be freighted with the diamond treasure of home hearts! Should it be any other than the most refined and pure—any other than that breathing the sacred chastity of affection?

HE "COULDN'T STAND THAT."—A young gentleman of our acquaintance, who had been 'paying his devours," (as Mrs Partington would say) to a young lady for some time, suddenly left her. We asked him the reason, and he told us in the following words: "I had been with her, you know, a good while, and noticed that she was rather cool in her remarks, and hinted that she would rather go home alone than have me with her; but I didn't mind that, you know. Well one night when we got to the door, says she, 'Mr. ——, I do not wish your company any longer, and I'll thank you to keep in your place, and keep away from me.' That was a little too hard, and I wouldn't stand it. *I sacked her that very night.*"—*Lynn (Mass.) News.*

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor, being released from a troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been in Purgatory.

'No,' said the tailor, 'but I have been married.'

'Oh! said Peter, 'that is all the same.'

The tailor had scarcely got in, before a fat, turtle eating alderman came puffing and blowing.

'Hallo! you fellow,' said he, 'open the gate."

'Not so fast,' said Peter 'have you ever been in Purgatory?'

'No,' said the alderman, but what is that to the purpose? You let in that poor, half-starved tailor, and he has been in Purgatory no more than I.'

'But he has been married!'

'Married?' exclaimed the alderman, 'why I have been married twice!'

'Then go back, again,' said Peter, Paradise is not the place for fools.'

Not so very Green.

A young and apparently verdant slip, who gave his hailing place as "old Varmount," found himself surrounded, upon a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

'Hello, Jonathan!' says one, 'where are you bound?'

'Deoun to Bosting, on a little tramp,' was the reply.

'What's your business in Boston?' continued the inquisitive gentleman.

'Oh, I'm deoun arter my pension money,' responded greeny.

'Pension money!' ejaculated whiskeree—'how much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?'

'Oh!' answered the countryman, 'I get four cents every year—tew mind my own business, and tew let other folks' business alone!'

The crowd had no more remarks to offer. The answer was entirely satisfactory.