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:

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

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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

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Select Poetry.

For the "Journal."

LINES,

Dedicated to a once dear Friend, now far away.

FAREWELL! and if we meet no more,
Why, thou wilt soon forget,
Amid the blaze of brighter scenes,
That we have ever met.
I will not ask remembrance,
Where memory is pain;
'Tis better to forget since we
May never meet again.

Go! tune thy lute to foreign songs,
And smile for darker eyes;
My pride shall teach me to control
The weakness, and despise.
'Tis well, since we may meet no more,
If thou CANST thus forget;
Alas! but it were better far
That we had never met.

Beechen Glen. H.

For the "Journal."

A HINT TO THE FARMERS.

The season is hard, and things are so scarce
That every poor fellow must empty his purse,
To buy him some wheat, some corn and rye,
For fear that his wife or children should die.

The farmer will meet you, say 'how do you do,'
But in his great haste, must his journey pursue,
Though you should call and ask for some grain,
He has no time to spare, he'll see you again.

You ask him to sell you just what he can spare,
For all it will raise he never would care:
'My grain is not threshed, and I cannot sell,
For fear it should raise, and so fare ye well.'

So these are the men who make such a show,
When off in their carriage to church they go;
To see them on Sabbath, so eager for prayer,
In their thoughts you'd think this world had no share.

'Tis strange they don't see in the Bible they read,
That charity here is one thing we need:
And blessed are they that remember the poor,
For enough in this world they have always secure.

Though some of them pray, that the poor may be fed,
And by the kind hand of Providence led,
Yet still they wont give them a bushel of grain
For one copper less, howe'er they complain.

Fannettsburg. Lone Star.

A Charming Sketch.

From the Chicago Journal.

THE OLD VILLAGE.

"If the World should find the Old Village,—and what then?"

How pleasant it is through the broad breadths of time and space that intervene, to contemplate the Old Village and everything in it. It is like reading a stanza of sweet old poetry, or hearing a bar of some sweet tune; it strangely mingles sadness and gladness; it is like the music of Caryl "pleasant but mournful to the soul."

To us who have been so long amid the jar and whirl of the world, long, we *think* but not so very long, only it seems so, it looks like a place to take one's breath in; where we can retire from the battle, and throw off the armor, and fling ourselves down under a spreading beach, and put back the bushes around us just as we found them, and nobody to part them again, with an interrogation in his eyes or an exclamation upon his lips.

It seems to us, that Old Village, like a nest hidden away in the woods where this curious world cannot find it, though we fear every day that it will. Like some timid game, it is yet under cover, while the Nimrod of the Age is beating about on the borders of the forest, and starting the echoes with a shout. It hears the panting of a steamer up its neighboring river; it hears the shriek of a railway train somewhere to the south of it, but it lies still, still under the sun and under the snow, under the moon and under the rain. But we fear, greatly fear, it will be found out yet. Why can it not pull some of the full leaved boughs over itself, and hold its breath for awhile, till the World gets done looking, and thunders along by?'

But we are especially afraid of a party of Engineers, that are plunging and cutting their way through the woods toward it.—May be they do not know the old village is there, and are only blazing their way to some other destination. We hope so, for their sake as well as the Villages, but if they do, then the best we can propose, is to go a round about way to meet them and tell them that the Old Village is of no account to anybody that does not live in it; that, in fact, there is nobody there hardly, only a very few, and as old-fashioned as they are few; indeed, that there is nothing about it except that a few people were born there once, a good while ago, but not so long as to have forgotten it; that they do not care to have the old cradles and the old trees rived to feed hungry engines that are never satisfied; that they feel a foolish old veneration for the dead and the place where they lie, and are sure there is a nearer route to the somewhere they are seeking. than directly through the grave-yard; that there are old paths they used to walk in that they are very dear to them though they would be utterly valueless for railways; that the village Green has never been any smaller since it was carved out in the woods, and they do not want a depot in it; that the Old Bridge over the creek, since they drew the new logs on, to hold down the plank, is good enough, and nobody wants a new one; that they are a whole day's drive from the World and the World is as near a neighbor as they would have it; that they do not care so much about the steamer on the river, because it never rounds to at the landing, and they are perfectly willing anybody should put on another, provided it never stops here; it may ring a bell if it will, as it runs by, but they would rather not, for what would the deer upon the river shores do if they did?

But what if the railway should come after all, and they should clamp down our Old Garden with a brace of iron bars, and a noisy train should come shrieking into that quiet valley, and tumble in upon the startled village its first instalment of the great world? What shall we do with our old memories, when they tear down the low garrets, and build Gothic; when they pull away the old signs, that we learned to spell out, letter by letter, the dim, gray signs—dim and gray as long ago as we can remember, and substitute in their places new ones, very brave with their gilding, and very sad to look at with the new names they bear? What shall we do with the old memories when they dissect the old Meadow with streets, and build a brick block where the strawberries grew largest and sweetest? Where shall we go when they cut down the old familiar trees we slept under, and make "sleepers of them!"

A half a dozen trains or so, and there will be an omnibus thundering up and down our quiet streets, with rampant lions painted on the pannels; perhaps two, one for each hotel, for everything is a 'house' or a 'hotel' where there is a Railroad; and the two full of eyes and questions, that will be strolling all about the Village, looking over our garden fence, peeping into our open doors, leaning upon our gate and catechizing our children.

They will inevitably ruin the old schoolhouse with its new belfry and bell; and the old Bible was whole in the meeting house that turned to a chuch, at the whistle of the coming train, and pray, what better is the new, for its gilt edging and binding? The girls are young ladies, linsey-woolsey is silk, and the bonnets are butterflies every one. Once we all went 'to bed,' but now we 'retire,' 'good night' is good evening,' *au revoir* or *adieu*.—Bare hands are Lisle thread, and plain mits are new kids; when young people marry, they are only 'at home;' when old people die, they are said to 'decease.'

Then, no neighbor will come in the morning, and bring her knitting, and stay all day, and the children have something "good" both at dinner and tea; and no neighbor will come, unless first invited.—There will be no just running in,' with sun-bonnet and sewing; no coming across lots and through bars, 'to sit a while, and praise the baby and look at the poultry; for there'll be no "cross lots" to come over and no bars to let down, and no baby in sight, but they'll sit in the parlor, newly dusted and grand.

The pulpit will be a "desk," and they'll velvet it, the purchaser a "clergyman," the Elder a "Reverend," and the meeting a "service." They will throw away old deacon and get one that is new; a sleek looking, juvenile deacon, with glossy black hair. They will loll during prayer, raise up when they sing, and none will praise God in a psalm but the choir. Very gay will the gallery be with red curtains on rings, from behind which will come whispers and song. Then where will St. Martins be—St. Thomas and Mear? Shall we ever hear Denmark and Corinth again? Sweetly rose Dundee's wild warble in long gone days; Old Hundred, and Wells and Peterboro', how grand they were, when the breath of the great congregation went up together, and the voices of marton and maiden were blended.

But perhaps the Railway will not be built, and the World will not find the village, and the forest will hide it a while longer. Then may be, the church will stand as it did—the plain old church, with no square pews, nor cushion nor carpets, and all the people will sing before the Lord as of old. The minister, a minister still, "will read for their instruction" every Sabbath morning, and pray for the lambs of the flock and for them that are feeble and old; that God will have them all in his good keeping, guide them in green pastures and lead them beside the still waters and gather them all in the fold at the last. How much snow there used to be sprinled about there in June—Time's snow on the locks of the old. They tell us there is less of it now; that the children whose feet swung clear of the floor, are the men and the woman to day; that the voice of the Elder is stilled, and the prayers that he uttered are ended. They have removed the old square pulpit, as high as a house, that succeeded the swallow's nest of a predecessor, against the wall; the swallow's nest of a pulpit, that hung there beneath a flower shaped bell, that Linnæus never numbered nor named. We are sorry the old square look-out between the heaven and earth, is removed, for it was for years among the mysteries of childhood: what there might be in it—if ever an angel, and where the minister went when we could not see him.

Often have we stood at the foot of the stairs that led up to the mystery, but only once did we venture to ascend them.—Judge of our disappointment, that there was nothing of gold there:—no glories that we had read of in the Apocalypse, for we fancied there were;—there was a rough, bare floor, and uncushioned bench an old worn bible, ancient copy of Watt's Psalmody, and a little pile of Sunday School books in the corner. And it was thence from the midst of *such* a place those words of eloquence had come, that charmed, and thrilled, and awed us then;—that charm, and thrill and awe us in memory yet. We ascended the little platform, and standing upon tip toe, looked over the high breast-work upon the empty pews. There was something very grand about it, we thought, that almost made us breathless; and stealing down, we left the sacred place,—more sacred to us than any we have seen since, the spot where the minister wearied and slept.

The members of the old congregation have gone up to loftier courts, and we shall see them no more. The grandmothers in sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs smoothly folded and laid upon their arms; the fair browed girls that sang the alto and the air; the children with the springs of carriway and dill; the Deacon whose head blossomed like an Almond tree hard by the pulpit door; the old woman that in winter time brought the tin foot-stoves for a solace; the little paper fans that waved, when days were summer, like so many little wings about the church, as if the old minister had a family of cherubims for audience; the old Doxology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction like blessing of a patriarch, they received these we shall never see again as they were. No longer in Sabbath noons, do they sit upon the grass beneath the old, poplars, and talk in tones subdued, while taking their frugal meal; no longer among old, gray grave stones of "the burying ground," that is since a cemetry, and complete the stone willows that never put forth a leaf, for the times have changed, and there is but one sermon a day, and those who brought their dinners of old, have sat down, the most of them to the feast of the lamb, where the tree of life, the true Alianthus of Heaven, and no poplar, is blooming forever.

The deaf who sat on the pulpit stairs in those old times, can hear the waving of a seraph's wing to-day, for 'the daughters of music' have been lifted from the dust wherein they were lying; the old man whose doubtful feet young eyes did guide, lives now in morning light; and old black JONAH that stole softly in, and sat humbly down in a pew beside the door, has been made white at last and bidden to come up higher.

We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, that the old church was very near the 'house not made with hands' only the graveyard's breadth removed.—We think it ought somewhere to be written 'the house they builded of old, let it remain forever.' Give to time the silvering of the walls they have hallowed; let wind and the songs the dead singers began, and the rains gently fall on its echoless threshold.

Miscellaneous.

HOME MADE MEN.

Mr. Edward Bates, one of the most eminent lawyers and wisest statesmen of the west, thus wrote a few days since to a committee of the Missouri Legislature who invited him to become a candidate for the United States Senate:

"My habits are retired and domestic, and all my sources of happiness are at home."

Well indeed was it for him that it was so, and well indeed for others! Mark the difference between the influence of the home made character and that which is made out of doors! History with its coarse pen, dwells, it is true, almost exclusively on the latter class, but in that great book in which the incidents of all real life are written, how predominant will be the former! The example of gentle tenderness at the fire side,—of many and yet delicate adherance to truth,—of severe honesty in private business—when coupled with such eminent success as that of Mr. Bates, tells on the community far more effectually than the dashing exploits of the General, or the brilliant oratory of the Senator. Viewed in a personal or a public light, the history of the home made man stands in strong relief. "I have watched two races of politicians to the grave,—said a late eminent judge, "and I have seen nothing but vanity and wretchedness." It is the fashion, it is true, to sneer at the "slow" dullness of merely home life. But it is by the fire-side that practical genius—that genius which helps itself while helping others—has its origin. Watt was watching the pot boiling in the chimney when the action of the steam on the lid bro't gradually home to him the great discovery which imortalized his name And this, indeed, may be taken as an apt illustration of that wonderful influence which radiates from the centre table—where the children are gathered together under the light of the astral lamp, and which leads to these signal discoveries by the young philosopher,—how self conquest is the greatest of all conquests,—how loving others is the best way of loving self—and how the home made heart is the only heart which, by being independent of the world, makes the world both its servant and its beneficiary.

And then while home becomes thus the best representation of heaven on earth, it becomes the best preparation on earth for heaven. The worldly man has no points—we speak with reverence—at which divine grace can reach him. Take away the object of his ambition, and he is soured; add to it, and he becomes intoxicated.—Send him sickness and he only writhes like the wounded snake. But the unsealing of the home heart by cutting off its earthly objects of love, turns the fountain of that love direct to heaven. The bereaved soul looks its heavenly parent in the face all the more clearly because of his chastisement. Sacred indeed then is the hearth-fire whose presence gives happiness on earth—and even where extinguishment serves to open the vision to the eternal glory of heaven!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A Clergyman Turned Soldier.

Some twenty years ago, a man, whom I shall name "Jamie," was pastor of a large congregation of the established Church of Scotland. At school and at college he was distinguished for his love of learning, and as a minister was unrivalled for his eloquence and mental attainments. He had been settled about a year, and was upon the eve of being married to a fine young woman, whom he had loved from childhood, when the heritors and several English gentlemen, who were then on a visit to the North, attended kirk to hear the famous preacher. He more than verrified his fame; he enraptured his audience. His theme was the story of his church. Its many years of diasterous wars, its martyrs, its heroes, its undying hope, even when despair seemed to shroud it in endless night; its unwearied toils and its final triumph were each in turn presented to the minds of the hearers, with a power and feeling that defy description. He stood the genius of eloquence personified. But there was one among his hearers who was not bewildered by his glowing pictures.

The gentle-hearted Bella, his betrothed when the congregation disappeared, followed him to the manse. He received her in his study, but while conducting her to a chair, she sank upon the floor and burst into tears. "O Jamie! Jamie!" she exclaimed, as he raised her tenderly in his arms, and seated her on a sofa, "ye have broken my puir heart!" "How so, my Bella? explain?" "Ye were drunk, raving drunk, Jamie, and I wonder the elders did nae tak ye out o'the pulpit! Ye whined and ranted, and sometimes, God forgie me for saying sae, I thought I saw the Evil One standing beside you, laughing and clapping you an the shoulder.—My puir brain reeled—I was mad and knew it—I am mad now—I canna live out this day—I feel my blood freeze—O, God, be merciful to me a sinner, and save, O save my Jamie!" Her head reclined upon him a moment; and she expired in his arms.

He had preached his last sermon. No entreaties of a congregation who loved him—no flattering offers of future preferment, tendered by the gentry, could induce him to resume his labors as a minister.

Five or six years passed, when the writer of this, who was his schoolfellow accidentally met him in London. Jamie was then one of the principal teachers in the large educational establishment, and was highly esteemed for the moral excellence of his character, as well as his varied learning and skill as a successful teacher. He was dressed in deep mourning, shunned society, and when the labors of the day closed, he either wandred alone through the streets, or retired to his lodgings. The scene of Bella's death was ever present to his memory.

Her pure soul, he said, saw him as he was, a poor, vain, self-conceited sinner.—For the purpose of concentrating his thoughts and infusing life into his sermons he was in the habit of taking a glass of whiskey before entering the pulpit.—The morning before he preached the fatal sermon, he felt rather nervous, for he knew there would be strangers to hear him, and he took nearly two glasses.—What he said, or how he conducted himself, no effort of memory could recall—the death of Bella alone had merged into itself the doings of that dreadful day.—The compliments which he received sounded in his ear like satire a mockery, and the very name of liquor impressed him with horror?

He came home and came to London, where he obtained a situation as a teacher; but every thing appeared so black to him that he expressed fear he should, in some unguarded moment, destroy himself.

His friend, who was a sailor, suggested some active employment, that would call into play his physical faculties, and thus give his mind a spell, and ended by offering to procure him a place before the mast in a ship. "I like your suggestion," he said, "but dislike the sea." "Then turn soldier and seek employment in India, where there is always plenty of fighting. "I will," he said, springing from his chair "when my engagement expires I will purchase an Ensign's commission. I wonder the thought never suggested itself to me, for my ancestors, as far back as I can trace them, were soldiers. Better, far better, die on the battle, than fall by one's own hand!" We separated.

A few weeks since, in running my eye along the list of those who had distinguished themselves at Inkerman I saw the name of Lieut. Col.——. A letter from my friends has since informed me that he had served in India under Lord Gouch, and was promoted for his gallant conduct in the campaigns. He was present at the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and at last accounts was in good health, engaged in the siege of Sevastopol. He was still single, his "heart was dead to love!"—*Boston Atlas.*

JUST IN TIME.

A Tale of Early Illinois.

'Good evening, Mell; well how do you do?'

'Tolerable, Jake, how's your mother?'

'She's well—how's yourn?'

'Not very well, I'm sorry to say, for now you see I have to tote all the water, wash the dishes, and pale the cow. Oh! it's too much for me. I won't stand it much longer. I'll have a home of my own, and then I'll do as I please.'

'Jake, why don't you get married?'

'Shaw! I don't know, Mell; reckon its because I can get no one to splice with me.'

'You've knowd better'n that ever since you've been coming to see me. I wish I had as good a chance as you've got.'

Though Jake was a backwoodsman, and they have the reputation of withstanding everything, this last remark from his fair companion, brought a deep color to his swarthy cheeks.

'Law, what makes you turn so red,' continued Mell, pointing her finger at him and laughing bewitchingly.

This only made Jack turn redder and redder. He seemed in the very last stage of embarrassment: tried to stammer out some thing, but could produce no sound that resembled a word in the English language. At last, after he had cooled off a little, he got his tongue and lips in working order once more, and said—'Mell, I swow you're too bad to 'cuse me of turnin' red; I'm no redder 'an you. Law! did I tell you what a great wolf hunt I had yesterday?'

'No,' she replied, with a sorrowful look, which one might imagine was caused by Jake's untimely change of the subject.—No doubt but she thought she was fetching him to a point; and indeed it was time, for he had been courting her about two years, and as yet had not got ready, been willing or found courage to propose.—Mell was willing, perhaps too willing, and her patience was becoming very much wearied. She had tried to please him in every way she could; but it made no difference; and now as a last resort, she had determined to bring him to the point at all hazards. After listening to a wonderful day's adventure among wolves, to relate which took Jake about two hours, and agreeing he hrd performed feats worthy of an Indian, she began—

'Jake you've bin comin' to see me a long time!'

'Yes,' said he.

'We know one another well enough.'

'Yes,' he exclaimed, somewhat surprised.

'Then, any question you want to ax me, I'll answer correctly.'

'But I've nothing to ax,' said Jake.

'What! been comin' to see me two years and don't want to ax me anything yet?'

'Not as I know on.'

'Well, then, you needn't come again,' said she, angrily, 'I'll marry Bill Fry if ever he comes to see me again. I sacked him for you—but it's the last time.'

Jake flew into a passion on hearing Bill Fry's name mentioned—jumped up, kicked the stool over, and broke home like a racer.

Bill Fry soon heard the news, and after putting on his new buck-skin suit 'lumbered' for the 'neck of woods' where Mell lived. He found her as bright as ever—put in his claim, and was directed to ax dad and mam.' From some cause or other the old folks were not willing, but Bill and Mell were, so they fixed upon a plan to marry anyhow. Bill went secretly to Mr. Sterling, got a license, and that night made off for Squire Brown's. On their road to happiness, however, who should they meet but Jake. He had got a hint of what was going on, and met them purpose; knowing precisely how the case lay.

'Mell,' said he, 'I've fooled you that's a fact, and I'm sorry for it; but if you still like me better than Bill Fry, jist say so, and I'll be darned if I don't give him a thunderin' thrashin', take his license, and old Brown shall marry us with them, right away.'

The old love was too strong for the new, and Mell told Jake 'to pitch in.' They both pitched in, and such a fight as it was. The brush broke, the dirt flew, the fists sounded, and the skulls cracked in such a way that had one been within a yard, he would have taken it for a herd of buffaloes on a regular stampedo. After fighting all over the hazel patch for about an hour, Bill cried enuff.'

'Give me the license, then,' said Jake.

'No, darned if I do,' was the reply, and at it they went again. This time they fought so long that Mell got uneasy lest daylight should come before they got to the Squire's, which she knew would put an end to their marrying that day, as the Squire would be out with his gun. However, after fighting along the road near half a mile, Bill again cried 'enuff.'

'Give me the license,' shouted Jake,—

'No unless you'll pay me the dollar and bit they cost me,' replied Bill.

'Nary dime,' said Jake, beginning to pitch into him again.

Feeling rather tired of such sport, Bill handed out the license. Jake thrust them into his shot pouch, and taking Mell by the arm said 'Come on, old gall—now for Squire Brown's.'

They arrived at his honor's about three o'clock in the morning, and Jake called out 'Hallow!'

'Hallow yourself,' said the squire, who's there?'

'A couple on us what want to marry,' said Jake.

'Come in then,' said the man of the people, who soon got all things ready for the ceremony.

'What's your name?' he asked.

Jake told him both their names, and then handed him the license.

'But these won't do, said Squire, after spelling at them some time, they hav'nt got your name on 'em—aint according to law!'

'I dunno' much about your law doins,' said Jake, 'but one thing I do know, I had to thrash a feller like blazes to get them 'ere license, and now ef you don't put us thru' with 'em I'll thrash you a darn'd sight wuss.'

This was enough for Squire Brown, and without any more ado he pronounced them man and wife, and sent them home, the happiest pair in the territory of Illinois.

A Yankee Lighting his Pipe with Holy Fire.

The author of the "History and Mystery of Tobacco," which is published in Harper's Magazine the present month relates the following anecdote, which illustrates some of the peculiar traits in the Yankee character:

As one of the divisions of our army, under Scott, was proceeding on towards the city of Mexico, filling the "national road" for miles with a serpentine train, a number of monks, residing in a monastery situated on a neighboring eminence, in picturesque procession descended to the road side, chanting hymns, the leader bearing before him a silver box, on the top of which was a lamp burning before a cross, and an aperture to receive contributions from the charitably disposed, as our soldiers passed along. Many of "foreign birth" contribu- of their pay, and received a blessing from the awaiting monks. Finally a tall Yankee belonging to one of the New England Regiments, upon whose clothes still rested the fragrant perfume of the Aristook pine, stopped before the contribution box, dropped his musket, and commenced searching in his pockets. It is evident that he would give something. Having completed his explorations, he unhitched a short stemmed tobacco pipe from the string that served as a band to his slouched hat and filled the bowl with the tobacco that had taken him so long to find, quietly lighted it at the *holy fire*. then, perfectly unconscious of having committed an improper, much less a sacri-religious deed, he wended his way onward toward the fabled halls of Montezumas. The eyes of the old friars, who witnessed the profanation, fairly rolled out of sockets with surprise and horror, and they felt an additional dread of the barbarous North Americans, who were according to their estimation, not only giants in strength and eagles in courage, but also heathens and heretics of the most formidable degree and the most irreclaimable kind.

TO TAKE SEVASTOPOL.—A San Francisco paper explains how the said-to-be thieving city council of that city can be made useful to the Allies:

"Col. S——says that a company has been formed to take Sevastopol; that they offer to do it for a million of dollars, and that the company will make nine hundred and fifty thous and dollars by the transaction.

"How do you propose to take Sevastopol, Colonel?"

"Why, sir," he replied, "we intend to give the city council fifty thousand dollars, and they will steal it!"