

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1856.

VOL. XXI. NO. 5.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

"ANNIE LAURIE."

We give below the words of "Annie Laurie" the most popular lullaby in the British Camp. It was sung by the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the night prior to the attack on the Great Helan. A correspondent who was present on the occasion, writes:

"Hundreds of voices, in the most exact time and harmony sang together—
'And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die!'

The effect was extraordinary, at least I felt it so. I never heard any chorus in an oratorio rendered with greater solemnity. The heart of each singer was evidently far over the sea. It was more like a psalm than a lullaby; for at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier thinks only of his love and his God."

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snow drift—
Her throat is like the swan—
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her eye;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

In the Literary department of the *Kuickerbocker*, for October, we find the following lines, which are no doubt familiar to most of our readers, but will bear a perusal. They are attributed to St. George Tucker, a partisan poet in the early history of our Republic:

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are farrowed all o'er;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown;

Strength of my youth, how feeble you're grown.

Days of my youth, I wish not you recall;
Thoughts of my youth, I wish not you should fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen,
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been;

Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?
Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet while you can last;
Joys of my age, true wisdom you delist;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sea;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

A Nautical Sketch.

HARPOONING A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

A WHALING EXPERIENCE.

"ALLS fish that comes to our lines,"
Asaid our skipper, one day, as an excuse
for lowering his boat after an enormous
bone-shark, who had been floating a-
round in the neighborhood of the vessel,
during a two day's calm, looking so badly
ennuied that it seemed almost a mercy
to rouse him to activity by means of an iron
and lance.

"All's fish that comes to our lines, boys,"
said the mate, some days afterward, as we
"sterned all," to get out of the way of a
dying behemoth.

It happened in this way. We had been
some nine months from home, and were
nearly out of wood. Sailing lazily down
the Mozambique Channel, occasionally
"lowering after a hump back," but seeing
no signs of sperm whales, we arrived at
the Bazasetta Islands, whether the skipper
had determined to go, in search of a stock
of wood.

These Isles are situated in the Mozam-
bique, at but short distances from the main
land of Africa, in about latitude twenty-
one degrees, twenty minutes south, and
longitude thirty-six degrees twelve min-
utes east. They are thickly wooded, and
but sparsely inhabited, both of which cir-
cumstances contributed, in the present in-
stance, to making them a favorite place of
resort for our captain.

We sailed into the little bay formed by
the islands and the neighboring main-land,
about seven o'clock one morning, and after
coming to anchor, furling sails, and clear-
ing a space in the hold for the reception of
the wood, took axes in the mate's boat, and
proceeded to the inspection of the facilities
for cutting and boating off fire-wood, affor-
ded by the different little islets.

It must be premised here, that our ship
lay at the distance of about two and a half
miles from the main land, and the different
isles being from half a mile to three miles
distant.

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling
cruise is a work requiring some days, and
often weeks; and it had been determined
that the first, and, if need be, the next day

likewise, should be devoted to a thorough
inspection of the facilities of the place, in
order that we might work at as little disad-
vantage as possible.

Consequently we, the mate's boat's crew
had been ordered to prepare for a general
cruise. We provided ourselves with a
store of bread and beef, filled the boat's
breaker with water, spread our sail to the
light breeze, and pointed our boat to the
nearest island.

Landing her, we found nought but a
wilderness of low jungle, which was scarce-
ly penetrable, together with a poor land-
ing. We examined three or four of the
islets, and having at last fixed upon a suit-
able place where to commence operations,
were about to return on board, when the
mate said—

"Trim aft, Tom—there's a good breeze,
fair coming and going, and we'll take a
look at the main land."

Accordingly the boat's head was laid
shoreward, and we spread ourselves out at
full length upon the thwarts, enjoying an
unusual treat of some cigars, which our
chief officer had good-naturedly brought
with him.

When within about a mile and a half of
the main-land, we found the water shoal-
ing, being then not more than three fath-
oms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw a black skin glisten in the sun
just then," said the boat-steerer, who was
aft, the mate having stretched himself up
on the bow thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said
he, drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig,
either, nor porpoise, nor—no," said he with
some degree of animation, "nor anything
else that wears black skin, that I ever saw
before."

This had the effect of rousing us up—
every one casting his eyes ahead to catch
a sight of the questionable "black skin."

"There he blows—and there again—and
over here, too," said several voices in suc-
cession.

"It ain't a spout at all, boys; let's pull
and see what it is."

We took to our oars, and the boat was
soon dashing forward at good speed, toward
the place where we had last seen the ob-
ject of our curiosity.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate,
as the boat brought up "all standing," a
gainst some object which we had not been
able to see on account of the murkiness of
the water, the collision nearly throwing us
hors de combat into the bottom of the boat.

As we backed off, an enormous beast
slowly raised his head above the water,
gave a loud snort, and incontinently down
again, almost before we could get a fair
look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question, that
no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose
whaling blood was up, "if it comes within
reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it, so
pull ahead."

We were again under headway, keep-
ing a bright look out for the re-appearance
of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole school," said
the mate eagerly, pointing in shore, where
the glistening of white water showed that
a number of the nondescripts were evident-
ly enjoying themselves. "Now boys, pull
hard and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water just a-
head," said the boat-steerer.

"Pull easy, lads, I see him—there—way
enough—there's his back."

"Stern all!" shouted he, as he darted his
iron into a back as broad as a small sperm
whale's.

"Stern all—back water—back water ev-
ery man," and the infuriated beast made
desperate lunges in every direction, mak-
ing the white water fly almost equal to a
whale.

We could now see the whole shape of
the creature as, in his agony and surprise
he raised himself high above the surface.
We all recognized at once the hippopotam-
us, as he is represented in books of natu-
ral history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and
giving a savage roar, bent his head round
'till he grasped the shank of his iron be-
tween his teeth. With one jerk he drew
it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking
it savagely, dove down to the bottom.

The water was here but about two fath-
oms deep, and we could see the direction
in which he was travelling along it, by a
line of blood, as well as by the air bubbles
which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron Charley, and I'll
not give him a chance to pull it out next
time."

The iron was handed up, and we slow-
ly sailed in the direction which our prize
was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of
us," said the boat steerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either
side of the boat, and in rather unpleasant
proximity, and before we had begun to re-
alize our situation, the wounded beast, un-
able any longer to stay beneath the surface
came up to breathe just ahead of us.

"Pull ahead a little—let us get out of this
snarl. Lay the boat around, so—now,
stern all," and the iron was planted deep
in the neck of our victim.

With a roar louder than a dozen of the
wild bulls of Madagascar, the now mad-
dened beast made for the boat.

"Back water—back, I say. Take down
this boat sail, and stern all—stern for your
lives, men," as two more appeared by the
bows, evidently prepared to assist their
comrade. He was making the water fly
in all directions, and having failed to reach
the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp
the iron, which the mate had purposely
put into his short neck, so close to his head
that he could not get it in his mouth.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the
school, and then we'll pull up on the other
side of this fellow, and I'll soon settle
him with a lance."

This was done, and as we again hauled
upon the still furious beast, the mate poised
his bright lance for a moment, then sent it
deep into his heart.

With a tremendous roar, and a desper-
ate final struggle, of scarcely a minute's
duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and
after sinking momentarily, rose again to
the surface, lying upon his side, just as
the whale does when he dies.

His companions had left us, and we now
giving three cheers for our victory, towed
the carcass to the not far distant shore. It
was luckily high tide, and we got the body
up to high-water mark, where the speedily
receding tide left it ashore.

When we had viewed the giant, and
thought of the singular agility he had dis-
played in the water, we could not help ac-
knowledging to one another that to get a-
mong a school of hippopotami would be a
rather desperate game.

On measuring, we found our prize to be
a few inches less than fifteen feet long,
from his head to the commencement of his
short, hairless tail. We could not meas-
ure his girth, but his bulk was enormous.
His legs were disproportionately short, giv-
ing him, conjointly with his short neck
and very large head, an awkward, stolid
appearance, which the agility he displayed in
the water, by no means justified.

His skin was very thick and very tough
and almost devoid of hair. His head was
shaped a little like that of an ox, but his
mouth was very large, and furnished, a-
side from a set of stout grinders, with four
tusks, two in each jaw, from ten to twelve
inches long, which, together with a pecu-
liarly savage look of the eye, gave him a
most wicked appearance.

We had not been long on shore, when
several natives made their appearance.—
They testified much joy at the sight of our
prize, and went through a most lively pan-
tomime, from which we gathered that the
beasts were a great plague to them, that
the meat was good to eat, and that they
would like a portion. The hint was not
lost upon us, who had not tasted fresh beef
for six months.

"What say you, boys; will you try a
piece of hippopotamus steak?" proposed
the mate, and as no one dissented, we got
the axes, and after considerable chopping
and hacking, got off the head, when we
were enabled to cut ourselves about twenty-
five pounds of what appeared to be toler-
ably tender meat, off the fore quarter.—
With this supply, and some tusks which
the natives gave us, we proceeded on board
to relate our adventure.

Our steaks were cooked for supper, and
whether it was that we were blessed with
unusually good appetites, or that the meat
was actually well flavored, certain it is they
tasted delicious.

We paid some farther visits to the shore
but the captain's orders kept out of the
way of the river horses, as he did not
choose to risk a boat, and perhaps, her
crew, when no profit was to be gained.—
We gathered from the natives that the hip-
popotamus infested the country about there
in great herds, and often in one night de-
stroyed all the rice fields in the neighbor-
hood. We were shown two large pits, on
the borders of a field, in which already sev-
eral had been caught.

These holes are dug by the natives with
sticks and rough wooden spades. Sharp
stakes are driven in the bottom, the whole
trap is covered over with boughs of trees
and old wood, that it may look like part
of the path which the beasts make in their
daily peregrinations down to water side,
and it is complete.

As the troop comes up from the water af-

ter night, on an incursion, the leader gen-
erally falls a victim to the ingenuity of the
natives. But they, not having any weap-
ons wherewith to dispatch their huge
prize, are obliged to let the poor beast
starve to death in his narrow pit, securing
thus nought but their revenge and the
tusks, which last are valuable as ivory.

Our curiosity had been aroused to see
an entire herd coming up out of the water
to go inland, and at the instance of the cap-
tain, a party, including him, armed our-
selves, and took up a position, one even-
ing, about sunset, just on one side of what
appeared to be their principal line of
march, among a thicket of large trees. We
remained at our stations in the dark, till
about nine o'clock, listening with astonish-
ment at the gambols of the unwieldy mon-
sters in the water close to us.

It had been proposed, before coming on
shore, to fire at the herd as they came past
our hiding-place, and our muskets were
loaded with ball for that purpose. But the
first signs of their coming put all firing
out of our heads, and each one shrank be-
hind his tree only too glad to escape their
notice.

The noise they made in coming on was
as though a tornado was sweeping through
the woods. The roaring was terrific, the
very earth seeming to tremble at the sound.
Three of us, who had concealed ourselves
behind an enormous tree, where we had
been merrily boasting how we "pop down
the hippopotami," now shrank close to-
gether, each one laying down his musket,
ready for instantaneous flight.

The beasts were evidently aware of our
presence, for as they passed us they snuff-
ed the air suspiciously, and breaking into
a waddling trot, made the welkin ring with
such deafening roars that for a while it
seemed as if all the beasts of the forest had
joined in concert.

When the troop was past and out of hear-
ing, we crept out of our hiding places, and
hurried down to the boats, glad to es-
cape without a battle, and perfectly willing
to leave hippopotamus hunting to those
who were better prepared for the sport
than we.

Select Miscellany.

The Deacon's Dodge.

An instance of commercial sagacity
came to our knowledge a few days since.
Old Deacon Mills, a heaven-servant man
who would stand an hour rebuking a
teamster for swearing at a horse, had an
old ship that had out lived the business for
which she was built, and was desirous of
selling her. Several applied to purchase
her, but wished first to test the soundness
of her timbers by boring into them. The
Deacon uniformly refused this.

At last, he went on board the ship with
his carpenter, and told him to bore into
one of the timbers. The auger was pul-
led out giving evidence of dry rot.

"Try there," said the Deacon, pointing
to another place.

This was done with the same result.—
So with another, and another. At last the
auger touched upon a sound spot, and the
chips that followed the auger were bright
and fresh.

"I declare," said the Deacon, rubbing
his hands "she bores well!"

The sound chips were put in a paper to
sell the ship by and the dodge was success-
ful.

The Arkansas Legislator.

A member elect of the lower chamber of
the Legislature of Arkansas, persuaded by
some way in his neighborhood, that if
he did not reach the State House at ten o'-
clock on the day assembling he could not
be sworn and would lose his seat. He
immediately mounted with hunting-feet
rifle and bowie-knife, and spurred till he
got to the door of the capitol, where he
hitched his nag. A crowd were in the
chamber of the lower house, on the ground
floor walking about with their hats on, and
smoking cigars. Those he passed, ran
up stairs into the Senate Chamber, set his
rifle against the wall, and bawled out—

"Strangers, whars the man that swars
me in?" at the same time taking out his
credentials.

"Walk this way," said the Clerk, who
was at the moment igniting a Principe, and
he was sworn without inquiry.

When the teller went to count the noses
he found that there was one too many
and the huntsman was informed that he
did not belong there.

"Fool who! with your corn bread?" he
roared, "you cant funk this child, no how
you can fix it—I'm elected to this here
Legislature, and I'll go gain all banks and
eternal improvements, and if there's any
of your oratory gentlemen wants to get
skinned, jest say the word, and I'll light

upon you like a nigger on a wood-chuck.
My constituents sent me here and if you
want to floor this two legged animal, hop
on, jest as soon as you like, for though
I'm from the back country, I'm a little
smarter than any other quadruped you
can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put
his bowie knife between his teeth, and
took up his rifle, with, "Come here, old
Suke, stand by me!" at the same time
pointing it at the chairman, who, however
had seen such people before.—After some
expostulations, the man was persuaded
that he belonged to the lower chamber,
upon which he sheathed his knife, flung
his gun on his shoulder, and with a pro-
found congee, remarked, "Gentlemen, I
beg your pardon. But if I didn't think
that lower room was a grocery, may I be
shot."

Spelling Good Stories.

Many a good story is spoiled in the tel-
ling; at times, to the great sorrow of the
teller, who forgets the point, or by the
blunder of a word, blunts it so as to kill
its effect. That old story of Jones and
Brown's coat-tail is a fair specimen.

Jones had told Brown that his coat was
too short.

"Ah!" said Brown, "it will be long be-
fore I get another," at which the bystan-
ders laughed approvingly.

Jones tried it on—the joke, not the coat
—the next day in another company.

"O!" says he, "did you hear what a
good joke Brown made yesterday? I told
him his coat was too short, and he said it
would be a great while, before he got an-
other."

Nobody laughed; but some one remark-
ed that he didn't see the wit of it exactly
and Jones said he could now hardly see it
himself.

Prof. Wilson, of Philadelphia, was
walking out into the country with a friend,
and met a great Pennsylvania wagon,
drawn by six or eight horses, which had
come from the far interior to market. The
friend was a wag, stopping the wagoner,
he said to him as he laid his hand on the
tire of one of the wheels.

"My friend, you must have come a long
distance to-day?"

"Yes, I have; but how do you know
anything about it, I should like to know?"

"O, I know you must, because your
wheels are so shockingly tired!"

The wagoner laughed and drove on.—
The Professor, to whom this was famil-
iar, ventured a few days afterwards to re-
peat the conversation, and was mortified
to find that the story was received with
profound silence, as he concluded by say-
ing that his friend replied to the wagon-
er's demand, "How do you know any-
thing about it?"

"O, I know you must, your wheels are
so completely exhausted!"

The Only Democratic Place.

Notwithstanding our boast that we live
in a free and glorious country, where ev-
ery man may sit under his own vine
and fig tree, and partake of his pork and beans
without let or hindrance, we have often
thought that the only really democratic
place in Christendom, is a barber's shop.

Here every man, no matter what his con-
dition or prospect in life is on an equality
with his fellow. Gold, which rules the
State less than the Church loses its talis-
manic power, whenever the threshold of
the barber's shop is crossed. It can buy
no privilege—no immunities—the six dail
coppers from the greasy wallet of the beg-
gar, passes as current as the sixpence from
the silver clasped purse of the gentleman.

The begrimed and dirt covered face of the
loafer, receives the same care and atten-
tion as the sleek and shiny phiz of the por-
tly alderman. Perfect equality is the rule
carried out. The "gentleman" who first
enters the saloon or cellar is by right en-
titled to the first honors of the shave or
shampoo, and none ever dispute it. The
millionaire (if we have any in our midst)
sits as complacently waiting as does a
young girl with a new bonnet at el. vreb,
waiting until the man without a sixpence
vacates the chair. Once in he settles him-
self as comfortably as he can, and envies
the good fortune of the foot-pad who has
just before vacated it. Thus it goes on;
year in, year out. The rule is never vio-
lated. It is as unalterable as the laws
of the Medes and Persians. Occasionally
an aristocrat may growl, but little good
does it do him. If he does not think prop-
er to follow the custom, he can vacate the
place and make room for some one less fas-
tidious. Should he think proper to adopt
the latter course, he makes his exit amid
the laughter of the "democrats" he leaves
behind, and is voted an unmitigated don-
key. But few, however, adopt the latter
alternative. If they are disposed to be

wrathly they smother it for the nonce and
inwardly resolve to nurse it till a more
convenient season. The season, however
never comes and thus they are compelled
by the force of circumstances, and the in-
exorable demands of fate, to acknowledge
as we have done at the head of this item
that the barber shop is the only democri-
tic institution extant.

WHAT IS LOVE.

What is love? Ask him who lives—
what is life; ask him who adores, what
is God?

I know not the internal constitution of oth-
er men. I see that in some external at-
tributes they resemble me; but when, in-
spired by that appearance, I have thought
to appeal to something in common, I have
found my language misunderstood, like
one in a distant saving land.

Then demandest—what is love?

If we reason—we would be understood.
If we imagine—we would that the airy
children of our brain were born anew
within another's. If we fell—we would
that another's nerves should vibrate to our
own—that lips of motionless ice should
not respond to lips quivering and burning
with the heart's food! This is Love. This
is the bond and the sanction which con-
nects, not only the two sexes, but every-
thing that exists.

We are born into the world, and there
is something within us which, from the in-
stant we live and move, thirsts after its
own likeness. This propensity develops
itself with the development of our nature.
To this eagerly refer all sensations, thirst-
ing that they should resemble or corres-
pond with it. The discovery of its ante-
type—the meeting with an understanding
capable of clearly estimating the deduc-
tions of our own, an imagination which
can enter into and seize upon subtle and
delicate peculiarities which have delig-
hted to cherish and unfold in secret—with
a frame whose nerves, like the chords of
two exquisite lyres, strung to the accom-
paniment of one delightful voice, vibrate
with the vibration of our own, and of a
combination of these in such proportion
as the type within demands—this is the
invisible and unattainable point to which,
Love tends, and to attain which it urges
forth the powers of man to arrest the faint-
est shadow of that, without which there
is no rest or respite to the heart over which
it rules. Hence, in solitude, or in that
deserted state when we are surrounded by
human beings, and yet they sympathize
not with us—we love the flowers, and the
grass, and the waters, and the sky. In
motion of the very leaves of spring—in
the blue air—There is found a secret cor-
respondence with our heart, that awakens
the spirit to a dance of breathless rapture
and brings tears of mysterious tender-
ness into the eyes, like the enthusiasm of
patriotic success, or the voice of one be-
loved singing to you alone. Sterns says that
if he were in a desert, he would love some
Cypress. So soon as this want or power
is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre
of himself; and what remains is the mere
wreck of what he was.—Shelley papers.

Food the best Physic.

An inseparable attendance on good
health is the regular daily action of the
bowels, more than this, speedily induces
debility, less causes inaction, dullness
headaches, fever and death.

There is perhaps, no person living
whose bowels are not made free or costive
by particular articles of food; the
same article effects different persons vari-
ously. Each man must, therefore, ob-
serve for himself what articles constipate
and what loosen, and act accordingly. A
world of suffering and multitudes of lives
would be saved every year by a proper at-
tention to this simple suggestion; but not
one man or woman in a thousand will give
it that attention, hence the great mass
of humanity perishes before prime.

There are some articles of food which
have various effects according to the parts
used. The May apple or "mandrake" is
a nutritious fruit; its root is cathartic, it
leaves a poison. The common house grape
is a luscious product; the pulp is a deli-
cious food, and in health should be the en-
tire part swallowed; the seeds loosen the
bowels, while the skin constipates them.

Two or three pounds of freshly picked,
ripe grapes, may be eaten daily by a per-
son in good health. The best time for eat-
ing them is immediately after breakfast
and dinner.

The only safe, as well as the most ra-
tional practice of physic is to make our
food subserve medical uses. Knowing
this, a doctor no more takes his own pills
than an attorney goes to law, or a divine
practices his own preaching.—Hall's Jour-
nal of Health.

Farmer's Column.

Huntingdon County Agricultural Society.
In pursuance of notice the Huntingdon
County Agricultural Society met in the
Court House, on Wednesday evening the
15th of January, 1856, and was organized
by the President taking the chair.

The minutes of last meeting read and
adopted.

The next business in order being the
election of officers to serve the ensuing
year, when on motion of Gen. S. Miles
Green, it was unanimously agreed that the
old officers should be continued.

Israel Grimes, Esq., of Porter township,
described his method of cultivating the
beet, and his manner of feeding the same.
He said that the beet was not more diffi-
cult to raise than potatoes, and that he raised
70 bushels on 5 square rods, or at the
rate of 2240 bushels per acre.

Gen. S. Miles Green offered the follow-
ing resolutions in reference to the Pen-
sylvania Farmers' High School:

Resolved, That the Huntingdon County
Agricultural Society feel a deep interest in
the early establishment of the Farmers'
High School of Pennsylvania upon a perma-
nent basis.

Resolved, That whilst we cannot too
highly commend the liberality which has
conferred upon the Institution two hundred
acres of land and twenty five thousand dol-
lars in money, we feel that all the means
at the disposal of the Trustees are wholly
inadequate to the construction of buildings
suitable for the accommodation of the stu-
dents, the Principals and Professors—for
the housing of the stock, and the produc-
tion of the farm. Therefore,