

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE MARTYRS OF OPINION.

"Opinion an omnipotence, whose veil  
Mantles the earth with darkness."  
C. H. H. H.

The martyrs of opinion,  
How silently they die!  
No monument upears to heaven,  
To tell us where they lie.  
They live a life of fearful gloom,  
They fall like stricken deer;  
Dark scorn consigns them to the tomb,  
Their burial rites, a sneer!  
The sword devours its millions;  
The plague hath swept away  
Its legions of human worms,  
And mingle them with clay;  
But after these comes a fall—  
The hours with joy are rife;  
Opinion's edge is never dull,  
And never ends her strife.  
She scales the lofty ramparts,  
She treads the busy mart—  
Beneath the monarch's robe of state  
She gnaws his inmost heart;  
She haunts the student in his cell,  
And blots his labored page,  
Even as the falcon feeds of hell  
Pursued the monkish sage.  
Where radiant beauty teaches  
Her votaries to bow,  
Opinion's toothsome vapors dim  
The diamonds on her brow;  
But mostly through the poor man's shed  
The harpy loves to roam,  
To stain with filth his hard-earned bread,  
And drive him from his home.  
Talk of the rack, the dungeon,  
The Molech tyrant's sway,  
The art of torture grows more nice  
In this improving day;  
With stern ordals fenced around  
Sits custom like a fate;  
Move but an inch beyond her bound,  
And Fashion shuts the gate.  
They who have fought for freedom,  
Or for their faith have bled,  
Their deeds are in the mouth of Time,  
They are not of the dead;  
Opinion's martyrs all alone,  
Sink to their endless rest,  
Their virtues dumb, their worth unknown  
Their names a passing jest.  
Yet have they some remembrance  
Within the night of years;  
The angels keep their record well,  
And dew their graves with tears;  
And He, the Lamb on Calvary slain,  
Who sits enthroned above,  
He pays them for their lot of pain  
From the rich stores of love!

## A Prussian Story.

From Dickens' Household Words.

### A COUSIN IN NEED.

ON a dreary autumn day, more than a hundred years ago, a heavy traveling carriage was slowly lumbering the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket book. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it, nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in, and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier, at least so it would have seemed to a foot traveler, who was plowing his way through its mire; and so it doubtless seemed to the carriage horses, who at least floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily at the side of the coach, at a respectful distance, certainly after the first bucketful of mud it splashed over him. The gentleman in the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up his portfolio, and returned the pocket-book to its place in the breast lining of his coat. He then aroused himself to look out of the window, and judge from the mud and darkness how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart light. Through the drizzle and the darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveler's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hollo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin, but if I find a resting place before I get there, to that I am bound, for I am weary."

"I should think that you must have three hours' walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, but after a short pause the stranger said—

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few moments, you are welcome so to do, Herr What's-your-name?"

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man, "one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained." He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From the inside window the next question put to Heinrich was—

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell the truth, I have no idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more doubtful whether I have a friend in Berlin much less a relation."

The questioner, who should have been an American colonel, looked amused and astonished as he suggested—

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighborhood. I have no relative to help me, and not quite money enough to find me in necessities."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with your cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments and, whenever I asked them how it was done, the answer always was, 'a cousin, gave it to me,' or, 'I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives at Berlin.'—Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help or else hunt for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a comical dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However he pulled out a piece of paper and began to write upon it. When he had finished he turned round to Heinrich, saying that he observed he had been smoking and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him.—

"Could Herr Meyer oblige him with light?"

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tin-box out of his wallet immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said the evening was damp. It was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light, I pity you young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended while he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavors.

"Nil desperandum, is my motto," replied the young man, and when the words were scarcely uttered the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding Heinrich jumped up upon the carriage step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurra, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way—

"I have been thinking of what you have been telling me, and perhaps, in a humble way, I might be able to help you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing; "take this note to Marshal Gumkow, is somewhat of a friend of mine, and who will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and before he had time to make any acknowledgments he found himself alone again. The young man was not a little astonished at what had taken place; and, as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

"DEAR MARSHAL: If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend,  
F.

Let me know the result of the interview with him.  
Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and foot-sore, since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him, and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the gashaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor, having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with town life.

The inn was, however, found at last, and after a frugal supper and a good night's sleep our friend arose, ready to hope and believe every thing from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obligated to ask his way to Marshal Gumkow's he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the inquiry as if they would say, "What business can you have with the Marshal Gumkow?"

The house was however at last gained, and having delivered his message to a servant Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant requested him, in the most respectful manner to follow him to the Marshals presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the Marshal made many inquiries as to the past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been educated; at what in he was living in Berlin, and so forth. But still no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes; at the end of which time the Marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the King's birthday day, and like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his Majesty, whom he had never seen before. At one point of the review the King stopped almost opposite to Heinrich, and then it was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him on the muddy road? Impossible! How should a King be travelling at that time of the day? At any rate, it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust the tinder at his nose and cried "Puff away!"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the Marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The Marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various subscriptions were?

Heinrich answered that, to the best of his belief, one was that of Herr Muel, his former school-master; and another that of Dr. Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the Marshal; "and perhaps you may not be surprised to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark."

As he said these words, the Marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed—he evidently feared no evil report.

"I feel bound," continued the Marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe and act on their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The Marshal descended a private stair case leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace.

Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous, the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination, became stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin.—At last he found himself following Grumkow even into the palace, he could not refrain from exclaiming—

"Indeed, Herr Marshall, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed, as the Marshal continued to lead him through the various galleries and apartments, until at last they reached the very small door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the Marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in."

As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud and the King were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederic William, and began faltering out some contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the King, "you have not committed treason. How upon earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognized."

After reassuring Heinrich, the King told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen.

"But first," he said, "I must hear you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the King. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ear the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? He must go and consult the Marshal; but the latter could give him no further information.—All he could do was to promise that if the King sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost dispatch possible.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either King or Marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the Chapel Royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away from Berlin and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided by the course of events and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour.

Sunday morning arrived, but no text.—Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat assigned apart for the preacher of the day. The King with the royal family occupied their accustomed places.

The services commenced, and whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the though flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folding piece of paper, saying,

"His Majesty sends you the text."

After reciting the preliminary prayers the preacher opened the paper, and lo! it was blank; not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and, after a short pause, held it up before the congregation saying,

"His Majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon the sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world.' I shall therefore take the creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. The audience, accustomed to the King's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the

king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have had upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the King's room when his Majesty jumped up and thrust a roll of paper in his face at the same time exclaiming,

"Hurra, sir, puff away; take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair he looked heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make or what to do, but just as he got so far as "Your Majesty," the King interrupted him saying—

"Make no fine speeches, go home quietly and examine the contents of the paper.—You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one who, if you go on steadily will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

## Select Miscellany.

### Brother Crawford's Farewell Sermon.

During my sojourn in Mississippi, (shortly after I heard the great sermon, which was played on a harp of a thousand strings) I had occasion to visit a friend in the neighborhood of Port Gibson. The next day being Sabbath, I accompanied him to Zion Chapel. A new minister had been called to that neighborhood, and this was to be his salutary sermon.

Zion Chapel was some hundred yards from the main road and surrounded by forest trees. Having arrived rather too early for the services, myself and friend strolled about the woods, rather actively employed in brushing away the mosquitoes that surrounded us. At length a strange specimen of the genus homo made his appearance on horseback; it was Good Brother Crawford.

His dress was decidedly peculiar. On his head he wore an old fashioned bell-crowned beaver, several sizes too large.—To remedy this defect a cotton bandana handkerchief was stuffed between the hat and his forehead. His coat was of a most ancient pattern; blue with brass buttons, short waist with long shallow tail.—The collar came within an inch of hiding the back part of his head. His vest was extremely long. And his pants ditto short. The latter were held down by a leather strap passed under a huge pair of brogans of an untanned leather color. Although his presence strongly suggested Dan Marble in his yankee character of Jonathan Homespun. But to the sermon—or at least a portion of it—for it was utterly impossible to report the whole.

The congregation was large, as it had been "narrated" abroad that the new preacher was to make his debut at Zion.

Gingerly pushing up the sleeves of his store coat, whereby he displayed a pair of large, long, bony hands, of a beet color, he grasped the handle of an earthen pitcher and poured into a tin cup a draught of water, which he drank with inimitable gusto.

His appearance in the pulpit was a study for an artist. His face was long and lank, eyes pale grey, nose aquiline, complexion sandy, hair greyish sandy, head bald on the top, with the exception of small patch on the organs of reverence, (as if to shade it), and, altogether, the picture of Greely while imitating a Free Soil Abolition subscriber.

He began apologetically as follows:

"You don't see me to-day in the dress I allers wear; I come among you as a stranger, and I am now tricked out in my store clothes. I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming before strangers.

After this he raised a hymn, in which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon:

"My dear brethren and sisters, first and foremost, I'm gwine to tell you the affecting parting I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel. After I had got through with my farewell sermon, as I came down outen the pulpit, the old grey headed brethren and sisters who listen to my voice twenty years crowded around

me, and with sobbing voices and tearful eyes, said, farewell brother Crawford.

As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies, tricked out in their finery of brass jewelry, gew gaws, jim cracks, paint and flounces, looked up with their bright eyes and pronounced with their rosy lips—farewell brother Crawford.

The young men in their tight patent leather boots, high collars and dashy waist coat—smelling of pomatum and cigar smoke.—With shanghai coats, and stripped zebra pants—they too said—farewell brother Crawford.

The little children—lamb in the field—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and with one accord said—farewell brother Crawford.

The colored brethren of the congregation now came forward—(black sheep who had been admitted to the fold under my ministry.) with tears rolling down their sable cheeks, they too said—farewell brother Crawford.

As I got on my horse and bade adieu to my congregation for ever—I turned to take a last look at the old church where I had preached for more'n twenty years—and as I gazed at its dilapidated wall and moss covered roof, it too seemed to say—farewell brother Crawford.

As I rode down through the village, the people who poked their heads outen the windows, and the servants who lean on their brooms, all seemed to say—farewell brother Crawford.

As I passed along down the highway, through the forest, the wind as it sighed and whistled through the tree tops, it too seemed to say—farewell brother Crawford!

Crossing a little creek that was gurgling and singing over its pebbly bed, as it rejoiced in its way to the great ocean of eternity, it too seemed to say—farewell brother Crawford.

As I rode along down a hot dusty lane an old sow that was asleep in a fence corner, jumped out of a sudden, with a loud brooo, broo oo—she too seemed to say—farewell brother Crawford.

### Experiments on Tobacco Smoke.

In Friend's Journal, of a recent date, an interesting article has been published on the habit of tobacco smoking, and on poisoning by nicotine. Among the facts there mentioned, are experiments instituted by M. Malapert, a pharmacien, of Poitiers. His intention was to ascertain the exact quantity of nicotine absorbed by smokers in proportion to the weight of tobacco consumed.

The apparatus consists of a stone jar, in which the tobacco was made to burn, connected with a series of bottles communicating by tubes. The bottles were either empty, or contained some water mixed with a little sulphuric acid. From a few experiments it was found that, in the smoke of tobacco extracted by inspiration there is ten per cent, nicotine. Thus a man who smokes a cigar of the weight of seventy grains, receives in his mouth seven grains of nicotine, mixed with a little watery vapor, tar, empyreumatic oil, &c.—Although a large portion of this nicotine is rejected, both by the smoke puffed from the mouth, and by the saliva, a portion of it is, nevertheless, taken up the vessel of the buccal and laryngeal mucous membrane, circulated with the blood, and acts upon the brain. With those unaccustomed to the use of tobacco the nicotine, when in contact with the latter organ, produces vertigo, nausea, headache, and somnolence while habitual smokers are merely thrown into a state of excitement, similar to that produced by moderate quantities of wine or tea.

From further investigation it was found that the drier the tobacco the less nicotine reaches the mouth. A very dry cigar, while burning, yields a very small amount of watery vapor; the smoke cools rapidly and allows the condensation of the nicotine before it reaches the mouth. Here it comes that the first half of a cigar smokes more mildly than the second, in which a certain amount of condensed watery vapor and nicotine, freed by the first half, are deposited. The same remark applies to smoking tobacco in pipes, and if smokers were prudent, they would never consume but half a cigar or pipe, and throw away the other. Smoking through water, or with long tubes and small bowls, is also a precaution which should not be neglected.

### Notes on the Mississippi.

The story is familiar of the man who took passage in a flat-boat from Pittsburg bound for New Orleans. He passed many dreary, listless days on his way down the Ohio and Mississippi, and seemed to be depending for want of excitement. Superficially, he was perfectly good natured and kindly disposed. In the course of time the craft upon which he was a passenger put into Napoleon, in the State of Arkansas, "for groceries." At the moment there was a general light extending all along the "front of the town," which at that time consisted of a single house.

The unhappy passenger, sidgitting about, and jerking his feet up and down, as if he were walking on hot bricks, turned to a "used spectator," and observed:

"Stranger, is this a free fight?"

The reply was prompt and to the point:—

"It ar, and if you wish to go in, don't stand on ceremony."

The wayfarer did "go in," and in less time than we can relate the circumstance, he was literally chewed up. Gropping his way down to the flat, his hair gone, his eyes closed, his lips swollen, and his face generally "mapped out," he sat himself down on a chicken-coop, and soliloquized thus:

"So this is Na-po-le-on, is it! upon my word it's a lively place and the only one I have had any fun at since I left home."

### Gentlemen's Fashions for March.

Hot, a la soft, not to hurt the head; moustache, a la lager bier vein; beard a la Abraham. Coat, shanghai cut, two inches below the knee, circumference of waist and shoulder equal, Pants, skin tight, no pockets, nothing to put in 'em. Boots two inches short, giving the foot a graceful plumpness by bending the toes under, thus preventing other people's treading on them. Business men wear over coats with a large outside pocket on the left breast. From this protrudes two inches of a long leather institution, filled with slips of paper, which by a pleasant though somewhat extravagant fiction, are supposed to represent value. Snuff taking having become unfashionable, it is now considered "quite the thing" to draw this leather case, and selecting from it a slip of paper, present this to each friend you meet. The response most in vogue is, a graceful "wave of the hand," (signifying, I decline), a gracious smile, and the playful remark, "don't you wish you may get it."