

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Every holy Sabbath morning,  
While the sunbeams are adorning  
Sloping hills and valleys fair,  
Or when wintry winds are sighing,  
And the shadows thick are lying—  
On the uplands, bleak and bare—  
Still I hear the silver ringing, pealing out upon  
the air.

From the belfry's lofty station,  
With a constant, sweet vibration,  
Floats the sound from door to door—  
Calling to the sad and weary,  
And through by-paths lone and dreary,  
To the wretched and the poor;

All earth's toll worn children hear it, hear and  
bliss it forever.

On some happy, festive morning,  
Long before the rosy dawning,  
Have I heard the merry sound,  
Ring out across the meadows,  
Walking in the sleeping echoes,  
Through our quiet Huntingdon—

Starting from their peaceful slumbers all the  
dreaming world around.

And when dust to dust is given,  
When earth's tenderest ties are riven,  
Still hear the plaintive bell,  
Tolling mournfully and slowly  
While alike the high and lowly—

Listen to the passing knell—  
List and learn the solemn meaning of the deep-toned funeral bell.

Peals of joy and tones of sorrow,  
Sad to-day, and joy to-morrow;  
Thus are life's great changes rung;  
Strong emotions, upward stealing  
From the deepest fount of feeling.

Uttered by that iron tongue,  
While the sweet reverberations die away the  
halls among.

## SONG.

By C. P. MORRIS.

Thank God for pleasant weather!  
Chant it, merry rills!  
And clap your hands together,  
Ye exulting hills!

Thank Him teeming valley!  
Thank Him, fruitful plain!  
For the golden sunshine,  
And the silver rain.

Thank God, oh good the Giver!  
Shout it, sportive breeze!  
Respond, oh tuneful river!  
To the nodding trees.

Thank Him, bud and birdling!  
As you grow and sing!  
Mingle in thanksgiving!  
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,  
In a glow of love,  
For what we here inherit,  
And our hopes above!—

Universal Nature,  
Revels in her birth,  
When God, in pleasant weather,  
Smiles upon the earth!

**LAUGHABLE.**—At a church of "color" not twenty miles from Huntingdon, the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons both white and black, standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice—"Get down off dem seats, bof white man and color, I care no more for do one dan de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly singing in Short Meter—

"Get down off dem seats,  
Boff white men and color,—  
I care no more for one man,  
Den I does for de odder."

A tipsy man went into a Sunday-school, and for a few moments listened attentively to the questions propounded to the scholars; but getting anxious to show his knowledge in Scripture and doctrine, he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. "Parson B." said he "ask me some of them hard queshuns."—"Uncle John," said the person, with a solemn face and a drawing tone, "don't you know you are in the bonds of sin and the depths of iniquity?" Yes'ir, and in the galls of bitterness, too. Ask me another queshun.

Doctor Fordyce sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half-seasover, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats he muttered, "Drunk, by God!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance he was greatly vexed and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behaviour he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand.

"She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition she was in when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the secret in consideration of the inclosed (a hundred pound bank-note.)"

**DEADLY ENCOUNTER.**—A few days ago," says an English paper, "one of the beautiful swans on Gosfield Lake, Essex, belonging to Samuel Gourtauld, was seen floating dead. On being drawn to the shore, it was found that it had been engaged in mortal conflict with a monster pike. The pike had swallowed the head and neck of the swan, and being unable to disgorge it, both had died, and were found thus linked together."

## Select Miscellany.

### Another Sermon from the Author of "He Played on the Harp," &c.

What no wood is, there the fire goeth out.—And they played on simbols, dulsimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns.

**MY FRIENDS:**—Since I had the pleasure of holdin' forth to the benighted and health-eunish rascallions uv Brandon, Mississippi, on the subject—"An' he played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperris uv just men made perfeck." As the spirits hath moved me to take up my bed and travel; and after visiting divus places, an' propagatin' the Gospel to varus nominations, I have at last fotsched up, bless the Lord, 'mong the hard shells of Tinicum. My tex this evenin' my brotherin, will be found somewhere 'twixen the Book of Providence an' Milkiedie. (I think the former) an' when found it will be read somewhar near as follows: "Whar no wood is, that the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dulsimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns.

Now, my brethering, I'm gwine to say to you as I said to the Bradonians, on a former 'casion, I'm not an educated man, but, bless the Lord, I'm a mighty religish man, a man what's born agin—one what spenched the holy ghost, and tuck religion in the natural way—for "Whar no wood is, that the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dulsimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns."

It is to bring the birds here,' she replied, with a half-wondering look; they will light on this tree, pointing to the cypress above, 'when they have eaten the seed and sing.'

"To whom do thy sing?" I asked; "you do you put the seed into those little bowls there?"

"Oh, no," she quickly replied, "to my sister; she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead."

"Oh yes sir, but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there; I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved your sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her any more."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her again in heaven."

"But she has gone there already," said I.

"No, she stops here under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going together."—*Journal of a Traveler in the Past.*

### SCENE IN A BURIAL GROUND.

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town; it is sprinkled with green trees, and it is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly overcast. I met there one morning a little girl with a half-playful countenance bright blue eyes and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which, it appeared, the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet girl, do you put the seed into those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half-wondering look; they will light on this tree, pointing to the cypress above, 'when they have eaten the seed and sing.'

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**CASSIUS M. CLAY.**—A Southern correspondent of the *North-Western Christian Advocate* gives the following as Cassius M. Clay's mode of managing the Kentucky audiences by moral suasion:

"He sends an appointment to a given place to lecture at a certain time; perhaps some of the natives will send word that he will not be permitted to lecture there; he sends back word that he will lecture there according to previous notice. The time comes, a great crowd is collected to hear the mob; presently the lecturer comes. He passes directly through the crowd, he mounts the forum, waves his hand for attention, all eyes are turned towards the speaker. He commences with a firm, a clear, and decided tone of voice the following remarks:

"Gentlemen," says he, "I have a few preliminaries to settle previous to entering upon the main subject for discussion. I want to make three short appeals to three classes of persons;" (when he holds up a small Bible.) "There gentlemen," says he, "is the great charter record of human rights on which all law and equality is based, deserving the name of law, this is my appeal to the religious part of society!"—and lays it down on the stand before him. Then he holds up the Constitution of the United States. "Here gentlemen" says he "is the bond of our Union, the noble Constitution of our glorious Republic, which says that all men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, &c., &c." This is an appeal to gentlemen, to patriots, and to all Americans, and he places it with his Bible before him. Then he puts his hand into his pocket, and brings out an enormous six shooter, holding it before the audience, he exclaims: "and here gentlemen, is a six shooter, every barrel of which is heavily loaded with powder and cold lead. This is my appeal to mobocrats and I will blow its contents through the heart of the first man who offers to lay his hands on me to silence me in my native State, or gag free speech in my presence!" This he lays down upon the stand, with his two former appeals, ready for action, then he commences a perfect storm against the peculiar institution, enough to wring sweat from old Kentucky from every pore. By this time, all are awed into submissive silence,

**MORAL.**—Only a bold rogue will make an apology out of an insult.

An old Whig counsels the survivors of the party not to be humbled over the cry that their party has been swallowed.

He says: "The whale swallowed Jonah. Jonah was heard of afterwards—the whale never!"

Boy.—"Perhaps. A load of hay went through this mornin."

### The Art of Teaching—A Common Error.

A Teacher proposes this question to us: What is the most common and injurious error of the American mode of conducting school exercises?

We can answer the question without a moment's hesitation. The worst mistake of our teachers, we think, is, *their attempt to do everything every day.* If, for example, a pupil is to learn Geography, they think it incumbent on them to give him a *daily lesson* in that science. Thus the teacher is borne down with the weight of his labors, and yet nothing is well taught. He has no time for minute explanation, and no strength for preparatory study.

But on the European system of having the extra branches given but once a week they can be taught thoroughly, and the teacher is not annihilated. In a school of but one teacher there is no other way of securing thoroughness. Of course the *principal study*—which is either language or mathematics—must go on every day; but such lessons as Geography, History and Natural Philosophy should occur but once a week, and then the lesson should be a lesson indeed. It is astonishing how much more can be accomplished in this way;

Thus we answer the question proposed.

**THE MEETING.**—The following interesting incident appeared in a late number of a California paper.

The arrival of an ocean steamer is always the scene of a large number of spectators at the wharf. One afternoon, when the Panama came in, a tall individual from the mountains, who unfortunately had no ticket to secure him admittance to the dock, stood outside the gate watching through its open panels with great anxiety, as if he expected the arrival of some dear friend. After a full hour thus occupied, his heart was gladdened by the approach of a small furniture wagon containing several women among whom he recognized the features of one that made him utter an involuntary ejaculation. The gate was swung back and he went into the hall of a house in that city, one day last week, and stole an umbrella, and then took it around to the back door and sold it to the woman for 25 cents.

**GIRLS!**—Remember that this is leap year. Make good use of your time—some of you are on the verge of maidenhood, and it is important that you should make hay while the sun shines. In the expressive language of our friend Pickles—Go in, calico, and get squeezed!

**A YANKEE.**—He is self-denying, self-relying, and into everything prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety and temperance society. He is a dragging, bragging, striving, thriving, swapping, jostling, hustling, wrestling, musical, astronomical, philosophical, poetical, and comical sort of character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth.

**A PENNSYLVANIAN EDITOR** says, "Somebody brought one bottle of soured water into our office, with the request to notice it as 'lemon beer.' If Esau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four shilling lie for five cents."

**KIND WORDS.**—They are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially around the fire-side circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad, than all other blessings the world can give. Try them,

**GOOD.**—A verdant young man who was learning the art and mystery of tanning, was paying his "distresses" to a piece of calico, and was remarkable for his temerity. One evening after sitting a full hour without opening his mouth, he ventured to ask:

"Becky, did you ever see a cow's tail skinned? it's a terrible bloody thing."

The tail was broken; so drawing up his chair, says he—"Becky, if you love me, kiss me; for I can wheel more tan bark than any other critter in these diggings!"

"Well, Tom, does your girl continue to love you?"

"Yes, more than ever."

"Indeed! what evidence have you of that?"

"Why she makes me presents!"

"What has she given you lately?"

"Oh, she made me a present of my picture, which I paid five dollars for before I gave it to her."

"Ah! she gave you the mitten too didn't she?"

**MEMORY OF A MAGPIE.**—A lady who caught her magpie stealing her pickled walnuts, threw a basin full of hot grease over the poor bird, exclaiming :

"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"

Poor Mag was dreadfully burned, his feathers came off, leaving his head entirely bare. He lost all spirit and spoke not a word for more than a year, when a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, exhibited a very bald head.—

The magpie appeared evidently struck with the circumstance. Hopping up on the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed in the ear of his astonished visitor:

"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"

**A FELLOW OUT WEST,** being asked what made him bald, replied that the girls had pulled his hair out pulling him into their windows."

**DR. SOUTH** says—"The tale-bearer and the tale-stealer should be hanged up both together, the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

**IT IS ESTIMATED** that the clergy of the United States six million dollars a year; the criminals twelve million; the dogs ten millions, and the lawyers thirty-five millions.

**A CITIZEN DOWN EAST** was dubbed "little rascal!" A friend once volunteered to ask him why he was called the little rascal. To distinguish me from my neighbors, who are all great rascals!

**IT IS BEAUTIFUL** to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he gives the bride away; when you know that for the last ten years he has been doing his best to get off his hands.

**OHIO REPUDIATES FILLMORE.**—The State Council at Columbus, last night, after a stormy session, adopted a majority report, repudiating the nomination of Fillmore and Donaldson, and endorsing secession from Philadelphia.

**THE HARTFORD (CT.) TIMES**, states that a person named Barney Lynch, went into the hall of a house in that city, one day last week, and stole an umbrella, and then took it around to the back door and sold it to the woman for 25 cents.

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