

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 SLEEPING DEAD.

BY R. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful flight
Dance upon the parlor wall;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit no once more.
He, the young and strong, who cherished,
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!
They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!
And with them, the being beautiful,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else that love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.
With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,—
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.
And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.
Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.
Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

Select Story.

THE GHOST-RAISER.

My uncle Beagly, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a lagman, will tell stories. Among them, he tells his single Ghost Story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self defence, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was traveling on horseback from Schreysburg to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and beginning to look out for some snug way side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through the lanes and cross roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat looking country inn. "Well," thought I to myself, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge."

And alighting, I gave him in charge to the farmer boy, who acted as ostler. The inn-kitchen which was also the guest-room was large, clean neat and comfortable very like the pleasant hostelry described by Isaac Walton. There were several travelers already in the room—probably like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset in a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' Sabbath.

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their Sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

"These words were uttered with a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis by one of company. He was a dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my mind as a travelling merchant or pedlar. My next was a gay well looking fashionable young man, who bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark, fierce look said:

"Young man speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant throwing on the table a heavy leather purse: "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and after you have recognized him you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition, that you will pay a similar sum if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor collage sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying in a contemptuous tone.

"Young gentleman; you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student.—"Well if I had sixty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company attracted by the singularity of the affair came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands and prepared for his departure. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly insulated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a table in the summer house, and took away the candles. We remained outside with the pedlar among us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following lines:

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surfs?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf!"

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said:

"You asked to see your friend Francis Villiers, who was drowned three years ago off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light rising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid," asked the merchant in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedlar stamped three times on the ground and sang:

"And the phantom white, whose cold clay face
Was once so fair
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

Then student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they passed before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in his south!
I will go to my friend, gay smiling and foud;
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers, he approaches the table, he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence; then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not."

With strong and frantic gestures the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches me—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now?" asked the merchant in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry and then a stifled groan were the only reply of this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth," said the merchant, bitterly, "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money and be wiser for the future."

He walked quietly away. We opened the door of the house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper signed 'Francis Villiers,' was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had sublimely subjected him to such horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; and then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That children is my Ghost story!

"And how is it, uncle, that after that, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the travelers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like nineties believed to be real."

"Oh! the word Canada! That God-blessed country where the friends of humanity open their doors. The word Canada; how sweet it sounds to my ear. I ask the South, do you love that word Canada? And oh! the underground railroad! what a pleasant road; all strewn with flowers! where the poor toil worn slave rides at his ease. The locomotive blows, and as he blows the words are heard to echo back in the wafting wind, 'Free, free, freeman!' I ask the South, how do you like this new railroad? Do you like it? And oh! it is a pretty railroad; it is sure and straight. Her ties are made of solid rock, and her rails never break. The locomotive's motto is 'Onward.'—And when they arrive at the blessed shores of Canada, I will compare those emigrants to a ship at sea. Life is the ocean, the body the hull, and their souls are the cargo; the affections are their sails, passion their wind, conscience their compass, and reason their helm, hope their anchor, and happiness their port. Canada! Great Britain the home of the free! Let your language be like this:

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dare do more is none."

In America the cry is we have the Africans among us, and how can we get rid of them? Alas! we have tolerated the crime and how can we cease to sin in this direction. May we not say we have the whites among us, and shall we get rid of them? We have submitted to bondage and how shall we regain our freedom? I ask the South, have you any better claim to the air or the soil of America, than the Africans? Or, have you a charter from God, which secures it to the exclusion of others of a different complexion or of different features? Are the Africans and the whites of different families? Did Christ come into the world as a Savior of a part or of all? Did he cover with his wing the white and delicate slave-holder, and exclude the poor dark and toil-worn slave? Are those not damned, past all redemption, who have not the particular color? Is there any more resemblance between him and a bloated, inflated, proud, overbearing and rioting slave-holder, than between him and a poor persecuted slave?

"A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage."

When a nation is at peace, that one man, or a body of men in that nation, should hold another in slavery, by plundering him of his rights, and exercising an uncontrolled authority over him, is the greatest tyranny that a man can exercise, the greatest crime against nature, the greatest outrage against God. It is a tyranny that no sophistry can palliate—an outrage that no reason can justify—a crime which no necessity can absolve. Every individual of the whole human family, of whatever form or complexion, in whatever climate his lot may be cast from the poles to the equator, is born with certain and equal rights; and necessarily arising out of duties, and with certain and equal privileges to exercise. Those rights in order to answer the end for which he was created. All men were created to pursue their own happiness. Slavery counteracts this pursuit. All men were created free agents. Slavery destroys free agency, by making it the fated machine of a usurped and un-

natural power. On free agency depends the whole doctrine of rewards and punishments. Is not Slavery a direct rebellion against the decrees of Heaven? The angel of purity and innocence will plead the cause of the oppressed, and those in the bondage of tyrants and slave holders, trumpet-tongued, at the bar of Eternal Justice; there will be a judgment, just, though awful, to rivers on human privileges, and the pirates of human rights.

"To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang,
His thorns with streamers of eternal praise."

I am sorry to say that this Government has become more subtle, but little improved. It is gilded with show on its back—it has a musical rattle on its tail, but an venomous sting in its mouth. It will sing with Slavery, while it rattles Liberty. I have known the time when editors would have scorned at such low and filthy slang as the Globe published, taken from the New York Day Book. It is well known that there were not three words of truth in the whole. A base lie from beginning to end. It is anxiously hoped that truth will triumph over error, and that true religion and universal liberty will walk hand in hand over all the regions of the earth. With this hope beating in my breast I close on Slavery.

"Truth divine forever stands secure,
Its head as guarded as its base is sure,
Fixed on the flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears.
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies."

Yours, very truly,
T. V. CHAPLIN.

Huntingdon, July 8, 1857.

Miscellany.

Old Mammy Hallady's Experience.

The old Mammy's was one of a number of very curious experiences at a meeting in the backwoods some time since. In order to understand it properly, it is necessary to remark that the old crone had two tones of voice, so distinct and dissimilar that it seemed strange that she should each proceed from the same talking aperture, rather plaintive than otherwise; the other was coarse, rough and sharp, expressive of energy and determination. That part of the experience in Roman letter was delivered in the first or cantata voice; the other in the rough coarse tone. The meeting being in order, Old Mammy relates the following:

"When I was very small, I was left a poor lone, dissolute orphan in the world! I had no relations or friends to keep for me, and had to live about from house to house, just wear the toques would let me stay: After a while I grew up and married a man that was mighty kind and good to me. I thought then that I had seen trouble and in this world, and would be happy the balance of my days. But he wasn't spared long to me and I was left a poor dissolute widdler! He that had promised afore the altar of God to love cherish and protect me, had gone and left me, and I was in a worse condition than was before, for I had a child then to take care of as well as myself. For you know that when women get married, they are such cussed fools they will have children somehow."

I had a hard time of it, to get along in the world, for I was a poor, lone, dissolute widdler! And then I had no more sense nor to marry old Halloway!

I thought then I'd see some peace and happiness in the world; but my trials and tribulations just then began, for I soon had a house full of children, and they were mighty noisy and sassy, and vexed me purty nigh to death! And then to mend the matter, old Halloway, he went off and left me.

Then I thought I'd look to the Lord for consolation and support! I thought I'd pray to the Lord to help me but he up under my trials and tribulations. But the children kept up such a—of a confusion about the house I couldn't pray that!

So I thought I'd go out into the silent groves, and pour out my soul in silent prayer. And just down at the edge of the overflow, that was purty little grove of huckle-berry bushes, the leaves was very thick and I thought nobody could see and hear me but the Lord! But I didn't git more than half way to the thicket afore I got skugged and run back again! But I thought a knowed nuthin' wasn't gwine to ketch me. Well the next day I thought I'd go and try it again. But I was such a fool I run back again.

Well, I concluded at last I would go and pray, and if the devil ketch me, he should ketch me a prayin'! But I knowed that!

Well I got to the thicket arter so long a time, and I leered down and begun a prayin' to the Lord to have mercy upon

my poor soul, and all at onst I heard a voice, and it seemed to say, 'The wind bloweth whar it listeneth, and ye heer the sounds threof, but kinnot tell whence it comes from and where it goes to; so is ene borne'd of the spirit!' Now I don't know whether them's the words, 'zaty or not, but sunthin' purty much like it! but indeed, I did see the huckleberry bushes shakin' a little!"

Water Bright Beautiful Water.
Water! oh bright beautiful water for me! Water! Heaven gifted, earth blessing, flower-loving water! It was the drink of Adam in the purity of his Eden home; it mirrored back the beauty of Eve in her unblushing toilet; it wakens to life again the crushed and fading flower; it cools, oh! how gratefully the parched tongue of the feverish invalid; it falls down to us in pleasant showers from its home with the glittering stars; it descends to us in the feathery storms of snow; it smiles in glittering dew drops at the glad birth of morning; it clusters in great tear drops at night over the graves of those we love; its name is wretched in strange bright colors by the sunset cloud; its name is breathed by the dying soldier, far away on the horrid field of battle; it paints old forts and turrets from a gorgeous enamel upon your Winter window; it charges upon the branches of trees in frost-work of delicate beauty; it dwells in the icicle; it lives in the mountain glacier; it forms the vapory ground-work upon which God paints the rainbow; it gushes in pearly streams from the globe hillside; it makes glad the sunny vales; it murmurs cheerful sons in the ear of humble cottages, it answers back the smiles of happy children; it kisses the pure cheek of the water-lily; it wanders like the vein of molten silver away, away to the distant sea. On bright beautiful, health inspiring, heart gladdening water! Every where around us dwelleth thy meek presence; twin angel sister of all that is good and precious here; in the wild forest, on the grassy plain, slumbering in the bosom of the lonely mountain, the hurried air floating over us in clouds of more than regal splendor; home of the healing angel when his wing bends to the woes of this fallen world.

"Oh water for me, bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauched!"

The North and the South.
That most eloquent of all Southerners, as I think Mr. Prentiss of Miss, was addressing a crowd of some 4000 people in that State, defending the tariff, and in the course of an eloquent period which rose gradually to some beautiful climax, he he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the North, in glowing colors, when there rose upon the vision of the assembly in the open air, a horseman of magnificent proportions; and just at the moment of hushed attention, when the voice of Prentiss had ceased, and the applause was about to break forth, the horseman exclaimed, 'D— the North.' The curse was so much in unison with the habitual feeling of a Mississippi audience, that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept the crowd from applauding the horseman.—Prentiss turned his lame foot around and said, 'Major Moody, will you rein in that steed a moment?' He assented. Said he, 'Major, the horse on which you sit came from Upper Missouri; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton N. J.; that hat on your head was made in Danbury, Conn.; the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass.; the linen of your shirt is Irish, and Boston made it up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and was cut in New York; and if to day you surrender what you owe the 'd— North, you would sit stark naked,' (laughter and loud applause.)

How to Cook Rhubarb.—It is a common error in cooking rhubarb to peel it. This should never be done, as the skin contains the aroma of the plant and is not at all fibrous, but cooks as readily and becomes pulpy. We have derived this information from a French cook of note, experience and skill. The same cook tells us that asparagus should be cut into pieces about three quarters of an inch long, before cooking. It should be boiled with a nice piece of salt pork, and served up in the same manner as peas.

Destruction to House Bugs.—The French Academy of Sciences is assured by Baron Thenard, that boiling soap and water, consisting of two parts of common soap, and one hundred parts of water, by weight, infallibly destroys bugs and their eggs. It is enough to wash walls, wood-work, &c., with the boiling solution, to be entirely relieved from this horrid pest.

Organ Grinding.
Holmes, the poet, writing of the old style of organ-grinders, who used to afflict his nerves, says in his imitable style:

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pick the veins of Sentiment,
And dock the tale of Rhyime,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time,
But bark the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poutice comes
To heal the blows sound;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round.

A BRACE OF BOY'S COMPOSITIONS.—A distinguished Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

"On Industry.—It is bad for a man to be idle. Industry is the best thing for a man and a wife is the next. Propriety and kings desired it long, and died without the site. The End."

Here is another.

"On the Seasons.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring best; but as for me "give me liberty or give me death. The End."

Corn for Fodder.—We hope farmers have found out that sowing or drilling corn for fodder, is the cheapest way to get a great crop, in this Valley region, and like what we said of millet, it can be got in and off, at a season when the farmer has time to do it. Any time in June is time enough to put in corn for fodder, and it should stand thick enough so it will grow fine.

Cultivation of Corn.—Keep the cultivator and hoe, or corn-harrow and hoe, in your corn field, from now until you lay it by, which should be when it gets into silk. Let no weeds grow therein, and keep the soil open, and the soil open. But don't use the plough.

A young lady returning late from the opera, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter.

"I can lift you over it," said coachy.

"Oh, no," said the sweet miss, "I am too heavy."

"Lor miss," replied John, "I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar."

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congenial and warm heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

Clover for Hay.—Clover for hay should always be cut when it first comes into bloom.

The editor of an exchange paper publishes a punning 'market report,' in which he states that 'tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, rakes not much inquired after, champagne brisk, rhubarb and senna are drugs, starch is stiffening, eggs lively, butter and lard rather strong, and paper stationary. There is no life in dead horses, but considerable animation in old cheese.'

At a Sunday School examination the teacher asked a boy whether he could forgive those who wronged him.

"Could you forgive a boy, for example, who has insulted or struck you?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir I think I could, if he was bigger than I am."

The best bull we ever heard of was shown in paddy's description of the animal of that name. 'This is the way you may know him. When you see a group of cows lying down in the field and one of 'em is standing—that's the bull.'

Mith Thimmoth, I'm always real glad you come vithing to our louth."

"Are you my little dear? You are very fond of me then!"

"No, Mith Thimmoth, but we always have two kind of pieth when you are here to dinner."

Curious Entry.—In the parish register of Suckley is the following whimsical verse which must be read down and up alternately:

There and I'm one and he
Is one the but only one
But only one love one the
One and she that you are