

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Original Poetry.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DOLLY.

Dear little Dolly is no more,
She sleeps in your churchyard,
But her spirit is gone up on high,
Where sorrow is never heard.

She was a sweet and lovely lamb,
As ever God did give;
But oh! how soon that mighty hand
Did take what once he gave.

She was a favored child among
The other children dear;
Her time was come when she must go,
And stay no longer here.

Weep not, dear mother, for she is gone
To that bright land on high,
Where you with her will reign sometime
A way beyond the sky.

And to you, its dearest father,
You loved it fondly too,
But weep not at its departure,
You done what you could do.

If we could view the angelic throng,
In your bright world above,
We'd see her tune her golden harp,
To sing redeeming love.

Then, parents dear, dry up your tears,
Your loss is her great gain;
And then prepare to follow her,
Where saints shall ever reign.

M. A. GRAY.

Select Poetry.

In the midst of the general pressure
The following reasonable lines—"Never Say
Fail!"—are worth a careful reading:

NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep pushing—Go wiser
Than sitting aside,
And deprecating and sighing,
And waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward,
And never say "fail."

With an eye ever open
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb,
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say "fail."

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
And show your way,
Unheeding the envious,
All asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the midst of their wisdom,
Who never say "fail."

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's fair pride,
Let this be your motto:
Your footsteps to guide;
To storm and its sunshine,
Whatever assail;
Well onward and conquer,
And never say "fail."

A Select Story.

SMILES FOR HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Take that home with you, dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" And Mr. Lewis turned towards his wife, curiously. Now, Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark.

"Take what home?" repeated her husband. "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned upon Mr. Edwards, when you answered his question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head, and walked on in silence. They had called in at the store of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles, and were now on their way home. There was no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis now, but a very grave expression instead—grave almost to sternness. The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise; and, though spoken lightly, had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis, like a great many other men who have their own business cares and troubles, was in the habit of bringing home a sober, and, too often, a clouded face. It was in vain that his wife and children looked into that face for sunshine or listened to his words for tones of cheerfulness.

"Take that home with you, dear," Mrs. Lewis was already repenting this suggestion, made on the moment's impulse. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear even an implied censure from his

wife. And so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

"Take that home with you, dear! Ah me! I wish the words had not been said. There will be darker clouds now, and gracious knows, they were dark enough before! Why can't Mr. Lewis leave his cares and business behind him, and let us see the old, pleasant, smiling face again I thought this morning that he had forgotten how to smile; but I see that he can smile, if he tries. Ah! Why don't he try at home?"

So Mrs. Lewis talked to herself, as she moved along by the side of her husband, who had not spoken a word since her reply to his query, "Take what home?" Block after block was passed, and street after street crossed, and still there was silence between them.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speaking in her own thoughts. "Of course he is offended. He won't bear a word from me. I might have known, beforehand, that talking out in this way would only make things worse. Oh, dear! I'm getting out of all heart!"

"What then, Caddy?"

Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice, breaking, unexpectedly, upon her ear, in a softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning towards her, and looking down into her shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radiance through the whole house," said Mrs. Lewis, her tones all a tremble with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so! Only try it, dear, for this one evening."

"It isn't so easy a thing to put on a smiling face, Caddy, when thought is oppressed with care."

"It didn't seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis, glancing up at her husband with something of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped down upon the face of Mr. Lewis, which was again partly turned away; and again they walked on in silence.

"He is so sensitive!" Mrs. Lewis said to herself, the shadow on her husband's face darkening over her own. "I have to be so careful of my words as if talking to a spoiled child."

No, it did not require much effort on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile, as he passed a few words, lightly, with Mr. Edwards. The remark of his wife had not really displeased him; it had only set him to thinking. After remaining gravely silent, because he was undergoing a brief self-examination, Mr. Lewis said—

"You thought the smile given to Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"I did not seem to require an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required," said Mr. Lewis. His tones were slightly depressed.

"But this must be taken into the account; my mind was in a certain state of excitement, or activity, that repressed sober feelings, and made smiling an easy thing. So we smile and are gay in company, at cost of little effort, because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common sphere of excitement. How different it often is when we are alone I need not say. You, Caddy, are guilty of the sober face at home as well as your husband?" Mr. Lewis spoke with a tender reproof in his voice.

"But the sober face is caught from yours oftener than you imagine, my husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that, Caddy?"

"Very certain. You make the sunlight and the shadow of your home. Smile upon us; give us cheerful words; enter into our feelings and interests, and there will be no brighter home in all the land. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart; and the same is true as respects our children. Our pulses strike too nearly in unison not to be disturbed when yours has lost its even beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in silence his face partly averted, and again his wife began to fear that she had spoken too freely. But he soon dispelled this impression for he said—

"I am glad, Caddy, that you have spoken thus plainly. I only wish that you had done so before. I see how it is. My smiles have been for the outside world—the world that neither loved nor regarded me—and my clouded brow for the dear ones at home, for whom thought and care are ever living activities."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment, and then went in. Instantly, on passing his threshold, Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The hue of his feelings began to change. The cheer-

ful, interested exterior put on for those he met in business intercourse, began rapidly to change, and a sober hue to succeed. Like most business men, his desire for profitable results was even far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade; and his daily history was a history of disappointments in some measure dependent upon his restless anticipations. He was not as willing to work and to wait as he should be; and, like many of his class, neglected the pearls that lay here and there along his life paths, because they were inferior in value to those he hoped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was that, when the day's business excitement was over, his mind fell into a brooding state, and lingered over its disappointments, or looked forward with failing hope in the future—for hope, in many things, had been long deferred. And so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Take that home with you, dear," whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they moved along the passage, and before they had joined the family. She had an instinctive consciousness that her husband was in danger of relapsing into his usual state.

The warning was just in time.

"Thank you for the words!" said he. "I will not forget them."

And he did not; but at once rallied himself, and to the glad surprise of Jenny, Will, and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with fatherly smiles, and with pleasant questions, in pleasant tones, of their day's employments. The feelings of children move in quick transitions. They had not expected a great joy like this; but the response was instant. Little Jenny climbed into her father's arms. Will came and stood by his chair, answering in lively tones his questions, while Mary, older by a few years than the rest, leaned against her father's shoulder, and laid her white hand softly upon his head, smoothing back the dark hair, just showing a little frost, from his broad, manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came forth from her chamber to the sitting room, where she had gone to lay off her bonnet and shawl and change her dress. Well did her husband understand the meaning look she gave him; and warmly did her heart respond to the smile he threw back upon her.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary, looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasantly must have happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his arm tightly around her, "in having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his, and whispered: "If you are smiling and happy, dear father! home will be like heaven."

Mr. Lewis kissed her; but did not reply. He felt a rebuke in her words. But the rebuke did not throw a chill over his feelings; it only gave a new strength to his purposes.

"Don't distribute all your smiles. Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she parted with her husband on the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise. The smiles were kept, however, and evening saw them; though not for the outside world. Other, and many evenings saw the same cheerful smiles, and the same happy home. And was not Mr. Lewis a better and happier man? Of course he was. And so would all men be, if they would take home with them the smiling aspect they so often exhibit, as they meet their fellow men in business intercourse, or exchange words in passing compliments. Take your smiles and cheerful words home with you, husbands, fathers, and brothers. Your hearths are cold and dark without them.

"Pedagogue—Well, sir, what does he say?"

Boy—Don't know.

Pedagogue—What have you got on your head?

Boy—I guess it's a 'skeeter bite, it itches like thunder."

A man was walking quietly along the other day, when he was suddenly struck by a thought, and knocked into the gutter.

Select Miscellany.

A New Bedford Joke.

A beautiful young lady, from another part of Massachusetts, was making a visit at a friend's in the pretty town of New Bedford, famous then as now for whalers, rich merchants, sperm-ceti candles, and wintered oil. One day this delightful visitor was delighting one of these dealers in these articles by allowing him to show her all over his well-stocked establishment, and by taking a very deep interest in all that she saw there. She was particularly pleased with the picturesque style in which the clear, white, polished candles were packed in their boxes.

In a tone of raillery, the young merchant said to his visitor: "Take one of the boxes you admire so much home with you."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the fair belle.

"Of course," was the reply; "if you will take one of them home with your own hands, you shall have it."

"That's a bargain," said she; "I'll call in half an hour for my candles." The box she had selected weighed some fifty pounds.

Punctually at the time appointed, and at midday, when everybody was astray in the pleasant town of New Bedford, the young tradesman was told by the clerk that there was a young lady at the door waiting to take home the candles she had selected.

"She is in a carriage, as a matter of course," said he.

"No, sir," was the reply, "she is walking and alone."

He went down to the front door of his establishment, and there stood his fair customer, with one of those straw carriages that nurses take babies to ride in.

"Come," said she, "hurry up my candles."

"The merchant saw he was caught in a trap of his own setting; so he put the best face on the matter, and ordered the fifty pound of number one sperm-ceti to be delivered to the lady, who having tucked up the box carefully with coverlets and blankets, as if it were a baby she was treating to an afternoon airing, drew it triumphantly through the streets to the house where she was staying, not one of the numerous acquaintances she met on the way having the remotest idea that her burden was anything but her hostess' baby.

"What a pretty thing it was," said one of them, in Miss ——— to take Mrs. ———'s baby out to ride to day."

But the true story soon got out, and the laugh was decidedly against the gentleman who dealt in sperm-ceti.

RELIGION AND DEATH.

The following is a beautiful extract from Mr. Webster's splendid argument in the case of Girard's will:

"When an intellectual being finds himself on this earth, as soon as the faculties of reason operate, one of the first inquiries of his mind is, 'Shall I be here always? Shall I be here forever?' And those writers who have been celebrated for their essays on the dignity of human reason, say that, of all sentient beings, man is only competent of knowing that he is to die. His Maker has made man only able to come to the knowledge of the fact. Before he knows his origin and destiny, he knows that he is to die. Then comes that most urgent and solemn demand for light that ever entered the mind of man, which is set forth in that most incomparable composition, the Book of Job, 'For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again; and the tender branch thereof bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But if man die, shall he live again? And that question nothing but God can solve. Religion does solve it, and teaches every man that the duties of this life have reference to the life which is to come; that moral conduct founded on this great religious truth, is the end and the object of his destiny. And hence since the introduction of Christianity, it has been the effort of the great and the good, to sanctify human knowledge; to bring it, as it were, to the baptismal font; to baptize letters with the sacred influence of the Christian religion; to bring, all, the early and the late, to the same sacred source, and sanctify them for the use and blessings of the human race."

A Frenchman who had deposited a sum of money for safe keeping, with a friend, hearing the latter was about to fail, calling upon the man said:

"Sure, I want my money."

"Certainly, sir," replied the other, drawing out his book, when the Frenchman said—

"Stop, sare; you got de monie?"

"Why, of course!" said his friend, "I will give you a check for it immediately."

"No, no," said the Frenchman, "if you have got de monie I no want him, but if you no got him den, I want him."

Don't be a Bachelor.

Young man, don't live a crusty bachelor. It is not good for you. It will neither improve your morals, health, nor your beauty. Marry as soon as you can make it convenient, and can shape your affairs to support a wife. But when you marry, don't fall in love with a face instead of a woman. Remember that common sense is a rare virtue, much better than silver, gold in plenty; but look for sound practical sense in woman first;—that is the touch stone to try her other qualities by.

When you have all that, all else comes. Your wife, that is to be, if she's full of common sense, will grow to your way of thinking and make you grow to hers. A woman who has womanly love in her heart, will find ways to make your love towards her grow as the years go over you both. And another thing needs to be heeded, and that is—a common sense woman is not to be found where fashion insists upon dragging young females into a whirl, where is simply idle gossip and but little brain.

Young man! don't stand looking after that young woman who has the distinguished air, the reputation of a flirt and a belle, whose father has heaps of cash; for it is not impossible that while you are straining your eyes, you may be turning your back upon some unobtrusive little damsel whom nature has cut as your other half, and who may just that pleasant faced placid tempered, lovable little creature who will think enough of you to go with you to the end of the world, and stay by and comfort you when you get gray-haired and fidgety.

Marry your gentlemen and keep yourselves out of scrapes. Have something to live for. A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants entire men. So mend yourself, and be happy. And you shall have reason to say it was a good thing you resolved to marry, and refused to be a solitary, beer-drunk, pipe-smoking bachelor, if you succeed as well in your efforts as he who, once a young man like you, is now simply old, contented and comfortable.—*Life Illustrated.*

What the Wind Says.

"Do you know what the December wind says, grandpa," asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No, what does it say?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the Poor!" grandpa.—When it comes down chimney it rars.—

"Remember the Poor;" when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole it whistles. "Remember the Poor;" when it strides through the crack in the door it whispers it; and, grandpa, when it blows your silver hair in the street, and shiver and the button up your coat, does it not get in your ear and say so too, in a still small voice, grandpa?"

Why, what does the child mean? cried grandpa, who I am afraid had been used to shut his heart against such winds.

"You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon a pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."

"No, grandpa," said the child earnestly shaking her head, "no, it is the no muff and tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them and so do I try."

After the next storm the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of the relief society, and said "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer started with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that, he thought came grudgingly.

"Why," said the rich old merchant afterwards, I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the scripture. How many a cold heart has melted and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

"Bobby, what became of that big hole you had in your trousers the day afore yesterday?"

"Oh, it's wore out."

"Mither nither! what have you done?" said a little news boy to a greenhorn who had just tied his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought on third street.

"Done!" said the fellow, "what do you mean? I hain't been doin' nothin', as I knows on!"

"Why, yeth you have, thir; you've hitched your hoth to the magnetic telegraph and you'll be in New York in leth than a pair of minuths, if you don't look out."

The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and jumping into his wagon drove hastily down the street.

A PARODY.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To smoke cigars and look so sage.
And if I should a mistake wear,
(Although the hair is rather rare,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my little whiskers by,
Big aches from little toes come flow;
Long beards from downy faces grow;
And though my beard is short and young,
Of tender growth and lately sprung,
Yet all the whiskers in the town
Lately existed but in down.
But why may not young Chucky's face,
Be covered like others of his race—
Exceed what Tom and Dick have done,
Or any man beneath the sun?
Where are the whiskers far or near,
That cannot find a rival here?
Or where's the boy of three feet high,
Who has more fuzzy beard than I?

"Can a body eat with these things?" asked an elderly lady, who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist describes them.

"My dear madam," responds the dentist, "mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by Nature herself."

"Yes, I know," replied the female; "but can a body eat with them?"

"What are you writing such a large hand for, Pat?" Why, you see that my grandmother dave, and I'm writing a loud letter to her.

"Is that a lightning bug?" asked a short, sighted lady. "No," said the Miss, "it's a big bug with a lighted cigar."

The Knickerbocker has the following interesting epigrams.

HERE LIE
Two grand mothers with their two grand-daughters,

Two husbands with their two wives,
Two fathers with their two daughters,
Two mothers with their two sons,
Two maidens with their two mothers,
Two sisters with their two brothers.

Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,
All born legitimate, and from incest clear."

And our ingenious antiquarian satisfactorily unravels all the intricate tangle.—Let your Knickerbocker wit "throw themselves upon the sunjeck." Also, while they are about it, let them answer this: "The widowers (who are not related) marry each other's daughters; what relation will their children be to each other?"

One jour printer in our hearing, asked another what he thought of the world—a most pregnant inquiry—which was answered by the other in the statement that the world is a stage and the printers are the horses."

The Library of Congress has received an addition of about 4,500 volumes since this time last year, which have all been properly classified, and their titles printed in a neat appendix to the catalogue.

The Spaniards say:
"At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal, at thirty to anybody that will have her."

A few days ago we heard a singular account of a Western merchant. It seems he had been but a few years in business, and upon taking an account of stock found that his profits had been, as his ledger showed some \$60,000; in other words that his indebtedness was \$20,000 and his assets \$80,000. Wishing to replenish, and elated by his great success he went to New York, represented his great skill, and on the strength of it bought some \$70,000 worth of goods on credit and returned home. A few weeks after he was back again in New York, proposing to compromise for forty cents on the dollar. "How is this?" said his astonished creditor; "a short time ago you were worth \$60,000."

"Why, said he, 'the fact is, my book-keeper made a mistake. I was owing \$80,000 and had only \$20,000. The 'phelinks' of those creditors can better be imagined than described."

Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

Measuring Corn in the Ear.—Having gathered and safely housed his corn, the farmer wishes to ascertain with some degree of certainty what amount of shelled corn there may be in his pile. There are various rules for this all of which are more or less serviceable. The following, we find in the Valley Farmer, and it is one which can be easily tested. If it prove a sound rule, we advise our readers to cut it out and keep it for reference.

"Arrange the corn in the pen or crib so that it will be of equal depth throughout then ascertain the length, breadth, depth of the pile, multiply these dimensions together, and their product by 4. Then cut off one figure from the right of the last product, and the remainder will be so many bushels of shelled corn; and the figure cut off will show many tenths of a bushel more. Example: In a crib or pen of corn in the ear, measuring ten feet long eight feet high, eight feet high, and seven feet wide, there will be 252 bushels of shelled corn. Thus:—10x8x7x4=242,9—Maine Farmer.

The weather is delightful now and the hogs are bleating.

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