

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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Original Poetry.

For the Journal.

THE PRINTER'S TOIL.

Blow, the stormy winds of winter!
Drive the chilling drifting snow!
Closely housed, the busy Printer,
Heeds not how the winds may blow.
Click, click, his type go dropping,
Every comfort mortals need;
For the nights were dull in winter,
Had we not the news to read.
Sad would be the world's condition,
If no Printers could be found;
Ignorance and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.
Yes, it is the busy printer
Who rolls the car of knowledge on;
And a gloomy mental winter,
Soon would reign, if he were gone.
Money's useful, yet the winters,
Fill not half so high a place,
As the busy, toiling Printers,
Flinging type before the case.
Yet while the type they're busy setting,
Of some thankless popinjay,
Leaves the country, kindly letting
Printers whistle for their pay.
Oh, ingratitude! ungracious!
Are these on enlightened soil?
Men with minds so incapacious
As to slight the Printer's toil.
See him, how extremely busy
Flinging type before the case,
Tolling his almost dizzy
To exalt the human race.
There is no compassion for the Printer;
Every devil drives him on;
Spring and summer, fall and winter
Never finds his labor done.

BREWER.

A Select Story.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

That was a strange school at Rock Valley—a perfect democracy—for the scholars always had their own way, and settled the matter with the utmost promptness regarding their teacher. If they liked him, good; if not, down with him. The consequence was that the teachers in the Rock Valley school had not succeeded very well in advancing the minds of the young republicans intrusted to their charge. The boys acted their own pleasure about study, and never troubled themselves much whether they learned anything or not—at any rate the schoolmaster didn't dare to kick them in case of failure. At last the parents, as they saw the small proficiency their boys were making, looked into it a little, and being shrewd and sensible people, guessed at the difficulty. They at once advertised for a new teacher, distinctly specifying that he must possess nerve and spirit—understood by the very expressive word "backbone."

Several presented themselves for trial. Young students came with excellent recommendations, but they only stayed a day or two. They could not withstand the ridicule and opposition they had to encounter. There were large boys in

the school, and the teacher measured the muscular development of the scholars in his estimate of his chances of success in the event of a struggle. It was a queer state of things in Rock Valley.

"The boys were not really malicious, but were naturally bright and capable, but their leader, a boy of sixteen, was a hard case—the master of them all by conquest and held a sway over them as powerful as the grandest monarch in the world holds over his subjects. They acknowledged his power and believed him invincible. It was his word that had settled the professional fate of all the teachers.

After a year's bootless trying to secure a teacher, one made his appearance, passed examination creditably, and was accepted by the committee. A notice was placed on the door of the school house and on the door of the church, that the school would commence on the following Monday, under the charge of Mr. Judson and the minister read the notice from the pulpit. Speculation was rife as to the new teacher, and as few had seen him, many questions were asked with regard to him. The boys held a special caucus, at which, of course, Bill Brown was moderator, and it was voted that the new master must be put down as it was the best fishing season, and the books would interfere with the sports of the brook.

On Monday morning the boys were soon moving in little knots towards the school house, busy in their plans of operations.

"I wonder how big he is?" said Seth Goodwin; "I hope he isn't one of them savage fellows."

"I don't care how big he is, nor how savage he is," said Bill Brown; "if he don't walk Spanish in less than a week, then I miss my guess."

"I don't see how we are going to learn anything if we don't have a teacher," said a little voice of the number.

"You shut up," said the leader, "I don't want to hear anything of that kind again."

The boy was silent and they walked on, still talking of the teacher, and are of the close proximity of a delicate looking stranger, apparently about twenty years old, who was walking in the same direction with themselves. They approached the school house, and when they got there they became conscious of the pale young man in their midst.

"Good morning, my lads," he said smilingly; "we are to begin a new career together to day, and I sincerely hope we shall like each other. I shall try every thing in my power to please you that is consistent with duty, and shall expect the same from you. I wish you to regard me as your friend at the commencement, and I shall certainly act from friendly feeling. I like your appearance, and I believe we shall find but little trouble about agreeing."

The speech evidently made an impression, but Bill Brown went round whispering, "that's all bosh, for I see the shape of a cow hide in his pocket," which at once awakened, as he intended it should, a combative spirit in all he spoke to.

"They went into the school house, the boys took their places, and the master mounted his tripod. But little was done in the morning. The restlessness of arrangement—the getting used to the school house—produced confusion, and the commencement of business was deferred until the commencement of business was deferred until the next day. The school was dismissed at noon, and master and scholars separated—the former with the impression that he had a vigorous and bright set of boys to manage—a little hard in the mouth perhaps, but who could be made tractable; and the latter that the teacher could be managed by the persuasive force of strong arms, but it was best to wait and see how things would work.

"They came together with the same feeling next morning; classes were formed, all preliminaries settled, and everything commenced as happily as need be desired. The teacher's heart was happy in the thought of his success, when glancing down through a lane of boys, he detected an improper gesture from Bill Brown, and saw it repeated, even though the boys' eyes, he knew, were fixed upon his own.

"Young man, come up here," he said in a gentle but firm tone.

Brown looked around upon his companions, and with a fierce movement of a bravo left his seat and approached the teacher.

"I expect a spirit of obedience in my school, my young friend," said the teacher, "and I shall insist upon it."

"I don't care what you expect," growled the young ruffian, "I should like to see you help yourself."

The teacher bit his lip, while his face

whitened, especially as he heard a snicker laugh among the scholars; but he showed no other signs of anger, unless it might have appeared in his eye.

"Will you return to your seat and behave yourself?" said he, and thus obviated the necessity of helping himself.

"No, I won't," was the reply.

"Then," said the young teacher, you shall be made to obey me."

He reached to his desk as he spoke, and took his ruler therefrom; when, turning to the young rebel, he told him to hold out his hand. The boy with a surly and impudent bow, kept his hands persistently in his pockets, looking at the same time around the school for encouragement. He evidently regarded his master as easy of conquest, and felt sufficient strength to cope with the schoolmaster.

"Hold your hand, sir," the teacher repeated in a more commanding tone.

Refusing to obey, he received a smart rap on the knuckles from the ruler, when drawing his right hand suddenly from his pocket he gave the teacher a severe flip on the side of the head, and then "pitched in." In a moment the school was in confusion. The bolder boys mounted the benches to see the progress of the row, and the timid ones sat trembling, waiting the result very anxiously.

The master, when thus assailed, did not hesitate a moment. His delicate frame seemed to dilate with the spirit invoked by the young ruffian, and a sinewy strength seemed to pervade him. He was smaller than his antagonist, but had by judicious training developed his muscle in a powerful degree. He threw his ruler away and grappled with his antagonist, and the struggle for mastery commenced in earnest—science against strength. The boys evidently thought their associate needed no assistance, for they did not move to aid him, and thus the field was left to the two combatants.

They swayed this way and that way, back and forth, hither and thither, straining and striving, pulling and jerking till, with a master stroke of science, the master brought his pupil forward on his knees, and then, like a turtle at Hall's waiting for the immolating knife.

Immediately improving his opportunity, he threw himself upon his prostrate foe and commenced mauling him in the most improved chancery manner—hammering away at him, perhaps in a style not exactly sanctioned by the rules of the ring, but fully justified by the exigency of the case. The boys seemed paralyzed with astonishment at the unexpected result, and the bully, after an unsuccessful struggle to release himself, roared out lustily for quarter, which was granted on the condition of good behavior while in school. He was then allowed to get up, and in the vocabulary of the ring, was loup to be severely punished. His nose had suffered, and his eyes were essentially bunged up. He looked the sneaking and used-up wretch, and stood before his mates a conquered game chicken. His influence was from that moment gone, and when the master stood up before the school, as calm and collected as if he had merely been setting a copy instead of an example, not a sound was heard from one of them.

"Well, boys," he said, "if there is any other one here who is disposed to disobey me, I should like to have the matter disposed of now. Those disposed to be obedient, will please rise themselves to obedience, will please rise from their seats."

They all rose.

"Now I will tell you," said he, "that I am disposed to yield equal and exact justice to all—kindly if you will but as you will, (looking insignificantly at Brown.) be good boys and I am your friend. I am content to take a botanical stroll in the woods on Wednesday and those who behave well in the meantime may accompany me. Do you wish to go?"

"Yes, sir," was the unanimous voice.

He felt that he had triumphed, and bade them be seated.

"Now Brown," said he, "I must finish this matter with you. You seem sore in body and spirit, and you may either go or stay. If you think you have been unjustly dealt with, appeal to those who may right you."

Brown went to his seat and gathered up his books, and with a sneaking sort of look he departed. The boys settled down to their studies, and the school became cheerful and industrious.

The next day Bill Brown's mother came to abuse the teacher for his violence to the boy. He referred her to the school committee, and bade her good morning. The school committee investigated the case, and said he had served him right, and the justice of the village, when he heard of the decision of the committee, would have

nothing to do with it. In a week's time the boy came and asked permission to enter the school, which was granted with a word of reproach or a word of promise. He was evidently cured. He grew to be the best scholar in the school—graduated with honor—became a successful merchant in Boston, and every year when he goes to Rock Valley, visits the school, and tells, with tears in his eyes, the lesson that the new school master taught him, and the good it did him.

The schoolmaster is now growing old in the station he commenced a dozen years ago. He has his botanical walks still, which all of his scholars attend with him—good behavior being the condition of so doing. These excursions on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons have quite killed several cures that came into the village, as not one of the scholars chose to deprive themselves of the walk for the sake of other attractions.

I was at Rock Valley last winter, on a Wednesday and went down to the pleasure pond near the school house to indulge in the old sport of skating, which I had not done for years. The day was clear and the ice was as clear as crystal. Hearing a tremendous shouting I looked to the other end of the pond, and saw a crowd of boys on skates pursuing a man who kept well ahead, and when they came near to where I was, I saw it was the teacher. He recognized me and stopped.

"Ah," said I, "Mr. Judson, I see you are the same old boy."

"Yes," said he, "we are all boys on such days as this, and such skating as this."

"Don't the parents think strange of you for such frivolous conduct?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "some like those described by Holmes—

"Disturb the azure flower that blossoms on the shoot,
As though wisdom's old potato may not flourish in the root."

"But the boys are my inspiration, and as they are pleased so am I."

He swept away with his train of boys, and a happier band never woke glad echoes out of doors, than those who were in chase to beat the schoolmaster.

He had never before flogged a boy in his school after the first day, and he had the reputation of having the best school in the country.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.
A MAN LOST IN THE SWAMPS.

Many of our readers are acquainted with Fred Walters, formerly a porter in the store of B. Presley Esq. on the Lavee. It seems that some weeks since he went up to the neighborhood of Princeton on Run river, about ninety miles north of Fort Anthony, on a hunting expedition. He boarded in the meantime at the house of a Mr. Hopper (who is our informant,) about three miles from Princeton. About the 5th of December, he started out in the morning, promising Mrs. H. to return about three o'clock. He did not come back that night, and was supposed to have tarried at the house of another German, over the river. As he did not return the next night or the next, fears for his safety were aroused, and about half a dozen men of the neighborhood well acquainted with the country, started in his tracks in search of him. The search was kept up until the snow fell on Thanksgiving day, covering his tracks, rendering the search unavailing.

From Walters' own account, he wandered, after getting lost, over a great extent of country, perfectly bewildered. He found no game and no signs of life. His strength gradually failed, and a terrible death stared him in the face. His faithful dog still kept with him, but he threw away his rifle, too fatigued to carry it. Four nights and five days he wandered thus, with nothing to eat, no fire, no place to sleep, and saw no signs of human beings, all that fearful period. At length his strength failed, and he sat sullenly down resolved to die, as he knew he could never make his way out of that impenetrable labyrinth of swamps. His dog had even to be coaxed to follow him; for it, too, was worn down with fatigue. Calling it to him in this last desperate extremity, he cut open its breast, and tearing out its liver, he devoured a part of it raw and bleeding—Even finished as he was, this unnatural mess sickened him and he threw it away. The last hope that served him vanished, and his courage forsook him, unable to go farther, he lay down under some bushes, and made a sort of shelter with pieces of bark, resolved to await the death, he knew must soon relieve him. What feelings must his have been lying down to await a slow and terrible fate, no eye to witness his last moments, far from home

in a wilderness where no rite of sepulture, even, would await his body!

But hark!—the sound of human voices thrills through him,—no he is not deceived—it is! He eagerly springs to his feet, as well as his frozen limbs permit him; and he hails the party. His hells is answered and in a moment more he is surrounded by friends.

This was the hour of his deliverance, and by a miracle. A party of three gentlemen from St. Anthony, were looking for fine claims, and by mere chance stayed in that direction. But a difficulty still lay in their way. Walters was not able to walk, and it was many miles to the settlement from which he had started. One immediately started off after help, and the others remained with Walters. A fire was built, a camp made and some nutriment was given him. He had now been lost four nights and five days, and before the person returned it was five days more. A road had to be cut through a greater part of the way, and the swamps were scarcely frozen up.

After being taken to Hopper's house, he remained ten days in an exhausted state ere it was supposed his injuries were so severe. His lower limbs then began to mortify, and it was apparent even to the uninformed settlers that the only way to save his life was to bring him to St. Anthony or St. Paul, and have them amputated. This tedious journey lasted two days; during which time he had to be held like an infant, and had no rest.

The operation took place on Wednesday last at the County Infirmary, at St. Anthony by several surgeons; So heroic, we are told is the constitution of Walters, that after twenty days of almost unparalleled suffering the surgeons, were compelled to give him an otherwise fatal dose of chloroform to keep him from struggling during the operation.

Hogs—In the address of Gov. Pierre, at the Fair at Twinsburg, he said:

"Hogs are an important item in the product of our State. As Cincinnati is the pork market of America, so should Ohio be the pork product."

But producing hogs is not necessarily producing pork. The long nosed, elephant-eared, salsided, grisly-haired everlasting squealers, that too often disgrace our country, are not pork, and never can be. They cannot be fattened in life, or eaten when dead.

In selecting hogs, get short eared, short nosed, short-legged, and short-haired animals. They will fat easier, and when fattened, the pork is white, tender, and good. A slice of sugar-cured ham from such a hog, would tempt a Jew to violate his vows of abstinence from unclean animals. The Bayfield, Berkshire, China, Grass bred, have all been tried, and some of them condemned. The China, for instance, fat easy, but is too small limbed, perhaps, for profit. The Suffolk, perhaps, is too destitute of hair for our climate, unless well sheltered in winter, but mixtures are undoubtedly good. Mix the China with the large framed Berkshire, and we shall get large framed hogs, easily fattened. Far better for our farmers, who are cursed with these long nosed, flap-eared, grisly haired squealers, to kill them and throw them to the buzzards, than to try to fatten them.

In muzzling hogs, give them occasionally a table-spoonful of a compound of three parts ashes, and one of salt, for each hog-mixed with their food, and it will destroy kidney worms. For costiveness, with which they are often affected, take copperas, pulverized, and put it in a skillet, and place it on a quick fire; it will soon boil, then stir it till well mixed and take it off to cool; pulverize it, and give to each hog a table-spoonful mixed with his food as often as he shows symptoms of costiveness. Feed in clean pens to prevent much exercise, and keep them clean; dirt and filth do not make fat.—Ohio Farmer.

A RECIPE WORTH \$100.

Take one pound soda and a half pound unbleached line, put them in a gallon of water, and let them boil twenty minutes; let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are wet through; then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse through two waters, well, and your clothes will look better than they did by the old way of washing twice before boiling.

This is invaluable, and every poor, tired woman should try it. With a patent tub to do the rubbing, the washer-woman might take the last novel and compose herself on the lounge, and let the washing do itself.

Come Back Soon.

Such was the exclamation that reached our ears as we passed along a street in East Baltimore an evening or two since. The speaker was a neatly dressed woman young and beautiful. The person to whom she spoke these simple words, in deep tones of affection, was a finely formed man, in the morning of life. But what caused the tears to flow? Alas! we could not fail to perceive that the being to whom she had given her young heart, and who promised to love, protect and cherish her, was a victim of the tyrant—Rum!—"Come back soon." With a half suppressed oath the promise was given, as he hastily bent his steps towards his usual haunts of dissipation.

"Come back soon," was sobbed out from a broken heart as we resumed our walk. After our evening meal we repaired to the house of a friend, whom we had promised to visit. The time flew rapidly by in familiar converse, and the hour of midnight sounded ere we parted. The streets were almost deserted, and as we passed a low grocer's sounds of drunken revelry were heard within. A man staggered into the street, followed by a woman. They were the same we saw at early evening. "Come back soon." Anxiously she listened for his welcome step! How long the hours seemed to her waiting heart, as she watches for the loved one's return. Hastily throwing on her shawl, she wandered through the streets, heedless of the passers by, and even penetrates the haunts of vice to save a being she loved better than life. Fondly she clasped the degraded being who was about to repulse her, she exclaimed, "Do come home" William, I left Ellen all alone!" "Little Ellen," those two words found a way to that man's heart. He hesitated and drunk as he was, his eyes grew moist. Still closer did that wife cling, and he was about to accompany her, when a miserable man staggered up saying, "is that you" Bill, why you are a stranger; let us go and take a drink, and talk over old times?" The emotion was stronger—there was a fearful struggle in his bosom. Again the man had removed a step towards the door, when his devoted wife uttered through her tears, "Ellen—our child!" The chord was touched, and with a resolute "No" to his tempter, which sent a thrill of joy to that woman's heart, he turned towards his home. Who can tell what hopes, what fears agitated that wife's bosom, on their homeward journey, as that husband vowed to drink no more. We saw them enter their cottage, and quickening our steps we soon reached our humble lodging—"Our Child!" Simple words; but they have, perhaps, saved a human soul.—Baltimore American.

She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love. Her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.

She stood by the wash tub when her twenty fifth birth day arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes, were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house, crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of food. She stopped in despair and sat down, and the tears trickled down her once plump and rosy cheeks. Alas! Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have music, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on until the time arrives. Early marriages and early cohabitation are tender productions.

An editor in Ohio thus writes to his subscribers: We hope our friends will overlook our irregularities for the past few weeks. We are now permanently located in the county jail, with a sufficient force to insure a regular issue for the future.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent five shillings for wood in eight years."

Died—A lady named Stoddard, in Fulton co., N. Y., on Christmas day. She was born in Connecticut in the year 1776, on Christmas-day, was married on Christmas day, and died on Christmas day, aged 91 years.

The Proposition of Mr. Harris.
The following is the proposition of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, offered in the house of Representatives on Tuesday, after the reception of the President's message:

"That the message of the President, concerning the Constitution framed at Le Compton, in the Territory of Kansas, by a Convention of Delegates thereof, and the papers accompanying the same, be referred to a select Committee of thirteen, to be appointed by the Speaker.

"That said Committee be instructed to inquire into all the facts connected with the formation of said Constitution, and laws, if any, under which the same was originated, and whether such laws have been complied and followed.

"Whether said Constitution provides for a Republican form of government, and whether there are included within the proposed boundaries of Kansas sufficient population to be entitled to a Representative in this House upon the basis now fixed by law, and whether said constitution is acceptable and satisfactory to a majority of the legal voters of Kansas.

"Also, the number of votes cast, if any, and when, in favor of a Convention to form a Constitution as aforesaid, and the places where they were cast, and the number cast at each place of voting, and in each county in the Territory.

"The apportionment of delegates to said Convention among different counties and election districts of said Territory, and the census or registration under which the same was made, and whether the same was just or fair in compliance with law.

"The names of the delegates to said Convention, and the number of votes cast for each candidate for delegate, and the places where cast; and, whether said Constitution received the votes of a majority of the delegates to said Convention.

"The number of votes cast in said Territory on the 21st of December last for and against said Constitution, and for and against any parts or features thereof, and the number so cast at each place of voting in said Territory.

"The number of votes cast in said Territory and against said Constitution, and for or against any parts or features thereof, and the number so cast at each place of voting in said Territory.

"The number of votes cast in said Territory on the day last named for any State and Legislative officers thereof, and the number so cast for each candidate for such offices, and where cast.

"That said Committee also ascertain, as nearly as possible, what portion, if any, of the votes so cast at any of the times and places aforesaid were fraudulent or illegal.

"Whether any portion, and if so, what portion of the people of Kansas are in open rebellion against the laws of the country.

"And that said Committee have power to send for persons and papers."

DIVORCES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Harrisburg Legislative correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press* remarks:

"The marital state of the Commonwealth must be in a deplorable condition, if we are to judge from the number of applications for divorce before the Legislature upward of twenty have been read up to this time, Jan. 29—from Philadelphia, Fayette, Union, Perry, &c.—and the cry is still they come. I am informed by an old member of the House, that his experience has been that a large majority of those applying for a release from the bonds of matrimony are citizens of other States, who come here for the mere purpose of such a release, and often because they are strangers to the boy that is to decide on their petition. If it were less easy to get rid of the marriage contract, there would be more discretion exercised by young men and maidens—and old ones, too—who, according to the testimony, often rush madly into matrimony, and take no thought of the morrow."

"Men of power are seldom wordy or diffuse—they indulge not in the decorative trappings of rhetoric—but by a few bold master-strokes, give determined expression to the essential and central idea; to which all minor thoughts are subordinate.

"Are you mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman.

"No, sir; I'm the man that cooks the mate."

Sound—The young lady who doesn't care how cold it gets so it don't get below squee-o-o.

Love is like a cigar—the longer it burns the less it grows.

No professional man lives so much from hand, to mouth as a dentist.