The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21 1858. VOL. XXIII. NO. 16.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

TERMS

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If paid in advance.....$1,50
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Select Poetry.

SPRING—A PARAPHRASE.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

'For lo! the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land, the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell, arise, my love, my fair one and come away.'—*Song of Solomon*, ch. ii. 11—14 v.

The winter's cold has gone,
The rain has ceased its falling,
Earth takes her flowery zone,
And all the birds are calling.
Hark! tis the turtle's voice,
So soft, so sweet, so cooing,
It seems to say, rejoice,
Reviving nature viewing,
Come away!

The fig tree putteth forth,
Her lacious store so tender,
No tempest from the north,
Her fruit shall worthless render.
See! all our trailing vines,
With mellow grapes are laden,
And joyous wreath entwines,
The happy laughing maiden,
Come away!

Arise! for light and balm,
And flowers, and gushing singing,
All make one perfect Psalm,
Through the heart's chamber ringing.
Bound with the fawn like grace,
Of beauty's fairest daughter,
And let thy matchless face,
Be mirrored in the water,
Come away!

The chorus of the birds,
Shall greet thee while advancing,
And all thy silver words,
Shall be like spring entrancing.
For winter's cold has gone,
The rain has ceased its falling,
Earth takes her flowery zone,
And all the birds are calling,
Come away!

Historical Sketch.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

(Continued.)

And thus once more the body of the virgin was left to repose in peace, once more the devout could offer their prayers to the Saint at the altar consecrated by her presence, and once more the superstitious could increase the number of the miracles wrought by her favor. Through the long period of the fall and depression of Rome, her church continued to be a favorite one with the people of the city, and with the pilgrims to it. From time to time it was repaired and adorned, and in the thirteenth century the walls of its porticoes were covered with a series of frescoes, representing the events of St. Cecilia's life, and the finding of her body by Paschal. These frescoes—precious as specimens of re-awakening Art, and especially precious at Rome, because of the little that was done there at that period—were all, save one, long since destroyed in some "restoration" of the church. The one that was preserved is now within the church, and represents in its two divisions the burial of the Saint by Pope Urban, and her appearance in St. Peter's Church to the sleeping Paschal, whose figure is rendered with amusing *naivete* and literalness.

Meanwhile, after the translation of St. Cecilia's body, the catacombs remained in much the same neglected state as before, falling more and more into ruin, but still visited from year to year by the pilgrims, whom even pillage and danger could not keep from Rome. For two centuries,—from the thirteenth to the fifteenth—scarcely any mention of them is to be found. Petrarch, in his many letters about Rome, dwells on the the sacredness of the soil within the city, in whose crypts and churches so many saints and martyrs lie buried but hardly refers to the catacombs themselves and never in such a way as to show that they were an object of interest to him, though a lover of all Roman relics and a faithful worshipper of the saints. It was near the end of the sixteenth century that a happy accident—the falling in of the road outside the Porta Salara—brought to light the streets of the Cemetery of St. Priscilla, and awakened in Antonio Bosio a zeal for the exploration of the catacombs which led him to devote the remainder of his long life to the pursuit, and by study, investigation, and observation, to lay the solid basis of the thorough and comprehensive acquaintance with subterranean Rome which has been extended by the researches of a long line of able scholars down to the present day. But to Bosio the chief honor is due, as the earliest, the most exact, and the most indefatigable of the explorers.

It was during his lifetime that the story of St. Cecilia received a continuation, of which he himself has left us a full account, In the year 1599, Paolo Emilio Sfondrati, Cardinal of the Title of St. Cecilia, undertook a thorough restoration of the old basilica erected by Paschal. He possessed a large collection of relics, and determined that he would place the most precious of them under the high altar. For this purpose the vault containing the sarcophagi in which St. Cecilia and her companions lay must be opened, and on the 20th of October the work was undertaken. Upon breaking through the wall, two sarcophagi of white marble were discovered. The Cardinal was on the spot, and, in the presence of numerous dignitaries of the Church, whom he had sent for as witnesses, he caused the heavy top of the first of these stone coffin to be lifted. Within was seen the chest of cypress wood in which, according, to the old story, the Saint had been originally placed. Sfondrati with his own hands removed the lid, and within the chest was found the body of the virgin with a silken veil spread over her rich dress, on which could still be seen the stains of blood, while at her feet yet lay the bloody cloths which had been placed there more than thirteen centuries before. She was lying upon her right side, her feet a little drawn up, her arms extended and resting one upon the other, her neck turned so that her head rested upon the left cheek. Her form perfectly preserved, and her attitude of the sweetest virginal grace and modesty, it seemed as if she lay there asleep rather than dead. The sarcophagus which was opened second, was found to contain three bodies, which were recognized as being, according to tradition, those of Tiburtius, Valeria, and Maximus.

The day advanced as these discoveries were made, and Sfondrati having had a chest of wood hastily lined with silk, and brought to a room in the adjoining convent, which opened into the church, (it is the room at the left, now used for the first reception of novices.) carried the cypress chest with its precious contents to this apartment, and placed it within the new box, which he locked and sealed.—Then, taking the key with him, he hastened to go out to Frascati, where Pope Clement VIII. was then staying, to avoid the early autumn airs of Rome. The Pope was in bed with the gout, and gave audience to no one; but when he heard of the great news that Sfondrati had brought, he desired at once to see him, and to hear from him the account of the discovery. "The Pope groaned and grieved that he was not well enough to hasten at once to visit and salute so great a martyr." But it happened that the famous annalist, Cardinal Baronius, was then with the Pope at Frascati, and Clement ordered him to go to Rome forthwith, in his stead, to behold and venerate the body of the Saint. Sfondrati immediately took Baronius in his carriage back to the city, and in the evening they reached the Church of St Cecilia. Baronius, in the account which he has left of these transactions, expresses in simple words his astonishment and delight at seeing the preservation of the cypress chest, and of the body of the Saint. 'When they at length beheld the sacred body, it was then, that, according to the words of David, "as we had heard; so we saw, in the city of the Lord of Hosts, in the city of our God. For as we had read that the venerated body of Cecilia had been found and laid away by Paschal the Pope, so we found it. He describes at length the posture of the virgin, and noble attitude, that "whoever beheld her was struck with unspeakable reverence, as if the heavenly Spouse stood by as a guard watching his sleeping Bride, warning and threatening: 'Awake not my love till she please.'"—The next morning Baronius performed Mass in the church in memory and honor of St. Cecilia, and other saints buried near her, and then returned to Frascau to report to the Pope what he had seen. It was resolved to push forward the works on the church with vigor, and to replace the body of the Saint under its altar on her feast day, the twenty second of November, with the most solemn pontificial ceremony.

Meanwhile the report of the wonderful discovery spread through Rome, and caused general excitement and emotion. The Trasteverini, with whom Cecilia had always been a favorite saint, were filled with joy, with piety, and superstition. Crowds continually pressed to the church, and so great was the ardor of worshippers, that the Swiss guards of the Court were needed to preserve order. Lamps were kept constantly burning around the coffin, which was set near a grating in the wall between the church and convent, so as to be visible to the devout. "There was no need of burning perfumes and incense near the sacred body, for a sweetest odor breathed out from it, like that of roses and lilies.'.

Sfondrati, desirous to preserve for future generations a memorial likeness of the Saint, ordered the sculptor Stefano Maderno to make a statue which should represent the body of Cecilia as it was found lying in the cypress chest. Maderno was then a youth of twenty three years. Sculpture at this time in Rome had fallen into a miserable condition of degraded conventionalism and extravagance. But Maderno was touched with the contagion of the religious enthusiasm of the moment, and his work is full of simple dignity, noble grace, and tender beauty. No other work of the time is to be compared with it. It is a memorial not only of the loveliness of the Saint, but of the self-forgetful religious fervor of the artist, at a period when every divine impulse seemed to be absent from the common productions of Art. Rome has no other statue of such sacred charm, none more inspired with Christian feeling It lies in front of the high altar, disfigured by a silver crown and a costly necklace.—the offerings of vulgar and pretentious adoration; but even thus it is at once a proof and proof and prophecy of what Art is to accomplish under the influence of the Christian spirit. The inscription that Sfondrati placed before the statue still exists. It is as follows: 'Behold the image of the most holy virgin Cecilia, whom I Paul, Cardinal of the title of St. Cecilia, saw lying perfect in her sepulchre; which I have caused to be made in this marble, in the very position of the body for you."

The twenty-second of November arrived. The Pope had recovered from his gout. The church was splendidly decorated. A solemn procession, illustrated by the presence of all the great dignitaries of the church, of the ambassadors of foreign states, and the nobles of Rome, advanced up the nave. Clement intoned the Mass. Then proceeding to the cypress chest, it was lifted by four cardinals, and carried to the vault under the altar, while the choir chanted the anthem, *O beata Cæcilia, quæ Almachium superasti, Tiburtium et Valerianum ad martyrii coronam vocasti!* The old coffin, undisturbed, was placed in a silver case; the last service was performed, and the body of the virgin was once more laid away to rest.

(To be continued.)

BED-BUGS.—Bed-bugs are effectually destroyed by washing infected places with a decoction of the common smart weed used or 'Water Pepper,' called by botanists Pologonum punctutum. Pour a pint of boiling water on a pint of the weed, cover it up, and let it cool. The liquor may be put on with a brush. The plant itself my be stuffed in cracks or corners.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

An Original Tale.

Written for the Journal.

A LEAF FROM MY MEMORANDUM.

BY AN OLD MAN.

Vengeance was the word;
From man to man, and rank to rank it pass'd.
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the free.
—SOUTHEY.

I am an old man. Sixty three winters have silvered my locks with grey. As I sit by my chamber window, and look out upon the wide spreading landscape, that lay before me, at the golden Orb of day just sinking behind the western hills, and as the cool breeze gently fans my brow my thoughts revert to the scene of the past. In imagination I am again a child, romping in my native wild wood as free as the mountain air, once again I stand by the graves of kind and loving parents as they are lowered to their long home, there to lie until the trump of the archangel shall summon them to judgements, and again I am, in the pride of my manhood, a traveller in the busy, bustling world

I will give the reader a short history of my early life, and then proceed to my narrative.

I was born in a rural village in the state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1795, and was the only child of wealthy parents, who died while I was yet a boy of ten. I lived with my guardian until I was twelve years old, when I went to S——Acad my for six years, and then entered H——College and graduated in three. Being now a young man of twenty one, and free to act as my conscience dictated, I resolved to travel. The following is a contest with a pirate off the coast of Florida.

In the year 183—I resolved on a trip to Cuba, and accordingly embarked on board the private armed brig W—an American vessel, bound for Havana. She was a beautiful vessel. Six carronades protruded their frowning muzzels through port holes from either side, while a long twenty four revolved on a pivot amidships. Captain H—, a brave officer, had been early impressed into the service, and had served as a volunteer in the United States Frigate Constitution during the war of 1812. The crew consisted of about one hundred and fifty hardy veterans, that had seen good service.

On the 25th., of July we put to sea, and proceeded with favorable winds, which is very unusual along this coast as far as the southern coast of Florida.

The 28th., of August was a hot, sultry day, not a breath of air was stirring. The crew lay listlessly along the deck or leaned over the sides to catch a puff of air Nothing was heard but the faint dash of the water as it washed against our bow. About noon a breeze sprang up, and in less than half an hour we were speeding along under a press of canvass.

'Sail O!' shouted the look out from the mainmast.

'Whereaway?' demanded Captain H—making his appearance on deck.

'On the weather bow, sir.'

'How does she bear?'

'South east by south'

During this colloquy, the crew had all assembled on deck, and now stood gazing at the distant sail, which was rapidly approaching. She soon proved to be an armed privateer about the size of our own vessel. She came bowsing along under a press of sail until within about a half a mile of us, when we hoisted the 'stars and stripes,' expecting her to show her colors in return, but she apparently paid no attention to our signal.

'Throw a shot across her forefoot" shouted the Captain.

The gunner obedient to the command, applied the match, but scarcely had the report of the shot died on the air, before a huge roll of bunting ascended to the gaff, and slowly unfolding itself to the breeze, disclosed a black flag unrelieved by a single emblem.

'A pirate!' burst simultaneously from the crew.

'By the Gods,' shouted the Captain fairly excited, 'we'll have a hard days work, but I'll never surrender my ship as long as I have strength to wield a sword in her defence. Say, 'he continued turning to his men, while his lips quivered and his breast heaved with suppressed emotion, 'will you suffer the 'stars and stripes' of our beloved country to be trampled upon by a gang of cursed pirates, when you have a ship equal to their own in size and strength, and a leader that will lead you on to victory or a grave?'

'No,' arose in such a shout that it must have been heard even on board the Pirate.

'Then I am satisfied Clear for action.

At the word the obedient crew sprang to the work with an alacrity that soon changed the deck into the orderly discipline of a man-of-war Buckets were piled around the fore mast, and the pump cleared for action in case the ship should take fire. Cutlasses, pistols, boarding-pikes and battle-axes were strewed along the deck, ready for use, should the enemy attempt to board us. By this time the pirate was about a quarter of a mile distant.

'Ship ahoy,' came in hoarse accents from the deck of the pirate

'Hello!' answered the Captain through a speaking trumpet.

'What ship is that?'

'The private armed brig W—, an American vessel bound for Havana.'

'A line for my boat, sir.'

'Beat to quarters,' thundered the Captain, and before the last roll of the drum had ceased, the men were at their posts. The two ships now ranged rapidly together, and as I gazed upon the now fast approaching ship, her deck alive with beings, I almost doubted for the victory, but as I turned and gazed along our line of sea-dogs my doubts were instantly dispelled, for I knew by the flashing eye, compressed lips and heaving chest, that not a man of the pirates should pollute our decks as long as they had strength to strike a blow in her defence.

'No firing until the order is given,' said Captain H But even as he spoke, a broadside from the enemy came hurtling along our decks, knocking the splinters from our hull, damaging our spars and mowing down our brave fellows unresistingly The men patted their pieces and half muttered a sailor's oath at their orders At length the long-wishe for command came 'Fire,' thundered the Captain, 'pour it in my lads, one and all for the old thirteen, and at the word our whole broadside exploded at once, crashing among the enemy's spars, dismounting a gun and scattering death among the Pirates.

'Huzza for the stars and stripes' 'they're getting it on full allowance,' roared an old veteran by my side.

'Blow the cursed Yankees out of water,' came feebly back from the Pirate

The roaring of the guns, the crashing of falling spars, the curses of the wounded and dying and the cheers of the living arose in harsh discord for a quarter of an hour we poured in an unremitting fire from stern to stern Our sides were literally a sheet of flame. The enemy's fire now began to slacken until it finally ceased Our Captain perceiving this, thundered forth the order to cease, and a gust of wind, at the same time, blowing aside the murkey veil, disclosed the Pirate lying a helpless wreck upon the ocean. For awhile we paused to contemplate the dismantled ship, and then such a shout arose upon the air that I shall never forget. The prize was too much damaged to carry into port, we, therefore, set fire to her We arrived at Havana in about a week, where we gave our prisoners over to the law. What happened to them afterwards I know not.

A THROUGH TICKET

Fellow traveller to the bar of God, have you a through ticket? Need I tell you, you are in the car of time, on the road to eternity the engine is in motion, no stopping now; no, not a moment. Have you your ticket yet—is your name registered in the office above above, and your fare paid? If not get it immediately; don't delay a moment; a switch may be out of place, or some obstruction on the track, or a collission take place; in the twinkling of an eye you may be in eternity, the whole journey to settle for, your time to do it forever gone—all—all lost forever.

Do you want to know where or how to get a through ticket? You cannot buy it with gold or silver. If you had all the world to give it would not be accepted.—It couldn't purchase even a cure for leprous Naaman You must accept a free ticket or none For your encouragement I tell you that Jesus Christ has paid the fare, if you accept his terms Don't be offended at the terms, for he will not change them for your accommodation Though may be a great man in your own estimation, and think yourself better than others, you must come down to the same terms Lazarus did. God is no respecter of persons—all must wash in the same fountain the king and the beggar, the master and servant

The terms are, repent and forsake your sins, or no ticket. Turn or die—believe in Christ, or perish.

Dying fellow traveller to eternity—how long have you been on the road! May be you have only started a few years—if so, apply at once for a through ticket; a switch may be out of place a few steps ahead, and you may be dashed to pieces—your soul demanded—no time to get a ticket—heaven or hell is now your home forever—you cannot come back to remedy the neglect.

Have you traveled to the meridian of life and still no through ticket? Apply at once—be importunate, to take no denial the conductor may call for your ticket; your undying soul demand, no excuse will avail then; all eternity will not be sufficient to settle the claims of God on your soul. It must be done as you go, and before you reach the end of your journey, or never—no never.

Are you old and near the end of your journey, and still no through ticket? Heaven or hell must soon burst on your vision a company of angels or devels are awaiting your arrival—their conveyances are all ready; your prepared. Angles waiting to greet you with joy, or devels to gnash their teeth on you with rage—may be your children to curse you for your example, and charge their damnation to their souls. See, the engine is beginning to slack its speed, the brakes are pressing on the wheels; a moment and all is over. The car is stopped—the tickets all examined; are you safe? The Judge is there to applaude with, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world—or to say, Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. See well to your ticket.—*Central Presbyterian.*

Things to Laugh At.

By the side of the road leading through the romantic valley between Cambridge's Bach, Long Ashton, and the Barrow Water works; stands a cottage, the front of which is decorated with the following characters, formed with pebble stones, embibed in mortar:

A young and pretty girl stepped into a linen-draper's shop, where a spruce young man, who had been long enamored, but dare not speak, stood behind the counter. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything At last she said 'I believe you think I am cheating you.' 'Oh no said the young man, 'to me you are always fair.' 'Well,' whispered the lady, blushing as she laid the emphasis on the word. 'I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear.'

——o——

Two Irishmen were recently looking at the people stretching a rope across the street from one house top to the other, for the purpose of suspending a banner.—'Shure and what will they be after doing at the tops of them houses there!' said Pat. 'Faith an' it's a submarine telegraph they're after putting up, I suppose replied Mike.

——o——

A gentleman, having engaged a brick layer to make some repairs in the cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. 'Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale sir,' said the man. 'I think not,' retorted the gentleman; 'but I think a barrel of ale would run at your reproach.'

——o——

A Finish woman expressed the greatest astonishment and horror at hearing from Mr. Wooley that it was a very common thing in England for a husband and wife to kiss each other. 'If my husband were to attempt such a thing,' said she, 'I would beat him about the ears so that he would feel it for a week.

——o——

GINGER BEAR
SOLD HARE.

A correspondent speaking from experience says—'If any of our readers should at any time wish to call at the above cottage, they are assured that the bear is as harmless as the hare.'

——o——

A person named Owen Moore once left his creditors somewhat unceremoniously, upon which a wag wrote—

"Owen Moore has run away,
Owing more than he could pay."

'Call that a kind man?' said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance, 'a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?' 'Unremitting kindness,' chuckled a wag.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR SHOES.—It consists merely in melting together tallow and common rosin, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter and apply the preparation reeking hot to soles of the boots or shoes—as much of it as the leather will absorb. One substantial farmer declares that this little recipe alone has been worth to him more than the price of five year's subscripton to the newspaper publishing it.

A String of Irishisms.

Mankind would become a race of cynics and vinegar-stewed curmudgeons, were the Irishman blotted from existence. It is as natural for him to perpetrate a bull as to strip the jackets from the 'parties.' Without his wit and blunders, every mans brains would become cobwebs. Here are a string of 'em which the readers of the Phœnix must enjoy:

An Irish Advertisement.—'The best thing in the way of an advertisement the most graphic and comprehensive, was the advertisement of Jamie O'Foggerty for his wife Jane who had left his board—'they hed no bed.' 'Misfing, from Killarney.—Jane O'Foggerty, she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, tortoise shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, with squints awfully.'

An Irishman was once at dinner where apple dumplins were served, but not knowing the name of them, and withal unwilling to confess his ignorance by inquiring what they were, sat in silence, until one fell on the floor, the dog caught it up, but instantly commenced pawing his mouth with his leg; the Irishman seeing this and thinking he had thereby found out what it was ordered the servant to bring him a '*dog's jew's harp.*'

The same Irishman said if a few gooseberries give so fine a flavor to an apple pie, that it would be a darlint of an apple pie, which was made of gooseberries entirely.'

At another time he was heard to tell the shoemaker that 'he never would be able to get on the boots he had just got until *after he had worn them a day or two.*'

He purchased a sun dial, as he said, 'to inform him of the time in the morning before *daylight.*'

He started down street one morning to buy 'a second handed coffin.' And he made application at jeweller's for a '*ha' pence worth of silver spoons.*'

He said at one time the *oaze* (bees) in own country where every mother's son of 'em as large as our shape (sheep.) 'And how large are yours hives?' said a Yankee to him. 'Faith an ye come to that,' says Pat,' 'they are as large as any of yours.' 'And how many of your bees can get into a hive? said Jonathan.—'Who the devil,' said Pat, 'is going to stand idle to answer your foolish catechism.

Difference in Cows.

Cows, under certain constitutional circumstances, are naturally disposed to convert their food into fat, so much so that there is great difficulty in keeping some classes in a breeding state, more especially improving Short Horns, Devons and Herefords. Turn a cow of this description in to rich grass, and she is useless for anything but the shambles. The quality of the milk she gives may be fine, but the quantity almost nothing. We had a Devon, the property of a noble Duke, which carried off the prize of her class at one of the Royal Agricultural meetings, not giving more than one quart at a milking.

On the other hand, there is a class of cows naturally inclined to turn all their food into the pail. Turn a cow of this kind along with the one above, and she will rather get poorer every day, if the milk is taken from her, while her plump rival is gaining weight.

The former will consume greatly more grass and water than the latter, returning for it a greater quantity of milk, but inferior in quality. In two dairies, when fed on sour grains, distillers' wash, &c., the quality sometimes yielded is almost incredible. When such is the case, however, life is generally short, especially if cows are in a low state at calving. Hence the reason why dairymen purchase near calves.

The above two classes may be called extremes, between which there is a mean, and this latter class of cows if turned into a rich pasture along with the others, would keep themselves in good condition; and give a medium quantity depending upon the richness of the food.

Oil Soap for Borers.—Two years' experience has satisfied me of the utility of oil soap on the trunks of trees near the ground for the destruction of the borer.—No injury is done the trees by its use in an undiluted state. The best time to use it is the month of June; rub it in well and stop up all the holes.—*Ex.*

☞ "Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a prisoner to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "there are two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

Our Tom, who is a reckless quiz,
Desires, considering times, to know
Why every man a Macbeth is—
Because each has his own Ban k-woe