The Huntingdon Globe.

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TRY AGAIN.

How oft has disappointment marred
Some cherished plan of mine,
And bidden winter clouds appear
Where summer's sun should shine;
Yet often as they darker grew,
I've seen some wondrous pen
Upon the very blackest write
The sentence, "Try again."

How often, in the stilly hour
Of night, the heavy sigh,
In sympathy, has strove to meet
The tear drop in my eye;
And then, like angels whispering
Their messages to men,
I've heard the quiet breathing of
The sentence, "Try again."

How often, as I've walked amidst
Life's ever busy tide,
And jostled with its favored ones
On each and every side;
When my misfortunes seemed to be
O'erwhelming, even then
Has some good spirit breathed to me
The sentence, "Try again."

My guardian angel it must be,
Or else the weight of care
Had sunk me in the very depths
Of sorrow and despair;
But oh, my heart much lighter seems
And hope shines brighter, when
I hear that spirit lightly breathe
The sentence, "Try again."

MORAL AND MENTAL TRAINING.

The Uses of Parental Discipline.

"Examples—precepts—truths—
These mould the mind and heart."

In conversing a day or two since with an esteemed friend, who has, for years, been connected with several of the most important of our public institutions, he expressed the opinion that "four-fifths of the crime that prevails throughout the land, should be attributed to PARENTAL NEGLECT." In other words, that "mental and moral training is the great essential in civilized society"—that "it not only fits and qualifies for the useful walks of life, but it checks and restrains the prejudices and the passions, and thus prevents the indulgence of crime." A thousand illustrations might be given. The annals of our Penitentiaries and our Almshouses teem with examples. History is full of them. The heart is as capable of education as the mind, but it is too often neglected.—The affection, the folly, and the pride of parents are frequently indulged at the expense of the after lives of their children. The first germs of vice are encouraged instead of being repressed. Disobedience is regarded as smartness, and insolence is often mistaken for wit. The consequences are deplorable. The vicious passions of our nature, thus fostered and encouraged, soon become ungovernable, and the propensity to evil which might have been checked at the outset, strengthens into a master passion, and at once cantrols and deforms the character.—All this is simple truth, and it is in some sense common-place. The story is an old one, and the admonition has been uttered again and again. But we are the creatures of time, chance and change, the calamities of to-day will be forgotten to-morrow, the experience of one year fails to impress the next, and hence the necessity of repeated hints and homilies upon subjects which, comparatively speaking, are trite. As long, however, as human nature remains the same, as long, as parents and guardians are either mistaken, misguided, indifferent or over-indulgent, we must look for sad fruits in their offspring. There are many fathers and mothers, who fancy that they have *no time* to look after their children, and yet—what duty is more solemn or more sacred? There are others again, who see them go on step by step in the downward path, unwilling to wound their feelings by a word of reproach; who determine, from day to day, to call them to a serious account, but constantly postpone the painful yet necessary task.—There are still others, who admonish in a spirit so bitter, and in a tone so harsh, that all salutary effect is lost. Confidence is at once destroyed between the parties, the one looks upon the other with distrust, a system of coldness and hypocrisy is produced, and thus, parent and child, instead of growing up to love and respect each other, become jealous, suspicious, and often envious and malignant. The proper government of a household should be the subject of thoughtful consideration with every head of a family.—The responsibility of such a position cannot be pondered on too deeply. Only a day or two since, we saw a father and son pass each other in the streets; not only coldly, but tauntingly. The spectacle was indeed painful, and we turned away with a shock.—Both parties are high-toned and passionate, and yet the immediate cause of the quarrel or misunderstanding, as we have since ascertained, was a mere trifle. Each, however, is obstinate, and thus the bitterness that was engendered in a thoughtless moment has been increasing and depening for years.—Falsehood and deceit are sad demons within the domestic circle. They are constant sources of mischief, and are perpetually leading to feuds and misunderstandings. And yet the immutable principle of truth, and the priceless beauty of sincerity, are not duly prised and appreciated. "Almost any other vice," said a father to us some time since, "than that of falsehood. Let me know the worst on all occasions, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But let prevarication, deceit and falsehood weave a web, and no human foresight can predict the difficulty, and no sagacity unravel the tangled yarn".—The error with the many, is to forget what are generally recognized as the minor virtues of life—the little incidents that exercise so powerful a control upon human character and human happiness. The sweet courtesies, the gentle amenities, the frank outpourings and the honest sympathies of a sincere and unsophisticated nature, are priceless in their value, and cannot be too seduously inculcated and encouraged. On the other hand, the petty vices, the little deceits, the constant exaggerations, the narrow envies and the indirect slanders are calculated at once to darken and deface, and thus to deform the moral being in all time to come. Nothing is more plastic than the young mind—nothing is more yielding than the young heart. They may be likened to clay in the hands of the potter. How essential, then, that the first impressions should be of the right kind!—That they should be truthful, conscientious, upright, honest and honorable. We have before us a document that furnishes some figures in striking illustration of our subject. It is the first Annual Report of the Trustees of the Main State Reform School. From this we learn that the whole number of inmates received during the year which terminated on the 18th of November, 1854, was one hundred and seventeen, and that the average of the ages was not more than fifteen years. Of these, ninety-seven were idle or had no steady employment, twenty-one had been too much indulged, forty-six had been neglected, ninety-five had been truants from school, ninety-six had been profane, and one hundred and six had been untruthful. Here, then, we have the whole story. The influence of parental discipline, of mental and moral training could not be made more palpable, if we were to give the details of volumes. Would that parents and guardians could be induced duly to think of these facts. Would that an admonition so earnest and emphatic could excite an adequate degree of attention, and induce the hundreds, nay, the thousands, who are neglecting the duties and responsibilities so solemn and so pressing, to remember that there is no higher position on earth than that which involves the education of the human mind, and the human heart, and thus the destinies of the immoral soul.

Pennsylvania Inquirer.

FACTS.—Physicians rarely take medicine, lawyers seldom go to law, and ministers steer clear of other persons' churches.—Editors, however, read all the papers they can get hold of.

A NOVEL WOOING.

It was on the return of Mr. F., a lecturer on Phrenology, to the city of B., that one morning, Harry G. entered his study, and after some desultory conversation, commenced looking over some phrenological charts, that were arranged before him. While thus engaged, he noticed one of the head of Miss Emely B., of C., copiously marked. He examined it, and became much interested, as it described a person of an original mind, and superior character. As he laid it aside, Mr. F. said:

"The person there described I met during my absence, and she possessed a mind so well balanced, that I took a chart of her head. I consider her quite a model of female worth. She possesses all the qualities for a good wife and mother."

Now, Harry was a young man of fine intellectual powers, which had been improved by culture, but he was decidedly *odd*. He had a spice of romance in his disposition, and was a firm believer in Phrenology. He depended on that science mainly to give him an insight into the character of her whom he should choose as a partner for life.

The lady in question seemed to possess all those qualifications which he had been so long seeking for; and a most novel idea entered his mind. He determined to write to her, and state his ideas on the subject of matrimony; acquaint her with the circumstance of seeing the chart of her head, and request a correspondence with the view, that if it resulted in the mutual satisfaction of both parties, they should meet; and if they could love, should marry. He acted accordingly and requested of Mr. F. a note to the lady, stating the sincerity of his motives, and the respectability of his character; which he enclosed in his letter, and forwarded. He waited for a week in a state of feverish anxiety; but at length an answer came, and the lady granted his request. The letter breathed the spirit of modesty and good sense. The lady stipulated for six months' correspondence, after which they were to meet.

From this time, they wrote regularly, upon various topics; but the personal appearance of each was never once the subject of allusion. Harry's high opinion of his fair correspondent was enhanced upon the reception of every letter, until he become thoroughly in love with his incognita; and he began most earnestly to long for the expiration of his probation. It was with a beating heart that he took his seat in one of the cars of the railroad which was to convey him to the city of C., where his fair inamorata resided.

Now the question was to be solved, could she love him? He was not handsome, in the common acceptation of the word, yet he had an intelligent countenance, a dark expressive eye, and a good figure; but he forgot all his advantages of person or station, in his anxiety to create a good impression. He never once asked if she were beautiful; for he felt if she were not positively ugly, he could love. After alighting at a station, and a walk of a few minutes, he found himself before a small but beautiful cottage, which bore marks of taste and refinement in its occupants. He knocked, and it seemed to him that his heart knocked full as loudly against his breast as his knuckles knocked against the door. When the door was opened, our lover hero was greeted with an unexpected sight of a diminutive crooked form, a pair of spectacles, and red hair, which were the principle features in the tout ensemble of his fair receiver. Now, red hair was Henry's aversion. The lady, for such she evidently appeared, conducted him to a pretty parlor, where music and books showed the taste of the fair owner. After a short scrutiny, Harry turned to the odd little figure beside him, and requested to see Miss B.

"She is before you," said his companion.

He was thunderstruck, and stood gazing at her without motion, but at length collected his scattered wits, and tried to commence a conversation "under difficulties." He introduced himself as her unknown correspondent, and explained that he had come to make a personal acquaintance. She answered him with modesty and good sense, telling him that their intercourse must be on the terms of friendship, until they became more intimately known to each other.—They conversed long and pleasantly, and he soon found himself admiring her voice, which was soft and sweet; and before he left, her winning manner had so charmed him, that he had quite forgotten her red hair and spectacles. Thus their intercourse continued for a week, at the expiration of which time he made her an offer of his heart and hand.

She hesitated ere she replied, but smilingly asked, "have you so far overcome your aversion to red hair and crooked form, as to wish to make me your wife?"

He replied that he loved her, and cared not what was the color of her hair, so long as she would consent to be his. An answer was promised to be given on the fellowing morning.

As early as propriety would admit, on the next morning, our friend Harry again sought his beloved, but was greatly surprised to be received by one so like, and yet so unlike her to whom he had been paying his court. There she stood, with a sweet smile on her lips, and a laughing light in her hazel eyes, without those distinguished marks of person which had first attracted his notice. He almost doubted his senses, until she spoke in her clear sweet tones, when he sprang forward, and seizing her hand, begged her to explain the mystery.

She smiled as she said, "you must forgive my ruse, Harry; you said personal beauty had no weight with you, and I wished to prove you. You see me now in my proper shape and person. Can you love me as well as when I wore specs and a red wig?"

He could answer only, by gazing admiringly upon her graceful little figure so delicate, yet so spirited, and those soft brown curls shading her face, eloquent with sweetness.

Harry was of course enchanted. The sequel may be guessed. Harry is a firm believer in Phrenology.

Religious Profession.

The professor of religion follows afar off in the footsteps of his Divine Master, who cannot be pointed at in matters of every-day life as an example worthy of imitation. It is a truth, and as sad as it is true, that innumerable men marked for their religious zeal and piety in the sanctuary, are equally marked for their doubtful integrity in the street; just as ready as a non-professor to drive a sharp bargain, to turn the best side out of an article for sale, and the best side in of one to be purchased, to amass wealth by doubtful expedients and to hold on to it with a grip that death itself is scarcely competent to unclose.

There is no argument more ready to spring to the lips of the caviler against religion, than the short comings of its ostensible professors; and one unworthy member of a religious society is a far greater hindrance to its success and prosperity, than a hundred open and avowed enemies Of what avail will it be to the man who fails in business and compromises his debts for the purpose of making a fortune by the financial operation, that he and his family attend a fashionable church regularly, and observe all the outward forms of religion? Will the man who received twenty or fifty per cent of an honest debt, when the debtor might have paid the whole, be likely to respect religion the more by these professions?

Men are too apt to estimate the value of any doctrine by the character of those who believe in it, forgetting that professions and practice are not unfrequently as wide apart as the poles. The more immaculate a genuine thing may be, the more repulsive does an imitation of it appear; and hence a counterfeit christian is little if any better than an incarnate fiend. All men have their imperfections, and therefore christians are not exempt from the common frailties of humanity; but a true follower of the Saviour, even if he does at times wander from the right path, is quite another thing from the wretch who covers himself with a thin cloak of religious profession, for the purposes of working out his own selfish and unhallowed purposes.

It would be well to bear in mind, when an unworthy member of a religious society comes before us, that he is not a true and genuine representative of the church militant, and that the Head of the church himself has made the following explicit declaration—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven."—*Rural New York.*

Advice to Young Ladies.

Clandestine courtships are not only dishonorable and uncertain as to their results, but a base fraud upon the confidence of parents.—They are in all aspect discreditable, because, however pure or sincere, the concealment implies a doubt of the integrity of one of the parties. Either the man is ashamed of the woman, or the woman is ashamed of the man, or somebody, interested, is ashamed of one or the other of them, or they design to deceive a confiding parent or guardian; but look at it in any way, or light, the proceeding is disreputable. The young woman compromises her reputation—for "people will talk," scandal will originate, and society, detesting secrecy in affairs of the heart, is prone to be censorious; and the man, if not restrained by some purity of principle, is ever ready to regard the woman with suspicion, at least.—They think, with Brabantio, that if a girl deceives her parents, she will deceive others. So, girls, have a care that in attempting to deceive others, you are not yourselves deceived.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Raising Potatoes.

MR. EDITOR:—As the time of planting this esculent root, the potato, is near at hand it may not be out of place to make a few remarks on its culture. From my experience in raising potatoes, I am convinced that the middle planting, as it is called, is the surest of making a good crop. I know that much depends on the weather; if it should happen to be dry at the time the potato vines are in blossom and the potato about forming, we cannot expect much of a crop; but if, planting at a certain season, the rains are more apt to suit the potato, it should be our duty to endeavor to plant our potatoes at that time. I have, however, generally divided my time of planting into three periods; the first, as early in the spring as it will do, sometimes by the first of April and sometimes later, according as the spring is forward or backward. At this planting, I put in about one-fourth of the patch. The next or middle planting, is done about the 25th of April, at which time I put in one half of the whole patch; and the last planting is done from the fifth to the tenth of May, when I put in the remaing one-fourth. It sometimes happens that the first or the last planting turns out the best; in case this happens, I am sure of a part of my crop being good. But as the middle planting is generally better than the others, I plant double the quantity at that time. My reasons for making three divisions in the crop are obvious, and I think the best that can be adopted.

As I have now stated my time of planting, with my reasons for so doing, I will proceed to give you the best manner of planting, &c.

A clover sod is superior to any other kind I have ever tried; and to obtain this, it is best to clover with the oats, and leave it lay over until the next spring, instead of plowing up the oats stubble and sowing with wheat. The portion of this stubbie intended for potatoes should be enclosed with a temporary fence, and the remaining part may be pastured. Give the clover sod a good coat of manure, or apply four hundred pounds of guano per acre, (the manure is preferable.) If manure is used it should be raked in on the potatoes, after they are dropped; if guano it may be sprinkled in the furrow, and in both instances plowed under to the depth of four inches. The potatoes should be planted in every second furrow. After the potatoes are planted, a good rolling will be of advantage, as it will level the ground, and fill up the small hollows.

When the potatoes are just coming through, the ground should be thoroughly loosened up by using the square harrow on it. As soon as the potatoes are large enough, not to be covered up, the cultivator should be used, by taking out the two back teeth, and running twice on a row. Continue this every few days, until the vines begin to fall. The plow is of no advantage, as it throws the dirt to the potatoes, and leaves a furrow between the rows, so that when it rains, the water runs in the furrows, and is thus kept from the roots of the potato.

If this plan is followed, it is hardly possible to fail having a fair crop. Some plant pumpkins with their potatoes, and raise a considerable quantity of them; but probably it tends to draw the virtue of the soil from the potato.

Another very essential point in the raising of potatoes, successfully, is that of changing the seed every five or six years. They, like everything else, follow the course of nature, and degenerate when planted in the same soil for any considerable length of time.

In proof of this I will give one instance, only. A neighbor about ten years ago, was fortunate enough to secure a smooth kind of Mercers, which when first planted yielded very well, so much, so that all the neighbors bought of him and planted. Where they have bought within two or three years, they still raise fine crops, fully equal to when first introduced; while for the last two or three years he has not had more than half a crop; therefore, they want changing.

I have already lengthened out this much beyond my intentions when commencing, and will therefore close.

Yours, truly, &c., POTATO-RAISER.
23d Ward, Philadelphia, March 22, 1855.

☞ The following is worthy of being committed to memory by every one, especially children:

Great Washington was number one,
Then senior Adams next came on,
Jefferson made the number three,
Then Madison the fourth was he,
Monroe, the fifth just here came in—
Then sixth an Adams came again,
Then seventh Andrew Jackson came,
And eighth we count Van Buren's name;
Then Harrison made number nine,
And tenth, John Tyler filled the line;
Polk was the eleventh, as we know,
The twelfth was Taylor in the row,
Fillmore, the thirteenth took his place,
And Pierce is fourteenth in the race.

Graduating.

"There, Mary Jane, go out of the kitchen. Don't pare those apples. Your hands will get stained. You know Mr. Polycarp will come this evening, and wish to hear that polka he gave you."

"Well, but mother, I was taking a little exercise."

"Oh, if you want exercise, just put on your gloves and go in the garden and tie up that geranium the wind broke down last night; that's far more agreeable employment than to be over the cooking-stove. I would not have your complexion injured, like your cousin's for the world. The other day I was at her house to dinner, and she took me into the pantry to see a whole baking she had done, with her own hands, that morning; and you would have thought so, just to look at her face—as red as a rose. I told her it was a shame for her to get so heated and she blushed even redder, and said her husband was so particular about his cooking. I really wonder if ever there was a man who was not?"

"Polycarp is not, in the least, mother; for he says, in his own delightful manner:
"How gently down life shall our sweet shallop glide,
As I live on thy smiles, and—nothing beside."

So saying, Mary Jane ran out of the kitchen, from which she had often been expelled before. Her mother had been accustomed to attend to everything herself. "It came naturally" to her she said. All her appointments were well ordered, and in proper style; her judgment in matters of pastry as Aunt Chloe in Uncle Tom's Cabin; and as for her darling daughter, she always thought, "let her take her freedom now—by and by she will come under the yoke, and have enough care to wear her down."

And so the thoughtless mother allowed the pleasant season to pass away, sending her to dancing-schools to secure ease and grace, and to calisthenics to preserve health, when she ought to have taught her to dance over the house with a broom, and kitchen calisthenics in place of dumb-bells.

Boarding-schools, and "Mons. Louis" on the piano, graduated Miss Mary Jane as a bewitching belle; at least, so her mother thought; and Polycarp, a fashionable silk merchant, felt that some of his newly imported goods would show favorably on her elegant person; so he took her to wife, and steered their "light shallop" into the fashionable current, down the river of life, not dreaming of such vulgar words as "concealed snags or quicksands matrimonial." The elegant trosseau, fine furniture, and beautiful apartments were all delightful to Mary Jane, so long as the wedding-cakes lasted. To be sure odious Irish girls had to be introduced into the new kichen department, and the bright range and marble slab, much too pretty for them to ruin and deface, her mother said, but the love accommodations did not turn out the "lovely cakes my mother baked." Everything went wrong, as Mary thought, and her pretty, plump arms, covered with bracelets, and her taper fingers, were often thrust into the coal-scuttle, when the Irish Miss had allowed the fire to go out just at the wrong moment.

Mary told her cousin Julia afterward, with many tears, her troubles.

"You know its the fashion for ladies to go to market, and I had a fine new basket given me by Polycarp, and little Pete carried it for me, and he went down to market for the first time. Such a din, to be sure! I did not dare to move for fear the horses would throw me down. The butcher with his great, greasy apron on, asked me "what piece I would have," and I said, as timidly as possible, "a small piece of the fore shoulder if you please," and he laughed right in my face, just as you are now doing Julia! and when we roasted it, it was so tough; and the butter man gave me rancid butter! and the chickens I selected turned out tough old hens; and Polycarp says I "shall make a pretty piece of work with the marketing." I wish you could see his face Julia, when he comes home hungry to dinner.. I can't convince him that vegetables are hurtful in cholera times. I really believe he would revel in this pantry," she continued, following her cousin into the well furnished larder; "the way that plate of cakes would disappear, would caution you not to admit him again. I believe, verily, the poor man has not had an agreeable meal since we were married. If it were only to play a mazourka, or dance a polka or schottische, or crotchet, or do some of those lovely things, how easy it would be?"

Julia was exceedingly amused at this peep behind the rose-curtains of her cousin's domestic life, but she consoled her as well as she was able, with promising to give her lessons in "domestic economy," as a sequel to her other accomplishments.

What is the matter with Mr. Johnson's eyes?" "Why, he has injured his sight by looking through a thick-bottomed tumbler."