

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

Vol. VII, No. 43.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1842.

[Whole No. 355.]

PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE H. GREMER.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty five cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.



POETRY.

Will Nobody Marry Me.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Heigh-ho! for a husband!—heigh ho!
There's danger in longer delay!
Shall I never again have a beau?
Will nobody marry me pray?
I begin to feel strange, I declare!
With beauty my prospects will fade!
I'd give myself up to despair
If I thought I should die an old maid!

I once cut the beaus in a huff—
I thought it a sin and a shame
That no one had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name!
So I turned up my nose at the short,
And rolled up my eyes at the tall;
But then I just did it in sport,
And now I've no lover at all!

These men are the plague of my life!
I thought it a sin and a shame
That no one had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name!
So I turned up my nose at the short,
And rolled up my eyes at the tall;
But then I just did it in sport,
And now I've no lover at all!

Rise in Your Native Strength.

BY J. H. BUTLER.

Rise in your native strength,
Mechanics of the land!
And dash the iron rule
From rude oppression's hand;
By all the might of mind,
Assume the place of men—
Hear not the scold of those
Who scorn the artisan.

Ye sinews of a state,
Your nation's pride and boast,
Whose glory crowns the hills,
And guards her native coast,
You are her wealth in peace,
Her vital breath ye are,
And when the bolts of death are hurled
Ye are the shields in war!

By the eternal sword,
To stern browed Justice given;
By freedom's holy self,
The night of wrong is riven!
Strong monuments arise;
In record of your praise;
Transmitting down your names
To men of other days.

Proclaim it to the world
Your usefulness and worth;
Speak out with trumpet tongue,
Ye mighty men of cart!
Was not the soil ye tread
Won by your fathers' blood?
Then on oppression's self,
Roll back oppression's flood!

The Reclot.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Old Birch who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
And she as playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
And prim and formal as a quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Kitty sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slowly stole and fondly kissed him!
The husband's anger rose!—and red
And white his face alternate grew!
"Less freedom, ma'am!"—Kate sighed and
said,
"Oh, dear! I didn't know 'twas you!"

There are four things that affects a man's
spirits; a dull day, an empty pocket, being
in love, and the toothache.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Sunday Mercury. Short Patent Sermon.

At the request of a subscriber to the Sunday Mercury in Alabama, I will preach from this text:

To love is painful, that is true—
Not to love is painful too;
But oh! it gives the greatest pain
To love and not be loved again.

My hearers—I love to preach about love; for love forms a ruy wreath for the heart, in which the green leaves of friendship, the flowers of affection, and a few thorns of pain are entwined, just for the sake of variety. It is the precious cement that adheres soul to soul—the food of angels in heaven, and a stimulant to mortals on earth. It smoothes down the asperities of human nature—lines the breast with the velvet of sympathy—and gives a silken coating to the rough exterior of humanity. To love ardently, deeply, devotedly, I acknowledge is sometimes painful; nevertheless it is a pleasant pain, attended with some delightful sensations. It is a kind of inward itching, which requires the continual exercise of scratching, and yet the irritation is never allayed. The more we scratch, the more we itch—and nothing but matrimony can serve as an effectual remedy—and that, in too many instances, is far worse than the disease.

My friends—Not to love is also painful. To have all your thoughts entombed in the dark sepulchre of selfishness, and our hopes lost in the cold mists of misanthropy, is about as bad as being confined to a dungeon, to be fed with the fragments of one's former follies. The light of love, admitted through the windows of the heart, warms and nourishes the soil of the soul—causes the buds of benevolence to expand, and the capsules of charity to be filled with the ripe seeds of sympathy.—Without the genial influence of love the bosom freezes, and becomes as barren as a goose paster in winter. If a flower chances to bloom, it is destitute of fragrance; or, if it have any, it wastes its sweetness, as the poet says, upon the desert air. To be without love is like being and a sun at mid day. The heart that never loves is as hard as a brick bat, as insensible as a pickled clam to all the finer feelings, and a stranger to every delightful emotion. An old bachelor, my friends, whose heart is never warmed with affection, is a miserable nobody in the world. He is as cold blooded as a turtle, and looks as melancholy as a clam. His hopes die as soon as they begin to puff out—there is no more sentiment in his soul than there is music in a corn stalk fiddle—his thoughts are wrapped up in the shroud of self—he knows not the pleasures attendant on the sexual amalgamation of souls—his abode is fixed in the solitary wild of celibacy, where all is cheerless, comfortless and dreary. There he lives and there he dies, unloved and unloving; and when he is finally carried away by the current of time, we can only say, "There goes another parcel of rubbish into the gulf of eternity!"

My hearers—it is painful to love, and painful not to love—painful anyhow you can fix it; but oh! it is excruciating pain to love and not have it reciprocated! To go to an extravagant outlay of affection, and then have it all wasted, or sent home as sour as swill, is enough to make a man tear his shirt and tread on his own corns. It's manslaughter for a girl to spurn a young chap's love, when she knows that by so doing she will drive the poor fellow to destruction in a considerable hurry. It's murder in the first degree—'tis cruelty to helpless animals—it's worse than skinning eels alive; and any female guilty of such a wanton act, ought to be courted by fiends during her lifetime, and wedded to the devil at last. When any of you, my young male friends, get so tangled up with the object of your loves that you don't hardly know to which gender you belong, you know very well that you care a precious little who, what or how you are so long as you remain in such a happy, pleasing perplexity; but let the least breeze of jealousy, doubt or disappointment blow, you straighten right out, like a dead frog. Your bosoms fill up with bitterness and bitter meditations—your stomachs with bile, and your heads with suicidal ideas. You grow saturnine—get sick—neglect your business—and then perhaps, to wind up the whole, admit the common atmosphere into your gizzards with a dirk knife, or ventilate your brains' cells with a pistol. Oh! unreciprocated love has fed the jaws of Death with many a precious morsel of humanity; and Cupid's arrow, which is said to tickle while it wounds, sometimes tickles pretty confounded hard. Its head is often dipped in poison, and we betake the poor victim it pierces! I don't know, myself, exactly how a fellow feels when he loves almost to destruction, and then suddenly sees his adored one flirting with, or wedded to another; but I suppose he feels at

first as though a piece of ice was thrust under his shirt, and his bosom ready to collapse. He must endure the torments of the damned, for a time at least, and the only way in which he can heal his wounds, is to plaster them over with the salve of forgetfulness, and swallow this consoling anodyne: "There are yet as good fish in the sea as ever have been caught."

My dear friends—if you were all to love one another, in a moderate but sincere christianlike way, you might be sure of being loved, not only by your sister, woman and your brother, man, but also by your Father, God. Then would peace, harmony, and happiness prevail upon earth, and joy among the angels of heaven. Then would our thorn covered ways be turned to flowery lawns—then would the rank weeds of hatred put forth the sweet blossoms of friendship—and then might we all partake of the pleasures of love unpoisoned by pain. So mote it be!
Dow, Jr.

Inequality of Compensation.

A certain writer, (we have forgotten who,) has said, that there is a monstrous inequality in the wages of the different occupations in society. He is right.—There is too much difference in the amount of payment received for the different kinds of labor, which mankind perform for one another. It is not graduated right, and it is one great cause of the evils which arise from the unequal distribution of this world's goods, which we commonly call wealth. To remedy these evils, some benevolent people have recommended a community of goods or societies in which all the property, and all the fruits and profits of labor should be common stock. We think it would be better, if the rates of payment for labor could be equal. A man comes into your mowing field at sunrise, mows for you and assists in securing your hay or your grain until sunset. He toils incessantly till night, and you give him a dollar, and what he can eat and drink. A Mountbark comes along. He advertises that he will *scow* *low his head* and *cut money* *shirts* on a stack rope. He *kicks out* *scabbles* and makes himself ridiculous for an hour or two, and departs with more money than the first man can earn in a month. A worthy young woman, of good talents and education, prudent, discreet, and pious,—one in whom all have confidence, is employed to teach a school for children. Parents are anxious to put their children under her care. She earns but *twelve* *dollars* per month and board. She toils constantly and faithfully and receives no particular honors, nor any further consideration than payment of wages.

Fanny Elsier, a French girl, comes into the country and proclaims her unrivalled feats in dancing. She dresses indelicately and kicks up her heels in *dradful* *agony*. The people are thrown into *ecstasy*. They call her divine, and consider it an honor to pull the horses out of the carriage and put themselves into the harness—a full team of *asses*. She is honored and caressed. She leaves the country in a year or two, with twenty thousand dollars in her purse.

Here is an inequality with a vengeance. The former lays the foundation of a nation's greatness by the solid but unobtrusive instruction she gives to the young. The other corrupts and leads astray by the delusion of a false taste, and the corruption of lascivious shows. The former dies unloved and unloving, it may be, in want. The other is trumpeted to the four winds and loaded with riches.

Nor is the inequality any the less among those of the same calling and occupation. We have noticed this particularly in the ministerial profession. One man may be settled in a parish where the people are rich and luxurious. He preaches each Sunday to a full fed, sleepy congregation, and they pay him a fat salary and keep him above the privations of poverty or the fear of beggary. Another, of equally good talents is settled in another parish, where the people are not so rich, where, in addition to the pulpit duties, he has to be on the alert to *prevent* *as well as* *cure* moral evils, where he has to act as adviser, comforter, friend, father and protector; and yet receives hardly enough to feed and clothe himself and family decently. We might follow the same comparison throughout the walks of life.—There appears to be something wrong in these things;—we mention them as facts, and end as we begin. There is a monstrous inequality of compensation received for the same amount of labor among mankind.—*Maine Farmer.*

If you wish to recollect any particular errand or business, just button a few stinging nettles up in your breeches next your skin—or rub a little cowitch between your fingers—or deposit a grain of dirt in your eye—or stick a wafer on the end of your nose—and you will be sure to recollect what you wish.

Maternal Decision.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

It is not difficult to be decided, were this all; but to be decided and firm while the feelings and the voice are as soft as the lute, is difficult. Your child has no judgment. Many times every week, and sometimes every day, he must be denied, and his wishes and will be made to submit to yours. When he is well, you must, of necessity, be constantly thwarting his inclinations, forbidding him, or commanding him; and when he is sick, you must force him, and stand firmer than ever aloof from indulgence. Even when you feel that he is on the bed of death, you must control him, command him, and see that he obeys! Your own decision, energy, and firmness, must never waiver for a moment in his presence. While a mother's heart pleads for indulgence, you must have a resolution which will lead you to do your duty, even while the heart bleeds, and the eyes weep. That noble mother—who held her child while his leg was amputated, and did it with a firmness which he dared not resist, and with a tenderness that made him feel that she did it for his good—who does not admire?—These two qualities, decision and mildness, are seldom found in man. He is either too stern or too lenient. But the mother, she can possess them both, and have them both in exercise at the same moment. She must, however, have the aid of Heaven. She must seek its aid in prayer, at the foot of the throne, and there she will find it.

I could point you to a son who cherishes the memory of his mother as something inexpressibly dear and sacred. She was a widow, and he her only son. When a young man he said or did something in the presence of his sister and a cousin, both young ladies, highly improper.—His mother told him of his fault, mildly and kindly, and requested him to make an apology to the girls. This he declined. She insisted upon it, and even laid her commands. He refused. She next *scow* *low his head* and *cut money* *shirts* on a stack rope. He *kicks out* *scabbles* and makes himself ridiculous for an hour or two, and departs with more money than the first man can earn in a month. A worthy young woman, of good talents and education, prudent, discreet, and pious,—one in whom all have confidence, is employed to teach a school for children. Parents are anxious to put their children under her care. She earns but *twelve* *dollars* per month and board. She toils constantly and faithfully and receives no particular honors, nor any further consideration than payment of wages.

Fanny Elsier, a French girl, comes into the country and proclaims her unrivalled feats in dancing. She dresses indelicately and kicks up her heels in *dradful* *agony*. The people are thrown into *ecstasy*. They call her divine, and consider it an honor to pull the horses out of the carriage and put themselves into the harness—a full team of *asses*. She is honored and caressed. She leaves the country in a year or two, with twenty thousand dollars in her purse.

Maffi's Farewell Discourse.

The following are the closing paragraphs of a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Maffi, one of the chaplains to Congress, delivered on the eve of his departure. It is a very fair specimen of that peculiar style of the pulpitory of Mr. Maffi.

Honorable Gentlemen! Your distant homes await you! There bloom the perennial honey-suckles of love and affectionate friendship, scenting all the air of your distant dwellings with fragrance.—Hundreds of bright eyes look out for your coming. Love whispers, "come away—come home!"

Alas! alas!—all who came here at the opening of the session cannot return again to their homes! Southard, and Dixon, and Hastings, and Williams, and Lawrence, and Demock, cannot return to their homes, and the loved greetings of affectionate friendship! Ah, no! the clouds of the vale press too heavily upon their bosoms—they cannot go home now!—You need not wait for them! You need not call their names on your roll; they are absent, and will not hear you. You need not shout to them that the session is closing! Alas! for that dull, cold ear death! You need not wave your hand to them, as the signal of return! They are "beyond that bourne from whence no traveller returns!"

Go without to your fair homes, away where you rise first tips the Eastern Mountains—amidst the cloud-capt White

Hills of everlasting granite, or the Green Mountains, whose verdure has named a State—by the silvery lakes, or the old standing board of ocean, the rock-bound New England shore—by the slumberous savannas of the flower-scented south, or the pairies of the West—by the mighty wave of the Mississippi, and its hundred tributaries, flowing into the golden bowl of the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico. Go all to your homes! your sweet homes! Thither I cannot follow you with exhortations of religion—nor need I; nor would I assume to be a moral or sectarian dictator to such a congregated mass of mind, of worth, of genius, and experience—yet, in the Spirit of the Religion I profess, I may implore on you those blessings, of Christian dispositions, renewed hearts and moral graces, that shall make your whole lives a ray of sunshine flashing down from the central orb of Intellect—Purity—Love and Truth!

May a blessed, dying Saviour, embalm you in the rich streams which he freely poured out for dying sinners!

Light spring the flowers of life beneath your footsteps! Green be the bowers of your innocent pleasures—soft the last pillow, on which you will lie down to meet resurrection morning!

To that mighty Congress, gathered from all nations, tongues and languages under Heaven, the great assembly of "the first born in Heaven," I would take your cognizance, and bind you over to appear!

There let me meet you all; and may no shade of ministerial unfaithfulness tinge my brow; and may no pallor of duty neglected, and opportunity lost, fall upon yours! Amen!

Gathering and Preserving Apples.

Various theories have been offered for preserving apples in a sound state for winter use, or for distant voyages. Some have proposed gathering the fruit before it is ripe, and drying it on floors before it is put up; has this been tried; the apples lose all their flavor, and keep no better than by some less troublesome mode.—Dr. Noah Webster recommends that they should be put down between layers of sand which has been dried by the heat of summer. This is without doubt an excellent mode, as it excludes the air, and absorbs the moisture, and must be useful when apples are shipped to a warm climate.

Chopped up straw has also been highly recommended to be placed between the layers of fruit; but I have noticed that the straw from the perspiration it imbibes, becomes musty, and may probably do more hurt than good. When apples are to be exported, it has been recommended that each be separately wrapped in coarse paper, in the manner oranges and lemons are usually put up. This is, without doubt, an excellent mode. And Mr. London has recommended that apples destined for Europe, should be placed between layers of grain.

Great quantities of fine fruit are raised in the vicinity of Boston, and put up for winter use, for the markets, and for exportation. The following is the mode almost universally adopted by the most experienced; and by this mode apples, under very unfavorable circumstances, are frequently preserved in a sound state, or not one in fifty defective for a period of seven or eight months. The fruit is suffered to hang on the trees as late a period as possible in October, or till hard frosts have loosened the stalk, and are in eminent danger of being blown down by high winds; such as have already fallen are carefully gathered and inspected, and the best are kept for early winter use.—They are carefully gathered from the tree by hand, and as carefully laid in baskets. New, tight, well-seasoned flour barrels from the bakers, are usually preferred; the baskets, being filled, are cautiously lowered into the barrels and reversed.—The barrels, being quite filled, are gently shaken and the head is gently pressed down to its place and secured.

It is observed that this pressure never causes them to rot next the head, and is necessary, as they are never allowed to rattle in removing. No soft straw or shavings are admitted at the ends; it causes mustiness and decay. They are next carefully placed in wagons, and removed on the barge, and laid in courses in a cool, airy situation on the north side of buildings, near the cellar, protected by a covering on the top, of boards so placed as to defend them from the sun and rain, while the air is not excluded at the sides. A chill does not injure them; it is no disservice; when extreme cold weather comes on, and they are in imminent danger of being frozen, whether by night or day, they are carefully rolled into a cool, airy cellar with openings on the north side; that the cold air may have free access; they are laid in tiers, and the cellar is in due time closed and rendered secure from frost. The barrels are never tumbled or placed on the head.

Apples keep best when grown in dry seasons, and on dry soils. If fruit is gathered late, and according to the above directions, re-packing is unnecessary; it is even ruinous, and should on no occasion be practised till the barrel is opened for use.—It has been folly tried.

When apples are to be exported, Mr. Cabot has recommended that they should, if possible, be carried on deck; otherwise between decks. Between decks is the place, and in the most dry, cool, and airy part.—*Kendrick's New American Orchardist.*

Brecciant.

John Neal beautifully says—"When a man of sense, no matter how humble his origin or degraded his reputation may appear in the eyes of the vain and foolish, is treated with contempt he will soon forget it; but he will be sure to put forth all the energies of his mind to rise above those who thus look down in scorn upon him. By shunning the mechanic we exert an influence derogatory to honest labor, and make it unprofitable for young men to learn trades or labor for a support. Did our young women realize that for all they possess they are indebted to the mechanic, it would be their desire to elevate him and encourage his visits to their society, while they would treat with scorn, the lazy, the fashionable, the sponger, and the well-dressed pimp. On looking back a few years, our most fastidious ladies can trace their genealogy from some humble mechanics, who perhaps in their day were sneered at by the proud and foolish, while their grandmothers gladly received them to their bosoms."

An Illinois Wedding.—"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said a magistrate who was placing the indissoluble knot of matrimony on a couple mutually attached to one another, in Illinois.

"Well, I swear, squire," said the male partner to the contract—a wolfish looking customer, by the way—"Well, I swear, squire, you must be a green one to ask such a question as that is. Do you think I'd be such a pluggish fool, 'old feller, as to lose the sport of the bar hunt, and take this gal off from the quilting table, if I was at *conspicuously* *sartin* and determined to hitch on to her? Deive on with the business, squire, and ask me no more such darned foolish questions as that."

"What you got in your mouf dare, Pompey?" "Why wuns for to ketch fish and shed wid, you dumb nigga you, you don't know nollan at all."

An old gentleman in Rochester found a young lady's bustle in the street. It consisted of six yards of factory cloth, and as he didn't want to wear it, he sent the cloth to a charitable institution, where the younger children got night gowns out of it. Who will object to bustles now?

"Pa, what is the Sheriff always saying he'll knock down horses for when he is selling them?" "Oh, my son, that is merely for the purpose of creating a bustle among the congregation." "Why, pa, I thought that sister Euclidean created *bustles* out of meal bran." "Take Richard to bed."

Hard Up—A Western paper, in default of ink has to be printed with tar. They must have tar-nation hard times in that region; or the editor must be a tar-dog man!

An Editor in the West insists upon it that confidence is not restored. His editor, who used to trust him for a suit of clothes, now refuses to trust him even for a pair of pants.

A Miss Mang has recovered in Illinois \$2000 for a *breach* of promise. If she can do that once more, she will have a *pair of breeches*—and they are as good as a husband any day.

"Resolve not to be poor," said Dr. Johnson, "whatever you have, spend less." A contemporary asks, "Suppose a fellow has nothing, how can he spend less?" We think that would have been rather a poser for the Doctor, had he lived to hear it.

A person is not aware how much he loses, when he begins to look upon a small deviation from principle and rectitude, with a kind of complacent feeling. It is the beginning of a course which may end in utter ruin. The better course is, to be firm in your principles, and never yield to a single suggestion to depart from the well-trodden path of morality and virtue.—One deviation from truth—one little error—a trifling fault—may pave the way to a lifetime of sorrow.

Time is a good w't out pa...