

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude  
Ho oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

## SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—It is better far  
To rule by love, than fear—  
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind;  
And gently Friendship's accents flow;  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear,  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart,  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,  
They have sinned in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently!—He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were in fierce strife,  
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'Tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

## PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the moon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee,  
Pray for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be.  
Then for thyself in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim.  
And link with each petition  
Thy Great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way;  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach His throne of glory,  
Who is Mercy, Truth and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,  
With this can we compare,  
The power that he has given us,  
To pour out our souls in prayer!  
When thou art in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall,  
And remember in thy gladness,  
His grace who gave the all.

**NEW DOG STORY.**—A Brussels paper states, that a nobleman, for a wager, rode round the whole boulevard of that city, in a light two wheeled cart, drawn by 18 small Scotch terriers, harnessed six abreast. He drove them with whip and reins at full speed, followed by all the fashionable and sporting men of that city, accomplishing the task in 33 minutes. After it was over, the charioter coolly released the dogs from their harness, wrapped each of them in a small blanket, and carefully laid them in his own carriage, into which one of his grooms also stepped, and returned with them to his lordship's residence. The nobleman himself walked home, having pocketed £600 by his feat.

**LOVE.**—Charles Lever, in his new work of 'St. Patrick's Eve,' remarks on the tender passion as follows:—"The game of love is the same, whether the players be clad in velvet or in hidden gray.—Beneath the gilded ceilings of a palace, or the lowly rafters of a cabin, there are the same jealousies, and distrusts, and dependings; for after all, the stake is human happiness, whether he who risks it be a peer or a peasant!"

**WE** find the following notices of marriages in one of our exchanges:  
**All Right.**—Mr. Levi All, to Miss Jane Wright. Notice.—It's Wright All!  
**Short and Sweet.**—Mr. James Short, to Miss Emeline Sweet.  
**Wrong again.**—It's all Short!  
**Going Ahead.**—Mr. John Going, to Miss A. Head.  
**And again.**—A Head is Going!

## From Arthur's Ladies' Magazine for July. How to Correct a Husband's Faults.

BY FANNY GRAY.

'Now just look at you, Mr. Jones! I declare! it gives me a chill to see you go to a drawer. What do you want? Tell me! and I will get it for you.'

Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband, who has gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away.

'There now! Just look at the hurra's nest you have made! What do you want, Mr. Jones?'

The husband throws an angry look upon his wife mutters something that she cannot understand, and then turns away and leaves the room.

'It is too bad!' scolds Mrs. Jones, to herself, commencing the work of restoring to order the drawer her husband had thrown all topsy turvy. 'I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word, he goes off into a huff. But I won't have my things forever in confusion.'

In the meantime, Mr. Jones, in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to the store without the clean pocket handkerchief for which he had been in search.—Half the afternoon passes before he gets over his ill humor, and then he does not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself, that she has done wrong, for every now and then she utters, half aloud some censure against the careless habits that were annoying and inexcusable. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry, and sometimes he would laugh at his wife; but he made no effort to reform himself.

'Mr. Jones, why will you do so?' said Mrs. Jones on the evening of the same day, 'you are the most trying man alive.'

'Pity you hadn't a chance to try another,' retorted Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

The offence given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones' work basket, and the scattering of needles, cotton, scissors, wax, and a dozen little et ceteras about the floor.

The reply of Mr. Jones hurt his wife. It seemed unkind. He had brought home a new book which he intended reading, but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work basket that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book to himself.

It must be said that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed, as his wife had alleged. He could open closets and drawers as handy as any one, but the thought of shutting either never entered his mind.

The frequent reproaches of his wife, such as—  
'Had you any doors in the House where you were raised?' or  
'Please to shut that drawer, will you, Mr. Jones?' or  
'You are the most disorderly man in existence!'

or 'You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Mr. Jones?' produced no good effects. In fact, Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse and worse every day instead of better. The natural habits of order and regularity which his wife possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots in the parlor, and left them in the middle of the floor—put his hat on the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing table or bureau—splashed the water about and soiled the wall paper in washing, and spite of all that could be said to him, would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—splattered every thing around him with blacking when he brushed his boots—and did a hundred other careless things, that gave his wife a world of trouble, which annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding, which worried him a good deal; but it never for a single moment made him think seriously of reforming his bad habits.

One day he came into dinner. There was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars newly done up—and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing table. Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tired. The husband expected a storm, but no storm broke. He looked at his wife, as she lifted his hat from the bed and put it on the mantel piece, and took his boots and put them in a closet from which she brought out his slippers and placed them beside him, but he did not understand the expression of her face exactly, nor feel comfortable about it. Mrs. Jones did not seem angry but hurt.

After she had handed him his slippers, she took the soiled dress from the clothes basket, over which she had spent nearly half an hour at the ironing table, and attempted to remove the dirt which the boot had left upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go to the washing tub before it would be again fit to wear.

'If you knew, Henry,' she said in a voice that touched her husband's feeling, as she laid aside the dress, 'how much trouble you give me sometimes, I am sure you would be more particular.'

'Do I really give you much trouble, Jane?' Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. 'I am sure I am sorry for it.'

'Indeed you do. If you would only be more thoughtful, you would save me a great deal, I shall have to wash out the dress myself, now the washer woman is gone, and I can't trust Sally with it—'

I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to day, as hot as it is!'

'I am very sorry indeed, Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I must confess; and if you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend you again.'

All this was new. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and at each other. He had offended and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions towards each other; and they were more careful. When Mr. Jones offended, as he still too often did, his wife checked the instant impulse she felt to upbraid him. He perceived this, and appreciating her self-denial, compelled himself in consequence, to be more orderly in his habits. A few years wrought so great a change in Mr. Jones that to use an hyperbole, he hardly knew himself. He could shut a closet door as well as open it—he could get a handkerchief, or any thing else from the drawer, without turning it upside down—could hang his hat upon the rack and put his boots away when he took them off.—In fact he could be as orderly as any one, and without feeling that it involved any great self-denial to do so.

**KISSING.**—The 'Yankee Blade' which is as sharp and keen as one of genuine Damascus manufacture, thus comments upon kissing. We appeal to the experience of all our readers who know any thing of kissingdom, if he has not cut right into kissing—skillfully dissected the science of the thing.—*Pic.*

## From the Philadelphia Inquirer. Never Give Up.

'Never give up! it is wiser and better, Always to hope than once to despair, Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter, And break the dark spell of tyrannical care; Never give up! or the burthen may sink you— Providence kindly has mingled the cup, And in all trials or troubles bethink you, The watchword of life must be, Never give up!'

We recently published a capital song, entitled 'Never give up.' A passage is quoted above. There is manly energy in the doctrine that we should not permit ourselves to be overcome by common place or even extraordinary reverses of fortune. 'Never say die'—never give up'—are capital mottoes with regard to enterprise, business, and the things of this life generally. If we give way to depression of spirits, and at the first reverse abandon the chase of fortune as hopeless, we will soon sink into despondency, gloom, idleness, and perhaps vice. But let us determine that, come what may, we will still struggle on, that while life and health remain we will still make an effort to achieve independence, and in a majority of cases, sooner or later, success will come.

A friend stepped into our office a day or two ago, and in the course of conversation related an incident well calculated to illustrate the force and propriety of energy and perseverance. He had visited Washington a few weeks before, and while standing on Pennsylvania avenue, gazing at some object of interest, he was accosted by a stranger, as one he had seen and known in years gone by. 'Ah!' inquired the other—when and where? After some conversation, in the course of which a degree of confidence was inspired between the parties it turned out that the stranger had reference to a period of twenty years before in Philadelphia—that he was then a poor boy, about seven years old, and was in the habit of visiting the work-shop at which the other was engaged, for the purpose of collecting chips and shavings. The kind manner of the apprentice had made a favorable impression upon the heart and mind of the then bare-footed urchin, and although a period of nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed, he recognized his friend of his early days at a glance, and was anxious in some way to testify his appreciation of the kindness rendered in the hours of his boyhood.

After some further conversation, he gave a brief outline of his history. Before he was eight years of age, his father, who was wretchedly poor, died in the Alms House, and the little fellow was compelled to beg cold victuals from door to door, in order to prevent the family from starving. Still he had correct principles, and was anxious to make a respectable figure in the world. He accordingly indentured himself to a house-carpenter, and while engaged in learning the business, he obtained a copy of the Life of Franklin, which he studied with great attention, as he said, to acquire a knowledge of proper habits of economy, and not with any notion of becoming a philosopher. He persevered, became master of his trade, worked with success as a journeyman, removed to Washington, and in 1836 had accumulated enough to build two or three houses. A balance was still due on them, however, and the troubles of 1837 coming on, adversity overtook him, his property was sold by the Sheriff, and he was again reduced to poverty. But he remembered his boyhood, the destitution of that period of his life, the manner in which he had overcome adversity by perseverance; and he determined never to give up.

His worldly wealth consisted of one bed and a little furniture, and with this niggardly provision for such an undertaking, he consulted his better half, (for, like a wise man, he had married the moment he felt able to take care of a wife,) who was a true and brave hearted woman, and they determined to make an effort to obtain one or two boarders. Two young friends agreed to assist them in the way proposed, and to these was awarded the only bed in the house, while the husband and wife purchased a few bundles of straw, upon which they slept soundly for many a month. Slowly and gradually fortune brightened again, employment was procured, savings were laid by, the journeyman became a master carpenter, he obtained one or two contracts from Government, and although not yet thirty years of age, he is in easy and independent, if not in affluent circumstances.

He concluded his brief story by remarking that it would afford him infinite pleasure, if the old friend to whom he had thus strangely introduced himself, after an absence of more than twenty years, would, while he remained in Washington, make his house his home. He said that there were still many recollections of his early years, which he cherished with delight, and that on a recent visit to Philadelphia, he had wandered over the haunts of his childhood, and endeavored to learn something of the history of his youthful companions—most of them, like himself, children of distress and poverty. In the majority of cases, the results were melancholy. Poor, friendless, and to some extent, deserted—but few had wrestled with and risen above the untoward circumstances by which they had been surrounded. There were cases, however, in which patience, perseverance and constant appeals to and dependence upon Providence, had lifted the orphan, the outcast and the beggar from a lowly condition of penury and trial, and rendered them good citizens, devoted husbands, kind parents, useful and valuable members of society. But, he added, the doctrine of all who are depressed,—of the children of toil and misfortune, no matter how

dark the present may seem, should be—persevere! persevere!—never give up. For who, he continued—who may read the future—who may foretell the events of a single year? And he was right. In the language of a deep thinker—'Duties are ours, but events are God's.' 'Clouds and darkness' may lower to-day—but sunshine and prosperity may brighten and beautify to-morrow. Let us struggle on then—let us never despair.

'Never give up! there are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one, And, through the chaos, High wisdom arranges Ever success—if you'll only hope on; Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup, And of all maxims the best as the oldest, Is the true watchword of never give up.'

## Broom Corn and Mustard.

A travelling correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette thus writes:

'Between Chillicothe and Circleville I saw about 1200 acres of broom corn, as fine looking as any I had ever known. This is grown by a company, consisting of a father and two sons, for export in its raw state to England, where it is admitted nearly or quite free of duty. The sons are here, and attend to its cultivation and shipment. The father resides in England, and receives it and has it manufactured. It is said to be a good speculation.

Near Chillicothe I visited a field of 15 acres in mustard. The seed sown is of a peculiar kind, and I secured a small package of it for the Cincinnati Horticultural Society. It is said to be much better than either the English or ordinary American varieties. A large crop of it was grown last season in Muskingum county, the yield being within a fraction of 14 bushels to the acre. If as puny and good an article as represented, and it certainly seems to be so, its value in Cincinnati market at this time would be \$3 00 a 3 50 per bushel. Take the medium, \$3 25 and you have \$45 50 as the yield of an acre of good land put down in mustard seed. Is not the crop worth trying? The experiment to which I have referred in Ross county, is making by an enterprising citizen of Chillicothe—a member of the craft editorial. For various reasons which he stated, the trial is not a fair one. In those portions of the field which he was able to pay good attention to the weeding, the crop now looking well, and he anticipates getting about 10 bushels to the acre. Even this is a better crop for small farmers than either wheat or corn, being \$32 50 per acre. I hope some of our agricultural friends will "experiment" a little in this matter. There is no sense in bringing from England what we can so well grow here. I go in for raising our own mustard, as well as manufacturing our own clothes. According to my view, our true independence is entire independence.

## From the United States Gazette. Moralizing on Clouds.

We marked a few days since for publication, a little anecdote, which struck us as worthy of remembrance.—We have mislaid the paper, and forgotten the names, but it was something like the following.

A lady went to some benevolent gentlemen to solicit an important favor for a child. The favor was promptly granted. 'I will go home,' said the lady, 'and when the child gets large enough, I will teach him to thank you for your kindness.'

'I am but the cloud,' said the Doctor, 'that gives the shower; let him thank the Being above the clouds that gives the means.'

This is the story, with the omission of names, and the probable loss of a good deal of grace in the narrative. But it struck us that the good Doctor had been eminently felicitous in his choice of illustration. The good gifts that kind-hearted men bestow, come down upon the recipients with freshness and beneficence, like the out-pouring of the summer cloud upon the parched earth. We look upward, and bless the well stored magazine whence descend the means of delight, and the cause of our gratitude. There is a power, however, beyond, that gathers into the granaries of the skies, the harvests of moisture that the earth sends up, and in His own time, 'compels' the clouds, that they give back their treasures. We mark not this, mark not the mighty "hand" that works these wonders, but as we gaze upwards, the vehicle of blessings dims our sight, and shortens our survey, and we thank the cloud, because we see it; and forget the power beyond, the power whose intercepted light makes gorgeous the upper surface of the storm chariot; and whose absence, or whose presence unapparent, gives darkness, like the shadow of death, to that pillary cloud whence descends the blessing.

But the good man, the man of liberal heart and open hand, is indeed like the cloud that sends down the former and the latter rain, that gives here and there the shower which invigorates, cheers and nourishes. He feels the warmth above him, and owns the influence by the transmission of his supplied store. He goes and gives out of his means, to cheer the desolate and the famished, and returns to see the fruits of his benefits to others, as the clouds after the rain. Bountiful, rich, and abundantly useful, is the man of open hand, who, like the summer cloud, comes suddenly, and gives when most needed; comes in the warmth of day, comes without a chill, comes without token of preparation, and gives down the means of good, without the evidence of inability to retain blessings in the gift and in the manner, going forth with no evidence of exhaustion, passing onward as if to continue the blessing to thousands, living and helping to live.

The clouds that gather with the east wind, that come thickening up the sky, that darken for days before they rain and seem to have their contents shaken out by the violence of the gale, and the chills which it imparts—clouds that chill all beneath them, and make the herbage look winter-like, as it takes almost reluctantly and thanklessly the descending storm; clouds that are warded by the moisture they exude—they, too, like the giving man, like the man who has treasured up the savings of a hard life; and when they can no longer be retained for himself, when they must cease to be his, then with sighs at the separation of soul and body, that is, money and himself, with the sound of trumpets, to make a virtue of necessity, he pours down upon others, without a single warning smile of true benevolence, all that he has, and all that he is.—He sees no benefit springing from his last sacrifice, and there is no expression of gratitude for the course which he has given to that which he could not retain.

When the summer cloud that has poured out its bounties upon the grateful earth passes on, the pleasure which it has given is doubled by the hope which it imparts, that it will renew its blessing. We see in the distance the bow of promise, gemming its exhaustless skirts, and the blessings which it is giving to others, become the means of hope to us. So the man of habitual benevolence gives assurance to the afflicted ones that his hand is not to be staid, by the continuance of his active goodness to the sufferers; and, to change the figures, we are, by his attention to them, assured of a renewal of his goodness to us, just as the hour cry of the distant watchman lets us know that in our turn our safety shall be provided for.

**HOW THEY GET SUBSCRIBERS OUT WEST.**—We have heard of all sorts of contrivances for obtaining subscribers for newspapers, but a friend of ours gives us the following anecdote, as a matter of fact, which we consider a novel way of increasing a subscription list, at all events!

A new daily paper was started some years ago, in a city not a thousand miles from D———. The proprietors found it "hard sledding" at first, and were obliged to resort to the custom in those "diggins"—of employing an agent to prow around among the Hoosters and Walyarnes, to collect names, and obtain the "tin." The agent was known as the "stout, bullying cuss" of the Gazette—and his chief recommendations were first rate qualifications for drinking, and much better for fighting.

John entered a bar-room one day, where he met a brawny looking fellow demolishing a "brandy smasher," whom he immediately joined at the bar.

'I'll take mine hot,' says John.

The liquor was swallowed, and the stranger paid the bill.

'Subscribe to the — Gazette, air!'

'No,' bawled the other.

'No,' inquired John, 'why not?'

'Oh, d——n your Gazette.'

'Will you be kind enough to say that again, friend?' coolly replied John.

'Say it yes; d——n your Gazette.'

'Will you subscribe for the Gazette.'

'Me? Not by a damn sight. It is the meanest print in town.'

'It's what?'

'Yes!—continued the stranger, and the next minute he was sprawling on the shop-floor, John coming down on top. John gave him another "feeler," and then asked him if he would subscribe for the — Gazette!'

'No, I won't!'

Whack, whack came the blows, thicker and faster, John insisting that the poor devil should "subscribe," as a condition of getting up again, alive. The sufferer finally gave in.

'Let me up, I say.'

'Will you subscribe?'

'Yes.'

'And pay in advance?'

'Yes.'

John let him up—took his five dollars, wrote a receipt, and coolly walked out of the shop, with 'I guess friend you'll like the — Gazette.'

**TRIAL OF SPANISH PRIVATEERS.**—The trial of ten Portuguese and Spanish charged with piracy, and with the murder of ten Englishmen belonging to her Majesty's ship Wasp, came on at the Exeter assizes, on the 24th ult. before Mr. Baron Platt, and a jury composed partly of foreigners. The trial lasted two days. On the second day the jury retired, and, after an absence of an hour returned in court with a verdict of guilty against Majaval, Serva, Alves, Ribiero, Francisco, Martins, and Joaquin; and not guilty as regarded, Dos Santos, Manoel, and Jose Antonio. The learned judge then passed sentence of death, leaving them no hopes on this side of the grave.

**Preservation of Manures and destruction of the Effluvia.**—In a letter to the celebrated French chemist, Mr. Dumas, M. Schalterman says he finds by experiment, that the application of sulphate of iron, or green copperas, at once fixes the ammonia, flying off from putrefying manures, and destroys their odor. It will have almost instant effect upon the foulest faecal matters.

It is applied either in solution or solid. It will not only preserve the contents of sewers, cesspools, public privies, &c. in the most valuable state for agriculture, but render these innocuous, both in the fill and, and in the process of emptying. The action of copperas is so energetic that its contents man finds that if mixed with the contents of a cess pool or privy for a few days, may be removed without any smell.