

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XI, NO. 35.

HUNTINGDON, PA., SEPTEMBER 16, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 555.

**TERMS.**  
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.  
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 \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 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.

## POETICAL.

### THE HEART.

Oh! could we read the human heart,  
Its strange and mysterious depths explore,  
What tongue could tell or pen impart  
The riches of its hidden lore!

Safe from the world's distrustful eye,  
What deep and burning feelings play,  
Which e'en stern reason's power defy,  
And wear the sands of life away.

Think not beneath a smiling brow,  
To always find a joyous heart;  
For Wit's bright glow, and Reason's flow,  
Too often hide a cankering dart.

The bird with bruised and broken wing,  
Oft tries to mount the air again,  
Among its mates to gaily sing  
Its last melodious dying strain.

The fire that lights a flashing eye,  
May by a burning heart be fed,  
Which in its anguish yearns to die,  
While yet it seems to pleasure wed.

Oh, do not harshly judge the heart,  
Though cold and vain it seems to be,  
Nor rudely seek the veil to part,  
That hides its deep, deep mystery.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

December 4, 1783.

The Revolution was over. The eight years' conflict had ceased, and warriors were now to separate forever, turning their weapons into ploughshares and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings—for alas! in the remains of that gallant army of patriot soldiers, now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty, want and disease—the country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers at that period, according to history and oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of patrimonial inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier, at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp—their situation can be as well imagined as described.

A single instance of the situation of many of our officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburgh, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieut. Col. Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked with tears in his eyes, as he shook hands with the Baron—

"For myself I could stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."

"Come, come," said the Baron, "don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude, for he had left them all he had. In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served throughout the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these wounded negroes on the wharf, at Newburgh, apparently in great distress.

"What's the matter, brother soldier?"

"Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with; now the Congress has no further use for me."

The Baron was absent a few moments, and returned with a silver dollar which he had borrowed.

"There, it is all I could get—take it." The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river, to New York, and, as he reached the deck, took off his hat, and said—

"God bless Master Baron."

These are only single illustrations of the condition of the army, at the close of the war. Indeed Washington had this in view at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rock Hill in November, 1783.

"And being now to conclude these, his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer, in their behalf, his commendations

to their chuntry, and his prayer to the God of armies."

"May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors both here and hereafter attend those who, under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others."

"With these wishes, and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scenes to him will be closed forever!"

The closing of this "military scene," I am about to relate.

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in the solemn council, the privates who had fought and charged in the "heavy fight" under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer—the manly form and dignified countenance of the "great captain," were henceforth only to live in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion and marched down Broad street to Francis' tavern, his head quarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with the officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in the line facing inwards through Pearl street, to the foot of White Hall, where a barge was in readiness to convey him to Paulus Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were assembled the general and field officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there, were Knox, Greene, Steuben, Gates, Clinton and others, who had served with him, faithfully and truly, in the "tented field;" but alas! where were others who had entered the war with him seven years before? Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered whilst a prisoner at the battle of Long Island, Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton, the brave and chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches at Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina, and the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child, was stretched upon the bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle field and time had thinned the ranks which had entered with him into the conflict.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye, and glanced on the faces assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone—

"Albeit unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose uplifted hands to cover their brows told that the tear which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought him—turning to his officers, he thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my final leave of you. I most devotedly wish your latter days may be as happy and prosperous as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." He then raised the glass to his lips, drank, and added: "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you take me by the hand."

Gen. Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced—incapable of utterance. Washington grasped him by the hand and embraced him. The officers came up successively and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the "silent eloquence of tears." What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling, though unspoken.

When the last of the officers had embraced him, Washington left the room followed by his comrades, and passed through the lines of infantry. His step was slow and measured—his head uncovered, and tears flowing thick and fast as he looked from side to side at the veterans to whom he now bid adieu forever. Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. A gigantic soldier, who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and extended his hand:

"Farewell, my beloved General, farewell!"

Washington grasped his hand in convulsive emotion in both his. All discipline was now at an end, the officers could not restrain the men, as they rush-

ed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraven upon their affections was the love of their commander.

At length, Washington reached the barge at White Hall, and entered it.—At the first stroke of the oar, he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu; their answer was only in tears; officers and men, with glistening eyes, watched the receding boat till the form of their noble commander was lost in the distance.

Contrast the farewell of Washington to his army at White Hall, in 1783, and the adieu of Napoleon to his army at Fontainebleau, in 1814! The one had accomplished every wish of his heart; his noble exertions had achieved the independence of his country, and he longed to retire to the bosom of his home—his ambition was satisfied. He fought for no crown or sceptre, but for equality and the mutual happiness of his fellow beings. No taint of tyranny, no breath of slander, no whisper of duplicity, marred the fair proportions of his public or private life—but

"He was a man, take him for all in all—  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The other great soldier was the disciple of selfish ambition. He raised the iron weapon of war to crush only that he might rule. What to him were the cries of widows and orphans! He passed to a throne by making the dead bodies of their protectors his stepping stones. Ambition, self, were the gods of his idolatry, and to them he sacrificed beaumonts of his fellow-men for personal glory. Enthusiasm points with fearful wonder to the name of Napoleon, whilst justice, benevolence, freedom, and all the concomitants which constitute the true happiness of man, shed almost a divine halo round the name and character of WASHINGTON.

### Consistency in Public Men.

We are great admirers of consistency in public men. The unity of a life begun, continued and ended in the resolute assertion of a great and true principle, is a noble and moral spectacle. We like to know where to find a man, and what to expect of him. We love to feel assured that what he means he will say, and what he says he will do, that his principles of action are stable and rooted in his convictions, and that his past gives a reliable pledge of his future. But this has nothing to do with the pertinacious dullness that never changes an opinion. If frequent and sudden changes of opinion are a presumptive indication of intellectual infirmity, an obstinate resistance to the adoption of new opinions, as new facts come to light, is downright stupidity; and the attempt to hide or gloss over one's mental changes is a despicable moral poltroonery. We know not a meaner cowardice than that which makes a man ashamed of seeming wiser at fifty than he was at forty. The true consistency for a statesman is the consistency, not of this year's words, but of this year's acts with this year's convictions. In fact, an honest man need never trouble himself about consistency at all. His honesty will insure his consistency, so far as consistency is a fit virtue for fallible beings. Let any man keep a clear, open mind, and habits of frank speech—seeking the truth, and speaking the truth, from day to day, and from year to year—and although he live to the age of Methuselah, without once thinking about his consistency, his life will look consistent enough at last.

**AN EXTINGUISHER.**—"If people were not hanged for murder," said a young lady some time ago, "we should not be safe in our beds." A member of the Society of Friends who happened to be present, and heard this argument for capital punishment, drew his chair up to the lady, and said, "I want to ask thee a question or two. Dost thou think a man ought to be hung before he has repented?" "Oh, no; certainly not! No one ought to be sent into eternity until he is prepared for the kingdom of Heaven!" "Good," said the Friend; "but now I have another question to ask thee. Dost thou think any man ought to be hung after he has repented, and is fitted for the kingdom of Heaven?" We need not say the lady was speechless.

**GOOD MOTIVES.**—Influenced by good motives, and urged on by a generous impulse, while virtue beams conspicuously on your brow, you cannot but do good wherever you direct your steps.—There will be no selfish propensities to gratify; no depraved inclinations to draw away the heart; no base passion to eat up the tender sensibilities. Your motto must be onward to Truth and Virtue.

### HOW HE LOST HIS TAIL.

This droll sketch we take from a letter in the N. Y. Mirror.

"Gentlemen," said the tall Kentuckian, hauling up, and leisurely taking his seat in a vacant chair, "don't make fun of that thar dog, if you please," and with a face of profound melancholy and touching pathos he added, "unless you want to hurt his feelings."

"Oh, of course not, sir, if you dislike it. But pray how did he come to be curtailed of his fair proportions?"

"Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you," said the Kentuckian, replenishing the capacious hollow of his cheek with a quid of tobacco. "That thar dog was the greatest bar hunter in Kaintuck a few years ago. I used to take my rifle and old Riptearer, of an afternoon, and think nothing o' killing ten bars. One cold day in the middle o' winter, bein' troubled a good deal with an old he-bar that used to carry off our pigs by the dozen, I started out with Riptearer, determined to kill the old rascal or die in the attempt. Well, arter we'd gone about two miles through the woods, we all of a sudden come right smack on the old bar, with his wife and three cubs. I know'd I couldn't shoot 'em all at once, and I know'd if I killed either of the old uns, 'tother would make at me, for I could see they war mortal hungry. So sez I, 'Rip, what'll we do?' Rip know'd what I was sayin' and without waitin' to hold any confab about it, he gav a growl and pitched right in among 'em. With that I let fly at the she-bar, cos I know'd she was the wust when the cubs was about.—Over she rolled as dead as a mackerel. Rip he hitched on the he-bar, and they had a most almighty tussel for about five minutes, when the bar begun to roar enough like blue murder. I run up then and knocked his brains out with the butt end of my rifle. The cubs was so skeered and cold that I killed 'em all in two minutes with my knife. But Rip took on terrible about my knockin' off the old bar on the head. At first I thought he was going to tackle on to me, and says I—'Rip, that's downright ungrateful.' With that he sneaked off in a huff, but I could easily see he was terrible mad yet. Well, I left the bars all on the ground, concluding to call back with the neighbors for 'em as soon as I could let 'em know. On the way home Rip kep ahead of me. Every time he thought about how I killed the old bar his tail would stand right up on end, he was so powerful mad. It was gettin' on to night, and began to grow freezin' cold. About half a mile from the house, Rip he come to a halt, thinkin' he'd have another look back in the direction of the bars. The scent of 'em raised his dander wuss than ever. His tail stood right squar up, as stiff as a hoe-handle. Just then it come on colder than ever, and poor Rip's tail friz exactly as it stood. I was in a bad fix.—I had no fire to thaw it. While I was thinking what I'd do to get it down again, a big buck deer sprung up and darted right over a fence about fifty yards ahead. Rip didn't wait to be told whar to go, but pitched hell-bent arter the deer. I cracked away with my rifle, and just raised the fuzzi between his horns. As soon as Rip got to the fence he thought he'd make a short cut, so he dashed right through, but his tail was so brittle it broke off between the rails!—Poor old Rip was done for good. He never had a tail to show after that; it broke his spirit as well as his tail; that's how he come to loose it. And now, gentlemen, I am getting a little dry, and if you have no objection we'll take a horn."

**LOVE.**—There is such a thing as love at first sight, deny it who may; and it is not necessarily a light or transitory feeling because it is sudden. Impressions are often made as indelibly by a glance, as some that grow from imperceptible beginning, still they become incorporated with our nature. Is it not the fixed law of the universe, the needle to the pole, a sufficient guarantee for the existence of attraction? And who will say it is not of divine origin? The passion of love is so, too, when of the genuine kind. Reason and appreciation of character, may, on longer acquaintance, deepen the impression, as streams their channels deeper wear; but the seal is set by a higher power than human will, and gives the stamp of happiness or misery to a whole life.

**A WELL REGULATED MIND** does not regard the abusive language of a low fellow in the light of an insult, and deems it beneath revenge. All the abominations to which the latter may give utterance will not raise him one jot above his proper level, or depress the former, in the slightest degree, below his sphere.

"A moral, amiable, and well-bred man, will not insult me—and no other can."

### COWS.

Nothing upon a farm is so valuable as a good cow, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, and it should be a constant effort with every true farmer to seek the best breeds, and to feed in the best manner, for herein lies the soundest economy. Very much has already been accomplished for this important interest, but much remains to be done. While we are strongly inclined to believe that no better cows can be found—we mean for milk—than selections from the natives, we feel quite sure that great advantage is also to be derived from the best importations, provided the mode of keeping be imported and understood also. For here is the real secret—the feeding and keeping of the animal. And strange as it may seem, nothing is more difficult than to ascertain this. Of the imported breeds, we have the opinion that the Ayrshires are to be preferred. They are the best stock in Scotland, and are generally regarded in the same light in England. They are not so large or handsome as the Durhams, but they are a hardier race, keep themselves in good condition, and are easily fattened. Mr. Phinney declares them to be, from his experience, greatly superior to the Durhams, for dairy properties. There have been numerous importations of the Ayrshire breed into our State, and the last year, a large importation was made by the State Society.

To show what can be accomplished, and the manner of doing it, we refer to the famous Cramp cow in England, of the Sussex breed. During her first year for milking, she produced 540 lbs. of butter; the largest amount in a week was 15 lbs. In 47 weeks her milk amounted to 4,921 quarts. In her third year she produced 5,782 quarts of milk, and 675 lbs. of butter; the largest amount of butter in a week was 18 lbs. In her fifth year, her milk was 5,369 qts., and her butter, 594 lbs. Largest quantity of butter in a week, 17 lbs. The feeding of this cow was, in summer, clover, lucerne, rye, grass and carrots—at noon, four gallons of grains and two of bran, mixed. In winter, hay, grains and bran, five or six times a day.

The famous Oakes cow, owned in Danvers, in this State, may be mentioned also as very remarkable; she produced 19 1-4 lbs. of butter in a week. In 1816 her butter was 484 1-4 lbs. She was allowed 30 to 35 bushels of Indian meal in a year; she had also potatoes and carrots at times.

A cow owned in Andover, in 1836, yielded \$67 38 from the market, besides the supply of the family. The keeping was good pasture, the swill of the house, and three pints of meal a day.

A cow owned by Thomas Hodges, in North Adams, produced, in 1840, 425 lbs. of butter. Her feed was one quart of rye meal, and half a peck of potatoes daily, besides very good pasturing.

Putnam cow, at Salem, averaged for a year, 12 quarts daily. In 1841, with two quarts of meal daily, she averaged, in one month, 18 quarts daily.

A cow, owned by S. Henshaw, formerly of Chicopee Falls, gave 17 3-4 lbs. of butter a week, and in one case 21 lbs. This was a native without any mixture.

A cow in West Springfield, is recorded as having given, in 60 days, 2,692 1-2 lbs. of milk, which is equal to 22 1-2 qts. daily.

A cow, owned by O. B. Morris, of Springfield, some weeks afforded 14 lbs. of butter, besides milk and cream for the family. Her feed in Winter was good hay, and from 2 to 4 quarts of rye bran at noon; in Summer, besides pasture, 4 quarts of rye bran at night. Judge remarks, in the account of his cow, "that many cows which have been considered as quite ordinary, might, by kind and regular treatment, good and regular feeding, and proper care in milking, rank among the first rate."

J. P. Cushing, of Watertown, has several native cows which give 20 quarts a day.

Dr. Shurtleff, of Chelsea, owned a small cow which gave 21 quarts daily.

The Hobart Clark cow at Andover gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

A cow of W. Chase, Somerset, R. I., in 1831, gave most of the season 20 quarts of milk daily; averaged nearly 14 lbs. of butter during the season. The Hosmer cow at Bedford, Mass., gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

The foregoing list consists of natives. We may also add, that there is now in West Springfield, a cow, owned by an excellent farmer, which has afforded 19 1-2 lbs. of butter a week. But we are not informed whether this is an unmixed native or not. In the account which is on record of the famous Cramp cow in England, a remark is made deserving the notice of all milkers and farmers—"Milk cows are often spoiled for want of patience at the latter end of milking them." The question has often been asked—what is the average produce of

a cow in milk? An experienced milkman in Essex county, says it is five beer quarts daily, when well fed; others say one gallon. It is said a cow requires two tons of hay in a season—and should have from one to two quarts of meal a day, and about a peck of vegetables. Soiling is well adapted for the cow; grass, oats and corn, cut green, furnish excellent food for this purpose. Carrots are invaluable through the winter. Our farmers would render a great service by furnishing, at our annual fairs, written statements of their own experience in the management and produce of their cows. May they not be fairly called upon to do so?

**SUBLINEITY AND TENDERNESS.**—The soul goes out with the tears. Sublimity may fill the eye with fire, thrill through the frame, and give new intensity to the consciousness of existence; tenderness carries a man from himself, and gives up his poured out affections in another's bosom. The one enlarges; the other diffuses and distributes through the wide range of humanity its own forgotten being. The one may be excited by the voice of the thunder speaking solemnly to the dark clouds, by the beetling brow of the mountain, by the sound of many waters; the other claims no affinities to inanimate bulk or brutal force—its gushing affections flow only at the touch of soul, or when the spirit of God breathes on the heart, disposing it to immense goodness and the overflowing of benevolence.—Maffie.

**HOW TO GET RICH.**—Almost everybody wants this information. It is comprised in this advice:

"Be economical, be industrious, attend to your own business, never take great hazards, don't be in a hurry for wealth, never do business for the sake of doing, and do not love money extravagantly."

By following out the above to the letter, you cannot fail of becoming immensely rich at some future period; but neglect one single iota of the advice and ten chances to one you will fail in the attempt.

Here is one beautiful little paragraph which we find in one of our exchanges:

"If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth. It is cankered by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stained by no blood."

**A GOOD RULE.**—Lord Erskine was distinguished through life for independence of principle, for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rules of his conduct, which ought to be deeply engraved on every heart. He said:

"It was a first command and council of my early youth always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and leave the consequence with God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and shall point the same path to my children for their support."

**A SORRY MAN.**—They tell a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he "was sorry, very sorry, indeed, that he couldn't pay it."

"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorer than I am, I'll quit."

**THE SNUFF BOX.**—The following dialogue took place between an old lady, a disciple of Miller, and a friend who called upon her, the morning after the world did not come to an end. "Well, marm, I am surprised to see you. How happens it you didn't go up last night?" "Well, I did start—but marmy on us, I forgot my snuff-box!"

An attorney, about to finish a bill of cases, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible!" "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

A young man stepped into a book store and asked for "A Young Man's Companion." "Well, sir," replied the bookseller, "here's my daughter."

A country editor thus nudges his subscribers:

"We don't want money desperately bad, but our creditors do. And no doubt they owe you. And if you'll pay us, we'll pay them, and they'll pay you!"

"I'm a victim to an artificial state of society," as the monkey said when they put trousers on him.