

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK.]

CORRECT PRINCIPLES—SUPPORTED BY TRUTH.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

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WHOLE NO. 558.

TERMS.

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POETICAL.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!

Go, search the records of the past,
Thine eye on heathen learning cast;
Go, ask of Grecia's pride and shame—
Rome's injured purchaser of fame;
Go, where repentance dropp'd a tear,
Go, where the prayers of saints appear:
'Mid all the beauties opening there,
Unequal'd stands this simple prayer—
FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!"

Search deep amid the extensive field
Of virtues, modern writers yield:
The history of the world unfold,
Its brightest moral gems behold,
And tell, in present or in past,
Can she one jewel from her cast,
With half the beauty glistering there—
That's found in Jesus' simple prayer—
FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!"

See Him betrayed, forsaken, sad;
View Him in purple mockery clad;
Denied, insulted, scourged, reviled;
With brow unshadow'd, placid, mild,
See him away to Calvary led,
The piercing crown upon His head;
And then, upon th' accursed tree,
List thou His heaven-breathed melody—
FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!"

Go, ask of Him who suffer'd there,
To impart the spirit of that prayer;
For strength to follow, as He led
The bless'd example here outspread:
Behold His all of vengeance shown,
When Calvary heard his dying groan!
Then view His love for sinners there,
In that expressive, fervent prayer—
FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!"

EMPIRE OF WOMAN.

BY SCHILLER.

Her might is gentleness—she winneth away
By a soft word and a softer look;
Where she, the gentle loving one, hath failed,
The proud or stern might never yet succeed.
Strength, power, and majesty belong to man;
They make the glory native to his life;
But sweetness is a woman's attribute—
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign.
There have been some who with a mightier mind,
Have won dominion, but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful;
Sweetest sovereigns of their natural loveliness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

PAYING THE PRINTER.

At the particular request of the editor of the *Rathway Herald*, I will preach on this occasion, from the following text:

If ye are honest, honorable men,
Go ye and pay the Printer!

MY HEARERS—There are many seeming trifles in this world which you are too apt to overlook on account of their unimportance, the neglect of which has plunged thousands into the deepest mire of misery, and sunk their characters into inextricable degradation. Among these trifles, that of neglecting to pay one's honest debts is the most common, and attended with the worst of consequences. It takes off all the silken furze of the fine thread of feeling—creates a sort of misanthropic coldness about the heart—skims off all the cream that may chance to rise on the milk of generosity, and makes man look as savagely upon his brother man as a dog does upon one of his own species, while engaged in the gratifying employment of eating his master's dinner. One debt begets another. I have always observed that he who owes a man a dollar is sure to owe him a grudge; and he is always more ready to pay compound interest on the latter than on the former. Oh, my friends, to be over head and ears in love, is as bad a predicament as a person ought ever to be in; but to be so deeply in debt that you can't sleep nights, without being haunted by the ghost of some impatient creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrophobia—make him bite a wheel-barrow—cause it to run mad, and create a general consternation among the lamp posts.

My dear friends—The debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due the printer. It presses upon one's bosom more than the nightmare—galls, soul-frets, and chafes every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leave it drier than the surface of a roast potato. A man who wrongs the printer can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other. He will be sure to go down to the grave ere Time shall have bedecked his brow with the silvery blossoms of age, and the green leaves of hope will fall before the bud of enjoyment has expanded. It is true, the mushrooms of peace may spring up during the short night of forgetfulness, but they will all wither beneath the scorching of remorse. How can you, my friends, ever have the wickedness to cheat the printer when he labors all day in doing good for you? He has poured into the treasures of your mind some of the most valuable gifts that anything short of God can bestow—aye, riches with which you would not part for the possession of the whole world, and a mortgage on a small corner of Heaven. With the keys of magic, as it were, he has opened the iron-cased doors of human understanding—dispelled the darkest of ignorance, and lit up the lamps of knowledge and wisdom. The mighty engine—the press, is surrounded by a halo of glory, and its effulgence extends all over the broad empire of the mind, illuminating the darkest avenues of the heart; and yet the printer—the man who toils at the lever of this soul-enlightening instrument—is often robbed of his hard earned bread by those whom he has delivered from mental bondage, and placed in a paradise, to lay off and grow fat on the fruits of his labors!

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! if you have hearts softened with the dews of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation whose account is not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your head up in society like the giant; be respected by the wise and the good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience—the mortification of repeated duns—and escape from falling into the clutches of those licensed thieves, the lawyers. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for the morrow, because there is no to-morrow—it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises; an added egg in the great nest of the future; the debtor's hope and the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will ever pay the printer, as you have no reputation to lose—no character to sustain—and no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you, my friends, that if you don't do it, your paths to the tomb will be strewn with thorns—you will have to gather your daily food from the brambles—your children will die with the dysentery, and you yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health. I once called on a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had all squared. I inquired if he had forgiven all his enemies? He replied, yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with his printer? He hesitated for a moment, and then said he believed he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid farewell to the world. His desire was immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of peace with his own conscience, his God, and the world. Let this be an example for you, my friends. Patronize the printer—take the papers—pay for them in advance—and your days will be long upon the earth, and overflowing with the honey of happiness!

GOOD ADVICE.—Do not talk about your neighbors, we beg of you do not. It is unkind. We are so situated in this life that we are often dependent upon them for offices of kindness that money will not buy. How a harsh, or a light word will grate on the memory of a neighbor forever, and how he might refuse us his aid if he remembered it against us. It is then our interest to speak well of our neighbors. Again, it is unprincipled to speak ill of them—it is impolite and sinful, and with all these arguments against the practice, it is much to be wondered at that the ninth commandment is not regarded with more respect. A flattering word about a person whom we do not know has often commended us to his favor, while a slighting remark, unintentional perhaps, has made him our enemy forever.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only piece of second-hand goods that sold at prime cost.

[From the Lancaster County Farmer.]
APPLE BUTTER BOILING.

Apple Butter boiling is now in season and no doubt, owing to the abundance of fruit of all kinds this year, a large quantity of the article will be made.—Pumpkins, Peaches, Pears, and Quinces, are equally as good material for this kind of sauce, and of late years have been quite extensively used; especially in seasons when the apple crop fell short, as has frequently been the case. As Apple Butter is peculiarly a Pennsylvania dish, it may not be amiss to explain the *modus operandi* of its manufacture for the edification of our readers in neighboring States; and, should any of them wish to make the article, merely to "try it," they will commence thus:

In the morning, pare two and a half bushels of fine large apples, cut them in six pieces, extracting the core and seeds. At ten o'clock take one barrel of cider in a large copper or iron kettle, place it over a good fire, and let it boil till three o'clock; then throw in the apples and stir occasionally until 5 or 6 o'clock, from which time, until 9, 10, or 11 o'clock, just as circumstances may require, stir constantly.

At such "boilings," it is usual for the neighbors—especially the young men and women—to assemble, as well to keep up the conviviality of the party, as to take a turn at the "stirrer." Indeed, in this county, an Apple Butter Boiling is the most pleasant and truly democratic party imaginable. You attend—lady or gentleman—in your plain every-day clothes, are invited into the spacious kitchen, where, seated upon long benches running parallel with the wall, you will find some ten or twenty of both sexes. In the most obscure corner of the room, is seated the host, who, while he gazes on the happy scene before him, and gladly recounts the days when he too was young, is leisurely smoking his pipe; or, perhaps, with one or more of his neighbors, with whom he has thus far travelled down the steep declivity of time, discussing the prices of grain, the leading political questions of the day, or the probable future destiny of our great and growing country. The youngest child, in every instance the "old man's pet," is seated upon his knee; and, unlike children generally, is perfectly quiet and attentive to what is going on. And there, upon the hearth, beside the cheerful fire, the faithful mastiff takes his usual rest ere he assumes his post before his master's door.

About nine o'clock, the "old lady," or rather the hostess, appears with a basket of choice fruit—apples, peaches, pears, &c.—also, cider, of which the party now partake. The elderly gentlemen in the corner, however, care naught about the cider; a bottle of "apple-jack" or good old "peach" is brought out, a glass tipped off, the pipe relighted, and the conversation renewed. The Apple Butter's done! The gentlemen lift off the kettle, the ladies examine the butter, pronounce it "good," and all hands adjourn to the parlor, where they for a short time indulge in some favorite amusement, and then retire.

The merry, ringing laugh of the company, as they stroll in couples to their respective homes, plainly tells you they are happy, and that they were pleased with the Apple Butter Boiling.

Appropos.—Here is a song, good as well as seasonable. We propose that it be sung to any old-fashioned tune, at Apple Butter Boilings exclusively:

When autumn freely yields,

All her golden treasures,

Then those who reap the fields,

Partake of harvest pleasures.

This, lads, is harvest home;

Those who labor daily,

Well know 'tis sweet to come,

And pass the evening gaily.

Then let each heart be light,

Here's no room for sorrow,

Joy holds her court to-night,

Care may come to-morrow.

Now let the lab'rer wipe his brow,

Rest and plenty wait him;

Barn, cellar, rick, and mow,

Are filled to recreate him.

Scythe, sickle, rake, and hoe,

All are now suspended,

Like trophies in a row,

For future use intended.

Then let each heart be light, &c.

Now gay Pomona's store,

Past exertion blesses,

Rich streams of nectar pour,

Sparkling from her presses,

Full goblets streaming broad,

Crown the Farmer's labors,

These real bliss afford.

When shared by friendly neighbors,

Then let each heart be light, &c.

From the Lancaster Examiner and Herald.
North Carolina to Pennsylvania—Greeting:

THE TARIFF OF '46.

A voice goes forth athwart the sky,
A voice for woe or weal;
And echo hurries on the cry—
REPEAL! REPEAL!!

From a betrayed, indignant horde,
The storm foretells its fate,
As far off voices catch the word
From out the Keystone State.

Still borne upon a breeze, that word
Is echoing to and fro;
And as I sing, that voice is heard,
From MAINE TO MEXICO!

Proclaim it, as when thunders break,
And lightnings fierce rejoice;
When a united people speak,
In one unbroken voice.

A voice ye hear (from men made free),
When enemies invade—
To crush our own prosperity—
And build up foreign trade.

REPEAL! REPEAL! We catch the sound,
The words thy banner bore,
And Carolina's voice resounds,
By Pennsylvania's shore.

Send on thy strength; the might of mind,
That on the Senate's floor,
They may disperse it to the wind,
And cry—"It is no more!"

With hearts elate—and spirits warmed,
A choice and vig'rous band;
With resolution, firmly formed,
Throughout our happy land! B.

MYSTERIES OF INN-KEEPING.

From a work entitled "SCENES IN ALL TRADES," we extract a passage interesting to wine-drinkers:

The author, meeting a stranger in a country church-yard, recognizes Burley, the late landlord of an Inn he used to frequent near Cambridge, but now, it appears, retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Falling into a confidential discourse about the way in which this worthy conducted his business, the author receives from him a most luminous and satisfactory account of his wines.

"You can't deny it, Burley; your wines of all kinds were detestable—Port, Madeira, Claret, Champagne—"

"There now, sir! to prove how gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, sir; my claret, sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen every thing they ask for, sir; gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may be pleased to order, sir. I'll tell you how it was, sir; I never would have any wines in my house, sir, but port and sherry, because I knew them to be wholesome wines, sir; and this I will say, sir, my port and sherry were the very best—I could procure in all England—"

"How! the best?"

"Yes, sir—at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, sir. You must know, sir, that I hadn't been long in business, when I discovered that gentlemen knew very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other, they would appear to know much less—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir; and they are excellent judges! (and here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.) Wall, sir, with respect to my dinner wines, I was always tolerably safe, gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be Madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—"

"Why, just now you told me that you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar?"

"Very true, sir; port and sherry. But this was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira—From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction—especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my Madeira, sir, for I always used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, sir—a couple of glasses of pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call my delicate pale, (bye the bye, a squeeze of lemon added to that, made a very fair Bucellas, sir—a wine not much called for now, sir;) and for my old brown sherry a little burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that been twice to the East Indies, sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were very particular

about their wines, I used to serve it as such."

"But, Mr. Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather—"

"I guess what you would say, sir; but I knew it would be a wholesome wine at bottom, sir. But my port was the wine that gave me so much trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine—it is too heavy!'"

"Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter." Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. "Well, sir, I'd say, how do you approve of that?" "Why—um—no—I can't say—"

"I understand, sir, you like an older wine—softer—I think I can please you, sir." Pump again, sir. "Now, sir," says I, (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light,) "try this, if you please." "That's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same."

"But one can't please everybody the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—without body. In went one glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Aye, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what'll please you—you like fuller bodied, rougher wine.'" Out went two glasses of wine, and in went two or three glasses of brandy. This used to be a very favorite wine—but only with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir.

"And your claret?"

"My good, wholesome port, again, sir. Three wine out, three water in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two do. orris powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy; for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was my claret, sir, with from three to six drops of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavor or a delicate flavor. As for champagne, sir, that, of course, I made myself."

"How do you mean 'of course,' Burley?"

"O, sir," said he with an innocent and waggish look, "surely everybody makes his own champagne—else what can become of all the gooseberries?"

Industry and Integrity.

There is nothing possible to man which industry and integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of yesterday—so poor that a dollar was a miracle in his vision, houseless, shoeless and breadless—compelled to wander on foot from village to village, with his bundle on his back, in order to procure labor and the means of subsistence, has become the talented and honorable young man of today, by the power of his good right arm and the potent influence of his pure principles, firmly held and perpetually maintained. When poverty, and what the world calls disgrace, stared him in the face, he shuddered not; but pressed onward and exulted most in high and honorable exertions in the midst of accumulating disasters and calamities. Let this young man be cherished, for he honors his country and dignifies his race. High blood—if this courses not in his veins—he is a free born prince. Wealth—what cares he for that, so long as his heart is pure, and his walk upright—he knows, and his country knows, and his country tells, that the little finger of an honest and upright young man is worth more than the whole body of an effeminate and dishonest rich man. These are the men who make the country—who bring to it whatever of iron sinew and unflinching spirit it possesses or desires—who are rapidly rendering it the mightiest, most powerful, as it is already the freest land beneath the circle of the sun.

The Gout.

A cotemporary pronounces the following cure for the gout, to be a sure remedy:

1st. Pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of 50 years, who never had a wish to change her condition.

2d. Wash it in an honest miller's pond.

3d. Dry it on a parson's hedge that was never covetous.

4th. Send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient.

5th. Mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and then apply it to the part affected, and cure will speedily follow.

HORRIBLE.—"Well, I swan tew man, that's a darned muss over tew our house."

"Why, what's the matter, Sonney?"

"Oh, dad's got a new hat, Moll's got the snub-nosed hooking cough, and Hen's a shaking wet smash with the square-toed measles."

"Yew don't!"

"Yes, and that ain't all nuther."

"Oh, dear, what else?"

"Old puss has got a whole snag of pups; and mother's got—apple dumplings and molasses for dinner."

The Power of Intemperance.

POTOMAC, the Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Patriot*, thus speaks of the late Felix G. McConnell:

"Now that General McConnell is dead and gone, people begin to remember that there were bright spots in his character. I knew him long, long ago in Alabama, and while he was in Congress; and when some of the newspapers and letter writers were handling him roughly, he would often come to me, on account of our old acquaintanceship, perhaps, and with tears in his eyes, beg of me to intercede in his behalf; and try to get the editors and letter writers aforesaid to let him alone. He would say that he asked it, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his excellent wife and children. On these occasions I more than once told him that he knew as well as he could be told, how he could put a stop to the abuse he complained of. He would reply—"I know it, I know it; you would have me stop drinking and frolicking, and shut up this 'walking grocery!' But I can't do it. I have tried many times, but it is impossible. I can't stop, but must go on." I once asked him what he expected his end would be? He replied seriously—for he was sober—that he knew not. His wife, he said, was a good Christian, and would go to Heaven. He hoped his children would; but as for himself, he could only say, that at one period of his life, he was for thirteen months a sincere exhorter in the church; and if the God above did not look back to that period of his life with a favorable eye, and save him, why then he would be lost, for he could do nothing now toward saving himself—it was too late! Poor Mac—peace to his ashes!"

Eating by the Card.

A gentleman from Orange county, determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights; and in order to strike his acquaintances at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit, he took up lodgings at the Astor House.

When he was ushered into dinner, the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who sat down, as well as the vastness of the dining room.—He was equally surprised to see, that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the directions. He was quite hungry—and well he might be, after waiting three hours over his usual time—so he attacked the head of his bill with vigor and ate down as far as he could, but he soon came to a stand. Just then the gentleman on his right requested the waiter to bring him some oyster pie; which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the list to see where it was.

"What!" exclaimed he with astonishment, turning to his neighbor—"are you all the way down there! Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I would burst!"

A Serio Comico Accident.

On Tuesday week, a strapping colored man had mounted himself on the tafforel of a vessel lying at Bowly's wharf, and was stretched at full length, taking a snooze to himself, with the water below him on one side, and the deck of the vessel on the other. He had been lying in this unsafe condition for some time, when he became a little restless, and in shifting his position, rolled overboard into the dock. Several gentlemen on the wharf having observed him fall, immediately ran on board the vessel, one of them carrying with him a long pole, but not the slightest trace of a man could be discovered. The pole was then used for the purpose of feeling for the body, and it finally struck on a substance supposed to be that of the unfortunate negro. On attempting to draw the pole up something heavy seemed attached to the lower end, but with a little assistance it was raised, and the supposed drowned man found to be clinging on to it with both hands, but little worse for his ducking. On being asked how it happened that he laid so quietly on the bottom, he replied with the utmost innocence, "why bless de Lord, massa, I was sound asleep until you stuck that long pole into me, which woke me up and almost knocked the bref out of me body." This may seem like fiction, but it is a serious fact, and the negro still persists in averring that he was sound asleep until the punching woke him up.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"Sambo," said a Southern gentleman to his black servant, "I want you to clear up the things in the garret to-day, and scrub it out."

"Can't do it, massa, no how at all," said Sambo.

"Can't do it!" said the gentleman, "why can't you do it?"

"Caze, massa, I se affers been 'posed to high duties."