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Poetical.

THE PLEDGE.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
 Through lips of birds thy brim may press,
 And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
 And song and dance thy power confess.
 I will not touch thee, for thy clings
 A scorpion to thy side that stings!

Thou chrysal glass! like Eden's tree,
 Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
 And as from that, there came from thee
 The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die!"
 I dare not lift thy liquid gem—
 A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
 For Paul upon Melita's shore,
 Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed;
 But thou shalt warm my house no more,
 For, whoso'er thy radiance falls,
 Forth from thy heart, a viper crawls!

What, though of gold the goblet be,
 Embossed with branches of the vine,
 Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
 Such clusters as poured out the wine!
 Among those leaves an adder hangs,
 I fear him—for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
 And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
 Looked up to the ordained of God,
 And found that life was in the sight!
 So the worm-bitten's fiery veins
 Cool when he drinks what God ordains.

O ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!
 Ye gems, from mossy rocks, that drip!
 Springs from earth's mysterious cells,
 Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
 To you I look,—your largess give,
 And I will drink of you, and live.

Written for the Journal.

FRAGMENT.

BY HORACE W. SMITH.

Weeping in this world we come,
 While all around us smile,
 Rejoicing in another soul,
 To share their worldly toil.
 Then let us live so that in death,
 Around us all shall weep,
 And we can welcome with a smile
 Our sweet eternal sleep.
 Huntingdon, July, 1852.

Family Circle.

The Daughter.

The early education of the daughter ought to be deeper, clearer, sounder, more extensive and thorough than the education of the son; because the daughter, early in life, becomes a wife and a mother; retires from the world to her own peculiar empire. The son, if not thoroughly educated for his calling, at first, is compelled by circumstances, by the world all around him—by rivals in business—by his own shame and emulation, to educate himself. Indeed, he is always learning something, either by good or bad luck, useful for him to know. It is not so with the daughter, who must learn in early life or never learn. Be a woman ever so wealthy, in this country, she must know how to cook her food, to wash and iron her clothes and those of her family, to nurse her children and teach her daughters to do the same. If she have servants they may be ignorant, lazy and worthless; and there may be times when no servants can be procured. She may be too poor to hire servants. So that every house-keeper must know all these arts of house-keeping.

Parental Teaching.

If parents would not trust a child upon the back of a wild horse without bit or bridle, let them not permit him to go unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him, by gentle means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frankness and good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them acquire experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers that beset them in the path of life.

Character of Paul.

BY T. D. HEADLEY.

Paul, in his natural character, before his conversion, resembles Bonaparte more than any other man—I mean both in his intellectual developments and energy of will. He had the same inflexibility of purpose, the same utter indifference to human suffering when he had once determined on his course; the same tireless, unconquerable resolution; the same fearlessness, both of man's power and opinions; and that calm self-reliance and mysterious control over others. But the point of greatest resemblance is in the union of a strong, correct judgment, with rapidity of thought, and sudden impulse. They thought quicker, yet better than any other men. The power, too, they possessed, was all practical power. There are many men of strong minds, whose force, nevertheless, wastes in reflection or in theories for others to act upon. Thought may work out into language, but not into action. They will plan better than they can perform. But these men not only thought better, but they could work better than other men.

The same perfect self-control and perfect subjection of his emotions—even terror itself—to the mandates of his will, are exhibited in his conduct when smitten to the earth, and blinded by the light of Heaven. John when arrested by the same voice, on the Isle of Patmos, fell on his face as a dead man, and dared not stir or speak until encouraged by the language, "Fear not." But Paul (or Saul), though a persecutor, and violent man, showed no symptoms of alarm or terror.

The voice, the blow, the light, the glory, and the darkness that followed, were sufficient to upset the strongest mind; but he, master of himself and his emotions, instead of giving way to exclamations of terror, he simply said—

"Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"

With his reason and judgment as steady and strong as ever, he knew at once that something was wanted of him, and ever ready to act, he asked what it was.

From this time on, his track can be distinguished by the commotion about it, and the light above it. Straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he had so recently come with letters to legalize his persecutions, he went to cast to his lot with those he had followed with violence and slaughter. His strong heart never beat one quicker pulsation through fear, when the lofty turrets of the proud city dashed on his vision. Neither did he steal away to the dark alleys, and streets, where the disciples were concealed, and tell them secretly his faith in the Son of God. He strode into the synagogues and before the astonished priests preached Christ and him crucified. He thundered at the door of the Sanhedrin itself, and shaking Jerusalem like an earthquake, awoke a tempest of rage and fury on himself. With assassins dogging his footsteps, he at length left the city.

But instead of going to places where he was unknown and where his feelings would be less tried, he started for his native city, his father's house, the home of his boyhood, for his kindred and friends. To entertain, tears, scorn, and violence, he was alike impervious. To Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria to Rome, over the known world, he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth. From the top of Mar's Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and Parthenon behind him—on the deck of his shattered vessel in the intervals of the crash of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison, on the borders of the eternal kingdom, he speaks in the same calm and determined tone. Deterred by no danger, awed by no presence, and shrinking from no responsibility, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of power.

The nations heave around him, and kings turn pale in his presence. Bands of conspirators swear neither to eat or drink until they have slain him; rulers and priests combine against him, and people stone him; yet over the din of the conflict and storm of violence his voice of eloquence rises clear and distinct as trumpet call, as he still preaches Christ and him crucified. The whip is laid on his back till the blood starts with every blow, and then his mangled body is thrown into a dungeon; but at midnight you hear that same calm, strong voice which has shaken the world, poured forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo! an earthquake rocks the prison to its foundations; the manacles fall off the hands of the captives; the bolts withdraw themselves, and the massive doors swing back on their hinges.

One cannot point to a single spot in his career, where he faltered a moment, and gave way to discouragement or fear—Thro' all his perilous life he exhibited the same intrepidity of character and lofty spirit. With his eyes fixed on regions beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and kindling upon glories it was not permitted him to reveal, he pressed forward

to an incorruptible crown, a fadeless kingdom. And then his death—how indiscernibly sublime! Napoleon, dying in the midst of a midnight storm; with the last words that fell from his lips a battle cry, and his passing spirit watching in his delirium, the torn heads of his mighty columns, as they disappeared in the smoke of the conflict, is a sight that awes and startles one.

But behold Paul also, a worn out veteran, battered with many a scar, though in a spiritual warfare, looking not on earth, but to Heaven. Here his calm, serene voice ringing over the storms and commotions of his life:

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

No shouts of foemen, nor smoke, or carnage of battle, surrounding his spirit struggling to be free, but troops of shining angels the smile of God, and the songs of the redeemed, these guarded him and welcomed him home.

Miscellaneous.

New Mexico—Disorganized State of the Territory.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, April 25.
 Dear Sir:—The tale is told—the secret is solved. The great effort to make free American citizens of the Mexicans has exploded. The Civil Government is at an end, and but for the military force stationed here all would be in anarchy. Previous to the arrival of Col. Sumner, the military commandant of this department, as you are aware, the troops were stationed within the towns, and up to that time no considerable demonstration since the war had been made against the Civil Government. Col. Sumner in accordance with the views of the administration, and better to secure the country from Indian depredations, changed the posts and placed a large portion of the troops in the Indian country. This was seized on by the Mexicans as a fit time to disregard the civil authorities and put at naught all law and order. Disaffection, and a determination to resist every thing American became apparent.

The American citizens became alarmed and the greatest excitement prevailed, particularly at this place. In this condition of things, Gov. Calhoun properly feeling himself wholly unable to administer the Government without military aid, called on Col. Sumner, who promptly repaired to the city, and finding an entire abandonment of all law and order, and a dangerous disregard by many of the inhabitants of all principles of right, and an inability of the civil authorities to maintain the peace, ordered in a strong company of Infantry; in addition to the company of Artillery then here, established an elective military police to aid the civil authorities, and placed out strong guards, which have, for the time being, restored quiet, and to some extent confidence, that with this and the Civil Government may be maintained.

Enclosed I send you a card, signed by Gov. Calhoun and Col. Sumner, which possibly indicates the course necessary to be pursued by Col. Sumner hereafter.—His alacrity in repairing to this place, at the request of the Governor, and the promptness and success of his measures in securing quiet and safety to the people, is deeply felt by our American inhabitants. Some may suppose that this condition has been brought about by some actual or supposed mal-administration of the Government, and that as in discontents in the States, a little time and a proper care in those who administer the Civil Government, will restore a proper condition of things. To those who may thus think, it is time to say that they are mistaken. All that has been done here in arresting the operations of the Civil Government, is justly attributable to the enmity and prejudice of the Mexicans against us, and a firm determination on their part to throw off our Government.

Since the establishment of a Territorial Government for New Mexico, every Mexican influence has been cast against its successful operations. Murders have been committed on American citizens, and the Grand Jury has failed to present indictments. The last Legislature wholly failed to authorize a tax sufficient to prosecute criminals, and Governor Calhoun was compelled to turn at large, some forty thieves, cut-throats and robbers from the jail, in this place, for the want of means to support them in prison. In a word, Congress must, if she would sustain her dignity and protect American citizens, adopt some other system for governing this country. The Territorial scheme has emphatically failed, and will continue to do so until the Mexicans shall have become a more learned and civilized people.—*Cor. St. Louis Rep.*

A GREAT CALF.—A Cow belonging to Mr. Jacob Hartman, of Windsor Berks county, gave birth to a calf, a week or so ago, weighing 150 pounds!

Tact and Talent.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch; the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.—Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent knows weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do, and tact knows just how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one. There is no want of dramatic tact or talent, but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar and let them shake their learned heads at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly; but tact is first at the journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact speaks triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets along so fast; tact excites astonishment that it should get along so fast. The secret is, it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints, and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage against any wind that may blow.

Take them into the church: Talent has always something worth hearing; tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living; tact will make one. Talent gets a good name; tact gets a great one. Talent convinces; tact converts.—Talent is an honor to the profession; tact gains honor for it.

Take them to court: Talent feels its way; tact makes his way. Talent commands; tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation; tact is blessed with preference.

Place them in the senate: Talent has the ear of the house; but tact wins its heart, and gains its vote. Talent is fit for employment; but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a fit silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has learned a visible and extemporary apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on looks of wondrous wisdom; it has no air of profundity; but plays with the details of place, as dextrously as a well taught hand flourishes over the keys of a piano-forte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with a *key- presto* movement, and be at all points of the compass while talent is ponderously and learnedly shifting a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound without profundity, and without wit, outwits the wise.

Set them on a race for popularity, pen in hand: Talent brings to market that which is needed; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact leads where humor follows.—Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is pleased that it has succeeded. Talent toils for posterity which will never repay it; but tact catches the passion of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is a fine thing to talk about, and be proud of; but tact is useful, portable, always alive, and always marketable. It is the talent of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.—*London Atlas.*

A GOOD RETORT.—At a dancing party, one of the beaux got a little corned. He of course felt himself as good as anybody. Asking a lady who lives in the vicinity of a grist-mill to dance, she declined; whereupon he instituted a parody remarking, "that if he was not good enough to dance with her, he would come down to the mill and be ground over."—"Come down," said the lady, "but you will recollect that the first process in grinding will be to run you through the *snout machine!*"

It is useless to look for a higher state of prosperity in future, if the present be not occupied in laying the foundation of it. Many cling to a distant hope, and reject a progressive certainty.

The man who gets through the world without a kick, may rest assured that he is considered not worth minding.

Editing a Paper.

Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talents of the editor, by the amount of editorial matter it contains. This is a mistake. It is a comparatively easy task for a frothy writer to pour out columns of words—words upon any and all subjects, or even without any definite subject. His ideas may flow in one endless flood, and his command of language may enable him to string them them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre, poor, contemptible concern. And what is the toil of such a man, displaying largely his leadership, compared to that imposed on a judicious, well-informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of his responsibilities and duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, or a humane physician upon a patient, without regard to show or display? Indeed, the writing part of 'editing a paper' is but a small portion of the work. Of this any one may be fully convinced by a month's experience. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better known by his selections than by any thing else. An editor ought therefore to be estimated, and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its temper, its uniform, consistent courses; its principles and aims, its manliness, its dignity and propriety. To preserve all these as they should be preserved, is to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the only wonder is, how they find time to write at all. But if a considerable portion of an editor's miscellaneous duties be neglected, or left to chance, there need be no marvel about the amount and variety of his editorial—it is just as easy to write as to talk only a little more tardy.

A Sensible Landlord.

The Frankford (Pa.) Herald is responsible for the following:—

"A little incident transpired some weeks since in one of our Frankford hotels, which, under the present Temperance excitement, is not unworthy of notice. The names of the parties we shall withhold from the public for shame sake.

A little girl entered the tavern, and in pitiful tones told the keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents.

"Eight cents," replied the tavern-keeper. "What does your mother want with eight cents? I do not owe her anything."

"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have nothing to eat to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer remarked to the tavern-keeper, "kick out the brat."

"No," said the keeper, "I will give her the money, and if the father comes here again, I'll kick him out."

HOW INDIGO IS PREPARED.—The indigo is a shrub-like plant, two or three feet high, with delicate blue green leaves, which, at the harvest time, about the month of August, are cut off close to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid in green wooden tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or two the liquor begins to ferment. In this process of fermentation lies the principle difficulty, and everything depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time.

When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue deposit separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters, and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.

A man who spends only 64 cents per day for intoxicating drinks, pays out in the end of the year \$22 81 1/2. The sum would rather more than defray the annual charge of a policy of insurance on his life for \$1,200, beginning at twenty-one. And still, how many of that and adjacent ages prefer squandering their loose change at death insurance offices!

Never ask the age of an unmarried lady after she is past five and twenty.

Agricultural.

Superficial Farming.

A prominent cause of small profits and poor success in many of our farmers, is the parsimonious application of capital, in manures, implements, physical force, and convenient buildings. In their eagerness to save at the top, they waste freely at the bung. They remind us of the cultivator who candidly admitted his unprofitable system of farming; "but," said he, "I am not yet rich enough to be economical." We observe by a late number of the *Mark Lane Express*, that the present medium estimate in England, of the capital required to carry on the business of a farm, is £8 (about 40 dollars) per acre, "and no prudent man ought to rent more than he has that amount, at least, of available capital to go on with; for a smaller possession, with ample means to manage it, will yield better returns than a large quantity of land inadequately stocked." Now, some of our best farms can be bought for about the same sum that the English farms are rented, and if the above remark is applied to purchasing, instead of renting it will constitute excellent advice to Americans. This is a subject for a large volume; and we have only space now to say, that if the land owner has not suitable buildings, the value of the grain and fodder wasted in consequence, would soon pay for them, and the food and flesh wasted by exposed shivering animals would soon pay for them a second time. The want of manure will prevent the value of crops from rising higher than the cost of cultivating them; and the want of heavy crops, to feed animals, will preclude keeping enough to make plenty of manure. In other words, a poor and badly cultivated farm will react, and only support a poor and badly-fed race of animals and men,—just in the same way that a fertile and thoroughly tilled piece of land will sustain animals enough to manure it and keep up its fertility, and men enough to give it thorough tillage.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Farmers, be Provident.

They who would thrive by any calling, must learn to improve their time properly, and do everything in its proper season. It is idle to expect a man to be a thrifty farmer who habitually neglects to do what may be required of him at its proper time, and who acts without any definite system, the mere creature of circumstances. Many, we are aware, are really ignorant of the proper time to perform certain kinds of labor, and are so improvident and thoughtless that nothing is accomplished to any good purpose. It is not an unusual thing to see those of whom we might reasonably expect better things, neglecting even works of necessity, until such times as are most difficult to perform them. It is indeed but a short time since we passed the residence of a man who has something of an amount of property in his possession, whom we observed in the act of preparing fuel for his immediate use, from some green logs which he had hauled to his door but a day or two previous. A single load was all that was to be seen for the summer's supply, although the winter was far spent, and the snow had well nigh departed. Now this man was certainly an improvident farmer. He was burdening his summer's labors with work which should have been performed during the winter months. But he is not alone. There are thousands of families in this state, as well as in other parts of our country, who are in a like predicament. Such surely neglect the duties they owe to their profession, the noblest God has granted man to pursue. We instance this as only a single case. There are a thousand other ways in which improvidence is manifested. It is impossible to lay down any rule which shall be applicable to all individual cases, further than is embraced in the general one, "to do all things in due season," but we may safely advise every one to use his thinking as well as his corporeal powers, and to improve his leisure hours in forming plans for action. Well directed efforts accomplish vastly more than those performed without design. Learn to perform every work in its due season, and to anticipate all such duties as can well be anticipated. Vast improvements in agriculture over the old methods, are daily becoming known, and the provident farmer, will not fail to inform himself of them. Labor saving instruments are annually added to the implements of the agriculturist, a knowledge and use of which may save to every husbandman four fold their cost.

If we only loved our friends as well before they die as we do afterwards, what a beautiful world this would be. For softening the heart, an hour's stroll in a graveyard is worth all the sermons that were ever preached.

"Coffee, is that the second bell?" "No, Massa, dat's de second ringin' ob de fuss bell. We hab'n't got no second bell in dis cre hotel."