

Huntingdon Journal



BY J. A. HALL.

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

MISS MARY.

Miss Mary is a charming maid,
A comely lass is she;
She every morning coffee drinks—
At evening sips her tea.

She's never gadding in the street,
But loves to stay at home;
Her eyes are parted by her nose—
Her ringlets by a comb.

She's virtue's self personified—
She scorns to do a wrong;
She keeps her tongue between her teeth,
Where people's tongues belong.

The poor have always found her kind,
She weeps for others' woe;
On Sunday's eve she sits alone,
Unless she has a beau.

Each leisure moment she employs,
To cultivate her mind;
She ties her apron on before—
Her bustle on behind.

Whenever she a shopping went,
She paid for what she bought;
In sleep she always shut her mouth,
As every body ought.

Some faults she had, as who has not!
She strives them to reform;
And when her toes are trampled on
She says "get off my corn!"

Accomplishments like these would make
A match for count or earl;
And all the neighbors say she is
A pattern of a girl.

MILDRED.

Fair as the moonbeam, but, oh! as cold,
With her eyes of blue and her curls of gold,
A cheek of roses, a lip whose smile
Could e'en from a cynic his sneer beguile;
Such Mildred was, and yet heartless she,
In the zenith of all her witchery.

Rife with mirth was her silvery tone,
It seemed the echo of music's own—
Graceful her form, as the queen-like swan,
As she glides o'er the wave in her plumage wan;
But less reckless and fickle the waves than she,
In her heyday of wealth and of vanity.

A stranger came,—and so proud a mien
Rarely in Lindore's halls was seen—
His voice was gentle—never loud—
Its very softness awed the crowd.
He knew not the tongue of flattery,
He breathed no sigh, and bent no knee—

Which Mildred her bosom of ice within,
Would have given the half of her lands to win,
But—he departed as he came,
They knew not either his home or name;
Yet his eye was the home of her destiny,
And never again was her spirit free.

Family Circle.

Free Development of Man.

If I were to express in a line what constitutes the glory of a state, I should say it is the free and full development of human nature. That country is the happiest and noblest whose institutions and circumstances give the largest range of action to the human powers and affections, and call forth man in all the variety of his faculties and feelings. That is the happiest country where there is most intelligence and freedom of thought, most affection and love, most imagination and taste, most industry and enterprise, most public spirit, most domestic virtue, most conscience, most piety. Wealth is a good only as it is the production and proof of the vigorous exercise of man's powers, and is a means of bringing out his affections and enlarging his faculties. Man is the only glory of a country; and it is the advancement and unfolding of human nature which is the true interest of a state.—Dr. Channing.

Energy of Character.

A bold vigorous man—what a tone he gives to the company he may be in, to the society in which he lives, to the nation wherein he was born! Men seem inebriated with the atmosphere around him, so completely are they overcome by his presence. He is never weary or languid; nothing enervating falls from him in action or speech. He strengthens and arouses; he sets men of no confidence on their feet, not purposely but by his own example. They see him one of themselves, the boy they went to school with expanded into the man, and drawing all after him into the vortex in which he moves. He is a perpetual reproach to the sluggish, a joy to the timid, those who want confidence, and who fancy they are by temperament or situation precluded from possessing or manifesting the daring, animating power. Energy of character is continually renovating society—elevating men to a level whence they see how easy it is or seems to become great and joyful, as strong and vigorous as he who, by act or thought, lifted them up. It is animating to see men press on in the race of emulation, inspired by some noble fellow, who figures in the past, or is present among them. The enthusiasm one man can create by bold and earnest action is astonishing. One jovial, free-hearted, generous stranger, coming by accident among us, will often upset or invigorate a clique of friends completely trained, inured into dullness and customary quiet. The enthusiasm of the moment overbears all our preconceived notions of order, our silent and respectful decorum; our fear of giving offence, that pitiful but common vice, which makes us careful even to folly in what we say, is by the current of this man's spirit, rolling through us and forcing up ours, swept away; and the night, the day, the time, whenever it is, forms a bright spot in our history. It is from this, public meetings derive their interest and public opinion its force. We are sure of meeting some earnest men that will cheer us, give us keener, fuller sensations, and thus one or two beings, connected with the millions by the mystic chains of sympathy, communicate the fire of their own minds to every man, until its powerful energy awakens the dormant intellect of all.

Miscellaneous.

Arts of Living.

The world is slow to change old habits, after all; and sticks to them very obstinately. In many of our arts of living, we show a very great want of sagacity and aptitude. We are the fortunate possessors of a beautiful apparatus, and are too clumsy to apply it properly to its purposes.—This remark applies to our modes of doing business in general. In trade and commerce, publicity is the great element of our success. And yet we sit down content with a little of that indispensable element, when we may have as much as we need of it. We do not perceive, as clearly as we should, that the late steam developments have vastly enlarged every man's neighborhood; has brought within hailing distance of him one hundred times the number of customers he had before. Now, the means of announcement that sufficed him in the little old locality, will not answer for the enlarged circle. He must use the far-reaching voice of the press, if he desires to have the benefit of this happy change in the times—if he is not too dull to see the advantages brought within his reach and stretch out his hand to seize them.

The various arts of living which have softened the manners and increased the happiness of society, have been especially aided and perfected by the operation of the Press. In fact, without this, the discoveries and improvements of social life would be like a fleet of ships at sea, without a breeze to blow them on their several errands. The Press is the great worker of the Nineteenth Century. Like the elephant—but far beyond that powerful animal, which can tear up or tear down trees with its trunk, and also pick up a pin with it—the Press can perform the most formidable as well as the finest feats. It can annihilate a royal dynasty; and it can flexibly address itself to build up the fortunes of the humblest trader of a small country town.

The last dinner on board of a steamer is generally a jolly one. Champagne is usually supplied without charge, and the bottles are rarely left unemployed. Speeches are made; the Englishmen elaborately complimenting the United States, and the Americans in turn protesting that no nation ever can excel Great Britain. Old travellers upon the ocean's highway assure the company, amid the popping of corks and the clinking of glasses, and cries of "Hear! Hear!" that they really never before met with such pleasant passengers; and the healths of the queen and the president are drunk with tumultuous applause. Then the passengers seem to suddenly form themselves into a temporary Mutual Admiration Society and say fine things of each other, and praise the captain without stint.

Science and Art.

Sugar from Indian Corn and Oil of Vitriol.—The following from the N. Y. Sun will be interesting to our readers:—

A patent has been granted at Washington, for a process of making sugar out of corn, which, though familiar to all chemists, is doubtless novel to most of our readers. A quantity of corn meal is placed in a boiler, to which is added nearly an equal quantity, by measure, of water, together with a small proportion of common oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid. The mixture is then boiled at a very high temperature, when common brown sugar is produced, held in solution, of course, with the acid. A quantity of common chalk is now thrown in, which has the effect to remove the vitriol from the sugar, the vitriol uniting to the chalk, and falling with it as sediment to the bottom of the boiler. The liquid sugar is then drained off into another vessel, boiled down to molasses, and finally crystallized and clarified in the usual manner. We imagine that an operating apparatus placed in the World's Fair, and turning out lumps of sugar made of corn and vitriol, would have made the "rest of mankind" conclude that the Yankees had a compact with the witches, or some other supernatural power. The patentee of this process is Mr. George Riley, of this city.

Sugar may be produced in the same manner, from common starch, corn stalks, and other fibrous substances. The process affords a fine example of what chemists call Catalysis. Though sugar is produced, yet the nature and strength of the vitriol is not a whit altered, neither is the original quantity diminished. The same vitriol would, therefore, suffice to convert an indefinite amount of meal into sugar.

We hope the day is not far distant when more attention will be paid to the subject of chemistry as a branch of education than it now receives in most of our common schools. Though the process above described seems wonderful, it is no more strange than the phenomena presented by the combustion of a tallow candle. How few know that a tallow candle is, in effect, a gas light, the melted tallow, or carbon, being, raised by capillary attraction to the centre of the flame, which being hollow, forms a retort wherein the tallow is subjected to an immense heat, and thus converted into illuminating gas, in precisely the same manner as the carbon in the huge retorts at the gas manufactory is turned into gas.

RAREFIED AIR ENGINES.—We have alluded to an important experiment, now being made by Capt. Errison, sustained, it is said, by the capital of an English house. It is to double the pressure of the air, by an increase of 480 degrees of heat: the heat being produced by a very small quantity of fuel. This rarefied air is to drive a piston in a large cylinder, and this piston is to give motion to the water-wheels of a steamer. We find in a late English paper the following paragraph, which looks like the same kind of an experiment:—

"The proprietors of railways will be glad to hear of Mr. Parscy having clearly demonstrated the practicability of his compressed air-locomotive. The expense of coke is very great for the production of steam power, while the expense of coal for the production of air-power will be much less, and the expense of water for locomotives will be altogether saved. The expense of tubes and fire boxes will also be taken away. The first experiment of this invention took place on the 25th ult., the second on the 2d inst., on the junction a few miles below Cambridge, on the Eastern Counties Railway. The engine was charged to only 175 lbs. in the reservoir, and ran 5 1/2 miles in 23 minutes, the speed being varied from 12 to 15 miles per hour.—A higher speed was attainable by increasing the working pressure of the regulator."

MACHINE FOR PICKING STONES.—There is no end to inventions. One could hardly believe that the reaping and mowing machines would perform their work until he had seen it done with his own eyes. Then there is the machine for cutting enormous blocks of marble with toothless saws, and for hewing granite with precision and rapidity. And now, after our back has ached over many a thickly-strown field through many a weary day, comes the machine for picking stones. It is a large cylinder on a common axle and cart wheels containing four rows of teeth or lifters. Gearing on the hubs of the wheels and on the ends of the cylinder gives the latter a rotary motion, when the teeth pick up the stones and deposit them in a box. When the box is full, the cylinder is raised and the load carried off and upset as from a common cart. What shall we have next?—*New England Farmer.*

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, (who resided at a distance, and intended in a short time to get married,) "you are very thin."

"Yes, mother," he replied, "I am; and when you see me next, I think you may see my ribs."

Female Captain.

A late number of the *Glasgow Post* gives the following account of a feminine ship captain who has for many years commanded one of her father's ships sailing from the Clyde:

"A fleet of ships was lately wind-bound in Lamlash Bay, and among them," says *The Post*, "was the good *Cleotus*, of Saltcoats, which for more than twenty years has been commanded by a heroic and clever young lady, Miss Betsey Miller, daughter of the late William Miller, Esq., ship owner and merchant of that town. He was concerned with several vessels both in the American and coasting trade—Miss Betsey before she went to sea, acted as 'ship husband' to her father; and seeing how the captains in many cases behaved, her romantic and adventurous spirit impelled her to go to sea herself. Her father gratified her caprice, and gave her the command of the *Cleotus*, which she holds to the present day, and she has weathered the storms of the deep when many commanders of the other sex have been driven to pieces on the rocks. Her position and attitudes on the quarter-deck in a gale of wind are often spoken of and would do credit to an admiral. We must not omit to state that during the long period of this singular young lady's diversified voyaging, no seamen of her crew, or officer under her command, could speak otherwise of her than with the greatest respect.—The *Cleotus* is well known in the ports of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, &c. She has often been driven into this lock, and is familiarly known by the rude Highland boatmen as the ship with the sea captain."

Tobacco.

Las Casas "did not see what relish or benefit" men could find in the practice; and in this he was imitated by the various sovereigns of Europe, who were nearly all as much astonished as he was, but far more indignant, when their subjects began to puff. Kings, who are indignant, and have sufficient power, are apt to express their feeling pretty strongly. It is well known that King James I. was so scandalized at the progress of tobacco in England that he wrote and published a book against it, the famous "Counterblaste," in which he declared smoking "a custome loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." Other princes were still more emphatic,—as the Grand Duke of Moscow, (the predecessor of the Emperors of Russia) and the Schah of Persia, one of whom ordered the noses of smokers to be cut off, another their heads. The cultivation of tobacco was punished, in some countries, with the confiscation of estates; and Urban VIII imposed the penalty of excommunication on all who used it in churches. Against all these impediments tobacco made its way victoriously. Tyranny was conquered by a new tyranny and the kings, finally yielding admitted the "legitimacy" of a power greater than their own and were glad, as they are still glad, to owe a vast increase of their revenue to a recognition of the right of Cohiba to share allegiance of their loving people.

A Horse's Foot.

The foot of the horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled species of mechanism in animal structure. The hoof contains a series of vertical and thin laminae of horn, so numerous as to amount to about five hundred, and forming a complete lining of it.

In this are fitted as many laminae belonging to the coffin bone; while both sets are elastic and adherent. The edge of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another will convey a sufficient idea of the arrangement. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminae in all the feet, amounting to about four thousand; distributed in the most secure manner, since every spring is acted on in an oblique direction. Such is the contrivance for the safety of the animal destined to carry greater weights than those of his own body, and to carry those also under the hazard of heavy shocks.

A Knowing Youth.

In New York, the other day, an Irishman working at a forge, got a particle of hot iron in his eye. While writhing in pain, a boy stepped up to him and said with great coolness, "Will you give me a half dollar if I get that out of your eye?" "I'll give you anything—I'll give you a dollar." Away the boy ran, and came back with a magnet, with which, in about a minute, he drew out the iron atom.—Paddy winked his watery eyes, and swore an oath of relief and gratitude. He then gave the operator the half dollar. "Holy Mother!" said the poor fellow's sister, who stood by, "them Yankee children could do anything."

Why would a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a line at every post.

How to treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; secondly, be patient.—You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the latest day of your existence, throb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgement.

Fever and Bed-Curtains.

The case with which sick people conjure up spectres, and convert a yard of paper-hangings into a menagerie of double-breasted baboons, has caused a very sensible writer to drop the following hints:—

"While we are well, we ought to remember that we, and those belonging to us, shall sometime or other be ill, and it is just as well to arrange the sleeping rooms of our houses so as to give every advantage to invalids, when the day of sickness comes.—It is of no consequence to the healthful, perhaps, how their beds stand; but it may make the difference to a sick person, of fever or tranquility, of sleep or no sleep, whether his bed stands, as it should do, North and South, or East and West; and whether the window is opposite the foot of the bed, or in some less annoying direction. In the same way we may never think of the pattern on the wall of our room, while we go to bed only to sleep and rise the moment we awake; but it is certain that delirium in fever cases has been precipitated, and that frightful visions, or teasing images have been excited by fantastic patterns on chintz bed curtains, or on the hangings of the walls. The paper for bed-rooms should be of a rather light color, and of a pattern as indefinite as can be had."

Whoever has had "Typhus" will admit the wisdom of these remarks.

Teaching and Training.

It is recorded of Dean Swift, that he had often been teaching his servant in vain to close the library door, when she left the room. One day she entered her master's study, and requested permission to go to the marriage of a friend, a few miles into the country, which was granted. The door, as usual, was left open. Annoyed at this, the Dean permitted the girl to leave the house several minutes, and then told another servant to follow and say to her that her master wished to speak with her. She reluctantly obeyed the summons, and returning in great haste, inquired what her master wished to say. The Dean calmly replied, "O, nothing in particular; shut the door." What teaching had failed to do, training in this instance fully accomplished, for the door was ever afterwards promptly closed.

NOT VERY BAD.—The *Detroit Tribune* tells of a gentleman who was sitting at the table of a very excellent lady who had stewed pears on the table. He took up one of them, and clapping it in his mouth pulled at the stem to get it out and leave the pear in his mouth, but it was no go. After twitching at it two or three times, he gave it up in despair, and dropping it upon his plate, remarked that the stem was put in tight. On examination, however, he found the pear to be nothing more nor less than a mouse, which had unfortunately got drowned in the preserve jar!

There is no book so cheap as a newspaper; none as interesting, because it consists of a variety measured and in suitable proportions as to time and quality.—Being new every day or week, it invites to habits of reading, and it affords an easy way of acquiring knowledge, so necessary to the individual and the community.

Youths' Column.

Making a Needle; or how People Help Each Other.

It is curious to think how many people are at work for you. "Me!" cries a little girl, looking up from her hemming: "nobody is at work for me, I am working for myself."

Let us see. In order to furnish you with the small pocket-handkerchief which you are now hemming, the planter sowed and gathered his cotton, the sailor carried it to the manufacturer, the spinner and weaver made it up into cloth, the shopkeeper kept it in his store, so many at any rate, helped you to it. Then, the needle you are hemming with came thousands of miles, besides employing a great many people to make it in the first place. The child looked at her needle, so small, so slim, so simple. "It's only a needle," she said. But it takes a great while and many workmen to make a needle.

Let us go to England, where our best needles come from, and take a peep into the workshops. In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shop is hung round with coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kind used for cod-fish hooks, to that for the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears, fixed in the wall. A bundle has been cut: the bits need straightening, for they came off from coils. The bundle is thrown into a red hot furnace, then taken out and rolled backwards and forwards on a table until the wires are straight. This process is called "rubbing straight."

We now ride over to a mill. There is a miller peeping out at us. One end of his mill is for grinding flour, the other for grinding needles. We go down into the basement, and find a needle-pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grind-stone, first one end then the other.—We have now the wires straight, and pointed at both ends. Back to the workshop. Here is a machine which flattens and grates the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutter at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eyes, and the boy who does it punches eight thousand in an hour; and he does it so fast, your eye can hardly keep pace with him. The spitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen perhaps of these twin needles: a woman with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them.

They are now a complete needle, but rough and rusty, and what is worse, they are so lumber as to bend with a touch. A pretty poor needle, you will say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red hot are soured in a pan of cold water. Next, they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backwards and forwards on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done, and to see this we must go back to the mill. On a very coarse cloth, which lies upon another coarse cloth, needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Every dust is strewn over them, oil is sprinkled and soft soap daubed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled hard up, and with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash-pot to roll to and fro for 12 hours or more. They come out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water and a tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sent to the manufacturer, where they are sorted and put up for sale. But the sorting and the doing up in papers, you may imagine, is quite a work by itself.

Enough has been told you to see how various are the branches of industry, and that even to furnish so handy and common a little instrument as the needle, how much labor is necessary, and how many workmen are employed. It should make us humble also, to see how dependent we are upon one another. While the bird, the cat, and all inferior animals are supplied with ready-made clothing, and need no help from each other, we cannot live comfortably a day without being ministered to by hundreds whom we have never seen. This great law of mutual dependence should help to impress upon us those precious lessons of brotherly love taught us in the gospel, as it makes wonderfully significant the whole-hearted rule of the apostle, "Do good to all men, as ye have opportunity."

What is wit? A sparkling beverage that is highly exhilarating and agreeable when taken at the expense of others, but when used at our own cost it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

The remedy of to-morrow is too late for the evil of to-day.