



BY J. A. HALL.

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### Poetical.

[From the N. Y. Courier.]

#### On the Death of Daniel Webster.

BY FRANCES JANE CROSBY,

[The Blind Poetess.]

A casket is broken, a jewel has fled,  
The mighty has fallen, the peerless is dead;  
And the hearts of a nation are bleeding once more,  
For the eagle lies low on our desolate shore.

Oh! Webster, the arrow hath pierced thee at last!  
Thy sun has declined, its glory has past—  
But the beams which to us it so recently gave,  
Shall hallow thy memory and brighten thy grave.

Thou hast finished thy course and hast left us to tread  
The path where so nobly thy footsteps have led:  
With laurels of honor we circle thy name,  
That unsullied shall live in the annals of fame.

Thou hast finished thy course, can we cease to deplore  
That soul stirring voice that must greet us no more!  
With wonder and pride on its accents we hung,  
As its deep gushing sounds thro' the Capitol rung.

Oh, Statesman beloved, thou wert faithful and true,  
To the Country whose tears shall thy ashes bedew;  
Rest, rest when affection her tribute shall pay,  
How soon hast thou followed the Patriot CLAY.

You have labored unceasing our rights to sustain,  
In you we have lost what we cannot regain;  
'Twas the tempest assailed and the waters were dark,  
'Twas the spirit of wisdom that guided your bark.

Your course was still onward your work is now done,  
The conflict is o'er and the victory won;  
Rise, star of our Union in transport arise,  
To thy mansion of beauty, thy home in the skies.

Farwell, we must speak it, tho' bitter the word,  
O'er the wide rolling billow its tones shall be heard;  
We dare not repine, yet our bosom must swell,  
With feelings too painful for language to tell.

Thou' the dark weed of mourning our country may wear,  
But faintly they picture a nation's despair;  
Yet rest when affection shall tenderly say,  
Peace, peace to the relics of WEBSTER and CLAY.

### Family Circle.

#### The Dark Day of 1780.

The following extract of a letter written by Dr. Adams of Exeter, N. H., describes the phenomenon, called the "Dark Day" in a graphic manner, and gives such details as will be read with interest. The letter was written to General Folsom, at that time a member of the Provincial Congress, at Philadelphia. It is dated May 27, 1780.

"... We had a very extraordinary phenomenon the 19th day of this month. In the morning it was rainy, till about nine o'clock, when the clouds broke away and the sun appeared, but very red. After nine the clouds grew very thick, with the wind from south-west, in light breezes; at half past ten it was uncommonly dark, the clouds appearing of a yellowish hue. At eleven the public school was dismissed, it being so dark that no person could read or write. It continued to grow darker till twelve, when it was so dark that we could not tell one person from another in a room with three large windows. In short, it was midnight darkness at noon-day! The fowls went to roost, and there was a strong smell of smoke. It had been very dry for a long time before, the wind having been at east for four or five days, which drove the smoke back to the westward, and when the wind shifted, it brought it all down in a body,

which, together with the dense clouds, caused the darkness which lasted till three o'clock, P. M. before it began to grow light.

Thousands of people who could not account for it from natural causes, were greatly terrified, and indeed it cast a universal gloom on the earth. The frogs and night-hawks began their notes. At four o'clock the wind shifted to the north-east, which brought the clouds back, and at sunset it was again very dark. At nine o'clock it was darkness to be felt by more senses than one, as there was a strong smell of soot. Almost everybody who happened to be out in the evening got lost in going home. The darkness was an uncommon in the night as it was in the day, as the moon had full the day before."

#### Sugar House Cure of Consumption.

The healthiness of a sugar-house during the rolling season (remarks the editor of the Cotton Plant) is well known in all cane growing countries. It is a common thing for planters to take up their bed and board at the commencement and not leave the sugar-house until the season is over. We have taken sundry good dinners while the cauldrons of syrup were boiling, and sending clouds of steam around us, the steam engine and ponderous cane crushing mill furnishing the music of our repast. During the sugar-making, notwithstanding the hard labor of eighteen hours a day, the people are almost universally healthy. This fact has become so noted that the attention of physicians has been drawn towards it as a means of cure for several diseases.

Dr. Cartwright, a physician of note in New Orleans, says there is nothing like the sugar-house cure for bronchial, dyspeptic, and consumptive complaints. He states that a residence in a sugar-house during the rolling season far surpasses any other known means of restoring flesh, strength and health, lost by chronic ailments of the chest, throat, and stomach. The rolling season is the harvest when the canes are cut, the juice expressed and converted into sugar. In Louisiana it commences about the middle of October, and generally ends at Christmas, but it is sometime protracted into January. Dr. C. says:

Last December, having a severe and distressing cough, which for some weeks had resisted the usual remedies, I went into a sugar-house, drank a glass of hot cane juice, and stood over the kettles, called clarifiers, for some hours, inhaling the vapor arising therefrom. The vapor was most agreeable and soothing to the lungs. The fragrant, saccharine aura seemed to penetrate into the inmost recesses of the obstructed lobules, opening its way into the intercellular passages and aircells; without exciting cough, but removing the obstructions, the cause of the cough.— There I stood over the clarifiers, enveloped for five hours in a dense cloud of vapor, of an agreeable temperature and an aromatic odor; after which I retired to rest and had a refreshing sleep. In the morning the inhalation of the vapor was again resumed, when I returned home through a raw cold, windy atmosphere, some ten miles to the city, almost well, without experiencing any inconvenience from the exposure in the cold, the cough and disagreeable sensation of chilliness, smothering, and febrile irritation having disappeared almost entirely. A tenuous vapor, of an agreeable aromatic odor, hovers constantly over the heated juice of the clarifiers. It is demulcent, saccharine, and grateful to the respiratory organs, causing no oppression or feeling of constriction, as other vapors and smokes so often do, but the lungs seem to expand and drink it in with avidity, as the roots of plants require the moisture of the earth impregnated with arotized bodies after a shower. What humor is to vegetable substance, the elements contained in this vapor would seem to man. The healthiness of sugar making has generally been ascribed to the use of sugar at the time as food; but, from Dr. Cartwright's statement, it would appear the inhaling the steam has a soothing and beneficial effect upon the lungs of those suffering from pulmonary disease.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Patent Churn and Butter Worker.

The Scientific American gives a plate and description of a Patent Churn and Butter Worker, by the aid of which a single woman can easily do all the churning and butter making of a very large dairy, and that too without touching the butter with her hands. A few minutes after putting the cream into the churn, you can take out the butter already for the table or the market—without a particle of butter-milk or other liquid substance in it; compact and firm, and not liable to become rancid.— This churn and butter worker took the first premium at the late annual Hartford County Fair.

A project is on foot in Boston to establish an asylum for decayed editors.

### A Boston Notion.

Boston is a city of notions, everybody knows. America can show no other city so full of matured systems, useful contrivances and odd conveniences as this same Boston. The city maxim seems to be, that "there's a best way of doing all things." In public and domestic affairs the solid men of Boston are not content with simple achievements, but they must have achievement by the best methods.

The latest illustration of this is their scientific way of giving a fire alarm, and calling out and guiding their fire department. A very simple matter, one would think, to raise the window sash and shout fire two or three times, and leave the alarm to spread. Every villager knows how to pull a bell-rop, and ring till he's tired. Every New Yorker knows how to count the booming strokes of the big bells as they toll of the district number. A very simple thing! One way just as good as another so long as a rousing alarm is started.

By no means. These Boston men have found out a best way.

If your house takes fire, and gets past domestic control, and you feel it necessary to appeal to the municipal authorities for help, do not be at all excited or alarmed. Do not make yourself red in the face, and hoarse with shouting. Put on your hat and run to yonder corner where you see that little iron box fastened up against the wall; step into the store, ask quietly for the key, adding, "My house is on fire," by way of apology for the intrusion; now unlock the little iron door, and remembering that the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home, obey the inscription and "turn six times slowly." Your responsibility is ended. You've done all you need to. Boston will take care of your house. Shut to the little iron door. Hurry home or the engines will be there before you.

Every bell in the city and several more across the water are telling people where you live, and that your house is on fire.— In other parts of the city men with glazed hats and brass trumpets may be seen running to these same little iron boxes; they seem to whisper a moment, then they listen, and then they look very knowing, and slap the door to; and here they come, all pell-mell to your help. How much time has elapsed since you needed help? Perhaps three minutes. There is a best way of giving an alarm, that's a fact.

But how was it done?  
That little iron box you opened was a telegraph station; you can see the wires where they come down through those two iron pipes into the box. The crank you turned is merely a contrivance that enables an inexperienced person to send the only message ever sent from this box—its own number. Just so a hand organ enables the grinder to play one tune well, even though he be no organist. You turned it six times. Once would have been enough, but six times over, and every time the same number, there would be no mistake. The central office knew in an instant of your distress.

Yes, but how did that make the bells ring all over the city, and East Boston too? Do they keep a sexton at every bell rope all the time ready to pull when any body telegraphs?

No. That would be full as bad as the New York plan of keeping watchmen up in the fire towers, on a perpetual look out.— That would not be scientific enough for a "best" way. But you know a church clock strikes the hours without any help from the sexton except to wind it up.— Just so the bells are rung for fire; in every steeple there is a machine like the striking train of a clock. These machines will strike several hundred blows each with their heavy hammers by being wound up once.— When you sent off your dispatch, it went direct to a third story room on Court Square and was read by a man whose business it is to attend to such messages.— From the same room he can, by touching a key, send by another set of wires a current of galvanism to every steeple in the city. If you look you see these wires entering every steeple that holds a good bell. When this galvanic current passes into the steeples, it circulates in each, around a bar of soft iron, which instantly becomes a powerful magnet, strong enough to lift the detent that keeps the striking machines from running. Now these machines are made so that they would strike one blow and stop, unless the magnet keeps the detent back and leaves the wheels unlocked and free to run. So this man in the little third story room by the Court House, (he'll show you how it is done if you call upon him, for he is very courteous to visitors,) can, by pressing the proper knob or key, make these heavy bell hammers strike any number he chooses. And he makes them strike the number of our ward.

But how happen the engines and firemen to come straight to my house? There are two or three thousand houses in the ward.

The foreman of every fire company has a key to these useful little iron boxes, and so

when he has got to the ward signified by the bells, he runs to the nearest box, and sends a private signal to the man in Court Square, asking "just where is the fire?" and then he listens while the answer comes back in little taps, one, two, three, four, &c., till he learns the number of the very box you opened when you gave the alarm in the first place. Every box has its own number. The bells tolled the firemen what ward, and the telegraph taps whispered what station box the alarm came from.

I see. But it is worth all this trouble of wires and machinery and boxes and batteries?

Yes, indeed. Five minutes at the beginning of a fire are very precious. But often times, so rapid is this system, an alarm will be given, bells rung, boxes consulted, fire found, hose procured and screwed to a Co-chituate fire plug, and the fire extinguished, ere the family in danger are well awake. Many a time, the first a man knows of his danger by fire, is that his room is flooded with water.

But this municipal telegraph is used for more purposes than one. In case of riot, the police captains can send for help to head quarters. To catch an absconding thief by setting guard at every railroad and steamboat, can be done in five minutes. Then, too, very soon all the clocks will be hitched together by wires, and all of them go by one central pendulum, accurately, five hundred clocks alike to a second!

Go it, Boston! We shall see here of newer notions still. The next move will be to introduce into every first class house, city time as well as city water and city gas. Telegraphic time wires will be introduced just as now the water pipes and gas fixtures are. What a millennium of punctuality! Twenty thousand clocks ticking together! Yes, and next we shall hear of a refinement of the fire system. Phillip's annihilators will be built into the walls, their nozzles just peeping out into the room. Convenient wires will be arranged so that a man waked at midnight by a smell of fire or a red light in his room, will only need reach out his arm to the fire knob, and pull it "six times slowly," and instantly that wakeful, watchful, handy-man on Court Square will touch his wires, not to frighten sleep from all the city with his dingling bells, but quietly he'll touch the wire, and smash go the acid bottles in the ambushed annihilators; plizz squiz, fush-sh-sh, rushes out the humid, fire-destroying, life-preserving vapor. The unseasonable fire surrenders and goes out. But long ere this, the solid man has rolled himself back into bed again, tucked the blanket snug about his chin and fallen asleep, blessing the best, the very best, the Boston way of putting out fires.

### How to Smoke Meat.

While much has been written on the subject of preparing Meat in the best possible manner for domestic purpose, prior to placing it in the smoke house, but little or nothing has been said of the manner of smoking it. To appearance, it has been taken for granted, that this process, (so important in itself, and that it be done with care) could be performed by any one, who knows enough to build a fire. Those who have eaten bacon smoked as it should be, and afterwards partaken of that which has been scorched, heated burned to a crust on the outside, as is too frequently the case with the meat of many people, will readily detect a remarkable difference. We published in the last Journal several receipts for curing meat, prior to the smoking process; and we now present our readers an article from the Cultivator, communicated by a gentleman who professes to have some experience in the smoking of meat. He says:—

"The process of smoking meat, should never be left with those who have not a faculty of exercising proper care and judgment in this business. It is not necessary that the smoke be driven in, by heating the smoke house like Nebuchadnezer's furnace, seven times hotter than it ought to be heated; a smoke sufficient to fill the space occupied by the meat, is the great desideratum. Log heaps, back-logs and fore-sticks should be dispensed with, because, after they get on fire, there will be too great a degree of heat. And besides this, in wooden smoke houses, there is a great danger of setting everything on fire. Such instances I have known to occur, and loss of meat was the consequence.

"The best, most effectual, cheapest and neatest manner of smoking meat, that has ever come under my observation, is to place a shovel of live coals in an old pan, or some low dish, and lay on them a few sugar maple chips. Dry ones are the best, for it requires too much fire to use green ones. No other wood will produce so sweet smoke as sugar maple; and the coals of other wood. In the absence of chips, we use corncobs, which are nearly as good as chips. Three or four laid in a few coals will produce smoke sufficient, to fill any ordinary smoke house.

"As a substitute for a smoke house we have been accustomed to use a molasses hogshead, covered with boards on top, and

a hole sawed in the side near the bottom, large enough to admit a small pan of coals with a cob or two, or a few small chips.— Thus we avoid all danger of setting fire to the smoke house, and consuming meat all and; and our meat is not 'half baked,' but presents a clean, copper colored appearance.

"Let those who have been accustomed to smoke their meat over a log heap, adopt the mode of smoking it gently; and then say which way is the best. Truly yours,  
S. EDWARD TODD.  
Lake Ridge, Tompkins co., N. Y.

### The Riches of Australia.

The wonderful accounts that continue to arrive, from the far continent in the South sea, of the inexhaustible wealth of the gold mines lately discovered there, seem to throw all previous American experience quite into the back ground. Similar causes produce similar effects. The same scenes are now being exhibited in Australia, though on a much larger scale than were witnessed in California some three years ago. Society is once more reduced to its original elements. Laborers are leaving their employers, servants are abandoning their masters, villages and towns are becoming depopulated by a general rush for the gold mines.

A London correspondent writing from Melbourne, states, as an example of the change that is going on, that one of the judges had been deserted by all his servants—could not in consequence use his carriage; that his aristocratic sons had to clean the knives, black their boots, and were compelled to wheel their afflicted sire to court in an invalid chair.

Men from the fields have acquired such a superfluity of the mineral that five pound notes are looked upon by them with almost the same contempt that a southerner looks upon a norther's cent. One man, for instance put a five pound note between two pieces of bread and butter, and ate it as a Sandwich. Another rolled two such notes into a small ball, and ate it as a pill.— Another went into a confectioner's to eat a few tartlets put \$20 and refused to take any change.

Another writer from the same place says "he saw four men lifting a seaman's chest into a dray half an hour ago, almost too heavy for their united strength. This chest contained the product of six week's labor, and contained at least two hundred pounds of gold. The banks and the post office are working double hours; all other public departments are crippled for want of hands; male servants are not to be had, even extravagant rates; women are not much plentier. Marriages are now in high favor—almost all the single men arrive from the diggings with gold enough to maintain a wife. So far, the abstraction of young women from service is desirable, be the inconvenience what it may; but there are other channels for expenditure where profligacy and licentiousness are exhibited on a fearful scale, amid the riot of waste and prodigality; enormous sums are squandered by the diggers and their families. Every Jack has Jill, and Jack has more money, besides, than his master of the preceding month.—Baltimore Times.

### The Young Giant of the West.

Six years ago Iowa was organized as a State with a population of only 90,000! yet now, according to the recent Message of the Governor to the Legislature, it is 230,000; showing a rate of increase altogether unparalleled. The Governor expresses the opinion that emigration would be promoted by the presence of a Commissioner of Emigration, under the appointment of the State, to be located in New York City. Such an appointment he urges the Legislature to authorize, as Wisconsin has already done. A balance over the expenses of the year, of \$8,051 remains in the Treasury. The funded debt of the State amounts to \$81,795, of which \$26,795 are payable at the option of the State; and all of this may be extinguished by the balance of estimated resources for the next two years, remaining over the estimated expenses for that period. The Governor insists upon the necessity of having an Attorney General, and of establishing a Land Office, which the last General Assembly declined to do. The State Militia has never been organized, and he considers it high time that it should be.— Many amendments to existing laws are called for; but hasty legislation, long, wordy-acts and clogging laws are earnestly deprecated. The Liquor Law is unsatisfactory. A system of restricted licenses by the local authorities is recommended. The Des Moines River improvement gets on slowly, meeting with unexpected obstacles from the General Government. The Governor has purchased \$500 worth of books for the State Library, as authorized. He objects to the Free Banking system, and urges the propriety of passing a law to entirely prohibit the circulation of all bank notes of a less denomination than ten dollars.

Push along, keep moving.

### Youths' Column.

#### LITTLE NELL.

Spring with breezes cool and airy,  
Opened on a little fairy;  
Ever restless, making merry,  
She, with pouting lips of cherry,  
Lisp'd the words she could not master,  
Vex'd that she might speak no faster—  
Laughing, running, playing dancing,  
Mischief all her joys enchanting;  
Full of baby mirth and glee,  
It was a joyous sight to see;  
Sweet little Nell.

Summer came, the green earth's lover,  
Ripening the tufted clover—  
Calling down the glittering showers,  
Breathing on the buds and flowers;  
Rivalling young, pleasant May,  
In a generous holiday!  
Smallest insects hummed a tune,  
Through the blessed nights of June;  
And the maiden sang her song,  
Through the day so bright and long—  
Dear little Nell.

Autumn came! the leaves were falling—  
Death the little one was calling;  
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,  
Bearing all her pains so meekly,  
That to us she seemed still dearer;  
As the trial hour drew nearer;  
But she left us, hopeless, lonely,  
Watching by her semblance only;  
And a little grave they made her,  
In the church-yard cold they laid her—  
Laid her softly down to rest,  
With a white rose on her breast!—  
Poor little Nell!

#### How to make the Best of it.

Robinet, a very poor man, after a hard day's work, was returning home with a basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper I shall have!" said he to himself. "This piece of kid, well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the governor. Then I have a good piece of a barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little nephew! I'll try if I can get it."

Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when, casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh.

He made all possible speed down; but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him. "Well," said he, "then I must be content with a soup without meat—and no bad thing either."

He travelled on, and came to a little public house by the road-side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench, drinking beer. He invited Robinet to take a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and placed his basket on the bench by him.

A tame raven, which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole.

Robinet did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He turned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. "Well," says he, "my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good, at least."

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up, to pass at the same time, Robinet offered her his hand. As soon as she had got to the middle, either through fear or sport she shrieked out, and cried she was falling. Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream.

As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it; but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions.

"Well!" says Robinet, "then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

TRUST IN GOD.—I could write down twenty cases says a pious man, when I wished God, had done otherwise that he did; but which I now see, had I my own will would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxism. He may lay hold of God, he must follow hard after him, he must determine not to let him go. And yet you must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces; to sit where he places us, to be what he would have us be, and this as long as he pleases.