



TERMS.

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Poetical.

"I STILL LIVE!"

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"STILL I LIVE!" The leaves were falling
Round the mansion where he lay,
And autumnal voices, calling,
Warmed the summer's pride away;
While the sighing surge of ocean
In its crested beauty ran,
Breaking with a ceaseless motion,
Like the fleeting hopes of man.
"STILL I LIVE!" O, strong and glorious,
Were those prophetic words of cheer;
For, when'er in truth victorious,
Greatness hath its worship here,
Patriot power its high ovation,
Eloquence its lofty birth;
He shall win from every nation,
An undying name on earth.

"STILL I LIVE!" The flesh was falling,
All in vain the healer's skill,
Light in that deep eye was paling,
And that mighty heart grew still.
Yet the soul, its God adoring,
Clad in armor, firm and bright,
O'er the body's ruin soaring,
Mingled with the Infinite.

Where he sleeps, that man of glory,
Marshfield's mournful shade can say;
And his weeping country's story,
Darkened on that funeral day;
But the love that deepest listened
Caught such calm as Heaven can give;
For an angel's pinnion glided
At the echo—"STILL I LIVE!"

Miscellaneous.

The Bridal Wine-Glass.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine,"
cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your home, act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him, to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming breaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion.—She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it, as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs thro', and bright flowers grow on the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds;

but there—a group of Indians gather; they fit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in the midst lies a manly form—but his cheek looks deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young! Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untaunted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smoother sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost tension, and the glass, with its troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister,—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner—that what she described, seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also the bridegroom hid his face with his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. 'Father,' she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father shall I drink it now!"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child—in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner, took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once, and forever, from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made,—many from that hour foreswore the social glass.—*Olive Branch.*

A STARTLING PICTURE.—He sat before a low table, and his pale fingers clutched with convulsive energy the handle of a knife. His brows were knit and his lips were tightly compressed, while the wild and unsettled expression of his eyes seemed to indicate the desperate purpose that was flashing through his excited brain. Suddenly he held the glittering steel to the light, he felt of its keen edge and tapering point, then, with startling energy he raised the fatal knife on high and plunged it in the breast of a—*roast goose.* The gravy ran out in torrents, and the half-finished young gentleman left behind him as the only monument of his prowess, a pyramid of bones.

The Mother as a Teacher.

BY MRS. EFFIE FOREST.

When we see the flower seed wafted
From the nurturing mother tree,
We can tell, wherever planted,
What the harvesting will be;
Never from the blasting thistle
Was there gathered golden grain,
Thus the seal the child receiveth
From its mother, will remain.

As in the order of nature the relation between mother and child precedes all others, so is the character of the first Teacher invested with the most sacred responsibilities, and the highest dignity. The peculiar duties of this august relationship, are, however, too frequently neither appreciated or understood.

Here is one startling fact. The character and education of the child, as a general thing, are foreshadowed in those of the mother. And this must always be, unless there are very strong predeterminations in the nature of the child, or some unusual and powerful circumstances intercept the ordinary course of things. Show me the woman whose physical, mental and moral nature exhibit a free and harmonious development, and I will show you children of vigorous constitutions, sweet tempers, and promising scholarship. Show me the reverse of these; and the reverse I will show back again to you; and so of all the gradations and variations. The character of the mother is projected on that of the child.

Nor is this a fanciful theory; for it is to be referred to obvious and known laws.—The mother in the first place should have a loving heart; or she cannot win the love of others, not even of her own children. She should have an amiable temper, because a person's atmosphere, or the peculiar spirit that invests his being, is contagious; and petulance, besides many other evils, excites combativeness in the child. She must have dignity, or she cannot command respect; firmness, or she cannot maintain her own laws. She must have an enlightened mind, or she cannot illumine the groping minds that are always looking to her for light.—She must have a high sense of moral right, or she cannot evoke and strengthen the moral faculties in her children.

She may theorize as felicitously as she may, but if her daily and hourly practice her whole walk in life—does not furnish a clear and beautiful commentary on her oral teachings, they will be void—or worse—they will be a mockery and scorn. It is in vain for her to preach up amiability, if she has so little dignity, as well as self-respect as to get angry, and throw things about, or even to speak in loud harsh tones, and scold. And besides, if it were possible by any course of reasoning to show the child that this spirit, being wrong, should not be imitated, it inevitably disgraces the parent in his eyes; and then you may bid farewell to all good influence in the future; and more, the very spirit is contagious.

It is in vain that she advocates a strict regard for truth, if she abuses not only that divine principle, but common sense, by telling a thousand false stories, a thousand frivolous lies, to put off her children, and make things easy for the present. If the children are intelligent as most of children are, every sin of this kind will be laid up against her, and brooded over in secret—first in wonder, then in disgust, or perhaps indignation at the shallow effort to impose on their good faith; and finally, in most cases, the weakness of the child, with the numerous temptations to error, will furnish strong enough inducements to overcome all scruples, all disgust, and thus taught he will adopt the parental license.

It is in vain for her to declaim on the excellence of Charity, Justice, and several other virtues, if she entertains her husband and friends by amusing her servants and slandering her neighbors, or even speaking ill of them. Children are shrewd and acute observers of character and circumstance; for it would seem that the very want of breadth and scope in their mental vision, gives them, within its range, a microscopic intensity and power.

Every good mother of children will then seek to inform herself of what they should know, that she may teach them—to develop herself that she may more successfully unfold them—to make herself true, that her truthfulness may be mirrored in them—pure, that her goodness may be multiplied continually, in a thousand out-springing acts of sweetest kindness, and finally, irradiating all these fair young forms, grow into the fullest proportions of immortal Love and Beauty.

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer engaged at his toil, but his scorn is praise, his contempt honor.

Greely says every man who chews tobacco should have a spittoon attached to his nose by means of a ring.

Wonders of Nature.

Who can count the endless variety of insects which live and are happy in the sunlight around us? Saint Pierre says, he observed one day some beautiful small winged insects sit upon a strawberry plant on the window of his study. He described them on paper. The next day a different sort appeared; which he also described. So they went on, changing every day, till in three weeks thirty-seven species, totally distinct from each other, had visited his plants; and still the variety was not exhausted. They continued to come till for want of time and expressions, he was compelled to relinquish the idea of describing them. How manifold are the works of God; in wisdom he has made them all.

Leewenbark, a celebrated natural philosopher, has counted thousands of animals, with fins, in a single drop of water. Robert Hook counted, in a drop of water as small as a grain of millet, as high as forty-five thousand! This may be smiled at by the ignorant, but to one acquainted with the microscope, it is as true as demonstration.

We are told that there are thousands of animals feeding on the leaves of plants, like the cattle in our meadows and our mountains. They repose under the shade of a down, imperceptible to the naked eye, and from globules formed like so many suns, they quaff nectar of the color of gold or silver. St. Pierre discovered, by a microscope, in the flower of thyme, superb flagons with long necks, of a substance resembling amethyst, from the gullets of which seemed to flow ingots of liquid gold. No wonder that insects are fond of lingering about plants and flowers; they are the source of all their luxuries.

There is not the least doubt, that the various races of insects, have each their adaptation to particular plants, just as the animals have to climates. For them to be separated from these plants, is to be out of climate, out of food, and out of a congenial element. Little do we think that the cutting down of a plant is, to myriads of creatures, the destruction of the world!

As insects are affianced to particular plants, so some animals are to each other. They seem to belong to each other as much as the ivy to the wall. Though the shark is so voracious, that he will not only, when hungry, devour his own species, but will swallow anything that drops from a ship into the sea; cordage, cloth, pitch, wood, iron—any, even knives; yet he will not injure the pilot fish that swims just before and around his snout! Why? The shark, no doubt, as a check on his voraciousness, is nearly blind; but the pilot fish guides him to his prey! He will spare his benefactor. Is not this an interesting fact in natural history? No doubt the pilot fish is also, in some way not known to us, dependent upon the shark. How wonderful is that divine arrangement, which binds together in inter-dependence, two animals which differ so widely from each other, in every respect.

Natural history abounds in interesting wonders, of which the above furnishes a few specimens. How pleasant and instructive it is in the winter season, when the dreariness of the outward world forbids us to go forth to study the works of God in the field, garden and grove, to pursue the same delightful study in books by our firesides. If every young person knew the pleasure that lies in the path of every kind of science, he would soon lose all taste for ball-room amusements, and for all those various kinds of worthless diversions, which please only while they last, and often leave a sting behind. We have often wondered what interest there can be in those various games, at which some persons sit for hours and even for nights. Not one new thought does the mind receive; not one better feeling moves the heart. So in reading tales. What have we when the book is read?—The repetition of stale incidents. Not so when we lay down a book of history or natural science. We know more; our minds are filled with useful and pleasant thoughts, and our hearts are inclined sweetly in the way of that new wisdom which we have attained.—*Guardsman.*

A party of young men were dining at a public house, and among sundry dishes served up for the occasion was a chicken roasted. One of the gentlemen present made an attempt to carve it, when he stopped suddenly and called for the landlord, who was in another part of the room.

"Landlord," said he, "you might have made a great deal more money with this chicken than by serving it up in this way."

"How so?" asked the landlord, staring.

Why in taking it round the country to exhibit it.
"Exhibit a chicken! Who would give anything to see a chicken?" said mine host, getting a little riled.
"Why, everybody would have paid to see this one, for you might have informed them, I have no doubt, with truth, that this is the same rooster that crowed when Peter denied his Master."

Barn-yard Manure.

The liquid and solid excrements of animals contain all the elements of plants in a state best suited for assimilation, and the great practical question of the farmer is how to preserve them without loss and apply them to the land in the best condition. Our present system of barn-yard management is most objectionable; by it the greater part of the liquid excrements are lost, and by injudicious fermentation a large portion of the organic gases escape, and the soluble, and consequently most valuable portion of the manure is washed away by drenching rains. These three evils every one familiar with farm management must have observed. The loss to the individual by such a reprehensible practice is great, and viewed as a national evil, is most appalling. The direct loss to the farmers themselves, in the aggregate is immense; while the indirect loss to the country is positively incalculable.

No farming can be profitable where the manure is thus shamefully wasted; nothing being plainer than that the crops of the farm and the profits of the farmer are in direct proportion to the amount and value of the manure made on the farm. The great aim of the farmer in the management of barn-yard manure should be—first to preserve all the liquid; second, to keep up a slow fermentation, never letting the heap heat or ferment violently and thus throw off its ammonia, third, to prevent leaching during heavy rains and melting snows.

The first is perhaps the most difficult; and tanks for the reception of the liquid are often recommended and adopted by first rate farmers, and we wish there was a good tank in every barn yard in the land; yet we think that much may be done by covering the bottom of the yard with dry peat, muck, saw-dust, waste straw, potato vines, and numberless other absorbent substances which can be found on most farms; and which, valueless in themselves, can thus be made into enriching fertilizers.—If this be done and the yard be kept constantly supplied with waste straw, the heap will absorb all the liquid of the animals and what may fall in rain on its surface. If it will not, a tank or water-tight pond should be placed in a convenient place in the yard and the superabundant water of the rainy season be preserved for pumping back on the heap in a dry period. If this liquid be kept saturated with sulphate of lime, or refuse common salt; it will be of great value to the manure, inasmuch as plaster will, in its liquid state, change the volatile carbonate of ammonia into a fixed salt, sulphate of ammonia.

The second object, or keeping up a gradual and not too rapid decomposition, is very easily attained. If horse or sheep manure be thrown up loosely, so that there is a free admission of air and moisture, rapid and most injurious decomposition takes place with the evolution of ammonia, carbonic acid and water. This burning process (for it is nothing less than a slow process of actual combustion) may be allowed to go on till the heap is greatly reduced in size, and what is left be comparatively worthless. On the other hand, if the hog and cow manure be thrown in a solid heap, little or no decomposition takes place and the manure remains in a raw and unsuitable state for direct application to rapidly growing plants. The object of the farmer, therefore, should be to mix these several manures together; so that the horse manure, &c., shall act as ferment and induce the desired decomposition of the hog manure, &c. In this way they will counteract each other, and the heap by spring will be in first-rate order for direct application to the corn, potato, or other crops. Sheep do not like to lie on a fermenting manure heap. They should, if possible, have a separate yard to run in at night, and the manure they make be hauled to the heap as often as practicable, fresh straw being supplied in its place. It is generally necessary that sheep and cattle should run on the manure heap so as to compress it and prevent too rapid fermentation.

The third condition necessary to preserve the valuable elements of manure is to prevent leaching. This can be accomplished by having all the buildings around the yard spouted and the water conducted away without falling on the manure. If this is done, the water falling on the natural surface of the heap will not usually be more than the manure, can absorb; if it is, as we have before said, it should be preserved—saturated with plaster and conveyed back to the heap in dry weather.

We believe if these three conditions be attended to in the manner we have mentioned, or in some other way better suited to individual situations, the value of the manure on most farms would be at least doubled.

In conveying the litter from the stable, cow-house, and pig-pens, a good large farm-yard wheelbarrow is absolutely necessary. Indeed, we think a wheelbarrow is one of the most essential vehicles to the proper management of a well conducted farm establishment—a one-horse lifting

cart standing next in our estimation. Both are needed to perform much necessary work in the most economical manner.

We have said nothing about the condition in which it is best to apply manure, whether in a fermented or unfermented state, about which there is much difference of opinion, not only among men of science but farmers themselves. There is necessarily a loss during the fermenting process; but if it is confined to water and carbonic acid, the loss to the farmer is of little or no consequence. And if the heap is managed as we have directed, and especially if saturated solutions of plaster are frequently pumped and re-pumped on the heap, little of ammonia need escape. In such a case the more the heap is reduced by fermentation the less labor will be required to haul and spread it; while from its concentrated soluble character (for many of the mineral substances are increased in solubility by fermentation with organic matter) it acts much quicker and with more effect on spring crops than though applied in the green state.

On heavy clay soils it is often advantageous to apply the manure in the green state, the carbonic acid generated by the fermentation of the little in the soil assisting materially the solubility of silicates and other nearly insoluble salts. It also increases the porosity of the soil, and thus benefits it mechanically as well as chemically.—*Genesee Farmer.*

How to Make a Reader.

Mr. Cobden, in a late speech, said: "If you put into the hands of the rural peasant treatises on sciences, extracts from history, or books of travel, they will afford no stimulus or excitement to such people, and they either will not read them at all, or they will very soon fall asleep over them. Follow him to the village green or to the public house, and you will find that their conversation does not turn upon the wonderful Falls of Niagara, or the Vale of Chamouni, or the exploits of Alexander, but you will hear him say this: 'When did Tim Giles kill his pig?'"—(laughter)—or, "How many quarters to the acre does Farmer Smith get from such a field of wheat?"—Or if he travels at all from his own village, it is only in the case of some great accident, or that of a bridge swept away by some great flood. These are the topics that excite his sympathies, and to make him become a reader at all, you must encourage cheap local newspapers. Every market town should have its local sheet, containing all the local news of the neighborhood, report of accidents, the news of the petty and quarter sessions and county courts.—These would excite his sympathies; these would make him a reader. When you have succeeded in this, you may then give him something more enlarged and comprehensive and wise.—*English Paper.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the slow drooping mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of a well spent life; and surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him away softly to the grave to which he is followed by blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful.—There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; battle which no peace follows this side of the grave; which the grave gaps to finish before the victory is won; and strange that it should be—this is the greatest names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this.—*Westminster Review.*

Close Quarters.

"I can tell a better story than that," added the captain.
"I felt pretty considerably frisk one day, and I went up the lightning rod hand-over-head as high as the vane. I had a first rate prospect up there—but that ain't all. A thunder cloud came over and I saw it was going to strike the steeple, and thinks I to myself, if it hits me I'm done up. So I got ready and when the crack came I gave one leap up, let the lightning strike and run down, and then caught hold again."

A lawyer was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff.

But the opposing counsel arose and said:

"May it please to court: I do not propose in this case to bore for water, but—"
Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, the ridiculousness of the case was exposed, and the defendant got clear.

The following question is now before the Sand Lake Asylum—"Which causes the most swearing, a horse that won't draw, or a stove?" Hawkins takes the negative.