

# Huntingdon Journal



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## Poetical.

[From the N. Y. Express.]

### CALIFORNIA STANZAS.

BY MAJ. G. W. PATTON, U. S. ARMY.

The last words of the Emigrant's Child, as uttered on the banks of the San Joaquin, near Fort Miller, California, are thus conveyed to the ear of the world through the medium of song. The circumstances which gave rise to the verses are peculiarly touching. Owing to the winter rains, to such height had the river risen that they could not be forded, and the roads had become impassible. A family of emigrants arrived on the banks of the San Joaquin, in the last stage of exhaustion. Starvation stared them in the face. The mother had been buried on the plains, and on the arrival of the family at the San Joaquin, an infant and his sister, six years of age, comprising all the children, died also, leaving the disconsolate father to prosecute his farther journey to the gold mines alone.

**The Emigrant's Dying Child.**  
Father! I'm hungered! give me bread;  
Wrap close my shivering form!  
Cold blows the wind around my head,  
And wildly beats the storm.  
Protect me from this angry sky;  
I shrink beneath its wrath,  
And dread this torrent rushing by,  
Which intercepts our path.  
Father! these California skies,  
You said, were bright and bland—  
But where, to-night, my pillow lies,  
—Is this the golden land?  
'Tis well my little sister sleeps,  
Or else she too would grieve;  
—But only see how still she keeps—  
She has not stirred since eve.  
I'll kiss her, and perhaps she'll speak;  
She'll kiss me back, I know;  
Oh! father, only touch her cheek,  
'Tis cold as very snow.  
Father! you do not shed a tear,  
Yet little Jane has died;  
Oh! promise, when you leave me here,  
To lay me by her side.  
And when you pass this torrent cold,  
We've come so far to see,  
And you go on, beyond, for gold,  
O think of Jane and me.  
Father! I'm weary! rest my head  
Upon thy bosom warm—  
Cold blows the wind around my head  
And wildly beats the storm.

### IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.  
So blue you winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.  
All things are new—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm trees' nodding crest,  
And even the birds beneath the eaves—  
There are no birds in last year's nest!  
And things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft heavens above,  
The melting tenderness of night.  
Maiden that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy the youth, it will not stay;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O, it is not always May.  
Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest,  
For time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

Let not the pomp which surrounds  
The great mislead your understanding—  
The prince, so magnificent in the splendor  
of a court, appears behind the counter  
of a common man.—Wm. Penn.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Heroine at the Australian Gold Diggings.

A late number of *The Dublin Commercial Journal* publishes a letter of quite romantic character, lately received by a lady of Dublin from a young female friend and former school-fellow of hers, now at the Australian diggings. It appears from her narrative, that she and her brother were suddenly left orphans with £300 for their necessities, and all the fancies and niceties which life, in prosperous circumstances, is wont to include. She says:

"He had passed through college with credit, and could write poetry and ride up to the hounds as well as any huntsman who ever hunted the Golden Vale, while I, on my part, could play polka, sing ballads, speak French and a little German, was a capital horse-woman, (only I wanted a horse,) and once in my life had composed a waltz, and written sixteen chapters of a novel, which broke down from not knowing how to get my heroine out of a terrible scrape. But alas! my dear friend, all these things might have done well enough, 'once upon a time,' but the real battle of life was now to be fought, by two utterly inexperienced raw recruits, and the question was how our time and means were to be profitably, rather than pleasantly, spent. Fortunately, we were both young, strong, active, and hearty, and never did any Sebastian and Viola of them all, love each other with a stronger and more enduring affection, than did Frank and I—sole remnants, as we were, of so much prosperity and so little prudence."

After a nervous consultation, over the £300, they determined to emigrate to Australia. On reaching Melbourne, they found that they could not encounter worse inconveniences at the diggings, and there they now are, under singular interesting circumstances. The young lady says:

"I was resolved to accompany my brother and his friends to the diggings, and I felt that to do so in my own proper costume and character would be to run unnecessary hazard. Hence my change. I cut my hair into a very masculine fashion; I purchased a broad felt hat, a sort of tunic or smock of coarse blue cloth, trousers to conform, boots of a miner, and thus parting with my sex for a season, (I hoped a better one,) behold me an accomplished candidate for mining operations, and all the perils and inconveniences they might be supposed to bring. All this transmutation took place with Frank and Mr. M.—'s sanction; indeed it was he who first suggested the change, which I grasped and improved on. I could not bear to be separated from Frank, and we all felt that I should be safer in my male attire than if I exposed myself to the dangers of the route and residence in my proper guise. We have now been nine weeks absent from Melbourne, and have tried three localities, at the latter of which we have been most fortunate, and our tent is pitched on the side of as pretty a valley as you could wish to visit. I have for myself a sort of supplementary canvas chamber, in which I sleep, cook, wash clothes—that is, my own and Frank's—and keep watch and ward over our heap of gold dust and 'nuggets,' the sight and touch of which inspirit me when I grow dull, which I seldom do, for I have constant 'droppers in,' and to own the truth, even in my palmiest days, never was treated with greater courtesy or respect."

"Of course, my sex is generally known. I am called 'Mr. Harry,' (an abbreviation of Harriet) but no one intrudes the more on that account. In fact I have become a sort of 'necessity,' as I am always ready to do a good turn—the great secret, after all, of social success; and I never refuse to oblige a 'neighbor,' be the trouble what it may. The consequences are very pleasant. Many a 'nugget' is thrust on me whether I will or no, in return for cooking a pudding or darning a shirt; and if all the cooks and seamstresses in the world were as splendidly paid as I am, the 'Song of the Shirt' would never have been written, at all events. My own hoard amounts now to about 10 lbs. of gold; and if I go on accumulating, even the richest heiress in my family in former days will be left immeasurably behind. Sometimes, when I have a few idle hours, I accompany Frank and his comrades to the diggings, and it is a rare thing to watch the avidity with which every 'bucket' is raised, washed, examined and commented upon. Wild the life is, certainly, but full of excitement and hope; and strange as it is, I almost fear to tell you that I do not wish it to end! You can hardly conceive what a merry company gather together in our tent every evening, or how pleasantly the hours pass."

**TO FATTEN FOWLS.**—The best food for fattening fowls is potatoes mixed with meal. Boil the potatoes and mash them fine while they are hot, and, and mix the meal with them just before it is presented. They fatten on this diet in less than half the time ordinarily required to bring them to the same condition of excellence on corn or even meal itself.

## The Parson and Double Bass Viol.

Many years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy old D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man, and a good Christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a joke much better than even the most inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use, so it happened that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large pasture, and in it a huge bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the pasture and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrodden grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try the quality, perchance to ascertain if its location had improved its flavor, at any rate the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when—

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.  
The doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats, and with a grave face, said: "I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time, it annoys me very much."

The people stared, and the minister went on.

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull again, as he passed another green spot.  
The parson paused again, and addressed the choir: "I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, as I remarked before, for it annoys me very much."

The people tittered, for they knew as well as any one what the real state of the case was. The minister went on again with his discourse, but he had not proceeded far before another "Boo-woo-woo," came from Mr. Bull.

The parson paused once more, and again exclaimed: "I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Lafear that he will not tune his nouble bass viol while I am preaching."

This was too much. Lafear got up too much agitated at the thought of speaking out in church, and stammered out: "It isn't me, parson B—, it's that-tha-d—d town bull."

## Negro Banking.

Cato (an old negro who was noted for his cunning) had succeeded in making his fellow servants in the neighborhood believe that banking was a very profitable business. So they concluded that they would throw all their change together and start a bank, old Cato taking care to have himself constituted the bank, to whom all the sixpences of all the darkies in the neighborhood were duly paid over. And now, said Cato, whenebah nigah borrow sixpence out ob dis bank to buy back, he got to come back in free weeks and pay in two sixpence, and in dis way you see abry sixpence, bring nudah sixpence, till ertry while all dese nigah be rich as old massa Gordon. And upon this principle the bank went into operation, old Cato always taking care that every darkey should fork over according to bank rules. But, in the course of time, some of the stockholders thought they "smelt a rat," and called on Cato to withdraw their capital from the bank, when the following conversation took place between Cato and Jack:

Jack—Well, Cato, we want draw our money from de bank, and quit dis banking business.  
Cato—Did you heah de news?  
Jack—No, what dat, Cato?  
Cato—Why, de bank done broke las night.

Jack—Who care what de bank do? I tell you, I want my shah ob de money.  
Cato—Well, but I tell you de bank broke.

Jack—I not talken bout dat. I say, what de money?  
Cato—Why, you fool, don't you know dat when de bank break, de money, all gone, sartin?  
Cato—Well, but, what de money gone to?

Cato—Dat's more on dis nigah know.—All he knew bout it; is dat when white folks' bank break de money always lost, an nigah bank no better dan white folks.

Jack—Well, whenebah dis nigah gage in bankin agin, he hope de cholera git him fass.

Cato—Berry sorry de bank break, Jack, berry sorry.  
Here our informant left.—O. Statesman.

## Woman.

Nothing proves the power possessed by woman so convincingly as the influence she exercises over man. Your hero who will walk up to the cannon's mouth with a firm step, becomes as shaky as an aspen leaf, on approaching a woman. A fit of love makes him tremble worse than the ague, and he who never failed before a falchion is conquered by a fan. It is impossible to approach a pretty woman without a fit of trepidation; and no one yet ever popped the question without making a fool of himself.

## Public or Common Schools.

The Baltimore Clipper has an article that takes the right view of this subject now being brought to the consideration of all. That great legal writer and philosopher, Montesquieu, considers virtue and intelligence as indispensable to the success of republican government; and the correctness of his judgment will not be called in question by any one who has given due consideration to the subject—for, where the people exercise the power of appointing rulers, they must possess the intelligence necessary to the judicious exercise of that right, and the virtue to withdraw their patronage from those who may prove to be unworthy. Republicanism is based upon, and can only be sustained by intelligence. Hence it follows, that the cultivation of the minds of youth is an indispensable duty under our system of government. There should be not only a general diffusion of intelligence, but a community of feeling and of interest, with those who are to sway the future destinies of this country. And how can these desirable results be better produced than by the adoption of a public school system, which brings the young of all classes and of all religious denominations into daily social intercourse? By this association all distinction but that of merit, is destroyed; and the son or daughter of the poorest man may outrank the offspring of the millionaire. This is the great beauty and boast of our system of government, the theory of which is that talents, virtue and diligence shall always be rewarded.

By associating in public schools, sectarian feeling is destroyed to a great extent, and pupils are induced to look upon each other with kindness, whatever may be the variance in their religion. Indeed religious distinctions are unknown in the public schools, for although portions of the Bible may be daily read, no effort is made to inculcate sectarian principles. The object of the public schools is not to prescribe religious faith, but to give to pupils useful educations—and these they can obtain, even to the highest classical attainments. We look upon them as one of the greatest blessings of the country, for they open the door of instruction so wide, that the poorest child may enter and be benefited.—They offer to every one an education that will enable him to take a respectable stand in society, and to work himself up to distinction by application and perseverance. To destroy these institutions, or to impair their usefulness, would be to inflict a public calamity upon the country.

He who has a good education has an independence, if he choose to employ his time properly. The educated man will think, and he who thinks for himself cannot be easily made the slave of another.—Mind was given to man to be improved and employed; and the first duty of society is, to erect such institutions as will enable all minds to be properly developed. The man who enjoys the right of suffrage should know the value of that right, so that he may exercise it with discretion. Less information would suffice, where rulers claim station by the Grace of God, and where the only duty of the masses is to obey—to place their minds and bodies entirely in the guidance of others. But, in our country, every man should feel himself free, and resolve to retain his freedom—thinking and acting for himself upon all subjects—for he who is to be responsible both here and hereafter, should act in accordance with the dictates of his own judgment; refusing all assumptions to think or to act for him.

RELICS.—Grace Greenwood writing from Rome, gives graphic descriptions of what she saw and heard in that renowned city. And among other items of which we have an account in her last letter, she says:—

"We found ourselves standing before what were told were the miraculously preserved remnants of the cradle in which Mary once rocked the infant Christ. In an immense case, sort of gold and glass, are kept these wonderful relics—two or three pieces of old wood, worm-eaten, and partly decayed. There is nothing in them, form to indicate that they were ever parts of anything like a cradle, and so altogether rough and clumsy are they, that I found more natural than irrelevant the remark of a jocosse Englishman, who stood near us—

"Well, all I have to say is, St. Joseph seems to have been but a bad carterer." I yet saw women clasp their hands and burst into tears, at the sight of these formless pieces of wood, and brutal soldiers fall on their knees, with their hard faces softened with something like reverence and devotion, and with their stupid eyes glistening with a ray of something like soul."

Dancing—the antics of peas upon a hot shovel, erroneously called the "poetry of motion."

Slanders are like flies, that leap over all a man's good parts to light upon his sores.

## Slander.

"Who stabs my name would stab my person too, Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way?"  
The man who attempts to rise in the world by pulling his neighbor down, is unfit to be elevated, and mankind will do well to keep him where he is, unless they wish to make a heartless tyrant. The woman who can go from house to house, and as she opens her budget of evil reports, begs you not to mention them on any account, it would so grieve her that it should get abroad, and the poor creature would be injured, and repeats the same wherever she goes, is not only a very suspicious character, but she proclaims herself a very vixen.—Rev. Thomas G. Carver.

The individual who penned the following must have had some conception of the evil of slander, or he could not have depicted it so truthfully: "Twas night, and such a night as earth ne'er saw before. Murky clouds veiled the fair face of heaven, and gave to pitchy darkness a still deeper dye. The moon had fled. The stars had closed their eyes, for deeds were doing which they dared not look upon. For a time the pure streams became stagnant and ceased to flow. The mountains trembled. The forest dropped its leaves. The flowers lost their fragrance, and withered. All nature became desolate. In glee serpents hissed, harpies screamed, and satyrs revelled beneath the Upas. Domestic beasts crept near the abode of man. The lion relinquished his half-eaten prey. The tiger forgetful of his fierceness, ran howling to his lair, and even the hyena requited his repast of dead men's bones. Man alone, of all earth's creatures, slept, but still he slept as if the boding of some half-unknown calamity sat brooding o'er his mind. Aspiring youths would mutter of blasted hopes, long cherished.—Young, fair and gifted maidens would start, and trembling, weep their injured innocence. Mothers, too, would half awake, and press their trembling nurselings to their breasts, and breathe to heaven another prayer for their protection. On such a night, hell yawned, and gave to earth a SLANDERER."

## Indian Eloquence.

The Toronto Watchman of the 30th ult., contains an earnest appeal from the Indians of Rich Lake to the whites, begging them to stay the plague of intemperance, which had been communicated by them to the children of the forest. Some passages in the appeal are exceedingly eloquent and touching. It says:

The five villages, Ainwick, Bieslake, Mudlake, Scougog, and Crellit, are all that is left of the Mississaugo Indian. Save us! Our white brethren, save us!

Long ago you came to us for a place to build your wigwams; we gave you a country; say, was it not worth giving! We now ask you for deliverance from an enemy we ourselves cannot overcome; like everything else of the white man, it is too strong for us. We love our homes, and we do fight this invader of their purity and being, but our ranks are getting thinner and weaker; our deadly foe is marching onward, wasting, destroying, crushing—a victor to the West!

My white brethren, could the souls of the dead Chippewas and Mohawks, killed by fire and water, come from the Land of the Shades, camp by the door of the whiskey trader, from the city of Rock to the head waters of the big Lake, town and city would be crowded by the Pale Outcasts; Red no more, scorched by the blue flame! Warriors no more, the Totems of their fathers lost—hopeless! The track of a canoe cannot be seen upon the waters, nor the trail of an eagle in the clouds; so dies the poor drunken Indian! His canoe shoots down the stream, struck by the poison of the white man brought, his spirit flies into a dark cloud!—he is gone! Who cares? In a few winters so will our race pass away. Scattered, weak, dumb, hopeless; who cares? Give us back our woods and the deer!—Give us back our bark wigwam and our Father's virtue.

Save us, our white brothers, save us! A dying race implores you! Put out the Blue Flame that is consuming us! You can!

## Trees of Oregon.

In the March number of Barry's Horticulturist, published at Rochester, is a communication from N. Coe, of Portland, Oregon, furnishing accounts of the dimensions of several trees of remarkable size which he measured in that Territory. One of these trees, near Astoria, being 10 feet in diameter, five feet above the ground, 112 feet to the first limb, and its total height 242 feet. Another one, in a forest of spruce, cedar and fir, of about the same size measured thirty-nine feet in circumference.—Mr. Coe says: "Gen. John Adair, of Astoria, informs me that about three years ago he bought a hundred thousand shingles, all made from one cedar tree, for which he gave fifteen hundred dollars in gold." The tremendous size of timber in Oregon appears to be well attested.

The error of an hour may become the torment of a lifetime.

## Action of Lime.

As to the question, of how lime acts?—there are some diversity of opinion—but there seems to be a concurrence of sentiment among scientific men, as to certain offices which it performs,—and these are borne out by the observations of practical farmers. Among the offices said to be performed by lime and marl, are these:—When applied in full quantity upon stiff clays, it serves to disintegrate the particles of clay and lightens the texture of the soil; while on sands, it tends to give tenacity to them. It dissolves hard inert fibrous substances in the soil, and prepares them to become the food of plants. It neutralizes the acids of the soil, unites with them, and ultimately deals them out as the food of plants, thus rendering noxious bodies tributary to their healthful growth. Lime is found by analysis to form a part of the vegetable structure of most plants, and hence the inference is, that it is indispensable to their healthful growth. Lime, too, is said to possess the power of electricity; if such be the case, it must act as a stimulus, and like other stimulants, if not used to excess, may exert a highly friendly influence upon the constitution of plants. These are but a few of the properties assigned to lime, and experience teaches all sensible agriculturists, that whenever judiciously applied to lands needing it, it has produced the most meliorating effects: that lands, chiefly through its means, aided by grass and clover culture, which were worn out, have been brought to a state of fertility;—seeing these things, it is no longer a matter of surprise that liming, and marling, which is virtually the same thing, has become the 'fashion,' and gives tone to public and private sentiment, no one can longer doubt, that, in a few years more, most of the old fields, which now so grate upon the feelings of the patriot, will be covered with luxuriant crops. But we wish our agricultural readers to bear these truths in mind,—that without one-fourth or one-fifth of the arable land be kept in clover and grass, no progressive or permanent improvement can be effected,—that though exhausted lands require lime, yet they require animal and vegetable manures also,—that no system of culture can be either intelligent or profitable, that does not combine the culture of clover and the grasses in its elements,—that it is useless to lime or marl wet lands before they are drained, and that, when drained, deep and exact ploughing, and thorough pulverization, are indispensable to full and perfect success.—Am. Far.

## Portable Spittoons.

Some of our exchanges recommend a portable spittoon in the form of a walking cane with a silver or gold screw cap, as a desirable invention for those gentlemen who chew tobacco in churches, concert rooms, parlors, and such places. We think the suggestion a good one. The appearance that our churches frequently present, from the indulgence of this scandalous practice, is loathsome to behold, and cannot be spoken of in language too strong to depict its filthy tendencies.—Why is it that men will continue to indulge in a dirty practice, that they know and feel to be injurious to their health and in direct opposition to all laws of cleanliness, and by men, too, who have sufficient strength of mind to abstain from any evil habit to which they are addicted, is indeed beyond our ken. We do hope, for the sake of decency, that such as will continue to be filthy, will at once provide themselves with the portable spittoon above mentioned, when the nuisance complained of will be measurably abated.—Vn. Gaz.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.—The young gentleman who won't dance till after supper doesn't deserve any.

The hand that can't make a Pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

Between Life and Death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe.

The heart of a Flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affections than a button on one of his shirts, for, in fact, it is no sooner on than it's off again.

Dreams are the novels we read when we're fast asleep.

There are ladies who look upon a ball-room as nothing better than an omnibus, that doesn't go off properly unless it's as full as it can hold.

"AN APT REPLY.—A beautiful Jewess attended a party lately in New York, where she was exceedingly annoyed by a vulgar, impertinent fellow.

"And you never eat pork, Miss M.?" asked he, tauntingly.

"Never; sir," was the reply.

"You use lard lamps," continued the persecutor.

"No sir," she answered, "our religion teaches us to avoid anything swinish physically and morally; you will excuse me therefore for declining to have any more words with you."