



TERMS.

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following yearly rates:

If paid in advance.....\$1.50
 For 1 insertion \$0.50, For 1 month \$1.25.
 " 2 " 0.75, " 3 " 2.75,
 " 3 " 1.00, " 6 " 5.00.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, not exceeding ten lines, and not changed during the year....\$4.00.
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Short, transient advertisements will be admitted into our editorial columns at treble the usual rates.

On longer advertisements, whether yearly or transient, a reasonable deduction will be made and a liberal discount allowed for prompt payment.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square of sixteen lines or less
 For 1 insertion \$0.50, For 1 month \$1.25.
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 " 3 " 1.00, " 6 " 5.00.

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Poetical.

They Say that Thou art Poor.

They say that thou art poor, Louise,
 And so I know thou art;
 But what is wealth to noble minds,
 Or riches to the heart?
 With all the wealth of India's mines,
 Can one great deed be bought;
 Or can a kingdom's ransom bring
 One pure and holy thought?
 No; vain your boasted treasure,
 Though earth to gold is given,
 Gold cannot stretch to measure,
 The LOVE bestowed by heaven.

They say that thou art poor, Louise,
 And so I know thou art;
 But why should lack of sordid pelf
 Thrust thee and me apart?
 The pearls that sparkle on the lawn
 Our jewels bright shall be;
 The gold that frets the early dawn
 Shall fill our treasury!
 Ask ye the proudest minion
 Whom gold gives rule o'er earth,
 Doth not our broad dominion
 Out-beggar all he's worth!

We'll rove beside the brook at eve,
 When birds their vesper song
 Of gentle truth and guileless love,
 To woods and winds prolong;
 And from the morning's jeweled cup
 Such healthful draught we'll have,
 As never met the fevered lips
 Of fortunes gilded slave.
 Could Lydian Croesus, dearest,
 As wide a kingdom see
 As the fair realm thou hearest
 Belongs to thee and me?

I know that thou art poor, Louise,
 And so indeed am I;
 But not the hoards of ocean's caves
 Our poverty could buy!
 For wealth beyond the miser's thought
 We both alike control—
 The treasure of a priceless love,
 The riches of the soul!
 Then at this hour divine, love,
 To holy echoes given,
 Let thy true vows and mine, love,
 Be registered in heaven!

Miscellaneous.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.
 Shadows and Sunbeams.
 BY MINNIE MINOT.]

CHAPTER I.

Nora Atherton sat at her window gazing out at the occasional passers-by, now and then turning to watch her darling little Willie, or answer some childish question.

An old lady sat near her, but her work had fallen from her hands, and she too was looking at Willie with a proud, happy expression on her venerable face, and when he would ask any question, she would turn to Nora and smile, as much as to say, "Did you ever hear anything like that?"

The little wicket gate hung on its hinges, and Nora turned hastily to the window as a heavy footfall sounded on the walk.

"There is the minister, mother, I am so glad he has come; he always brings news from William," said Nora, and she went to the door to welcome him, while the old lady smoothed the folds of her snowy cap, and rose to give him her rocking chair, with an air of respect, which in a country village is always shown to the minister by old and young.

There was an expression of sadness on the face of good Mr. Dunton as he entered the humble apartments and seated himself near the old lady, after declining her proffered chair. There was a mournful cadence in his voice, as he returned her greeting, and the pressure of his hand was warmer, and his eyes moistened with unshed tears of sympathy, as he stooped to kiss little Willie.

"There are no letters for me, are there Mr. Dunton?" asked Nora.

"No, my daughter," he answered, and then turned hastily to the old lady, and began to talk of other things.

"I suppose the mail has not arrived yet, but I shall certainly get one when it comes, for he promised to write every mail, and I have not got a line yet," and a cold passed over her bright face as she added, "I hope nothing has happened to him."

The shadow deepened on the minister's face, and he walked to the window to hide the tears that would come; for it grieved his kind heart to see the suffering of others, and he knew before he left the house one heart that now beat joyously and hopefully would be torn and desolate, and another wounded and broken.

"Dear Mr. Dunton, you will stay to tea with us to-night?" asked Nora, rousing herself from her reverie.

The minister assented, and Nora left the room to prepare the simple repast.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Dunton drew his chair yet nearer the old lady, and said,

"Those whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and in the hour of trial, turn unto him and he will not desert us."

The old lady turned her meek eyes upward and murmured, "even so."

"I would speak of your son, Mrs. Atherton. I have sad news for you and Nora."

The old lady looked at him, and while the tears rolled down her withered cheeks, her mother's heart forebode the truth, though she feared to speak it: she only said,

"O! William, my son."

The minister drew a paper from his pocket, and handed it to her; but she pressed it aside, and with a gesture signified for him to read to her.

With a voice husky and mournful, he read an account of the total wreck of the vessel in which William had sailed, then dropping it on the floor he bowed his head and prayed fervently for strength for that aged mother, to bear the affliction which had been sent upon her in her declining years. When he had concluded, the old lady uttered an earnest amen, and then forgetful of her own great sorrow, she spoke of Nora, and the good minister's heart sunk when he thought of her.

Then they glanced at Willie, who sat in his little chair, with the newspaper that had fallen, with childish brows knit, intently studying something.

At last, with a gay laugh and shout, he started from the room, crying,

"Mamma, mamma, I can do it now," and as his merry voice was heard in the next apartment, the grandmother covered her face with her hands and wept again.

Nora was preparing tea, but Willie was used to being paid attention to before every thing else, and pulling his mother to a chair, he exclaimed,

"Mamma, do hear me now."

"What darling," said Nora.

"I can spell where papa has gone; and you said I was a bright boy if I could learn that."

Nora took the paper, and pointing to the word in large letters at the head of a column Willie began to spell. Her eyes glanced below the heading and hastily raising it she read the account the minister had read to her mother.

With the paper in her hand she rushed into the other room, and holding it out, gasped,— "read mother," and sunk into a chair.

"The old lady rose feebly, and taking her hand said,—

"Do not grieve so, Nora, for the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

"He was all, everything to me, mother, do not try to comfort me, my heart is breaking," sobbed poor Nora.

He was my only son, the solace of my old age, but it was His pleasure to call him to Himself, whose love passeth even the love of a mother."

"You did not love him as I did, mother, the world seems all dreary and desolate now he is gone."

The old lady cast a half reproachful look at Nora, but she thought of her, so young and lovely, left alone in the world, and with a sweet unselfishness, she forgot her own suffering, and tried to soothe her, but in vain, and at last she sighed, and turned despairingly to the minister who had been silently looking on.

"Try and comfort her, dear Mr. Dunton, it is no matter about me, I am old and shall soon meet him in another world; but she is young, and cannot bend beneath the rod."

The good man rose to go to her, but little Willie, with tears in his bright blue eyes, stole to her, twining his arms around her neck, with an idea that something bad had happened, and said,

"Dear mamma, do not cry, I will be very good," and laying his rosy cheek lovingly to hers, burst into tears.

Nora started up, and opening her arms, drew him to her bosom and said,

"Dear mother and kind Mr. Dunton, I have been very selfish to trouble you so with my grief, but if it was not for Willie my heart would break. I have yet something to live for; but leave me to myself to-night, I have need to be alone."

Many days and weeks passed away before the smile returned to the lips of Nora, but she was resigned and cheerful. Her very existence seemed bound up in Willie, and she watched him, if possible, more than her former care and solicitude.

CHAPTER II.

The world, with all its vast and varied countries and climates, has none that offers so many inducements for emigration as our land of gold, California. And thousands of that eager-hearted multitude, that press onward towards it, find there only a grave, or return weary-hearted and travel-worn, in mind and body, to their homes and friends. William Atherton started, full of hope and ambition, prepared to face dangers and dare impossibilities, for the sake of obtaining a competency for the loved ones at home.

His lonely hearted wife, who was for two long years by her cheerless fireside, mourning for the one she had hoped to tread the path of life with, is only one among the many of those who have their nearest and dearest friends die in that land of wealth.

As Nora sat by her fire one chilly day in early autumn, thinking of her husband, her reverie was broken by the entrance of Willie.

He brought some bright fall flowers he had gathered, and throwing them in her lap, he sat down wearily in a chair, and leaning back as if he were very tired; he said,

"Are they not very beautiful, mamma? I gathered them for you, for you love flowers; don't you mamma?"

Nora started at the listless tone in which he spoke, so different from his usual joyous, boyish voice.

"Are you sick, Willie?" she asked, anxiously gazing at him, to see if he showed any symptoms of illness.

"No mamma, only I am very tired, and my head aches."

Nora glanced uneasily at his hot flushed cheeks, and after tea she made him go to rest.

After he was gone she leaned her head upon her hand, and thought, if Willie should be taken from her! but the idea was too dreadful, and she took up her work and tried to sew. It would not do, and stealing into the next room, she stooped over Willie, and pressed her lips to his forehead. It was very hot, and Nora brought the light, and sat down to watch the slumbers of her darling. At last, reassured by his regular breathing, she retired to rest.

The next morning she rose and went down stairs, thinking as Willie was so tired, she would not wake him till breakfast.

When everything was ready, she went up and opened the door softly, and saw Willie sitting up in bed talking and laughing; and when she spoke to him he took no notice, but went on talking just the same.

All that day and night Willie went on rambling and singing, and Nora, with a cheek that was death-like in its hue, tended to his every wish and want, and would not allow any of the kind neighbors to do anything that would relieve them, nor would she give herself one moment's respite. Yet Willie grew worse, and the village doctor's face was very sorrowful, and he only answered evasively when spoken to concerning him.

At length the fever reached its height, and the doctor stooped at one side of the bed, and Nora, her eyes heavy with watching and tears, by the other, gazing into his face with an expression so imploring, that although used to suffering, he was moved to tears by it, and his hand, that held one of Willie's, trembled in spite of himself.

Willie's blue eyes were distended and fearfully brilliant, and as he tossed his hands about, he exclaimed,

"Here, dear, mamma, you shall have all the flowers; but do not go away, for I am very tired and my head aches;" and the little sufferer, unconscious that she was bending over him, incessantly called upon her not to leave him: while poor Nora, who would have given her life for the dear one, would turn to the doctor and implore him to save him.

Towards evening, the little hands fell upon the coverlet, and the bright eyes closed wearily, and Willie slept, while the doctor and Nora sat by his side with almost suspended breath.

At length Willie opened his eyes, and feebly and slowly murmured, "mamma," in a tone that told that reason had returned.

Nora bent forward and pressed her lips to the wan cheek of her darling, and turning, saw the doctor wiping his eyes. She flew to him, and seizing his hand, cried,

"For the love of mercy, is he dying?"

The worthy man, after in vain trying to clear his voice, said; "He is doing well, and with care will recover," and started to leave the room; but Nora seized him and looking up in his honest face, tried to thank him, but the words would not come, for her heart was too full. Murmuring "God bless you," and overcome with watching and anxiety, she would have fallen if some one had not caught her in his arms.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a countenance that seemed strangely familiar gazing at her; and starting, she looked steadily a moment, and then with a cry of joy she threw herself into the arms of her husband.

The good doctor with a sly laugh, slipped out, muttering, "I don't think she needs me any longer;" and when, a few minutes after, some one said his eyes looked red, he said they always did in damp days.

William Atherton and many of the passengers were saved when the vessel was wrecked; they escaped in a boat, and reached an island where he stayed ever since, unable to reach home.

He returned as poor as he started, and with as good a will, went to work with his labor brown hands, for those he once left to brave the perils of a voyage to California.

Nora Atherton is now a happy wife and mother, but she never thinks of the day that her husband and child were restored to her, though in different ways, that her heart does not rise in thankfulness to Him "who doeth all things well."

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The Throne of Solomon.

The following account of a remarkable piece of mechanism is taken from a Persian manuscript called "The History of Jerusalem." It purports to be a description of the throne of King Solomon, and if the details are correctly given, it undoubtedly surpassed any specimen of mechanism produced in modern times, notwithstanding the wonderful inventions and improvements which have lately taken place in every branch of science.

"The sides of it were of pure gold, the feet of emerald and rubies, intermingled with pearls, each of which was as big as an ostrich egg. The throne had seven steps; on each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were composed of precious stones, representing fruit, ripe or unripe; on the top of the trees were to be seen figures of beautiful plumed birds, particularly the peacock, the etaub, and the kurgas. All these birds were hollowed within artificially, so as occasionally to utter a thousand melodious notes, such as the ear of mortal has never heard. On the first step were delineated vine branches, having bunches of grapes, composed of various sorts of precious stones, fashioned in such a manner as to represent the different colors of purple, violet, green and red, so as to render the appearance of real fruit.

On the second step, on each side of the throne, were two lions, of terrible aspect, as large as life, and formed of cast gold. The nature of this remarkable throne was such, that when the prophet Solomon placed his foot on the first step, the birds spread forth their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his touching the second step, the two lions expanded their claws. On his reaching the third step, the whole assembly of demons and fairies and men repeated the praises of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step, voices were heard addressing him in the following manner:—"Son of David, be thankful for the blessings the Almighty has bestowed upon you." The same was repeated on his reaching the fifth step.

On his touching the sixth, all the children of Israel joined them; and on his arrival at the seventh, all the throne, birds and animals, became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself in the royal seat, when the birds, lions and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on the prophet, after which two of the kurgasses descended and placed a golden crown upon his head. Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held in its beak a volume bound in silver. In this book were written the Psalms of David; and the dove having presented the book to the King, he read aloud a portion of it to the children of Israel. It is further related, that on the approach of wicked persons to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roaring, and lash their tails with violence; the birds also began to bristle up their feathers; and the assembly also of demons and genii to utter horrid cries, so that for fear of them no person dared be guilty of falsehood, but confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of Solomon, the son of David."

"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

"The fish 'most out of water,' in the 'wide world,' is a bashful man at a party, where he has but one acquaintance, and that acquaintance quite as modest a mussel as himself. What a pair!

"Make hay while the sun shines."

Eloquent Extract.

The following beautiful comparison is from a lecture recently delivered at St. Louis by T. F. Meagher on Australia:

One fair morning, towards the close of this summer, I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the glowing ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me the most glorious I had seen in any clime—the most glorious the earth could bring forth.

"That seed!" said one who stood by, "came from Egypt."

It had been buried in the tombs of Kings—had lain with the dead for three thousand years. But though wrapped in the shroud, and locked within the pyramids, it died not. It lived in silence—lived in darkness—lived under the mighty mass of stone—lived with death itself—and now the dust of the Kings has been disturbed—that they have been called and move not—that the bandages have been removed, and they open not their eyes—behold the seed gives forth life and the fields rejoice in its glory.

And thus it is that the energies, the instincts, the faith, all the virtues which have been crushed elsewhere, have been entombed elsewhere, in these virgin soils revive, and that which seemed mortal becomes imperishable. And thus it is that reviving here, the seed will multiply, and, borne back to the ancient lands, will people the places that are desolate; and with the song of the harvest, the wilderness shall be made glad.

Children of the old world, be of good cheer!

Whilst in the homes—by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube and the Arno, the Shannon and the Suir, in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper, and spurious Sonates provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generations. Freedom strengthens herself in these lands, and, in the midst of countless hosts, concentrates the power by which the captive shall be redeemed, and the evil lord dethroned.

This shall be the glory of Australia!—this shall be the glory of America.

Territory of Washington.

The recent territory organized at the late session of Congress comprises all that portion of Oregon Territory lying and being south of the forty-ninth degree of north latitude, and north of the middle of the north channel of the Columbia river, from its mouth to where the forty-sixth degree of north latitude crosses said river near Fort Wallawalla, thence north said forty-sixth degree of latitude to the Rocky Mountains. The title to the land within these limits, not exceeding 640 acres, occupied as missionary stations among the Indians, or which were so occupied before Oregon was organized into a territory, is confirmed to the religious societies to which the missionaries belong. The President of the United States appoints the Governor, secretary and judicial authorities. The Legislature is to consist of a council of nine members elected for three years, and a House of Representatives of eighteen members elected for one year. The number of representatives may be increased to thirty by act of the Legislature. Every white male inhabitant over 21 years of age, who was a resident of the territory on the 2d instant, not belonging to the army and navy, and who, if not a citizen of the United States, has declared on oath his intention to become such, is entitled to vote at the first election of which the Governor is to appoint time and place; but the Legislature is to prescribe the qualification of voters at subsequent elections. United States property cannot be taxed; nor can any higher tax be levied on the property of non-residents than residents. Congress has a veto on all laws passed by the Legislature. The Territorial Legislature is expressly prohibited from granting banking powers or privileges, and from issuing scrip or other evidence of debt. The territory is to be represented, like other territories, by a delegate in Congress. Section 16 and 36 of the Public Lands, when surveyed, are to be reserved for the support of Common Schools in the Territory.

Ugly Customers.

Mackey, in his entertaining work on American Life and Manners, tells the following story of the Mississippi fashions:

"A dispute having arisen between two gamblers, one of them drew from his belt a huge Bowie knife, and flourished it before his antagonist, directing his attention to the words etched upon the steel, which were 'Hark from the tombs.'"

The other, without being at all alarmed, drew forth one of Golt's six barreled revolvers, and putting it before the eyes of his opponent, pointed to the motto upon the cylinder—"A doleful sound."

These two quotations form together a part of a well known hymn; and the coincidence so surprised the belligerents that they settled their dispute without resort to the ominous oracles in question.

Agricultural.

Choking Cattle.

We recollect well, when upon a farm, some years ago, in the fall, a fine cow got choked, as cattle often do, upon apples and potatoes, and would have died, if the obstacles had not been removed from the passage to the stomach where it was lodged. Various old remedies were tried to no purpose. Presently one recollected a remedy proposed in an agricultural paper a few weeks before. It is to put a stout line around the neck just below the substance, which can be felt with the hand on the outside, and draw it close. This prevents the piece of apple or potato, or whatever it may be, from falling back when the animal makes an effort to throw it out, which it will almost always do directly, when assisted in this way. The remedy was at once successful. The offending morsel proved to be the half of a hard apple. So this little scrap of newspaper knowledge was in this instance, worth a fine cow of thirty or forty dollars. How can we know before hand, what kind of knowledge is going to be most beneficial to us? We cannot.—And there is hardly any information, especially in our own business, that will not sometime or other, in the long run, turn out to be of great value to us.—Ex.

Gems for Farmers.

To raise good cattle, a farm should be in such a state that it would produce good corn, good cabbages, or good clover.

An increase of farm products lessens the market price, and the consumer is more benefited than the producer. Therefore the encouragement of agriculture is the interest of the whole people. It is the first duty of States to encourage agricultural improvement.

The brightness of the plow-share will prove a better security to our republican institutions than all the windy patriotism of long speeches in Congress.

He who encourages young men in the pursuit of agriculture, is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

All the true honor or happiness there is in this world follows labor. Were it not for working-men there could be no progress in either science or art. Working-men are earth's true nobility. Those who live without work are all paupers.

To PREVENT HOGS ROOTING.—Always keep them in a close pen, with a plank floor, where they will make enough of manure, if furnished with materials, to pay for keeping, besides the constant gain in flesh attendant upon the animal in a state of confinement. But if you are still groping in that heathenish darkness which prevents you from seeing how uncivilized the practice of letting your swine roam over your farm like the evil one, going to and fro over the world seeking whom he may devour, and really desire to prevent them from rooting up the meadows, you may do so by a cut across the nose, down to the bone just above the gristle of the snout, by which you sever the nasal tendon, without seriously injuring his beauty. Sometimes, in healing, the tendon will unite and restore his mischievous power. In that case you must cut again.

SULPHUR FOR LICK ON CALVES, &c.—The September number of the *Stock Register*, quoting from the *Genesee Farmer*, recommends sulphur fed to animals as death to all such vermin. I tried it on some calves so covered with lice that the outer ends of their hairs were thick with them; Tobacco and other remedies had but little effect. I fed in salt and meal, giving a spoonful to each calf about twice a week. In two weeks not a louse could be found. A neighbor who has often used this same remedy on all kinds of animals, with perfect success, assures me it should be given in fair weather as the animals housed, else there is a liability to taking cold and injury being done to the animal.

BAKED HAM.—Most persons boil ham. It is much better baked, if baked right.—Soak it for an hour in clean water and wipe it dry, and then spread it all over with thin batter, and then put into a deep dish, with sticks under it to keep it out of the gravy. When it is fully done, take off the skin and batter crust upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool. You will find it very delicious, but too rich for dyspeptics.

TO FARMERS.—The *Hartford Times* mentions a farmer who took up a fence after it had been standing fourteen years, and found some of the posts nearly sound, and others rotted off at the bottom. Looking for the cause he discovered that the posts which had been inverted from the way they grew were solid and those which had been set as they grew were rotted off. This is certainly an incident worthy of being noted by our farmers.

The sun is never the worse for shining on a dunghill.