The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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TERMS:

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

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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

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1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

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☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

BY E. ELLIOT.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still thou art a welcome day,
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun waked forest!
Bird that scarest
O'er the mute, unpurpled moor!
Throstle's song that stream-like flowest!
Wind, that over dew-drop goest!
Welcome now the woe-worn poor!

Little river,
Young forever!
Cloud, gold bright with thankful glee!
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping!
Gnat, within the wild rose keeping!
Oh, that they were blessed, as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Faint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For affliction's sons and daughters,
Bid thy mountains, woods and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God,

Pale young mother!
Gasping brother!
Sister toiling in despair!
Grief-worn sire, that life-long diest!
White-lipped child, that, sleeping, sighest!
Come and drink the light and air.

Still God liveth!
Still he loveth
What no law can take away!
And, oh Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day."

A Select Tale.

MR. PEPPER'S WIFE.

HOW HE SHUT HER UP.

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is hightime you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes with regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them; but with you it is different. As you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household. In the first place, you will make a fire in the kitchen, put on the kettle, &c.; then you will make a fire in here. That done you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here, as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed, and do not consider it necessary to depart from that custom on your account; but, should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me."

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to housekeeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands; but as soon as her toilet was finished, she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen she thus ruminated:—

"Make the kitchen fire! Yes, I'll do that. Then make a fire in the bedroom! I'll see to that, too. Then take the breakfast to his bedside! Just see if I do!"—And then Mrs. Pepper sat and thought for a few moments, when, apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal in Mr. P.'s apartment, and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast of which she partook with great relish; and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen she went down town on shopping excursion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He "labored under the impression" that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry. Peeping out from behind the red curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove.—Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it, too. After some search he found the remains of his breakfast, of which he partook with a gusto, and then sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there he thus soliloquised:

'That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be so treated, and by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't either. But she shan't escape, that's certain; if she would, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone; for havn't I told Solomon Simple all along how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up, and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it.

'A cosy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper,' said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

'Sit down in a chair, madam,' he said, pointing to the one he had just vacated, while I have a little conversation with you. Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where have you been all this forenoon?'

'Where I have been this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you. I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them,' said she holding them up demurely for his inspection; 'I only paid a dollar apiece for them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?' she said.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared turn the conversation in this way was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her, he said—

'Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter, but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers until you are willing to compromise by strict obedience to my wishes.'

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P. ready to receive expressions of sorrow and of penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall at his feet and say:

'Dear Philander, won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more.'

And he was going to say, 'Betsy Jane, you'd better not;' but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did? Laughed him right in the face!

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathy. He spoke up in a voice of thunder and said:

'Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs this very minute, and don't let the grass grow under your feet while you are going neither. Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have you know that it won't pay to continue your antics any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper. Again I command you to walk up stairs.'

'Well, really Mr. P. it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not so deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking up stairs I have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before.'

'But you *must*, Mrs. P.'

'Then all I've got to say is this, you'll have to carry me, for I won't walk.'

Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment in the greatest astonishment, but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself:

'She thinks I won't do it and hopes to to get off in that way, but it won't do; up stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry her; so here goes,' and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locking her in, he stationed a little red headed youth on the front door steps to attend to calls and also to see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after despatching that, he hurried off to his office, and was soon engrossed in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our young sentinel rushed into the office, and said, never stopping to take breath:

"Mr. Pepper had better run home just as fast as he can, for that woman what's shut up be making an awful racket, and she bet caring around there, and rattling things the distressingest kind, and if she beant splitting up something or other, then I don't know what splitting be!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most undignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as cheerfully as possible, and applying his eye to the key-hole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fireplace, reading his love letters. The one she was engaged in perusing at that particular moment, was from a Miss Polly—Primrose, who it appeared had once looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair, and some walnut meats.

But it was not the love letters alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveler in his day and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. P., and she had got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing desk with his Indian battle axe, in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fireplace was Mr. P.'s best beaver, filled up with love letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P., was a beautiful flat China dish filled with bear's oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. P. had closed the blinds, for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P was popping corn which she ever and anon stirred with the fiddle-bow, mean while, occasionally punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. considered to peep through the key-hole, until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a pepper so fired as he. He shook the door: it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. Pepper darted down stairs like a madman.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "or I shall not have a rag of cloths to my back."

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bed room; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily. She knew that he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire, so, hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she therew the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt upright in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice—

"Jezebel, come forth!"

No answer.

"Jade, do you think to escape?"

Still no response. Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy, and hastily commences to search the room; but had not proceeded far when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listens a moment, and it is repeated. Darting to the door, he attempts to open it, but he finds himself a prisoner. There is one more chance he thinks, and hurries to the window; but, alas! for Mr. Pepper, his wife has just removed the ladder and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is laying on the carpet, and finds it from Polly Primrose. He wonders what she had done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eyes fall upon his daguerreotype, which is laying on the table before him—mechanically taking it up he opens it, and sees—what? nothing but his own face—all the rest of him being rubbed of, and around his lovely phiz is the missing curl, and the walnut meats carefully stowed in the corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbered aloud.

'Good?' thought Mrs. P. "when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then. A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I am fully prepared to administer it."

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord in durance vile, deponent saith not, and as to what passed between them after he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed; but of this we are sure, Mr. Pepper might have been seen a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bed room, and heard to say in a meek manner—

"Betsy Jane, I've made the kitchen fire, and put on the tea kettle; won't you please to get up and and get the breakfast!"

Miscellaneous.

THE LITTLE PEDLER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

One rainy afternoon in the early part of Autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it I found a pedler. Now pedlers are a great vexation to me, they leave the gates open, they never have anything I want, and I do not like the faces that belong to most of them,—especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods, and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself—lazy.

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold that I forgot he was a pedler, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought he appeared as though he suspected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and did not wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

'I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides, most pedlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days.'

'How much do you earn in a day?'

'Sometimes two shillings, and sometimes one, and once in a while I get nothing all day, and, then, ma'am, I am very tired.'

Here he gave a quick, dry cough which startled me.

'How long have you had that cough?'

'I don't know ma'am.'

'Does it hurt you?'

'Yes ma'am.'

'Where does your mother live?'

'In heaven, ma'am,' said he, unmoved.

'Have you a father?'

'Yes, ma'am, he is with mother he replied in the same tone.

'Have you any brothers or sisters?'

'I have a little sister but she went to mother about a month ago.'

'What ailed her?'

'She wanted to see, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so.'

'Where do you live?'

'With Mrs. Brown on N. Street.'

'Does she give you medicine for your cough?'

'Not Doctor's medicine,—she is too poor but she makes something for me to take.'

'Will you take something, if I give it to you?'

'No ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it wouldn't stop my cough. Good day, ma'am.'

'Wait a minute,' I said, 'I want to see what you carry.'

He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I didn't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little pedler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I.—How strange that peddlers never seemed like people—human, soul filled beings, before. How thankful he was, and how his great sunken blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.

'You don't ask me to take a cent less,' said he, after hesitating a minute; 'I think you must be rich.'

'Oh, no,' I replied, 'I am very far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave for them. Will you come again?'

'Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother soon.'

'Are you hungry?'

'No, ma'am, I am never hungry now, I sometimes think mother feeds when I sleep, though I don't remember it when I am awake. I only know I don't wish to eat now, since my sister died.'

'Did you feel very sad then?'

'I felt big in my throat, and thought I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she's up there now.'

'Who told you you were going to die?'

'Nobody, but I know I am. Perhaps I go before Christmas.'

I could not endure that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good luck he had met with. He bade me good-day again cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain while I could only say, 'God be with you, my child!'

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length, about New Year's, I went to the place he called, Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim? his weary fet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the door of those, who, like myself, forgot that necessity and stern want often sent about these wanderers from house to house, and that their employment might be far more unseemly to them than annoying to us. I have learned a lesson, and I never see a pedler bending with his load, but my heart softens to them, and I wonder if they too do not wish to lay aside their burden and be at rest.

Human Life

What is the length of human life? is a question that a paper in *Blackwood's Magazine* throws some light on. The words of the Psalmist are:

"The days of our years are three-score and ten; and if by reason of strength they are four-score years, yet is there strength, labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away."

It is believed that the form of human life is lengthened in the progress of cultivation and then the average agea which people die more numerous. The great requisites of longevity are moderation of appetites and passions, and contentment of mind. It would, perhaps, be more philosophical to say, that constitutions adapted to long life possess that equanimity and body regularity which conduce to tranquil life.

Buffon says: "the man who dies not of accidental disease, lives everywhere to ninety or one hundred years." Haller, who was an enthusiast, and who gave no reason for his theory, contended that *the utmost limit of human life is not within two hundred years.*"

Buffon looked at this subject philosophically; thought that he discovered a proportion between the time of growth and duration of life. But he did not accurately measure the time of growth, which modern anatomisns have fixed with more precision.

Investigations show that the basis of his rule is correct in the main, but that the true proportion is a multiple of five.

Man grows for	20 years and lives to	90 or 100
The Camel,	8 "	40
The horse,	5 "	25
The ox,	4 "	15 to 20
The lion,	4 "	20
The dog,	2 "	10 or 12
The cat,	1½ "	9 or 10
The hare,	1 "	8
The Guinea pig,	7 mos.	6 or 7

Death before 100 years is premature according to this theory; and the writer divides the periods of human life thus:

The first ten years of life are infancy, properly so called.

The second ten is the period of boyhood.

The first youth is from twenty to thirty, and from thirty to forty the second youthful term.

The *first manhood* is from forty to fifty-five. The second from *fifty five* to SEVENTY. This period of manhood is the age of strength the *manly* period of human life.

After that comes the begining of old age. "From seventy to eighty-five is the first period of old age; and eighty-five the second old age begins.

There is a consolation in this theory for "slow people" in this fast age.—There is warning and instruction to others. A "fast youth" means a precipitate death; precocity is shortness of life. The youth who is manly before his years, who enters on the career of passion and enjoyment with untimely eagerness, finds that age hastens to him with footsteps quite as rapid as those with which manhood approached. The motto applies to those hot house youths; "Soon ripe, soon rotten!" On the other hand, the lad who slowly ripens in the shade, is sound to the core, and preserves his old strength through protracted years.

The essayist who thus gratefully prolongs the age of manhood to seventy, and postpones the beginning of old age till then insists that this decline of life is marked by as much pleasure as youth itself.

The Human Beard.

Wear a beard upon your chin.—[King Lear.

Have our readers never thought of the utter folly of shaving, the absurdity of the practise of cutting off the beard which was not given man by his Creator for nothing? *We* have, and we have come to the conclusion that the practice of shaving is alike ridiculous and absurd, and that it violates one of the laws of nature. Now our beard was not given for no purpose—that is evident. It was created for some purpose, and that was to keep the face and throat warm and thus be conductive to health. Let us look at a few facts. It has been calculated that if one shaves three times a week it grows twenty times as fast as if he did not shave. Allowing two inches as the annual growth of the beard, it will be seen that he cuts off forty inches, or *more than a yard of hair* a year, and the nutriment which supports this and is thus wasted might have gone to nourish other parts of his body, and render him a healthy and handsome man.

Again, allowing twenty minutes to each shaving operation, three times a week amounts to one hour a week—fifty-two hours a year. Supposing a man to shave forty years, we find he has consumed about *three months* in the simple act of shaving; and calculating the expense of each operation at the small sum of six cents we find it has cost him three hundred and sixty dollars! In view of these facts we cannot but regard the practice of shaving as a decidedly *barbarous* one, and which ought to be discountenanced by the progressive civilization of the age. The Patriarchs did not shave, and their beards gave them a noble, venerable appearance. If after reading this our male readers shall resort again to the hideous razor, we shan't object, through it strikes us that the whole system of shaving is not in accordance with reason or the law of nature.—*Albany Argus.*

A Benighted Region.

The citizens of the vicinity of Tuscambia, Ala., have for some time past, resolutely torn down the telegraph wires, as they say that during the long drought the clouds were frequently seen to gather over the telegraft wire and bile for a half hour trying their best to rain, but had to give it up at last.'

The following proclamation has been found posted on trees along the line.

The State of Alabama } this 5th May 1855
Marion County }

Notice to the Managers of the telegraft Ware are hereby forewarned to not put up the ware any more long at at a time if you do not let it stay down the hole country is going to Just go before your eyes and tare it down and tare out the posts and throw away the ware and skin the first man that sais any thing against it and throw his hid acrows A pole 00000

Jump up John the Wolf-ketcher

☞ At an association dinner a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Moses took the affirmative. His opponent, a worldly young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well" retorted Moses, "it cured you, didn't it." The doctor beat

For the Farmer.

Certain Cure for the Weevil.

As a matter of much importance just now to our grain growers, we extract the following from the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon*:

"We are informed by Mr. Chamberlain, of the City Mill, that the farmers of Vermont are in favor of heading the movements of the weevil; after it makes its appearance they go through their wheat field, about the time the wheat is heading immediately after a shower or while the dew is on it, and scatter newly slacked lime broad cast, so that it will adhere to the heads and stems of the grain. They use about a bushel to the acre.

"Good lime should be secured, and slackened, by sprinkling a little water over it, so as to retain all it strength. A paddle may be used in sprinkling it. The remedy has, it is said, been so effectually tried, as to leave no doubt of the result.

"Strips in large wheat fields left untouched by the lime, for the experiment, have been entirely destroyed by the weevil, while the grain on each side was saved.

"Since this intelligence was received, Mr. Jesse Allen, of the Centre Mill, has received corroborating information from a Muskingum county farmer, who had seen the same practice and the same result.

Potatoes.

It would be an excellent plan for every farmer to occasionally plant the potato ball, and thus get new varieties, as well as heal the seed. Continued replanting of potatoes, without resorting to the seed, is as absurd as to take roots from an old tree to produce an orchard.

Plant small, but sound and healthy potatoes—cutting impairs the vitality of the sprout.

For healthy potatoes, a light, dry, loose and warm soil is preferable. A wet, heavy compact soil promotes decay.

The flavor of a potato is materially affected by the soil and manure. Lime, wood ashes, charcoal, plaster, salt, and all other antiputrescent articles are good as they add to the health of the potato, as well as to its richness and flavor. For manure, well rotted compost, is preferable. Unrotted stable manure is too strong and heating and give them a disagreeable flavor.

A LONDON MARKET HOUSE.—On the 10th ult. the new Metropolitan Cattle Market in place of the one which has so long been held in Smithfield, London, was opened with appropriate ceremonies by Prince Albert. The market may be fairly characterized as one of the sights of London. It is situated in the north of the metropolis, near the North London railway and occupies no less than 15¼ acres of land forming a square area of 800 feet paved throughout with granite, and well supplied with water and drainage. On all sides of the quadrangle are roofed sheds for sheep, calves and pigs, while the open space is for the oxen. In the centre is a building for banking purposes, with a clock tower 150 feet high. The market will hold 36,000 sheep, 6400 oxen, 1400 calves and 800 pigs.

HILLING CORN.—Hilling corn is an attempted substitute for deep plowing. If corn land is plowed deep, there is no need of hilling. The roots will strike down instead of stopping at a hardpan, and waiting for mellow earth, in the form of hilling to cover them. By deep plowing you give the roots a chance to go down, and they will go down as deep as nature requires, without having the earth piled over them. Never disturb the roots after the tenth of July. If weeds, or grass are getting up, cut them off, but it is better to "let the tares grow together, lest while ye dig up the tares, ye pluck up also the corn with them.—*Ex.*

TO CURE HOLLOW HORN.—Take the tail of a muskrat—two if you please—cut them up, fine; steep them and put them in a mess of bran or meal, prepared as usual for cows, and feed to the animal. I have never known it to fail even in the last stages of that complaint.

Spirits of turpentine will usually give relief, and my method of applying it is to wet a large woollen thread with it, tie it round the horn, and push it down close to under the hair. It comes then in contact with the pith of the horn. J. W.

☞ The editors of the Detroit Times' say we heard a day or two since, the following illustration of early piety: 'Pray God bless father and mother, and Anna, and by jinks I must scrabble quick to get in o bed before Mary does.

☞ Farmers should keep accounts of their receipts and expenditures, for every day.