

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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

Select Poetry.

ROUND THE CORNER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Round the corner waiting—
What will people say?
If you wish to see me,
There's a proper way.
Village tongues are ever
Ready with remark;
Eyes are at the casement
If a dog but bark.
Round the corner waiting—
What will people say?
If you wish to see me,
There's a proper way.
When the Church hath bound us—
Linked two hearts in one—
I shall care but little
How their tongues rail on;
But until the bridal
Never let them find
Aught to cause me blushes—
Hurt my peace of mind!
Round the corner waiting—
What will people say?
Manly hearts should ever
Take a manly way.
Fifty things are started—
Things you'd never suppose,
If but something secret
In a neighbor shows!
Bodily take the pathway,
And their lips are stay'd;
All are quick to censure
If you seem afraid!
Round the corner waiting—
What will people say?
If you wish to see me,
There's a proper way.

The Housewife.

APPLE POTATO PUDDING.—Take a quarter of a pound of smoothly mashed potatoes that have been mixed with plenty of fresh butter, or with drippings of roast pork. Have ready half a pound of fine rich apple sauce that has been made with as little water as possible, sweetened well with nice brown sugar, and flavored well with the juice and grated yellow rind of a lemon; or for want of a lemon, with a teaspoonful of mixed spices (nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon). Beat four eggs (till very thick and smooth) in a shallow pan, and then stir in to them alternately and gradually, the mashed potatoes and stewed apples. Stir the whole very hard at the last. Transfer the mixture to a deep white dish and bake it about half an hour. Send it to the table with powdered sugar sifted thickly over it, after it cools.

For a family pudding this will be found very good. For a large family, double the proportions of all the ingredients, or make two or three puddings.

When in season, boiled sweet potatoes may be used, mashed with nice butter.

COLD HAM AND FOWLS FOR SUPPER OR BREAKFAST.—Cut very thin, sufficient cold ham to cover with two layers, a large dish. Let all of them be nicely trimmed and evenly shaped. Carve one or two cold fowls, and lay them nicely upon the ham; surrounded with tufts of lettuce, or celery, or bunches of pepper grass. Omit backs and side bones. Cold turkey may be arranged in the same manner. Serve up the white meat.

GATEAU DES POMMES.—Put three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar in a stew pan, with a pint of water, and when dissolved and ready to candy, take two pounds of apples pared and cored, the peel of a lemon, chopped very fine, and part of the juice. Boil it until quite stiff, and put in a mould; when turned out for use, stick it with blanched almond, and put a rich custard in the dish.

APPLE FLOAT.—The white of two eggs well beaten; add to it four spoonfuls of sugar, and six apples stewed and drained until quite dry. These ingredients must be beaten a long time; add also a lemon to it. Then make either a soft or hard custard, and put at the bottom of the dish, and lay the mixture on the top. Ornament with sugar mites.

CRACKERS FOR THE SICK.—One pound of flour; one egg, not beaten; one tablespoonful of yeast; one tablespoonful of cream; a little salt; mix all together with milk to stiff paste, and beat them twenty minutes with a rolling pin, to be rolled in small pieces round, separately, very thin.

CHARLES PUDDING.—One cup of sugar; one cup of sweet milk; one egg; one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk; a teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted through the flour. Eat with wine sauce, and bake in a loaf.

APPLE PUDDING.—One pound of apples stewed and strained; one pound of sugar; six eggs; one pint of cream; six ounces of butter; glass of wine, and a little nutmeg. Paste on bottom of the dish and bake like a pie.

FINE MUFFINS.—One quart of milk, three eggs, teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoons of yeast; flour to make it stiff enough for a batter; butter the size of an egg. The milk must be blood warm.

COOKIES.—Ten ounces of sugar, one quarter pound of butter, one egg, large teaspoon of saleratus, dissolved in two-thirds of a cup of milk. They should be rolled very soft.

A Good Story.

THE LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

"On charitable lists—those trumps which told the public ear who had in secret done the poor a benefit, and half the alms they told of, took themselves to keep them sound. He blazed his name!"

"They do say," said Miss Pitkins to her next neighbor, at a meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, a few months after Melville Thornton's marriage, "they do say that Mrs. Thornton is a dreadfully stuck up thing."

"Yes," replied the other, "and hadn't a cent to her back neither, when she came there. Such people always do hold their heads higher than anybody else, if they happen to get a little money. For my part, I wouldn't take no notice of her if she should come near me. I'd let her know that some folks are as good as others; and Miss Tompkins gave her head a most significant toss."

"Hadn't a cent!" repeated Mrs. Pitkins, with surprise; "why was that story about her rich legacy?"

"Oh, la! I know all about that," Miss Tompkins replied, with a consequential air; "it was just nothing at all."

"Do tell us all about it," cried several ladies, who had gathered round the speaker to hear the news.

"Why you see, I got Dolly Martin her place there with the old housekeeper, a purpose so I could know something that's going on. So when Mr. Thornton brought his wife home, I says to her, 'Dolly, keep your eyes and ears,' and she did. Well, the very first day, after Mrs. Thornton had been round and seen all the fine things he bought for her, I s'pose she felt kind of shamed, so she brings a nice little bundle and gives it to him, telling him that it was her legacy. Dolly says he looked real pleased when he first opened it, and she could see through the key-hole something shining just like gold; but pretty soon he said something to Miss Thornton that made her cry, and then he got up and put it on the mantel shelf. Dolly didn't care to stay any longer, for fear they would come out and catch her."

"Well, what was it? what was it?" cried the eager listeners, as Miss Tompkins suddenly stopped.

"I would call the meeting to order," said the president, whose reproving glance had silenced the loquacious spinster; "we have several items of business to be disposed of, which may as well be done now. I should like to hear the opinion of the ladies as to the present funds, and also the object to which we will devote our labors during the coming year. We have in the treasury about seventy-five dollars, which, rightly used, may do much to advance the cause we profess to love. The meeting is open for discussion on this point."

"I hear," said Mrs. Robinson, the deacon's wife, "that we have many families in town who, from sickness, hard times, and other causes, are suffering, in some cases, at least, for the necessities of life. I think that sum, even doubled, or trebled, would be well applied in relieving their wants."

"This is a matter in which we are all equally interested," remarked the president blandly; "we hope to hear from each of you."

"It is my decided opinion," said Mrs. Wormwood, "in a thriving town like this, where work is plenty, there is no excuse for poverty. Like what Mrs. Robinson speaks of. For my part, I go against encouraging idleness."

"I thought we were at work for the poor heathen," suggested Miss Pitkins; "I'm sure I shouldn't have made so much effort to attend these meetings, if I hadn't supposed so."

"A box of clothing for the missionaries, I should like best," added Miss Tompkins.

"There seems to be such a division of opinion among you," said the chair, "that I will venture to make a suggestion. I see our estimable pastor coming; why not refer the whole matter to him? His judgment must surely be better than ours, for his position gives him a comprehensive view of both home and foreign wants."

This happy expedient was well received, and Rev. Mr. Flint, as he appeared, was at once chosen the arbiter. Gray hairs and wrinkled brow, so oft the type of wisdom did but render more conspicuous and revolting the hard, restless eye, the sinister mouth, and whole contour of selfishness which bespoke the inner nature of this professed man of God. Dollars and cents were the gauge of men's souls in his estimation—money the only evidence of worth!

Alas! that among the holy brotherhood of God's ministering servants, even one such should be found—one whose sheep's clothing could not conceal the wolf beneath.

All honor would we render to that noble class of self-denying men, who shrink not from the call of their Master, though earthly reward pertain not to his service. But when some ministering Judas turns the house of God into a temple of money-changers, sharp indeed should be the scourge which should drive him thence.

Naturally enough, the people under Rev. Mr. Flint's charge, with here and there a noble exception, had partaken of his nature. External religious forms were most scrupulously observed, but the gentle, peaceable fruits of the spirit were fearfully wanting.

But while we are thus digressing, eager faces are looking to their pastor for his decision. His worthy coadjutor, the very devoted president, is "sure his extensive knowledge and sound judgment will render it easy for him to point at once the fit test object for their benevolence."

Rolling his tongue in the peculiar manner he was wont to do when pleased, he thanked the president for her compliment, and would only say, that he considered the ladies present fully competent to decide their own case.

"Do you not think," asked Mrs. Robinson, "that we should take care of the poor among us before we send our charities abroad?"

"Not always," replied Mr. Flint; "there is much danger in helping our poor neighbors, lest we learn them to depend on us instead of trying to help themselves."

"That's just what I said," chimed in Mrs. Wormwood; "folks hadn't any business to be poor here, where they can get work."

"Work is plenty, to be sure," said Miss Priscilla Page, with a significant glance at the last speaker; "pity the *pay* wasn't as plenty, too!"

"I would beg the ladies' attention to the subject under discussion," remarked the chair; "Mr. Flint has not yet given his opinion, which I hope he will do freely."

"As you have called upon me quite unexpectedly, ladies, to advise you in this matter," said Mr. Flint, rising very deliberately, "it would be natural for me to mention the subject which, just at this time, interests me most. Our society—and I say it without boasting—has become one of the largest, wealthiest and most influential in the State. It becomes us, therefore, to send a good name abroad, by the liberality with which we enter into the spirit of the day. Among these reforms, none seem to me so important as a union of the two continents in one great 'Society for evangelizing the world.' Such a society, you know, exists, and in its councils are found some of the greatest men of the age. One hundred dollars would constitute your pastor a life director in this excellent society, and you a name and influence in its councils. I merely mention this subject for your consideration, as we are apt to forget the duties we owe the world and confine ourselves to a narrow circle of benevolence."

Here Mr. Flint took his seat, with an air of profound humility.

"You have heard the very excellent remarks of our pastor," said the president; "I hope it will enlarge our views of duty. Will you take any action on the subject?"

"I move said Mrs. Wormwood, "that we contribute one hundred dollars to this great object Mr. Flint has explained to us, to constitute him a life-director."

The motion was seconded, and carried without any opposition, save that expressed by indignant looks and motionless hands.

"Really, ladies," said Mr. Flint, again rising, "your liberality is praiseworthy. In the name and behalf of the noble society you have honored with your generous vote I tender you my sincere thanks. Your testimony of respect for myself will receive a more public acknowledgement."

"Yes," muttered Miss Priscilla, in an under tone, "I s'pose it will be trumpeted all over creation how very benevolent we are while these poor folks around us are dying from neglect."

"Oh, Miss Tompkins," whispered a nice young lady, "I am dying to know what that legacy of Mrs. Thornton's was; do tell me now, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, tell us all now," said another, as a knot of ladies gathered around her.

"Oh, 'twas nothing but just a little brass frame with a verse from the Bible in it made of brass letters," replied Miss Tompkins, contemptuously.

"Well, that was mean! Who ever heard anything like it? What impudence! I don't wonder he was angry!—these and many other similar expressions, burst from the indignant ladies, as Miss Tompkins concluded her information.

"One side of a story is good till t'other's told," cried Miss Priscilla, who had heard the whole thing; "and as this is a benevolent society, got up for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, it wouldn't do no harm to tell t'other side right here, let it hit where it will."

"Oh, by all means let's have your story, Miss Priscilla," was the universal exclamation, amid cries of "order" from the President.

"I don't want to make any disorder," said she, turning to the President; "but if they'll all listen quietly, I'll tell the story as I heard it; and may be some one or you'll find coats to fit; if you do why put 'em on, that's all."

By this time eyes and ears were all open for Miss Priscilla, an odd, quaint little body had a way of saying things, that was perfectly irresistible to all but the immediate subjects of her sarcastic tongue.

"Well," said she, "as you all seem to be listening, I'll begin with what I see myself. I didn't get no Dolly Martins to peak through the key-hole for me, 'cause you see, news that comes that way, has to be made all over after it squeezes thro' the mantle-shelf a small frame of solid gold and handed it to me, 'and fewer still are they whose lives are guided by these words, which shall usher in the earth's millennium.' I didn't know what to say, he talked so beautiful, but I made up my mind that that legacy was goin' to do more for poor people round here than all our benevolent societies together."

"But you haven't told us what the legacy was yet," said several.

"I told you that Mr. Thornton showed me a frame of solid gold;—well, in this frame were these words, all written in solid gold, too,—I wish you would all attend, 'cause I'm afraid our golden rules have been of lead, or something worse,—this was it: 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' Did you ever hear of these words before, Mr. Flint?" asked the spinster, with a mischievous look.

"You are very facetious, Miss Page," replied he, "I presume we have them engraved on all our hearts."

"When you voted, just now, to let our poor folks suffer and die in their poverty, and send such a lot of money to a rich society, jest to buy us a great name, I didn't see how we could reconcile it with such a rule," said Miss Priscilla.

"Oh, fie! for shame, Miss Priscilla!" exclaimed several voices, while the sanctimonious president looked with holy horror upon the audacious speaker.

"You take a very narrow view, you must allow me to say, Miss Priscilla, of a vast system of benevolence that rule engraved," said Mr. Flint, with feeling; "but we pardon the allusion in consideration of your ignorance of the matters. Shall we close this meeting?" he continued, addressing the president.

What but the cold, solemn mockery, to him whose bosom glows with sympathetic love for the suffering child of poverty, were the words of this world-hardened, money-loving, professed disciple, as he besought a blessing upon their benevolent operations.

Would that from imagination only this picture were drawn, but, alas for human nature, even here truth is stranger than fiction.

"I never was so beat in all my life, and I told Polly so. 'Oh, well,' says she, 'if you'd known half she's done among the poor folks here, you'd be astonished; but she has such a still way with her nobody but those she helps knows anything about it—just that minute somebody knocked at the door, and in walks the very lady I saw at Miss Fletcher's. 'Good morning, Miss Bemis,' said she, 'how do you find yourself to-day?' 'Nicely, many thanks to you, Miss Thornton,' said Polly. 'Oh, no, not to me are your thanks due,' said the lady, with a sweet smile, 'but to Him who has restored your health.' And then she sat down and talked like a saint to us both. I'd heard this very story you've been telling about her, Miss Tompkins, and I couldn't hardly believe my eyes and ears when I saw her; but I meant to find out the truth about it; so when she went away I just followed her out, and she asked me to walk home with her. I told her I should like to, if only for one thing. 'And what is that, pray?' said she. 'To see the curious legacy I've heard so much about,' said I. 'I s'pose

you'd have no objections to show it to me. 'You mean my mother's legacy, I suppose said she; 'I don't know what you've heard about it; but come with me, and I shall be most happy to show it to you.' And then as we walked along she told me what a good mother she had—how she tried to impress upon her children's minds the great object for which they should live—that the world might be better for their having lived in it. She wasn't one mite stuck up, Miss Pitkins, 'cause when we got to her house, she axed me right into her grand parlor, and told me to sit down in the best seat there was.

I felt dreadful ashamed when Mr. Thornton came into the room, and she told him what I'd come for; but he looked real pleased. 'That legacy Miss Priscilla,' said he, 'is worth coming miles to see. If my wife had brought millions of gold to me, I should not have prized it as much as I do this little talisman, which has made so many hearts leap for joy, and changed so many shodds of misery into happy homes. The world has but few such gems, Miss Priscilla,' said he, as he took down from the mantle-shelf a small frame of solid gold and handed it to me, 'and fewer still are they whose lives are guided by these words, which shall usher in the earth's millennium.' I didn't know what to say, he talked so beautiful, but I made up my mind that that legacy was goin' to do more for poor people round here than all our benevolent societies together."

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The Way of Sharpening Edge Tools.—The following is a translation from a German scientific journal:

It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water, to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and after a few hours set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whetstone by corroding the whole surface smoothly, so that nothing further than a smooth polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are frequently improved by it, though the cause of improvement remains unexplained. Of late this process has been applied to many other cutting implements. The workman at the beginning of his noon spell or when he leaves off in the evening moistens the blades of his tools with water acidified as above, the cost of which is almost nothing. This saves the consumption of time and labor in whetting, which moreover speedily wears on the blades. The mode of sharpening here indicated would be found especially advantageous for sickles and scythes.

Seasonable Hints.—This is the best time to prune fruit trees. For standard trees little is necessary beyond thinning out the small branches, to admit light and air freely to all parts of the tree and removing all straggling branches, and that cross each other. In doing this, aim as far as possible to obtain a handsome, well-balanced head. Grapes and stone fruits should be pruned as early as the 1st of March, and we should prefer to prune grapes even earlier than this.

As this is a time of leisure, the trunks of the trees in the orchard should be examined, and any that are mossy should be scraped; and it would be well to give all a good scrubbing with a brush and soft-soap. If the ground is thawed, all suckers that appear around the roots of the trees can be removed; and all shoots on the trunks should be carefully cut away.

Dwarf Trees.—should now receive thorough pruning. It is useless to try to cultivate fruit on dwarf trees without the most thorough pruning and manuring. Certainly, one-half of last year's growth should be cut away, and this should be done understandingly. There should be design in every cut. We have not space to discuss this matter at present.

Original.
For the Journal.
SPRING.
The rough campaign of winter's past
Careering on the northern blast,
He storms the polar sky;
Lo! in the south the timid spring,
Allured by hope, on fluttering wing—
The child of love and joy.
Ethereal spirit, azure born,
How buoyant thy elastic form,
Thy day how pure its close;
Mild breathing o'er the opening year,
In smiles, yet chequered with a tear,
Dried haply ere it flows.
Sweet spring, fond image of the past,
Whose ever verdant scenes are cast
Round visions most divine;
The joy of youth, the dream of age,
The sweetest line of memory's page,
Where love and friendship shine.
Fresh vigor stirs the germs of life
That liv'd 'neath winter's furious strife,
In torpid, chill repose;
Again the beauteous tribe of hues,
Their fragrant influence diffuse—
Long bound by envious snows,
In dalliance with the wanton air,
The Zephyr sighs in secret care,
To every listening fan;
The browsing kine, the frisking lambs,
The mingled sound of bleating dams,
In wild assemblage drawn.
The brooklet's song, the echoing wood,
The grassy hill, the circling flood,
The daisy mantled plain;
These charm the senses, light the eye,
They move the soul to ecstasy.
Creation blooms again.

Agricultural.
He that by the plough would thrive,
Hisself must either hold or drive.

Coal Ashes as a Manure.—Coal ashes are valuable to a certain degree, and should not be wasted. They consist mostly of earthy materials—alumina and silica—with variable proportions of gypsum, carbonate of lime, oxide of iron, sometimes phosphate of lime, and with more or less half-burnt coal. They contain but little potash, and that is mostly derived from the wood used in starting the fires. Different kinds of coals vary much in composition.

They may be applied as a top-dressing to grass lands in autumn or winter—and to cultivate soil are harrowed in. Or they may be mixed with the manure or compost heap. We prefer them to all other purposes for daily use in privies, as they destroy nearly all the traces of bad odor if scattered daily upon the deposits, and being dry, they absorb the water, and render them convenient for spreading.

Their effects will vary much with the ashes from different sources, and with the application to different soils, and we must therefore leave this point to the result of experiments.

Hot-Beds.—Should now be started if the weather is favorable, if designed for growing cucumbers or melons. If intended only to raise plants for the open ground, the middle of March will be time enough.

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Ethereal spirit, azure born,
How buoyant thy elastic form,
Thy day how pure its close;
Mild breathing o'er the opening year,
In smiles, yet chequered with a tear,
Dried haply ere it flows.
Sweet spring, fond image of the past,
Whose ever verdant scenes are cast
Round visions most divine;
The joy of youth, the dream of age,
The sweetest line of memory's page,
Where love and friendship shine.
Fresh vigor stirs the germs of life
That liv'd 'neath winter's furious strife,
In torpid, chill repose;
Again the beauteous tribe of hues,
Their fragrant influence diffuse—
Long bound by envious snows,
In dalliance with the wanton air,
The Zephyr sighs in secret care,
To every listening fan;
The browsing kine, the frisking lambs,
The mingled sound of bleating dams,
In wild assemblage drawn.
The brooklet's song, the echoing wood,
The grassy hill, the circling flood,
The daisy mantled plain;
These charm the senses, light the eye,
They move the soul to ecstasy.
Creation blooms again.

Original.
For the Journal.
SPRING.
The rough campaign of winter's past
Careering on the northern blast,
He storms the polar sky;
Lo! in the south the timid spring,
Allured by hope, on fluttering wing—
The child of love and joy.
Ethereal spirit, azure born,
How buoyant thy elastic form,
Thy day how pure its close;
Mild breathing o'er the opening year,
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