

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Select Poetry.

From Frank Leslie's Family Magazine.
"CASTLES IN THE AIR."

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

In early youth what merry dreams
Were ever in my thought,
Of rosy tints, of golden hues,
From passing sunbeams caught!
One time I was a noble knight,
With lance and broadsword fair,
And I was happy as a king
In "Castles built in Air!"

A poet once, I dreamed of fame,
That worlds should read my thought;
A soldier striving for a name,
In many a field would fight.
And oft I dreamed of one sweet face,
Which met me everywhere,
And filled with rapture and delight
My "Castles in the Air!"

I've lived to see my castles fall,
My broad lands fade away;
The poet's garden of renown,
The warrior's fame decay!
And pass'd away that bright young age
For earth too purely fair!
Before life's truth have vanished all
My "Castles in the Air!"

"All Mankind are Barbers."

I'll prove to my friend, I hope,
That none a doubt can harbor,
But all the world's a barber shop,
And every man a barber.

Some shave to make themselves look neat,
And some because 'tis funny;
But brokers shave you in the streets,
And only shave for money.

Some shave their foreheads slick and clean,
If with low heads they're brother'd,
But 'tis plainly to be seen
That they're the ones that's father'd.

To court a girl with eloquence,
The dandy never frets her,
But lathers her with compliments,
And shaves her when he gets her.

The maidens, also, now and then,
Who are so fond of sporting,
Soft-soap the shallow-minded men,
And shave 'em while they're courting.

But men and girls who this will boast
Of soaping while they're married,
Will find at last, with bitter cost,
That both get shaved when married.

Humorous Sketches.

HARP SERMON.

My beloved Brethering—I am an un-larnt hard-shell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt heard before, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and pint out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to the streets of the Jerusalem, and my text, which I shall choose for the occasion, in the words of the Bible somewhere between the 2d Chronicles and the last chapter of Timothy's Epistles, and when you find it you will find it in these words:

"And they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born."

Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an unmedicated man, and know nothin about grammar talk and colledge highfalutin; but I'm a plain unlarnt preacher of the Gospel which's been fore-ordained, and called to expound Scriptures to a dyin world, in prepar a preverse generation for the day of wrath; for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born.

My beloved brethering, the text says they shall gnaw a file, it don't say they may, but it says they shall. And now there's more'n one kind of file. There's the hand saw file, rat-tail file, double file and profile; but the kind of file spoken of here isn't one of them kind neither; because it's a figger of speech, my brethering, and it means getting it alone, getting ukered; for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born.

And now there be some here with fine clothes on thar backs, brass rings on thar fingers, and lard on thar har, what goes it while thare young; and thar be brothers here what, as long as thar constitutions and forty cent whisky last, goes it blind; and thar be sisters what, when they get sixteen years old cut their filler ropes and goes it with a rush; but I say my dear brethering, take care that you don't find when Gabriel blows his last trump, that you've all went it alone and got ukered; for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born.

And, my brethering, there's more dams besides Hepsidam, Amsterdam, mill-dam, and don't-care-a-dam—the last of which,

my dear brethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a circumstance I once knew in the State of Illenoy. Thar was a man what built a mill on the east side of Agur Creek, and it ground a site of grain, but the man what buit it was a miserable sinner, sad never giv nothin to the church, and, my brethering, there come a dreadful storm of wind and rain, and the fountains of the great deep was broken up and water rushed down and swept that man's mill dam into kingdom come, and lo and behold when he got up in the morning, he found he was not worth a dam. Now, my young brethering, when the storms of temptation overtake ye, take care you don't fall from grace and become like the man's mill, not worth a dam, for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born.

Whar the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born. This part of the text, my brethering, is another figger of speech, and isn't to be taken as it says. It don't mean the howling wilderness, whar John the hard shell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses, but it means my brethering, the city of New Orleans, the mother of harlots—whar corn is worth six bits a bushel one day and nary red the next; whar niggers are as thick as black bugs in spoiled bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves and pickpockets go skitting about the street like weasels in a barn-yard—whar they have cream colored horses, gilded carriages, marble saloons with brandy and sugar in 'em; whar honest men are scatter than hen's teeth; and a strange woman once tuk in your beloved preacher and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twenty seven dollars in the twinkling of a sheep's tail; but she can't do it again. Hallelujah! for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam whar the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born.

My brethering, I am captain of that flat boat you see tied up thar, and I've got aboard her flour, bacon and oats, and potatoes and apples, and as good Monongahely whisky as you ever drank; and I'm mighty apt to get a big price for it all. But, what, oh, my brethering, would it all be worth if I hadn't reldigin? Thar's nothin like reldigin, my brethering. It's better nor silver and gold jimeracks, and you can no more get to heaven without it than without a tail. Thank the Lord I'm an unmedicated man, my brethering, but I've searched the scriptures from Dan to Burshebe, and found old Zion right side up, and hard shell reldigin is the best of all reldigins. And it's not like the Methodists what expects to git into heaven by hollerin hell fire nor like the Universalists what gits upon the broad gage and goes the whole hog; nor the United Brethering what takes each other by the seats of their trowsers and tries to lift themselves into Heaven, nor the Catholics what buys thru tickets from the preests—but it may be likened, my brethering, unto a man what had to cross a river, and when they got thar the ferry-boat had gone, and he just rolled up his breeches and waded over—hallelujah, for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wangedoodle mourneth for its first-born.

Pass the hat brother Flint, and let every hard shell shell out. Amen.

A Practical Joke.

Saturday morning last, two strangers arrived in this city, determined to abide here a few days to see the "sights," and among them Wheatland, the home of Mr. Buchanan. Not knowing where it was situated, they made inquiry, and were informed that it was about one mile out from the city, on the Harrisburg turnpike, which was found without much difficulty. After walking out that way for about two miles, they made inquiry if this was the Harrisburg pike, which was answered in the affirmative. On their journey, they inquired of several persons who all answered them that this was the Harrisburg pike; at length they arrived at Landsville about six miles from the city, when confident that they had reached their destination, they inquired which was the residence of the President; but what was their chagrin to be informed that they were about five miles from it and were on the wrong pike. They walked the whole distance back again, without having accomplished their object, and in return breathing vengeance upon the head of the joker who sent them on a fruitless errand.—*Lanc. Times.*

Ab, John, my uncle has been to New York and yourn haint. Well, what of thar, my uncle has been to jail and yours haint.

Select Miscellany.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A WIFE.

A New York editor says he had an introduction last week to the heroine of the following sketch:

Mr. —, a merchant now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather an extravagant style, was in the habit every Monday morning of giving his wife a certain sum of money for the table and other household expenses of the week he never mentioned his business to his wife, and she deeming him capable of attending to his own affairs never inquired into them. About five years after marriage through some slight mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr. — suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned 'sympathizingly' on change, and like all such matter, there all sympathy ended. The merchant kept the affair secret, and the first intimation his lady had of it was a news paragraph. Shortly after dinner was over, on the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. — requested her husband to remain in the parlor a few moments, as she said she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly after returned with a splendidly bound Bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband, she said:

"George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me; and as your brow looks sad to-day, I now return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in the hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at its face; it was \$10.—He opened the book again, and another note of the same amount fell before him. He opened it at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves till he arrived at the commencement of the book of Revelations. He was saved, could commence business, and had a capital of nine thousand dollars.

He rang the bell; a servant appeared. "Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entering the room with something between a tear and a smile.

"Kate! where did you procure all this money?"

"This is the weekly savings of our household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten out of the twenty dollars which you gave me into our Bible bank, that when a day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf."

"But why put it in the Bible, Kate?"

"Because it is a good bank, one which will not suddenly break," replied the lady.

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Rude were the manners then; a man and his wife eat of the same trencher; a few wooden handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great—candles were unknown. A servant girl held a torch at supper; one or two mugs of coarse earthenware formed all the drinking apparatus in the house, Rich gentlemen wore clothes of unlined leather.—Ordinary persons scarcely even touched flesh meat. The nobility drank little or no wine in the summer, a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage portions; even rich women dressed extremely plain. The chief part of the family's were what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which, however, were very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre, and to use less assiduity in spinning and playing distaff. What is only a symptom of prosperity in large, is the sure sign of ruin in the small States. So in Florence we might very well deplore what in London or Paris would be praised or cause a smile. Wretchedly, indeed, plebians loved; and if noble castles were cold and dreary everywhere, they were infinitely worse in Italy, from the horrible modes and torture and characteristic cruelty too frightful to dwell on. Few of the infamous structures but at the time treated of stand, at present, yet their ruins disclose rueful corners.

STUCK UP FOLKS.

'I don't like these people—they are so dreadfully stuck up,' was the remark we overheard the other day. What are 'stuck up people?' thought we, and we looked around to see if we could find any.

Do you see that man over yonder, leaning up to that hotel piazza, twirling a shadow walking cane, and now then coaxing the hair on the upper lip, and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they observe him?—he belongs to the stuck up folks. What is the occasion? Well, he happens to have a rich father, and a foolish and vain mother, who taught him that he isn't 'common folks' at all, and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity; and so he has become stuck up. He doesn't take the pains to learn any thing, for he doesn't fall the need of knowing any more. He does not work, for he is never required to, and he is so extensively stuck up that he hasn't the least idea that he will ever come down. He doesn't know, however.

There goes a young woman—lady, she calls herself—with the most condescending air to no one in particular and an all-pervading consciousness that 'creation and all the rest of mankind' are looking at and admiring her. She has never earned the salt she eats; knows a little, a very little—of a good many things and nothing thoroughly of any thing; is most anxious lest she should be troubled to make a selection out of fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, she supposes. She is one of the stuck up folks and that is about all she is.

The oldish gentleman over the way, barricaded with about a yard of shirt collar, guarded with a gold headed cane, with a pompons air—do you see him? Well, he is only of those stuck up, too. He has been so about ten years, since he got off his leather apron and began to speculate successfully in real estate.

There are 'other folks of this class, some stuck up by having at some time been constable, a justice of the peace, an alderman and in various other ways they got stuck up notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to the dignity of pride; they are not distinguished folks, for they have not ability or character enough to make them so. They are just what they appear to be—stuck up. Let them stick!

THE LADY WHO WEARS NO HOOPS.

We saw her on the street. She was of medium height, with large, black, brilliant eyes, and an intellectual face. Her garments were plain, but neat and tidy, and she wore no hoops.

This lady had a large bundle on her arm. It was work, "slop work," containing many thousand stitches, all made with her own fingers. The load was heavy, and bore hard on her delicate frame. But she walked fast and slid easily thro' the crowd, for she wore no hoops.

We glanced at the hand which grasped so lightly the bundle which she carried. It was delicate, yet browned by exposure and labor. No silken glove protected it from the rays of the sun, and though almost faultless in shape, it presented evidence of hard usage in the world. Yet it was a hand that would have looked lovely on a fashionable skirt, but that it will never do, for this lady wears no hoops.

We watched her carriage. Despite her burthen, it was graceful. Her step was regular and elastic, her head erect, and her tread soft. There, thought we, is natural grace, though the lady wears no hoops.

But is she a lady? Aye, and a true one. Follow her, with that bundle, to her employer's store, and listen to the language of a lady, as it falls sweetly from her lips. See with what grace she receives her pittance for her labor, and how smiling and happy, she returns to her home, and you will declare her a lady, if she does not wear hoops.

Follow her home. Observe the cleanliness of the apartments, and the neatness which pervades her household. See her, as she pats her little and orphaned ones on the cheek, and gravely and sincerely thanks God that she is favored with health sufficient to enable her to labor for their support, and you must acknowledge that she is a lady, a true lady even if she does not wear hoops.

She is a lady, a true lady, because she devotes herself to her woman's mission. Her children's welfare, her children's happiness, lie nearest her heart, though condemned to adversity. She pursues her way cheerfully, though sadly it may oftentimes be. She prefers to bestow all the attractions heaven and education have given her to her home, humble as it may

be, and has neither time nor attention to bestow upon such frivolities as hoops. Those who choose may judge a gentleman by the cut of his cloth, and a lady by the immensity of her crinoline, but we can tend that there are many ladies, true ladies, who do not wear hoops.—*Nashville Gazette.*

An End to Kissing.

A short time since the affectionate public was astonished by the story of a young lady whose neck was dislocated in consequence of the ill advised resistance which she offered to the amicable salute of an admirer more ardent than discreet. Our last exchanges from Europe now match this tale with another of an inquest held at Leeds on the body of a young man of 21, who fell down stairs and killed himself in course of an attempt to snatch a kiss from the unwilling lips of a girl of fifteen. Some of our contemporaries deduced the first of these occurrences the wholesome moral that young ladies should never oppose the advance of their admirers. In common fairness we are now bound to infer from the second accident that no man should ever attempt to take a kiss until it is offered to him. Between the two lessons there is reason to fear that an ancient and not altogether disagreeable custom may be summarily abolished.

A Wall Street Scene.

The other day a Jerseyman was observed standing in Wall street gazing very earnestly at one of those harmless Chinese canines which are so much admired by dog connoisseurs. N. J. Jersey was a rampant crowd of brokers. Jersey looked at them and then at the 'dog.'

'I say, mister,' said he, speaking to a gorgeously robed Bull, whose hands were filled with 'stock lists,' 'I say, does that dog belong to you?'

Bull nodded, distantly.

'Yea—well, I thort so—blast me! ef I didn't.'

'What made you think that dog belonged to me?'

'Well, I wasn't so adzackly sure he belonged to you, but I was certin the dog had dealing with you or some of your friends.'

'Why so?' said Bull, getting excited.

'Cause he's so darnedly closed shaved—there ain't a har on 'im.'

'The clock struck ten; I seized my hat and bade good night to all, except the lass I courted; she came with me through the hall; she stood within the portal, and I gazed upon her charms, and oh! I longed that moment to clasp her in my arms. She spoke about the moon and stars—how clear and bright they shone; I said I thought the crops would fail unless we had rain soon. Then I edged a little closer, put my arms around her waist, and gazed upon those rosy lips I longed so much to taste. Said I, my dearest Susy, I'll never rest contented, if I leave to night without a kiss! Will surely glow demented. Then up she turned her rosy mouth, and everything was handy; quick from her lips I seized a kiss, oh, Yankee Doodle Dandy! Then off for home I started, I could no longer stay; with a light heart and breeches thin, I whistled all the way.—Hence learn this truth, ye bashful youth, who seek for wedded bliss, no lass will love until you move her feelings with a kiss.'

How to Punish the Wolf.

In the village of Consequence, in the Jura, a wolf was caught in a snare, which caused a deal of excitement and some joy. The wolf, after being led through the village, was brought to a solemn convale before the church, when the people discussed the best mode of punishment. As a matter of course they disagreed.

'Let us hang him by the paws!'

'Let us drown him!'

'Let us burn him to death!'

'Let us burn him alive!'

'No,' said a peasant, who was very unhappy in his domestic relations, 'let us marry him!'

'Get out of the way, old Dan, Tucker. You're too late to come to supper.'

This popular song has been changed, in the course of advancing refinement, so as to read—Will the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq., have the goodness to withdraw for a few minutes, as in consequence of his late arrival, it will be impossible for him to take his evening refreshments at the first table.

ATTACHMENT TO VIOLINS.—The violins, it is well-known, is one of the most difficult instruments to finger. A patent has been granted to Jackson Gorham, of Bairdstown, Ga., for a device consisting of four fingers, which press the string on to the finger board in any desired place; so that ordinary performers will be able to execute music in any key, fingering only in those keys on which the great mass of performers play, viz., the keys of one, two and three strings.

Queer Bits.

The following letter was sent by a father to his son at college:

"My Dear Son: I write to send you two pairs of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some socks that your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half and only sent you five. Your mother and I are all well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he's the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not, then you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

RECONCILIATION.—At a social party in Cincinnati, recently, a young lawyer observed a young lady approaching, whom he had the misfortune to offend. He extended his hand and exclaimed:

"Good evening, Mary."

"Miss Mary, if you please," said the young lady, bristling up at his familiarity. "We can miss you, Mary, only when you are absent," and they were soon reconciled. It is said that she will soon be missed no more.

The following is a report made by one of our local reporters—

"We had scarcely reached the scene when the lurid heavens grew into one bond, concave sheet of everlasting refulgence. The furnace-like intensity of the flame flung fierce and far the hot, destroying rays, and in spite of the superhuman exertions of the firemen, the whole was reduced to ruin. Loss not worth mentioning."

A TENDER REPROOF.—A very little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after parental correction, to ask the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed him to the door of his room. In hisp accents she heard him ask to be made better, never to be angry again; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, "Lord, make me my temper better too."

A young man of our acquaintance undertook to commit suicide last Friday, by shooting his dagger into his side. He was unsuccessful however. This is the third attempt he has made on his life within the last three months. Cause—broken sleep brought on by intense devotion to a piece of calico with ringlets attached.

CON.—Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

Why is U the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet? Because it's always in trouble and difficulty.

Francis Pigg, of Indiana, has run away from M. S. Pigg and four little Piggs. The Post says he is a Hog.

A Kentucky girl, who married a fellow of mean reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle.

"I know, uncle," she replied, "that Joe is not good for much; but he said I dare not have him, and I won't take a stump from anybody."

Mr. Shrubbs, on being introduced to Miss Jenkins, took occasion to say that she favored a sister of his very much.

"In what particular," rejoined the lady.

"Why," replied the wag, "you are a female!"

A gentleman advertises for a "black leather CARPET bag!"

This is almost as correct as a recent advertisement of the contents of a lost trunk among which were said to be a "blue-gentleman's cloth coat."

"My dear, come in and go to bed, said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly 'how come-you-so state.' 'You must be dreadful tired, sure with your long walk of six miles.'

"Arrah! get away with your nonsense," said Pat; "it wasn't the length of the walk at all that fatigued me—'twas the breadth of it."

"Jack, said a man to a lad just entering his teens, your father is drowned."

"Darn it," replied the young hopeful, he has got my knife in his pocket."

A young lady on being told that her most favored lover was killed, exclaimed:

"Oh! that splendid gold watch of his—give me something to remember him by!"

Farmers' Column.

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

This is the season for buckwheat cakes, and good ones are made as follows: Dissolve a piece of fresh "baker's sponge" in milk warm water. Then put in a se've one part flour to three parts buckwheat, which must be sifted into a pan, and set, or mixed with the dissolved "sponge." When the mixture is perfectly light, pour in a little melted butter, add salt, then a yeast powder, or a little soda and acid, all well stirred in, then bake immediately.

Trees in being transplanted, to do well, must be taken up with care, with all the roots possible. These should not be exposed to the sun, wind or frost. The ground in which they are to be planted should be deeply ploughed—large holes dug to receive the trees, which must not be planted quite as deep as they are in the nursery, as the ground will afterwards settle. No grain crop should be cultivated around them—but root crops are most suitable, as the hoeing of them will aid in keeping the ground mellow about the trees.

Lice on Young Cattle.—Look closely into the coats of young cattle now, and let not any vermin live on their necks and backs. It is an easy matter to kill these lice, and as all lousy cattle come out poor in the spring, it's barbarous to let such small mites as lice have their own way through the winter.

Farmers find out in the spring that their calves are poor and lousy, and they make a stir for a remedy.

Any greasy matter, well rubbed in, will kill these lice. Ashes sifted on their backs will do it. Yellow snuff costs but little, and is better than the juice of tobacco. Fine sand sifted on them will drive off lice; the only objection to sand is that it causes an itching on our cattle in the spring.

To Sweeten Ranch Butter.—An agriculturalist, near Brussels has discovered that butter so rancid as to be past use can be restored so as to have all the sweetness of fresh butter. This operation is extremely simple and practicable for all. It consists in beating the butter in a sufficient quantity of water, into which had been mixed 25 to 30 drops of chloride of lime to two pounds of butter. After having brought all its parts in contact with the water, it may be left for an hour or two; afterwards withdrawn and washed anew in fresh water.

The History and Habits of the Army Worm.—A friend who has made entomology a subject of study, furnishes us with some of the results of his investigations into the character, habits and history of the army worm, of which so many complaints have arisen in various parts of the country. The out-patch west of the Smithsonian grounds supplied him with specimens and an opportunity to observe much concerning these devouring pests. Our friend's first impression, and which indeed he retains, was that the worm in question is identical with the grass worm of the South. Present appearances all attest this identity, but it will require the complete round of transformation to be gone through with before it can be considered certain. This worm destroys corn, clover, grain, and every kind of grass, and weeds between the rows of cotton.—Its caterpillar, just before changing into the chrysalis, hides under stones, and where the ground is broken, under clods of dirt. Their enemies are formidable, the largest being the toad, which stuffs itself with them almost to bursting. The stomach of a toad, taken in the out-patch above referred to, having been cut open was found filled with these worms, mixed with a few wings of beetles. The army worm has another enemy in the black larva of what seems to be a necrophorus, which preys upon the caterpillar. Besides these there is a small ichneumon, or at all events a parasitical fly, which deposits its eggs all over the back of the caterpillar, and they, when matured, spin cocoons which send forth a cloud of other flies to repeat the process. Specimens of the army worm sent thither from Maryland were entirely destroyed by a fly much like the common house fly, but with a lighter colored series of rings around the abdomen, which is hirsute and tipped with brown, belonging to the family of Muscoidae. It is a merciful provision of nature, that, as these worms increase so do the parasitical foes which feed upon and destroy them. But for this the consequences would be terrible indeed to all the hopes of the agriculturalist.—*National Intelligencer.*