

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

OF THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

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All communications must be addressed to the Editor, post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged; if no definite order is given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charge accordingly.

MORE CONCLUSIVE PROOF

Of the extraordinary efficacy of

Dr. Wm. Evans'

CELEBRATED MEDICINES,

IN ALLEVIATING AFFLICTED MAN-

KIND.

CASE OF DYSPENSIA.

Mr. David Morris, 41 South street, N. York, had been severely afflicted with dyspepsia for upwards of three years, during which time he seldom experienced any relief. He was troubled with constant vomiting, and on some occasions raised blood and difficulty of breathing, drowsiness, uneasy sleep, loss of appetite, giddiness, unpleasant taste in the mouth, with forced tongue. All these distressing symptoms disappeared, after using Dr. Wm. Evans' celebrated medicines. Mr. M. called a day or two back, and stated the above, also, he is willing to afford any further information regarding the nature and cure of his case to those similarly afflicted. Office No. 19 North 8th st. Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1838.

I am happy to write you this, Sir: I am truly for the relief they have given me—I mean the CAMOMILE PILLS. About two years ago I was much troubled with Dyspepsia. My symptoms were very alarming. I was sometimes subject to fainting, great weakness, no rest at night, and not able to eat anything, if I did it was sure to be thrown up. I could not keep any nourishment in my body. At last gave up all hope, and told my physicians that I could have no use for them—I must die, said I; so there is no use in paying any more doctor's bills. About a month ago, a cousin of mine came to see me; after talking awhile about my sickness, told him I had taken almost every medicine that was spoken of as good for any complaint. He said, "Have you tried Dr. Evans' CAMOMILE PILLS?" I said, "No." Well he then gave me a package he had bought the day before for his wife, and said he would get another for her. I commenced taking the pills and am happy to state, that in two weeks I was hearty and well, and able to write this letter, which I could not have done when I was sick, because my hands were nervous. I have written this in pure gratitude to you. I hope you will publish this and let it be known. I would publish it myself, but I am very poor and not able to pay for publishing it. I think you will gain an advantage for I am well known among all those of the trade I am in, and to many of them. I fear are now near death's door, for want of some proper medicine to cure Dyspepsia. Any person wishing to see me call at my house, No. 221 Poplar Lane; or at my shop in Front street, third door above Coates street.

I remain yours, &c.

GEO. C. MARTIN

The above medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

Case of Inflammatory Rheumatism. Another positive proof of the extraordinary success of Dr. Wm. Evans' practice.

Mr. Mouson, at Mrs. Lewis', 21 Bowers, N. Y. was laboring under a violent inflammatory Rheumatism, being completely unable to move in his bed without assistance, with extreme pain in his legs and arms, which were swollen to an enormous size, with great heat, excessive thirst, dryness of skin, and violent pain in the head, &c., all of which was within forty-eight hours greatly relieved by EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS, and in a few days restored to perfect health.

The Pills are for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon, Pa.

A Case of Tic Doleureux.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic Doleureux, violent pain in the head, and vomiting, with burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Evans' medicine, and from that time she began to amend, and feels satisfied if she continues the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs. Johnson's daughter's Store, 339 Grand street, N. Y.

The Pills are for sale at Jacob Miller's Store, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd From various gardens cul'd with care."

I CANNA BID HIM GANG, MITHER.

A very simple and very pretty ballad has been written by our neighbor, Mr. Andrew McMakin, of the Saturday Courier; the music of which is by Mr. Knight, the composer; and the dedication of which is to that accomplished songstress, Miss Shreff. We favor our readers with the poet's words—

—U. S. GAZETTE.

I canna bid him gang, mither,
I canna bid him gae,
Inceed 'twould brak my heart, mither,
Gin he should chance obey,
He's ae sae kind and winsome
As we walk on the lea,
And 'twalk the pride of fifty maids,
He ae returns to me.

Be sure he be's thee well, mither,
An' feyther too, I trow—
Then do not bid him gang, mither,
And prayers will ever flow;
For he's ae sae kind and winsome,
And brave I'm sure wad he
As any lad on Scotia's heather,
Or e'en in Christendee.

Then do not bid him gang, mither,
An' steep my heart in woe—
Indeed 'twill brak in twain, mither,
To bid dear Willie go;
For he's ae sae kind and winsome,
As we walked on the lea—
An' though the pride of fifty maids,
He ae returns to me.

THE SO.'S VOW.

"Love's lord of Truth and Loyalty;
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes up to the purest sky."—SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

"Casimir, I have a request yet to make; nay, a command—before I die."
"Say on, Sir. You shall be obeyed."
"You know what I have suffered; you know the injuries I have experienced; I would have you swear eternal hatred to Russia!"

"Father, I swear."
"Heaven bless you, my son. My persecutions, my misfortunes, my bodily sufferings, have often caused your heart to bleed for me, Casimir. It is not a common hatred to these Northern despots, the tyrants and usurpers, that I would urge upon you; it is a deep-rooted detestation—to the death—ha, ha!—hatred to the death, my son. Form no friendship with them; cherish no affection; lend no sympathy; give them nothing but your curse!"

The old man, as he concluded, rose in his bed, and his son repeated the oath, which he dictated. The sight was even as that of the youthful Hannibal obeying the summons of the veteran Hamilcar, to wage a constant war upon Rome. Exhausted by the effort, the dying warrior sank on the young man's shoulder, and presently he ceased to breathe.

It was some eleven or twelve months after the above described event, that Count Casimir Varenki was seated in his lodgings at Vienna, engaged in earnest conversation with a young Austrian officer, whose acquaintance he had but lately made, and from whom he hoped to experience more real friendship than from the generality of individuals into whose society we are thrown upon first entering the "world."

"And where did you see this matchless beauty, this charming incognito?" yawned forth Leopold Orlitz to his comrade, throwing listlessly away from him the elegantly carved pipe, his business with which he had just brought to a conclusion, and falling back into his chair.

"From this very window," was the reply.

"So, so, her house is opposite to your own *loggia* then? This is admirable; you can interchange signs and glances, transmit billets, and perform a hundred other pretty love-like ceremonies from morn till night, or if you will, till morn again, and, if skillfully managed, all without fear of detection."

"Nay, nay, you mistake, she walks on the opposite side of the street almost daily. I have watched her?"

Orlitz somewhat sharply interrupted—
"And has she ever seen her admirer?"

Varenki colored—"Once," indeed he said.

"And was the impression favorable?"

"I hope—I think it was."
"Indeed! Who accompanies her in her promenade?"

"An elderly lady, her mother, I should imagine."

"Ah, well. And her hour of waking?"

Varenki hesitated.
"Nay, answer me. I have special reasons for thus questioning you. The hour?"

"About three."
"Excellent! We are upon the stroke now! Hark! do you hear the chimes? To the window Casimir; the day is fine—she may pass even as we look out."
"Impossible; go not, go not, Leopold."
"Nonsense. This is absurd, childish. You ask me to aid you in your love suit, and actually decline to point out the object which attracts you. If you would blindfold me, better dispense with my services altogether."

"Well, as you will; but for my part—"
"Quick, Casimir! quick to the window, the window! tell me, is it, is it yonder maiden—there—there?"

The Austrian's face was in a glow of excitement as he spoke, and Varenki perceiving it, rose hurriedly and trembling to discover the cause of this effect.

"This she!" he exclaimed. "Is she not beautiful?"

"Bah! There are a thousand like her in the empire, that is a thousand whom it should suit you as well to admire as that coquetish fair one. Take my word for it, she is a coquette—a determined coquette, Casimir. Love her! Bah!"

"What! do you know her, then?"

"Know her! I have spoken to—danced with her."
"You are a happy man."
"On that account! I shall in all probability, be made happy to night then?"

"Hah! will she be at the Count Imloff's?"

"She will. Do you wish to accompany me? that is shall I play the introducer?"

"Imloff is a Russian. I cannot set foot in his house."

It seemed as a though a sudden and a happy thought had flashed across the brain of the young officer as he quickly and anxiously added, "True true! I had forgot. But you shall come with me to the English Ambassador's to-morrow night, and there I will introduce you."

"Agreed, I have no objection to that."
"Well, for the present, then *adieu*!"

As his friend quitted the room, Casimir Varenki could not avoid observing a sinister expression upon his usually frank and open countenance, and his thoughts recurred to the agitation evinced by his demeanor and words upon first perceiving the fair one in question. Moreover, he had left so abruptly, without even hinting the name or station of the maiden, although he knew her and danced with her! But then, he had seemed really anxious to introduce him; and with this reflection Varenki endeavored to suppress certain unpleasant reflections.

When Orlitz came, according to appointment, to accompany his friend to the source, so light and joyful an air sat on his features, that it seemed impossible to doubt or suspect and further. They entered together the spacious apartment devoted to the embassy, and the first object which met the gaze of the young man was the identical beauty who engrossed the Pole's every thought, and to his mind looked more beautiful and graceful than ever. Orlitz advanced, and after a few casual complimentary words presented his friend—but in so hushed a tone was the whole presentation made that Varenki was totally unable to catch the sounds bearing the name he so coveted to hear. Yet did this form no impediment to the easy flow of words which he called up for the occasion. He had prepared a few trifling compliments open with, such as must have proved inoffensive to the proudest; these were followed by the natural and unstudied language of sentiment and romance, which finding a speedy echo in the bosom of her to whom it was addressed, was soon immersed in the more engrossing theme of love. Ay, start not reader, it was a love at first sight, born of deep and searching looks to which words were but secondary.—Start not, such a love does exist as love from the eyes!

The hand struck up a waltz. To escape the scrutiny of the ever-observant, the lovers (as we may term them) arose from the spot where they had been engaged in their little drama, filling up scenes as it were, of which the plot and arrangement had been previously sketched out, and mingled with the dancers.

An approving murmur resounded the *salon de danse* as Varenki and his partner took their station.

Suddenly the cheek of the young Pole turned pale, his eyes rolled in wild excitement, the big drops of perspiration streamed heavily down his brows, and when his beautiful companion awaited the pressure of his arm upon her waste, violently stamping his foot upon the ground he turned his back upon her, and instantly disappeared.

Amid the general murmur one voice had whispered, "Casimir Varenki has done wisely to reject his rash oath. The lovely Russian was a prize not to be despised!"

CHAPTER II.

Catharine Altoff was the only child of a Russian General, who, dying in the service of his country had left her to the care of an affectionate and indulgent mother. Educated in the rules of a strict propriety and decorum, Catharine had learnt to moderate and soften down a natural sprightliness of character and youthful levity, into a thoughtful yet highly naive and unaffected demeanor; and slight out-breaks of childhood, which, under a milder system, might in after life have run in an adverse direction, were thus brought back and imbedded into the right course. She was, in fact, at the time that her ever watchful parent took up her abode in Vienna, a very model to others of her sex and beauty, though in this latter respect she had certainly few equals; and it is little to be wondered at, that in due course of time the talented and beautiful Russian became environed with admirers. She received flatteries, compliments, and declarations, without number, both from peer and plebeian; but her own natural good sense and discrimination bore her triumphantly through the test of admiration, and at the same time, left her vanity in all cases without wound. The most favored of her suitors was unquestionably the young Austrian, Orlitz; but flame of love never burned with true brightness in her breast, until she had beheld the Polish stranger. There eyes had often met. Oftentimes, unknown to him, she had watched his footsteps; but as we have shown, their meeting at the ball, while productive of a mutual avowal of love, was terminated in a manner so strange and inexplicable that the pride of the lady was, for the first time in her life, galled and tasked to the utmost.

But to revert for the moment to our hero; with a throbbing heart and burning brain did Varenki throw himself on his couch, and yield up his mind to agonizing reflection; for he had madly loved, and was now determined at all hazards, by reason of his vow to shake off that love. At earliest day he rose, and wrote the following letter, which was despatched with all speed to the party whom he addressed:

"Sir, When I first courted your acquaintance, my motive was to find one in whom I could confide, and whose confidence I might in like manner share; in short a true and sincere friend; and I deemed that such a friend I had found in you. I have discovered my error; and though the lesson be a bitter one, it is nevertheless not unprofitable, nor shall it be unheeded, if destiny ever places me in a situation similar to that in which you found me—a wanderer and unknown to all. I have now to demand satisfaction from you; satisfaction according to the custom of society. This you cannot deny me. You are a votary to the world, and must obey its dictates, and prove how worthy and zealous a champion you are in its cause. It is my intention, should I survive, to quit, ere long, for Paris, consequently the bearer will arrange for our meeting this day at sunset. It is needless for me to explain my reason for this step; you know the secret of my heart, and have betrayed the confidence reposed in you."

CASIMIR VARENKI.

To Leopold Orlitz, &c.

Upon the receipt of this epistle, and after having arranged all matters with the bearer as to the proposed *recontre*, Orlitz with a firm and resolute step, set out for the abode of Madame Altoff, to pour into her daughter's ear a renewal of his love, & turn the conduct of the unfortunate Casimir to the best advantage for himself. He found the maiden seated in her *boudoir*, abstracted and melancholy; but a curl was upon her lip when he entered.

"I trust," said he, "that the fatigues of the past night have left but little trace of their existence in the frame of the fair Catharine Altoff?"

"Oh, I have sustained but little."
"Nay, it was late when you stood up for the waltz with the young Varenki. By the way—Orlitz assumed a careless and indifferent air, while his listener was staring to the quick at his words.—I regret extremely to have introduced one who knew so little of polite society as to start away at the very commencement of a dance, and abandon his partner, because forsooth, a creditor or an injured husband, or a disregarded *protégé* was discovered in the apartment."

"And was this then the cause?"

"Nay, I know not; it is merely from presumption, built upon appearance and general observation that I speak. For myself, I regret the acquaintance of the man from the bottom of my heart; but alas! he was in trouble, and my pity was excited for him. I could not have expected that my friend would have proved unworthy of it."

"Well, it is over now—let us drop the subject."

"True, we will so; and our meeting, this evening, ends my part of the business with him."

"Speak! do you refer to a duel?"

"Could I suffer such behaviour to the beautiful Catharine to go unrevenged?"

"It must remain so, Orlitz, for my sake."

"Should I accede to your request, will you to that which I have to make?"

"What is its purport?"

"That you will become my bride."
"It is a bold one; yet give me time for thought."
"I have none."
"Orlitz! I entreat—I implore of you, be not so obdurate; consent to this."
"Do you give me hope—much hope?"

"Ah, that will I, above all your rivals."
"Al, Catharine?"

"All whom you have told me that you feared."
Orlitz bit his lip, but added, "Catharine I will endeavor to conciliate my adversary; I am unable to promise more."

And at sunset, that same day, did Orlitz and Varenki meet, as they thought, alone. The rude attempts at conciliation on the part of the former, were rejected with scorn and indignation. The Austrian smiled at the failure he experienced, he knew his skill as a swordsman, he had the choice of weapons, and at the commencement of the affray Casimir Varenki fell wounded.

It was late in the night; a light however, was visible in the drawing-room at Madame Altoff's; and Orlitz, rapidly on his intimacy with the owners, sought admission into the house.

A dismal spectacle met his gaze on entering the chamber now occupied by Madame Altoff and her daughter. The one was pale and apparently lifeless; while the other was busily engaged in bathing her much beloved child's temples with vinegar. As he approached, however, Catharine slightly opened her eyes. He was about to speak, when she interrupted him.

"This is an unusual hour, an unusual mode for intrusion, sir."
"I thought it would please you to know that I am safe; the duel is over, and—"
"Alas!"

Catharine gazed upon Orlitz for a moment with speechless horror, and then fell fainting in her mother's arms.

Orlitz approached, Madame Altoff raised her arm, and frowningly motioned him to leave the room.

He obeyed.

A letter was on the table. It was from Varenki, and ran thus:

"Much fearing that my hours in this world are numbered, and vain enough to think that I have succeeded in engaging some share of your regard, I cannot quit this troubled scene without explaining the cause of my agony—the madness—which one word breathed into my ear last night occasioned. Forgive me, lady; that I loved you—still love you—with the purest and most disinterested affection—I repeat in this, the perhaps final hour of my existence, that I have an oath registered in heaven. My father had been persecuted by the Russians, and it was his last wish that I should swear eternal enmity to those of Russian birth. My father's dying eyes shone brightly on me, and his eyes blest me, as I took the oath. You are a Russian, but you will pity and pardon the dying."

CASIMIR VARENKI.

On the following day, two females were observed by the coach of Casimir, watching attentively the countenance of his medical attendant; and when the latter pronounced his patient out of danger, the younger of the females fell upon her knees, and when the hot tears streamed from her eyes, she poured out her heart's feelings in thanks to heaven, to the preservation of her beloved. It was Catharine Altoff.

She was not Russian, though she bore a Russian name, but the orphan of a Polish Patriot, who perished struggling for independence.—The General's ear caught the dying father's prayer for protection of his orphan child, and making enquiries, he discovered the girl, then but three years old, in the care of strangers. He adopted her—gave her his name—and having no child of his own, he bequeathed her a part of his fortune when he died.

This intelligence may be said to have rescued the lover from the arms of death. With the bright tear-gemmed eyes of Catharine hovering over him, and the music of her voice falling upon his, either speaking encouragement and hope, or engaged in prayer for his recovery, he gradually became convalescent; and eventually, happy in the enjoyment of the affections of the one bright object of his heart's idolatry.

Poetical Inscription.—The following inscription upon a letter was directed to a friend of ours (says the Philadelphia Times) thro' the P. O. while residing at Trenton.

"Away my thoughts I'd have New Jersey
To Trenton town in New Jersey;
My faithful friend, JOCK G. BREAULT,
A winsome elf,
Will pay the siller down for ye,
Soon as myself."

THE TWINS.

"I tell it to you as 'twas told to me."

In the autumn of 18—, I had occasion to visit the town of N—, beautifully situated on the western bank of the Connecticut river. My business led me to the house of B—, a lawyer of the three score and ten, who was now resting from the labors and enjoying the fruits of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing-room was richly furnished and decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of its mother. "That," said I, pointing to the picture, "is very beautiful. Pray, sir, what is the subject of it?" "It is a mother and her twins," said he; "the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it." I turned my eyes upon B—; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. "Sit down," said he, "and I will tell you it." We accordingly sat down, and he gave the following narrative.

"During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to his king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands, that farmer Stedman, though a Tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

"The time came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety, with both the friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the Tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken, with other prisoners of war, by the victorious Stark.

"He made an attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The jail in which he was confined, was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several prisoners in his room. 'Come,' said they, 'you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison, through which you can escape.' To their astonishment Stedman utterly refused to leave the prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

"The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting, was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he would be permitted to go alone, and on foot. 'And suppose,' said the sheriff, 'that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?' 'I had thought,' said the farmer, reddening with indignation, 'that I was speaking to one who knew me.' 'I do know you, indeed,' said the sheriff; 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S—.' * * * The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

"I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court, upon telling his whole story; and, when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of boy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once spring to the eyes of the Judges; never before, or since, have I felt such an interest in a client. I pleaded for him as