

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 191.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1839.

[Vol. IV, No 35.

TERMS OF THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until arrears are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, postpaid, 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 MANKIND.

CASE OF DYSPEPSIA.

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 vomitings, and on some occasions raised blood and difficulty of breathing, drowsiness, uneasy sleep, loss of appetite, giddiness, unpleasant taste in the mouth, with furred 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 eighth st. Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1838.

To Dr. Wm. Evans—Dear sir: I am truly happy to write you this in token of thanks for the relief that you 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 I 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 I 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. In publishing it, I think you will gain an advantage, for I am well known among all those of the trade I am in, and too 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 can 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. MARIN

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. Munson, at Mrs. Lewis', 21 Bowery, 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 has within forty-eight hours greatly by Dr. 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 Doloroux.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic Doloroux, 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, 389 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 cull'd with care."

THE WINE CUP.

The Wine-cup! touch it not!
Youth, take thy hand away!
Poverty fills it up,
With ruin and decay.
Oh, youngster, heed thee well.
Ere thou hast quaffed a drop—
The seeds of death are there,
Whose work thou canst not stop!

That wine-cup, spurn it hence—
Though it may sparkle well—
Though it be old and red,
And suit thy palate well.
Of 'tis the fatal goal
Whence leads the drunkard's path;
Then heed it, youngster, well—
Shun the woes a drunkard hath!

When, in the festive hall,
Thou meet'st a jovial band,
When merry goes the hour,
Where voices are sweet and bland!
Should there the wine-cup come,
Creating higher joy,
Oh, spurn the wine-cup then,
'Tis dangerous, my boy.

When in the wide world, youth,
Thou hold'st thy dubious way,
If from the path of truth,
Temptations lead astray—
If urged to drain the glass,
With thoughtless, heedless men,
Oh, as thou lov'st thyself,
Touch not the wine-cup then.

Should hours of darkness come,
And thy heart's purpose fail,
Should life to thee seem vain,
And earth a dreary vale—
Oh, to the voice of truth
Take heed, nor then be deaf,
Shun, shun the wine-cup then,
It cannot give relief.

THE LOAFER TO HIS LOVE.

My sweet, my werry lovely dame,
I cannot get consal,
The love which in my bosom burns,
And vich my looks reveal.

I walks the city up and down,
And loaf, and sigh, and drink,
But still thy image fills my soul,
In every thought I think.

With hands stuck in my holy pants,
With eyes vich wed the ground,
I walk along unquietly,
Unknowin where I'm bound.

My tendare, bleeding hart is thine;
Here in the tender hour of youth,
I pledge myself to thee alone,
And aware I speak the truth.

O cum my dear to thy fond swane,
The queen of loafers be;
If I don't live thee, brake my neck,
Or pitch me in the sea.

Thou shan't have nothing hard to do,
No work shall trubbl thee,
But free from care, from cash, from pain,
How happy you vil be!

I've got a pretty little house,
With jist van little room,
The Vorkus is my grand hotel,
And there thy charms shall bloom.

How nise our time vil glide along,
I'll love thee till I die;
I'll steel for thee all food v't's good,
From nutton-head to pye.

Then cum my dearest, marry me,
You can't no better do;
No loafer is the beat of I,
No woman's fair as you.

The essential features of our modern demagogues are faithfully shown in the following sketch of a political mountebank in the days of Richard I., which we quote from a quaint old poem by Sir James Burgess:

He aimed at power, but not for public good,
Though this pretext in each insidious speech
He used to cloak his plans jejune and crude;
On stages and in taverns he would preach;
Insult the laws, the government impeach,—
The People's sovereignty he would avow,
The holy right of insurrection teach,
And how to make the law before its subjects bow.

Miscellaneous.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago, I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interests in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship, who had traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to be extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony, for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three years old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received, of the absent husband; and after long hoping against hope; the unhappy wife, was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late, for the miserable pittance, which is ever grudgingly bestowed on a poor and humble seamstress.

A merchant from New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners, no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months, he offered his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of luxuries, such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure. Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of house keepers. But he had scarcely quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days' sickness, and from that until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of twenty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct he was certainly any thing but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a mad man when he heard of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters with the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the Halls of Justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a suit for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusky windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and he was not informed about the matter, or

hearts would have melted by his touching description of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectation, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of Statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of its pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principle witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"
Answer, "I do."
Burr, "Will you swear to that?"
Ans. "I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."
Burr, "Can you swear to her identity?"
Ans. "I can."
Burr, "What is her age?"
Ans. "She was 20 years of age on the 20th day of April?"

Burr, "When did you last see her?"
Ans. "At her own house, about a fortnight since."

Burr, "When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"
The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th day of May 17—"
"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr, "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here, as an important witness, and such I trust she is."

The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband who escaped the perils of the sea, and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, doting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the utterest scorn for the mean pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love & cherish? We need not enquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask her which of these two has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent which had characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied.

"My first recollections are of a small, illfurnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening, the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employers and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it sometimes happened that our support was a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal.—Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us, was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home, and a father? She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

"The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke. 'You are not my father,' exclaimed she vehemently. 'The law may deem you as such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father?—you, who so basely left your wife to toil and your children to beggary?—Never! never! Behold there my father,' pointing to the agitated defendant, 'there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guar dian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother, by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children!"

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved of as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and that the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.

BEAUTY OF THE JEWESS.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

Fontaine asked me one day, why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christian. The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse which has afflicted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the son of man, scourging him, crowning him with thorns, subjected him to ignominy and the cross. The woman of Judea believed in the Saviour—they loved, they followed him, they soothed him under afflictions. A woman in Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster; the sinner anointed his feet with a perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him, the holy women accompanied him to Calvary; balm and spices, and weeping sought him at the sepulchre: "woman, why weepst thou?" His first appearance was to Magdalen; he said to her, "Mary!" At the sound of that voice Magdalen's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master!" The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.

RECOLLECTIONS.—Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though neither remarkable for feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects to which, when present, we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, they which they had in the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects at the immediate time are unable to excite. The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook, which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almost entire; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment fade and disappear. Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worship it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as our virtue.

The Detroit Daily Advertiser of the 1st mentions that the steamboat Erie, on her passage up the Detroit river, came in contact with a small British steamboat, a few miles above Malden, and the latter sunk instantly. It was not ascertained whether any lives were lost.

Deferred Articles.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

EXCELLENT.—There is a law in existence in Mississippi, which declares, that any candidate for office, who during the time of canvass, bestows liquor upon any of the voters, is guilty of bribery, and subject to the penalties for that crime.

There exists a severe famine in some parts of Newfoundland. Hundreds of families are said to be without an ounce of any food, and who are obliged to subsist upon one meal a day, and that of the most nauseating kind.

We see it stated that the U. S. Troops are concentrated from all sections of the union, at Trenton N. J., and will be regularly encamped during the summer months to the number of several thousand.

One of "honest Amos'" agents, a Post Master in Arkansas, it is said cannot read. In distributing the mail he measures it, sending to the large offices three pecks—to the next in grade a half bushel—and so on down. If he is like some of the rest of the leg bail chaps, he will ere long select out a bushel or so of the "best quality," and make tracks—many of them have a taking way with them.

The trial of Commodore Elliot for misconduct before the court in the Navy Yard in Philadelphia, is now progressing. The commodore has desired a thorough examination into his whole conduct and life. Josiah Randal Esq. is counsel for the commodore, and Mr. Reed late district attorney, for the prosecution.

It is said that the Florida war has already cost this country thirty millions of dollars;—and not one step have they advanced in robbing the poor Indians.

An editor of a New Brunswick paper says "we see nothing to prevent the total annihilation by Great Britain of the United States." What a long tail our cat has got. Sixty odd years ago, Jonny Bull tried his pugnacity upon young Jonathan, to his hearts content, and he went home satisfied that this business of "annihilating" the yankee doodles was not exactly what it was cracked up to be. Now, here is a chap that is for having us licked up like salt—oh don't!

G. W. Dixon, a full bred Jeremy Didler, besides being a knave, who has long been known as a travelling player and swindler, always parading himself before the public as the American buffo singer—more latterly known as the buffo singer, is allowed six months board and lodging at the expense of the State, for publishing a libel in the "Polyanthus" of New York, (a paper of almost as bad character as the "Advocate") against Rev. Dr. Hawks.

MORE OF THE MIRACULOUS, OR MORUS MULTICAULIS, OUT DONE.—A new kind of clover has been introduced in London, which is said to grow 10 or 12 feet high, and increases at the rate of 300,000 seeds for each one sown.

PROGRESS OF ASPHALTUM.—The entire surface of the street in Bourbon street, New Orleans, is now floored for several squares with asphaltum pavements.

Virginia Election.

Well done old Dominion! The Loco Foco papers of this and other counties, raised a shout of joy, at what they deemed a triumph of their party in Virginia; they hallooed before they were out of the woods. The final result has just been learned, and rout and ruin has scattered their forces, and "old Virginia never fire," is sung by the opponents. Van Buren and the Locos are dancing to the tune of "clare de kitchen." The Whigs and Conservatives have a majority of 16 on joint ballot, and have made a gain of 5 in congress. Well done old dominion! we repeat. It appears to be clearly settled now, that there will be an anti Loco Foco majority in the next Congress. The days of mis-rule are fast numbering.