

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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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. A 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, 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.

To the Public.

THE PUBLIC are hereby informed, that JACOB MILLER has been appointed agent for Huntingdon county, for the sale of Dr. Evans' Camomile and family aperient pills, where all those that need medicine, can be supplied as he intends always to have a supply on hand.

NERVES AND HEALTH.—Persons whose nerves have been injured by Cholera, or excessive grief, great loss of blood, the suppression of accustomed discharges or cutaneous eruptions, immoderate habits, or other causes which tend to relax and enervate the nervous system, will find a friend to soothe and comfort them, in EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS. Those afflicted with Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Palsy, Serious Apoplexy, and organic affections of the heart, Nausea, Vomiting, palpitations of the side, breast, limbs, head, or much for back, will find themselves immediately relieved, by using EVANS' CAMOMILE AND APERIENT PILLS.

Dr. EVANS does not pretend to say that his medicine will cure all diseases that flesh and blood are heir to, but he does say that in all Debilitated and Impaired Constitutions—in Nervous diseases of all kinds, particularly of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, and in Incipient Consumption, whether of the Lungs or Liver, they will cure. That dreadful disease, CONSUMPTION, might have been checked in its commencement, and prevented its progress all over the land, if the first symptoms of Nervous Debility had been counteracted by the CAMOMILE FLOWER chemically prepared; together with many other diseases, where other remedies have proved fatal.

How many persons do we daily find tormented with that dreadful disease, SICK HEADACHE, if they would only make trial of this invaluable medicine, they would perceive that life is a pleasure, and not a course of misery and abhorrence. In conclusion I would warn nervous persons against the abstraction of BLOOD, either by leeches, cupping, or the employment of the lancet. drastic purgatives in delicate habits are almost equally improper. These are practices too often resorted to in such cases, but they seldom fail to prove highly injurious. Certificates of cures are daily received which add sufficient testimony of the great efficacy of this invaluable medicine, in relieving afflicted mankind. The above medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

DR. SWAYNE'S Compound Syrup of Prunes of Virginia or Wild Cherry. This syrup is highly beneficial in all plethoric affections; also, in diseases of the chest in which the lungs do not perform their proper office from want of due nervous energy; such as asthma, pulmonary consumption, recent or chronic coughs, hoarseness, whooping cough, wheezing and difficulty of breathing, croup and spitting of blood, &c. How many sufferers do we daily behold approaching to an untimely grave, wrested in the bloom of youth from their dear relatives and friends, afflicted with that common and destructive ravager, called consumption, which soon wastes the miserable sufferer until they become beyond the power of human skill; if such sufferers would only make a trial of Dr. Swayne's invaluable medicine, they would soon find themselves benefited; than by gulping the various ineffective certain remedies of which our newspapers daily abound. This syrup immediately begins to heal the ulcerated lungs, stopping profuse night sweats, mitigating the distressing cough at the same time inducing a healthy and natural expectoration, also relieving the shortness of breath and pain in the chest, which harass the sufferer on the slightest exercise, and finally the hectic flash in the pallid and emaciated cheek will soon begin to vanish, and the sufferer will here perceive himself snatched from a premature grave, into the enjoyment again of comfortable health.

For sale at Jacob Miller's store Hunt.

READ THIS! DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNES VIRGINIANA, OR WILD CHERRY. This is decidedly one of the best remedies for Cough and Colds now in use; it allays irritation of the Lungs, it cures the cough, causes the phlegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Wheezing & Choking of Phlegm Hoarseness, Difficulty of breathing, Croup, Spitting of Blood, &c. This Syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, it taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale only at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.

THE GARDEN.



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

From the Downing Gazette. KITCHEN POETRY.

I'm tired of work, said Polly Gray; I've nothing but scrub the livelong day; I've walloped the pots and kettles round "Till my ears are sick of the very sound, My hands are as hard as a critter's horn, Such things I never since I was born, On any decent body did see, Much more on one that was made like me. There! there! the pot is sputtering over, B'cause I forgot to take off the cover— The fat is scorching, the bread is burning— Run, Polly, run, the fitter needs turning— The broom is worn away to the hub— The brush is only a tangled stub, How many spreading hitching motions I've made in wearing out them notions! I've twisted my hips and shoulder out, In banging the beds and blankets about, There are two long marks astride my nose! Thy husbands mean, but the deuce only knows

When one will come! and here I must stay In this stewed up kitchen to work all day. There was Betsy Grant and Hulda Drew, Two lazy drabs as ever I knew, They giggled and twisted their bodys about, And laid all they earn in finery out, And each were behind a frightful lump, That look'd for the world like a camel's hump.

My stars! I wonder the men don't go And bring home a "Hottentot Venus" or so; The girls would be in utter despair, To match the form of a Hottentot fair. Well Hulda Drew and Betsy Grant Are married now, and board with my aunt; They draw their words and stick back their head.

To plucky proud to earn their bread, I wonder what the reason can be That no one comes to marry me? Splash goes the dishcloth into the kettle— I'll try once more Miss Polly's mettle— Let the cake burn as black as my shoe— Stay here for a dudge, I'll be hanged if I do; I mean to flit, and idle, and wiggle, And lace, and plaid, and stare and giggle; And then if nobody the question pops, By jings, I shall be as mad as hops. MOPPEY.

Miscellaneous.

From the Ladies' Garland.

THE FALLEN CHIEF.

In the summer of 18— I had the pleasure, in company with Judge D—, of visiting the celebrated ground where Lovell fought with the Indians. It is in Maine, about three miles from the peaceful and little village of Frysburg, which lies embodied in the valley of the Sacco. The lofty pine and stately oak, still wave in silence the boughs that shaded the savage warrior. The drooping branches of the willow that fanned the fainting brow of the white man, still bend over the fatal spot on which he bled, and where in peace his ashes still repose.

I took from the trunk of a tree under which they were buried, and on which their names were engraved, a small chip, which I still preserve as a choice relic, and on which I have written the names of the two companions who decided the fate of the day. The Indians had long annoyed the few inhabitants that were thinly scattered over that portion of the country, most barbarously murdering men, women and children. Often had the savage's tomahawk been buried in the head of the innocent babe as it slumbered on the bosom of its mother—and fair daughters were torn from their peaceful abodes—dragged into the dreary wilderness—compelled to endure all the horrors of savage cruelty, and at last suffer the most excruciating and lingering death. The father returned from his weary toils at the close of the day, but to mourn and weep! His family was either torn asunder or weltering in their own gore by his own fireside; or his house reduced to ashes and no trace of its inmates to be found.

The Chief who directed and conducted these bloody invasions, was Paugus. His very name was terror to all the white settlers. He was a savage of giant strength; swift footed, cruel in the extreme, fierce and vengeful disposition, unequalled among all the savage tribes that roamed the forest. By his cunning he always eluded the most vigilant search of the keenest hunters, who had often sought his retreat, either to take his life or secure him

protection. At one time indeed they proposed him their victim; but on entering his wigwam, they found it empty. He was however, near enough to blaze as they set it on fire, and to smell the smoke that curled among the tree tops under which he was concealed. At length a company, a few brave ones—of injured citizens, whose hearts yet burned to be revenged for the loss of some dear member of their family, started under the command of Captain Lovell, with a determination to arrest the savage murderer, in his passage through the wilderness to the place of their destination. They passed the log cabin of Chamberlain, to whom they made known their enterprise. It was enough. He took down his old and well tried rifle—stood a few moments in silence—looked around him on the different members of his little family as they perchance it might be the last time, and then bid them farewell. Not, however, until a kind kiss from the quivering lips of her whose cheerful heart responded to his determination, was left upon his careworn cheek. She betrayed a fearful eye as she looked out upon the forest; "She feared the savage lurking there." But the conflict of the parting scene was short—he was soon away.

Chamberlain's fame as a hunter, and as an uncommonly brave fellow, was well known to the Indians. His money cabin was lined with "gammons of the bear," and his bed was made of the fur of the catamount. He was tall, well built, quick of apprehension, sagacious, eagle-eyed and nimble on foot as a bounding buck. And his strength was proportioned to his activity. A dozen of savages would quail if Chamberlain stood before them, with his rifle and hatchet. And although they thirsted for his blood, yet none of them dared hazard a shot at his person for fear of the dreadful summons of his fatal rifle, should they miss him. They would pass cautiously and silently by his cabin; point to his dwelling and say, "that is the smoke of the mighty hunter."

After many a weary step through a rough and pathless wilderness, they reached the shore of a large body of water, resembling a small lake, since called from the circumstance of the occasion, Lovell's pond. From a lofty summit they spied standing on a distant point across the bay, a single Indian, which led them to suppose that the main body might be near him. They accordingly laid aside their packs that they might be unincumbered, and made for that direction. But they were disappointed. The Indian was placed there to decoy them. On returning to the place where they had left their packs, behold! they were gone. The savages had lain in ambush had secured them. Consternation for a moment seized the disappointed soldiers; and the next instant they were surrounded, came whistling among them from all sides. No way of retreat was now left them; they must fight or perish.

The battle was long and fierce. The ranks of the white men were beginning to be thinned, the few who had remained were on the point of yielding. Capt. Lovell himself had fallen, and most of his officers. The day was fast closing, and the contest yet undecided. The sun had already descended beneath the mountain top which threw back a gloomy shade over the water, when Chamberlain rushed through the willows to slake his thirst at the pond, and to cleanse his rifle, which had become so foul that it could not be discharged. At the same instant, and for the same purpose, the dark form of Paugus appeared at a little distance upon the beach. Chamberlain, for the first time, scanned his savage foe, and caught his vengeful eye. His bold heart almost quailed within him, when he saw the desperate situation in which he was placed; and for once, he thought of the grave—and betrayed a sigh! Was it the last for his wife and children. Each deliberately proceeded to wash out his gun, while they talked to each other.

"Now," said Paugus, exultingly, "I have you Chamberlain!" "No, no! I have you, Paugus," shouted the bold hunter. And each with unparalleled quickness loaded his rifle. Chamberlain's rifle was loaded with a cartridge, and striking the breach fired upon the ground it primed itself. And as Paugus was bringing his gun to his face, the ball from the hunter's rifle pierced his heart. He gave a death yell, and fell upon the sand, uttered an unceremonious groan, and then rolled his eyes in death. The Indian's bullet just grazed the hair of Chamberlain but left him unhurt. And after casting a triumphant look upon the fallen savage he returned to the despairing ranks of his companions, and shouted to them the fall of Paugus—"Paugus dead! Paugus dead!" echoed from every voice. The savages caught the unwelcome news, and saw with their own eyes his bleeding body stretched upon the shore. They ceased their firing,

gave a deafening yell, and then fled. The few of Capt. Lovell's men who survived, made the best of their way, faint and weary, and without provisions, to their distant homes. Those who were so badly wounded that they were unable to travel, were left to meet their fate when the savages might return. Their Captain, the Rev. Mr. F—, was among this ill fated number; and after praying with his departing associates, he requested to have three loaded guns left him for his defence. He then pillowed his head for the night, upon the mossy rock beneath the tree under which he had fallen.

The day dawned; for the last time he opened his eyes upon the morning sun, and sent up to heaven his last prayer. The savages returned—three of them fell beneath his well directed aim; and then the fatal tomahawk ended his sorrows. Three of the descendants of Paugus, many years after, by stratagem, sought to avenge the death of the Chief upon Chamberlain, but they too, fell at the summons of his rifle; and the bold hunter was permitted to end his days in peace in the bosom of his friends and family.

His effects still preserved as a curiosity, and may now be seen at a small museum, kept in the village, about three miles from the beach.

RAIL RIDING.

The following sketch, the scene of which is laid near Tallahassee, Florida, explains now to witwit Judge Lynch. It is from the Augusta Mirror.

Now, of all other men perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "sitting on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved he would not be caught "sleeping in a very sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a winning tone of voice.

"Ride me on a rail!—Why I'll be shot if I'd be rid on a rail for five thousand dollars."

"Well you'd better put out, then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the "pic" in the drawer, Judge Lynch said it.

"Well, now I'm not a gain to be served no trick," said John, "Judge Lynch be hanged!"

John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, "I'll blow 'em all to— if they come a projectile about this child."

He then stepped into a store, and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars; lighted one of them and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and he saw them gather around the door, he began to puff and mutter curses against "the whole infernal pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he, "you came tryin' that are and you'll get waked up worse than ever you was afore, blast nation seize your pictures. You jest fool with this child, that's all, and if I don't blow you to kingdom-come, you see if I don't."

The crowd which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar and cry:

"Jest you tech, now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirling, if this here powder's good for any thing. I don't care for myself, I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store than be rid on a rail, a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy. "Ha, what dat you say? blow off de roof from my house?"

"Lay hold of him," said the Judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentence in person, lay hold of him fellows."

"Stand off! stand off!" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other. "Do you see this 'ere powder? jest you lay hands on one, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now dan burn me."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out of my house, sar—begone with your powder and cigar: what de diable!—will you blow up my property?"

"If all let 'em let me alone, then, I'll blow all hands up, and myself too, before I'll be rid on a rail."

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the Judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the beseeched Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying out—"stop! stop! don't! don't!" above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman, crying out murder!

"Well," said Rogers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as leve be killed, as rid on a rail."

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your powder magazine, and cigar. Will you leave my house, sare?"

But Rogers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from his door. He then left the house, much to the relief of the old Frenchman; but even as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail!"

"You try it," said John "and if you don't get into 'ornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar at the same time producing a few sparks preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably, by carrying the rail, in sudden retreat dashed it to the ground, and exclaimed, "Non comatible in statue combustibus!" abandoned the attempt. The rest of the posse soon imitated his example, leaving Rogers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a sober man, and from that time forth he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch of Tallahassee, Florida.

A MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE.

(Scene in the country, two neighboring Farmers in Conversation.)

"Lank Swipes, what d'ye think's happened?"

"Well, don't know."

"Why, my wife hung herself high and dry on our big apple tree in the orchard!"

"You don't say so; I wish my apple trees would bear such fruit!"

"Oh, you good-for-nothing villain!" shrieked a female voice from the other side of a neighboring hedge, and in less than no time, Mr. Swipes found himself collared by his good lady; "You wish I'd hang myself, do you?"

"Oh, no dear lizzy; I—I—I don't wish any such thing."

"You did, though, you villain—I heard you."

"I didn't mean it, if you'll hang yourself I'd cut you down!"—Wife relaxes her hold, upon which Swipes immediately runs off, and in running cries—"I'd be sure you were dead first, though!"

WHO'LL TURN THE GRINDSTONE.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder; "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I, "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it? Pleased with his compliment of 'fine little fellow.' 'Oh yes, sir,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.' 'And will you my man,' said he patting me on the head 'take a little hot water?' How could I refuse! I ran and soon brought a kettle full. 'How old are you and what is your name?' continued he, without waiting for a reply; I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me? Ticked with the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged, till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered; and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with 'Now you little rascal, you've played the truant—scud to school, or you'll rue it!' Alas thought I it was hard enough to turn the grindstone, this cold day; but now to be called little rascal; was too much. It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man flattering the people making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant; methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones.

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit; without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful; alas! methinks, deluded people you are doomed for a season to turn a grindstone for a booby.

to render him either respectable or useful; alas! methinks, deluded people you are doomed for a season to turn a grindstone for a booby.

A SENSIBLE PRAYER.

A backwoodsman about to encounter a bear in the forest, and distrusting his own strength a little, made the following very sensible prayer:

"Oh Lord! here's a going to be one of the d—dest bear fights you ever did see Oh Lord! help me—but if you can't help me, for God's sake don't help the bear!"

PATRIOTIC HATTER.

During the visit of Gen. La Fayette to the United States, when all classes of citizens were eager to testify the respect & gratitude which they felt for the last Gen of the Revolutionary army, a hatter in N. York sent him a hat of the best American manufacture. His son, Geo. Washington La Fayette, was so much pleased with it that he ordered a similar one for himself. It was most readily furnished; but when his servant offered money, "Tell your master," said the grateful American, "that all the hats I can furnish the Fayette family were amply paid for forty years ago."

TEN RULES TO BE OBSERVED.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs as more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pains have these evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry count ten before you speak,—if very angry, a hundred.

HEIGHT OF ASSURANCE.

The facetious Nash relates an anecdote of a troublesome friend. "He first invited himself to partake of my suppers; next he took possession of a spare bed in my room; in the morning he put on my shirts and left his ragged one, and continued to do so till mine were all gone, and his left in their place. He then came without any shirt, and wore off one of his old ones every morning, until they were all gone too."

DIOCLES.

Among the laws which Diocles gave to the Syracusians there was one which enacted, that no man should presume to enter, armed, into an assembly of people; in case any should, he was to suffer death. One day an alarm was given of the enemy approaching, and Diocles hastened to meet them, with his sword by his side. On the way he was informed that the people indifferent to their common danger, had assembled to talk sedition in the forum; and, forgetting all inferior circumstances in his zeal for public safety, he stepped, armed as he was, into the midst of the assembly, intending to use his best endeavours to recall them to a sense of their duty; but before he could address them, one of the busiest of the factious called out, "that Diocles, in arms among the people, had broken the laws which he had himself made." Diocles struck, but not confounded, turned towards his accuser, replied with a loud voice, "Most true, nor shall Diocles be last to sanction his own laws." On saying this he drew his sword and falling upon it, expired.

A fate precisely similar is reported of Charandes, the law-giver of the Thurians.

VIRTUE.

The bright wreath of the bard may wither—the creations of the sculptor may moulder into dust, the throne of the conqueror may be shivered by an imposing power, into atoms—the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel—the honours of the youth may be disappointed—but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace, virtue, shall never decay. I would rather have "the inward glory" with which the poor man is crowned, than overshadow the world with my martial banners. I would not exchange his lot for the reputation of a Raphael, the inspiration of a Byron—the eloquence of a Marabeau, or the intellect of a Bacon. I may be despised here, but if I possess it then shall I tower above them all when the gully shall tremble in their secret places as they behold the "heaven's rolled together as a scroll."