

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.

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, 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.

LIFE AND HEALTH.—Persons whose nerves have been injured by Calomel, or excessive grief, great loss of blood, the suppression of accustomed discharges or cutaneous, 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, pains in the side, breast, limbs, head, stomach or 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, if they will cure. That dreadful disease, CONSUMPTION, might have been checked in its commencement, and disappointed its prey 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 tortured 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. Those are practices too often resorted to in such cases, but they seldom fail to prove highly injurious. Certificates of cures are daily received which are 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 prunus of Virginia or wild Cherry. This syrup is highly beneficial in all pectoral 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 asthmas, 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 Huntingdon.

READ THIS! DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNUS VIRGINIANA, OR WILD CHERRY: This is decidedly one of the best remedies for Coughs and Colds now in use: it allays irritation of the Lungs, loosens the cough, causing the plegm 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 GARLAND.



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

FOR THE JOURNAL. STANZAS.

Oh where's the gem that shines so bright As that keen eye of thine; The stars that light the sable night With fainter lustre shine.

Who would not leave their trade or art, To scrutinize that face And graven form—and every part Is redolent of grace.

Thy step is that of the wild Gazelle, So nimble, light and free; And beauty, like the Archangel dwells, Most charming girl with thee.

I admire,—Oh who could ever view Your visage and form divine; And feel when first he knew His heart was wholly thine.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough! In youth it sheltered me, And I'll protect it now. 'Twas my forefather's hand That plac'd it near his cot; There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old family tree, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea, And would'st thou hack it down? Woodman, forbear thy stroke; Cut not its earth-bound ties; O, spare that aged oak, Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing joy Here, too, my sisters played. My mother kiss'd me here; My father press'd my hand— Forgive this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand—

My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as the bark, old friend; Here shall the wild-bird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree! the storm still brave! And, woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, The axe shall harm it not.

Miscellaneous.

From the National Intelligencer.

SKETCHES

OF THE PERSONAL AND PUBLIC CHARACTER OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

LETTER NO. II.

R—, MASS., JULY, 1839.

Dear Sir: I am reminded of my promise to write you another letter about Mr. Webster by an incident which took place last evening. I have a neighbor, a blacksmith, for whom I entertain a sincere respect, though he is a Van Buren man. The state of society is such in our village that we have few distinctions founded upon vocation or style of living; so my friend of the anvil often pays me a visit, and, though we differ in politics, we have a good deal of pleasant intercourse.

Well, he called last evening, and began by asking me if I had heard the news. I replied in the negative; and he proceeded to say that the steam-ship Liverpool had arrived, bringing a letter from Mr. Webster, withdrawing his name from the list of Presidential candidates. I remarked that this did not surprise me, as I had long understood that Mr. Webster had only permitted himself to be held up as a candidate at the solicitation of his friends. Here I attempted to turn the conversation, as we are accustomed to avoid party topics; but my neighbor, contrary to his wont, chose to pursue the theme.

"What do you think they will say to Webster in England?" said he. "They have the Globe," I replied, "and that being the Government organ, is likely to be considered in London as the best authority." The Globe always represents Mr. Webster as not only a wicked but an inconsistent man. He is always spoken of as inferior to Benton, Wright, Walker, and especially John M. Niles." "Ah, but the Globe is a party paper," said he; "but it always speaks of John

M. Niles as rowing Webster up Salt river in debate."

"I don't care for that. It's my idea that Webster can clinch a nail, in argument, as well as the best on 'em."

"That I shall not dispute. But let us consider that Webster is now in England; and, though we may say what we please, we care more about John Bull's opinion of us than that of the world beside. A French Marquis or a German Prince may travel among us, and go home and say what he pleases; be it good or ill, we care little. But if an English writer laughs at our follies and our foibles, even though it be some trollop of a widow, or an acidulated old maid, we turn red in the face, and get seriously angry. This shows how much we care for the good opinion of mother England. And now I wish to know, which you would rather you go to England as a specimen of our Ya-kee breed—Daniel Webster or John M. Niles?"

"Fudge!" said the blacksmith. "But," said I, "Niles always beats Webster in argument—at least says the Globe."

"Niles is an ———!"

"Well, what do you say to Benton?"

"Benton talks too much Latin; Webster never talks any thing but English, and he handles it just as a strong man handles a sledge-hammer; that is, in an easy kind of way, as if he was playing with it; and yet the sparks fly right and left from the red-hot iron. I heard Webster myself at Bunker Hill, when the corner stone of the monument was laid. It was the 17th June 1825. I sat right next to one of the old soldiers who was in the battle. When the speech was over, the old patriot pulled up the waistband of his breeches with his right hand, and turned to me saying, 'That's a grand speech, I do declare. I am pretty deaf, you know, but I heard it all as plain as I did the British cannon. Every word of that speech seemed to weigh a pound. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!'"

"And so you think, because Webster pleased this old patriot, and pleased you too, that he will please the English. How does that follow?"

"Oh, there's no gammon about him. He's true steel—and that's the stuff, whether you wish to point a plough-share or edge a razor. He was brought up a farmer, and he knows how to sit down and drink a glass of cider, and talk about fat cattle as well as any body. And if you were to see him, as I have, by a New Hampshire fireside, you'd think he really was a farmer. Why, there he's as ready to give a neighbor the time of day as any body. But I went once to Washington, and what do you think I saw? I went to the—what do you call it?—the levee. Well there was a great crowd of officers, all yellow with epaulettes and gold lace; and there was dark hairy fellows looking as wild and foolish as Shetland ponies; and there were ladies with amazing tall feathers upon their heads; and right in the midst was Daniel Webster! It did me good to look at him, and I was just on the point of crying out, 'Hurrah for the Granite State!'"

"Why so, pray?"

"Why? Do you think I wasn't proud of my native State when I saw a New Hampshire boy, a farmer of New England, a real Yankee, in the midst of all that splendor; and to see him, too, care so little about it! His eye was roving round, as if he thought it was all nonsense. I was jammed in between the Brazilian Ambassador and the fattest woman I ever saw. I suppose I was pretty much covered up; but it seems my head was out, for Webster saw me, and not minding who was looking on, he came right up and got hold of my hand and gave it a real New Hampshire gripe. I should have known it was a New Hampshire fist in the dark, for 'twas just like my own vice."

"Well, what has all this to do with Webster's being in England?"

"Why, you see, tho' Webster wasn't afraid to shake the hand of a blacksmith at the President's levee, and in the midst of such splendid ladies and so many shining officers, he still seemed as easy and as much at home there as he used to be in mowing a meadow of foxtail with a sharp scythe. And now, I say, it stands to reason that that's the sort of man to be looked up to anywhere. He'll be no more afraid of your queens and dukes, and all that sort of thing, than he would be of so much gold lace and buckram. I'm told that, after all, these big people don't parade about the streets with their badges, and coronets, and ribbands, like our militia corporals on a muster day. A man told me that he once saw King William, and he was dressed for all the world like a common man, only that he wore a little bit of a star on his breast. He also said to me that he once heard a person sneeze just as natural as life, and was told it was the Marquis of Murryburrow."

My friend here had a lurking smile upon his face, and I perceived that he had turn-

ed from the point of discussion by design. It was evident he had been betrayed into an expression of interest in Webster which was at variance with his political creed, for it is a melancholy fact that party fidelity seems to demand of its votaries unqualified rancor and hate towards those who are not birds of its own feather. Enough had been said, however, to show that my neighbor, though a Locofoco, was willing, nay proud that such a specimen of the true Yankee as Daniel Webster should be in England. When I intimated that he might have been better pleased if John M. Niles had been sent to represent the country there, he had that sort of expression about the face which is apt to come over it when ipseus is mentioned.

From the Public Ledger.

"WHY, I HAD A FIP ONCE!"

Walking some time ago upon one of our wharves, my attention was attracted to one of those table stands which so numerously stud the public path, for public accommodation, generally attended by females, and upon which are often displayed a thousand luxuries, exotic and indigenous. The one upon which I looked was elegantly and temptingly laid out with "burnt" ground nuts, mint sticks, cherries red and ripe, crackers with sausages, cigars, (Spring Garden Cabanos, no doubt,) together with a thousand and one of smaller, but yet delicious and savory notions, well calculated to tempt the appetite and intently fix the gaze of many an epicure who might be loitering along that way.

Before this stand was one of the very character just hinted at, whose locomotion had been arrested by a glance at the "delicacies of the season," and who, intent upon the gratification of his appetite, had made a demand upon the "good woman," for some one of the fine things under which her table groaned. While the ever-ready and complaisant caterer was diligently engaged in selecting from her vast assortment the articles required, our hero, who was as black as the ace of spades, as John—would say, stood bent forward, inclined obliquely to the right, with his leg crooked and resting somewhat on his toe, his right arm pushed its utmost length into his pocket, his eyes wildly rolling over the good things before him, but yet with an evidently strong and affecting sympathy between them and his fingers, which at that moment were eagerly making a circuit round the corners of his pocket, in search of—money, to be sure, as the reader will readily perceive, when I tell him, that at this moment this sooty gourmand made the significant exclamation, "Why, I had a fip once!"

To me it seemed that his whole soul was absorbed in the object of his search—his peculiar posture, his every feature, every look indicated to me that every hope, every idea of pleasure and of joy were at that instant concentrated in the little fugitive sixpence—the once lone and solitary inmate of our hero's breeches pocket. "Why, I had a fip once!" he exclaimed, pushing his hand still further into the recesses of his pocket, with apparent despair, his eyes in their "fine frenzy rolling," evidently at work with his fingers in their wild goose chase after the forlorn hope—whose well known mischievous propensities prompted it no doubt for some sinister object to hide its "diminished head" in some one of the numerous crumples of our hero's unmentionables.

I passed on, and have yet to learn whether success crowned his exertions or not—whether he glutted his stomach with the good things of this life, or, under circumstances of deep mortification, was driven disappointed, sorrowful and hungry from a scene where things "pleasant to the eyes and good for food" were sumptuously portrayed, inviting the most fastidious to "eat, drink and be merry." Be this as it may, in wending my way homeward, my mind pursued a train of reflection which afforded me a pleasant and regaling feast. I thought, in the situation of this son of Ham, in his exclamation, that I saw a picture of many, very many, of my poor and unfortunate fellow creatures. I fancied to myself the tender and doting mother, who for years spent the income of the family upon several of her sons, but, by a sad reverse of fortune, was reduced in circumstance, and now, when applied to by one of the younger branches of the family for a special favor, she is compelled, with agonizing feelings, to deny it—and with emotion only to be felt to be fully realized, she thinks to herself—"Why I had a fip once!" There was a time when I could have granted the boon to my little boy, but alas! alas! the day of my prosperity is gone, and I am poor! I thought, too, of the kind indulgent father, whose eldest daughters were fondly brought up in the fashions of the day—who spent a fortune to give them what the fashionable world

calls accomplishments. I fancied, in after years, the younger members of the family at common schools, in ordinary, though decent attire—while his neighbor's children are engaged in various sports, or indulged in carriage rides—while others are enjoying all the luxuries of life, their sons and daughters in the heyday of youth beset with ten thousand pleasures—he, poor old man, looks upon these things, the tear of regret swelling his eyes, and feels the hard iron pang take mental existence, and with its dark impress upon his soul haunts him with broken hopes and bygone joys, and through his mind darting the thought, "Why, I had these things once. Why, once I was happy too; alas! poor me!"

I thought also that I saw the once haughty, proud and self-willed young girl, but now the married lady, weeping over her tender and helpless children—whose father, unfortunate in trade, disheartened and grief-stricken, unaturally leaves them to the tenderness of a broken hearted mother, and the charity kindness of a cold and unfeeling world. I thought I saw her, while weeping scalding tears, caress her little babe, and fancied that I heard the gushing sigh burst forth in melancholic and articulate strains, "Oh I was happy once. I once had plenty and to spare." I contemplated the refractory and stubborn son, whose father had twice set him up in business, but whose waywardness—to give it no harsher name—had brought him in to discredit, with the entire loss of all he had—who, stung with mortification and under a sense of shame, flies from his kindred and home—among strangers and sick, without money—without resources, he looks homeward and weeps with the bitter exclamation, "I had friends once—I once had a home with kind and soothing friends!" I saw the gambler, penniless and desponding—evaded by his colleague—despised by all good citizens who knew him—without hope—and in the wilderness of frenzy crying "I had honor once, I once had money, and a friend!"

I saw too, the drunkard, the loafer, in the morning after a night's debauch—his visage bloated—his whole appearance forlorn, wretched and miserable—with nervous trembling, and unsteady gait—burning with thirst he seeks the tavern—with eager haste demands a baneful glass—the deadly liquid is poured forth, and the wretch in human form earnestly raises the poisoned chalice to his lips, when the landlord demands his pay in advance, which falls like a thunder clap upon his ear. With reluctance he desists, yet sternly compelled, with fearful forebodings he commences an apparent diligent search in the tattered remnants of his pockets—in utter dismay he finds that all are empty—penniless—penniless—and in the poignancy of his grief, with horror and death depicted in his face, he exclaims "I had a fip once—I had a fip once."

Dear reader, if one thought has been suggested of benefit to you or any one else, I shall be repaid for my momentary reflections, and the time occupied in putting them upon paper. I hope that all who read them may be profited, and not at any time be compelled, under any circumstances, to look back on past time, and with grief exclaim, "Why, I had a fip once."

APPARITION.

Notwithstanding our often declar'd skepticism regarding any visitation to earth by the disembodied spirit, the following relation, coming to us from a source truly respectable, and so enlightened by liberal education as to defy all suspicions of her being the slave of nursery tales or popular superstitions, we insert it without further comment.—*Montreal Trans.*

Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs.—, [a lady of literary taste and rather studious habits] sat reading in her drawing room, the clock on the mantle struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the apartment, its doors were suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reprove the intrusion (unrung for) of her servant, her eye rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed & fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs.—, had regained possession of her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole of the distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing, and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable that her female servant should repose in her chamber, least any harm of what she had determined to consider a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family.

Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger & better spirits that she had enjoyed for several months past, Mrs.— dispensed with

the service of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before 10 o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck 12 she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table (on which stood her night lamp) till it stood opposite to and drew aside the curtains of her bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect, the eyes once beaming with affection, were now fixed in stern regard on the trembling half dissolved being who with the courage of desperation thus adjured him. "Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again? 'Jessee' slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in its hand a small roll of written paper, "Jessee, pay my newspaper account & let me rest in peace!"

IRISH PATHOS.

There are many melancholy aids in the country that give Pathos birth, which naturally increase its effect; but it does not need them in the same proportion that Irish humor does, it goes straight to the heart, while its opposite works on the imagination; it follows or precedes the jest with extraordinary rapidity—the smiles bursts forth before the tear is dry, but its sadness is certainly augmented by witnessing the causes that produce it. There is a depth of pure and holy poetry in Irish paths which cannot be surpassed; its metaphors are appropriate, and attack our reason by the force of their beautiful simplicity. We remember once passing by an Irish cottage on the estate of an absentee landlord, whose agent had distrained for rent; the family were of the very poor. A mother, whose husband was recovering from the "sickness," as typhus fever is always called, staggered from beneath the door-way, not from any weakness of her own, but from her efforts to support the wreck of what had been, three years before, the finest young man in the parish. She was followed by two little children, the small remnant of her family—three had been carried to the grave by the disease from which the father was recovering; it was beautiful to see how that pale, thin, deep-eyed woman suffocated her own feelings with the affection she bore her husband.

"Don't cry after the poor place, child—dear; sure th' Almighty is above us all—and this last trouble has been sent in good time, when there's not so many of us to bear it. The cold earth is heavy enough on Kathleen and Matty and Michael, but the trouble of this day would be heavier—for they were made of feeling. Sure, my darlings, if there's power given to the landlord now, he'll not be our landlord in world above! The Lord be praised for that same! Don't cry after the pig, Ellen, avourneen, what signifies it? May the little boy take the cat itself, sir!" addressing the half tipsy man who had taken the inventory of the contents of their miserable cabin. "Never heed it, my darlin', though to be sure it's only natural to like the dawsey cat that lay in his bosom all the time of his sickness. Keep up, Michael," she whispered to her husband, who overpowered by illness and mental suffering, resisted her efforts to drag him into the high road; he glared upon the bailiff with the glare of a famished tiger, so famished that it has not the power to spring upon its foe, impotent in all but the fierce and racking thirst for blood. "What signifies it? sure we'd be happier than ever—by'n bye," she added, while the haggard smile upon her lips was the bitter mockery of hope. "Come away, Michael, I wonder that you wouldn't be above letting the likes of them, without a heart, see that you care about them or their goings on. Oh! where's your pride gone?—that, and the silence together, put many a trouble over us that's known only to ourselves and the Almighty—blessed He is! He knows the troubles of the poor, and keeps their secrets. Come away Michael! and don't let them tame Nagurs see that it's the woman that puts courage in ye!"

But the peasant heeded her not—the home affections were tugging at his heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of the furniture of his once comfortable cottage, that were dragged out previous to being carried away: he pointed to the potatoe kish which was placed upon the table—that indispensable article in which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less civilized parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the "babby." "God bless you!" he exclaimed to the man! "God bless you, and don't take that—it's nothing but a kish! it's not worth half a farthing to ye, it's falling to pieces; but it's more to me, homeless and houseless as I am, than thousand's—'t's nothing but a kish, but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this