

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. IV, No. 46.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1839.

[Whole No. 202.]

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.

COUGH, ASTHMA AND SPITTING BLOOD

Cured By

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1838

Mr. Atkinson—Dear Sir:

A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper, an account of the surprising effects of Jayne's Expectorant, in restoring a great number of passengers on board of a Mississippi steam-boat to perfect health, who were afflicted by violent Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from his medicine, more especially his EXPECTORANT induces me to state my case to you, for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a Cough and Asthmatical oppression, for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American Camp, in 1778, I, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period, until recently, I have never been free from a violent cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year, I have expectorated over a gill a day. Often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness and debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write this to you. I have had skillful physicians to attend me, and cry thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another very severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine. When I was permitted to call in Doctor Jayne—with the assistance of Divine Providence, through him I was once more raised from my bed; but the cough and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope, that, as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the lungs, it might, at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how satisfied I feel? IT HAS EFFECTUALLY CURED ME. As soon as I commenced taking it, I found it reached my case. I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as ever did in my life, and better than I have been for the last six years. Last summer I spit a great deal of blood; now thank God I am perfectly cured. Now sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last, such signal relief from Doctor Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worth a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen.

The above valuable medicine may be had wholesale and retail at Jayne's Drug and Chemical Store, No. 20, South Third street Philadelphia. Price \$1.
Sold, also, by JACOB MILLER, Agent, Huntingdon Pa.

LEAD THIS: DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNES 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 phlegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Whooping & Choking of Pleurisy, 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.

INTERESTING CURE PERFORMED BY DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNES VIRGINIANA, OR WILD CHERRY. Having made use of this invaluable Syrup in my family, which entirely cured my child, the symptoms were wheezing and chocking of the chest, difficulty of breathing, attended with constant cough, Spasms, Convulsions, &c. of which I had given up all hopes of its recovery, until I was advised to make trial of this invaluable medicine. After seeing the wonderful effects it had upon my child, I concluded to make the same trial upon myself, which entirely relieved me of a cough that I was afflicted with for many years. Any persons wishing to see me can call at my house in Beach street, above the market Kensington, Phila. JOHN WILCOX.

Observe—The only place where this medicine can be obtained, is at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.

THE GARLAND.



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

From the New York Herald.

TEMPERANCE TRACTS.—No. 1.

Air—Woodman spare that tree.

"These Dock Wallowers are often found on the wharves, astride of rum casks, and imbibing their contents by means of a straw sucker."—A. Y. Correspondent of the Madisonian.

Loafer, spare that cask!

Suck not a drop of gin,

Forego thy wish, nor dare

Commit this deadly sin.

Know, loafer, that the cask

Though free of toll,

Is nought but devil's bait,

A gin to snare the soul.

Though ragged, filthy, vile,

Unused to soap or comb,

Satan will not disdain

To bear your spirit home.

Then drop that straw, and fly

As if for life, I ask—

Haste! flee!—nor tamper with

The spirit of the cask.

When thou wert but a boy,

With tender, anxious care,

Thy father warned the oft

Of stingo to beware—

Thy conscience now is seared,

By many years of sin,

Yet stany else shalt thou find

Its stingo deeper in.

Go, loafer! leave the dock;

And sober, temperate live,

If e'er in want, come here,

And I will succour give.

If tempted e'er again

Your woes in gin to drown,

Touch, taste, nor handle not,

But throw that sucker down.

EAU FROID.*

*Cold water.

Miscellaneous.

From the Louisville Messenger.

THE FOREST MURDER,

A TALE OF INDIANA.

The incidents which I am about to relate, are not drawn from imagination, but fact. They form an act of the never ending drama of human villainy.

"This is indeed a wild night," said Chas. Gray to his wife, as they sat before the blazing hearth of an Indian log cabin, whilst the winds wailed around the roof and went sounding through the forest.

"Wildier than I ever knew," observed the wife, "and Charles how thankful we should be to our Maker that he has given us this warm fire and close cabin to protect us from the rude elements."

"Thankful!" and Charles Gray's brow assumed a scowl, which of itself spoke the demon in his heart. "Thankful, wife! you mock me! What is this cabin to the luxurious comforts of the town folks whom we used to see in New York, rolling thro' the streets in their cushioned carriages, or reclining on silk sofas, and laughing at the ragged beggars that claimed their charity?"

Mary did not reply. She feared him when in these moods, and was too judicious to irritate him even by words which she intended to be soothing. For what are words; though breathed from a seraph's lips, or syllabled by angel's lips, to one whose soul has become absorbed in the unrequited love of wealth.

Charles Gray was a native of New York and had been left a handsome fortune; but prompted by avarice, and too impatient to continue in the safe business in which he began, joined others of an equally rapacious disposition in a speculation, which at first proved promising; but entirely failed and left many an ardent dreamer a ruined man.—Charles in this mad affair had embarked his all. He was left without house or friends, for friends are often bound by golden chains alone. He determined, with his wife, to emigrate to Indiana, for whose fertile soil, broad streams, genial climate, and noble forests so much was said.

With a bitter spirit he bade farewell to his home, and with a small amount of money, raised by the sale of his wife's jewels, sought the almost untrodden wilds of the west. With this small amount of cash he purchased a few acres of ground, few miles from the spot on the Ohio River, where the splendid and beautiful town

of — is now standing.—For a short period he labored assiduously at his small farm, and cheered by the smiles of a lovely and devoted wife, seemed to forget his misfortunes. A short time before our narrative opened, Charles had visited L——, as a 'hand' on a flat boat, the only species of water craft then used to convey goods and produce down the river. Whilst he was there he met several of those who had failed in the same speculation which ruined himself. But whilst he had remained poor, by some means, had revived their fortunes and settled on the Ohio, where they were carrying on a brisk business.—Charles returned home an altered man. For whole days he would sit idle and discontented. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of gold; in vain did that beautiful uncomplaining wife endeavor to frighten the fiend from his bosom. It was like one solitary star trying to dissipate the darkness of a storm-tossed ocean.

Wildier yet roared the storm through the crashing woods, and Charles was still brooding over his imaginary wrongs, when a 'hollo' was heard outside of the little enclosure which surrounded the cabin.

Mary sprang to the door, and after scrutinizing the traveller, for such the intruder was, by the light of a bark torch which she held over her head, invited him into her rustic home.

In a moment a gentleman of rather a slight stature, bearing a portmanteau in his hand, entered and gave the usual salutation. Mary called her husband to attend to the traveller, but neither by word nor gesture did he exhibit signs of having heard her until the stranger's portmanteau, on touching the floor, spoke to his sordid soul of gold. The demon was aroused, but he wore a smiling face.

"Welcome, stranger, welcome!" exclaimed Gray; in so hurried and strange a manner, that the traveller started back a few paces in surprise; but quickly recovering himself, exchanged salutations, and seated himself on a rude chair already placed for his convenience before the fire.

Conversation soon commenced, nor was it interrupted until the night had far advanced towards the dawn—George Somers was also, as he said, a native of New York, and from the neighborhood in which Charles Gray had lived. He informed Gray that he had sold his property at the east, and emigrated to the 'El Dorado,' to speculate in lands, having with him a large sum of money for that purpose.

At last they all retired to rest. The traveller to sleep—Gray to brood over the wealth of his guest. What fearful thoughts passed through the brain of the wretch that night! How often did his eyes wander to the hunting knife! Once he was about leaving the bed, when a slight motion of his wife in her slumbers deterred him from his murderous intent. Who else but the pencil of the demon could paint the fears—the hopes—the dark resolves of the wretched Gray, while the weary guest slept but a few paces from him, in that peace which virtue and weariness alone can give!

The morning came, and glowing from his ocean couch, arose the sun, gliding the distant bluffs and surrounding forests with colors drawn alone from the pallet of heaven. His beams shone down upon the cottage, yet unstained with blood, and aroused the sleepers. Did the evil spirit slumber in Gray's bosom?

The simple breakfast was soon over, and Somers asked Gray to set him in the nearest road to M——. With a blandness worthy of the days when he stood a respectable merchant behind a city desk, he informed Somers that he would accompany him a part of his journey, and under pretence of killing some game, shouldering his rifle and led the way. For some time they walked together, whilst renewing boyhood remembrances which called to mind many a spot hallowed by childhood sports and paternal affection.

They had thus proceeded about three miles, and arrived among those beautiful bluffs on the Ohio, since rendered celebrated by a deed which has given a name to a small crystal stream which dashes over a precipice some hundred feet deep. A bird swept over their heads, and wheeling on its light wings lit on the bough of a majestic oak—which bears the name of many an ardent lover of nature. Gray asked the traveller to move onward while he attempted to bring down his game. Somers complied, and unsuspectingly left Gray behind.

A sharp rifle crack rang through the woods, and a shriek mingled in its echoes. The host was a murderer—a murderer for money. Blood may be shed for revenge, and our sympathies may be excited for the assassin—but who can find a chord in his heart from which pity may draw a note of feeling for him who, with blood stained fingers, holds the glittering coin before his eager eyes?

Gray soon disposed of the body by hurl-

ing it over the precipice. As it went lumbering through the scrubs and jagged rocks that lined the chasm, he perhaps felt remorse, but it was but for a moment. With eager hands he opened the portmanteau, and rolling out the shining coin upon the leaves, for some minutes gazed over his wealth, for the country was almost uninhabited, and his demon spirit could rejoice in its riches undisturbed.

On returning home he deposited his ill-gotten gold in the chest. His wife heard the ringing of the coin, and her quick mind told her that Charles Gray, her husband, he to whom her very heart had confided, was a murderer. She fainted. The wretch heeded her not, but gloomily seated himself before the fire. From the floor on which she had fallen, Mary arose an altered woman. The rose fled from her cheek, and a grave in the forest marked by a simple stone, tells you where lies the broken hearted wife. Peace to her memory! She has gone where the blue streams were never crimsoned with blood—where the dagger never flashes over the devoted wayfarer.

Charles Gray became a rich man. His lands broad and fertile, bore luxuriant harvests. A tall mansion arose among those old woods to shelter the murderer's head. Strange to tell, he lived unsuspected. No one cared for the emigrant in the country from which he came.

Years rolled away. Villages arose on the ruins of that mighty forest. The steamer was heard with its perpetual thunder and lightning ascending and descending the beautiful Ohio, and lovely residences, like gems, summoned up the enchanted wand from the earth's bosom, studded the banks of the silvery river. The suspicious mind of Gray, (for the wicked are always suspicious,) rendered him fearful of discovery, as emigrants were crowding into the State, and entering the land in the most frequented spots.

The bones of Somers was still exposed; if they were found by any one rambling through the bluffs, the dark affair might be investigated, and he meet with his just deserts. Sallying forth one evening, he sought the wild precipice, and descended by the aid of ropes to the spot where laid his victim. The moon burned in the midnight with the lustre which she only wears on a winter night, when the snow reflects her brightness, and the earth seemed to wear the pearly robes of angels. One by one the stars had appeared through the rich arch above, and around the hills swept the glorious river; for nature is still lovely, though for a few moments her beautiful form may bear the record of crime there placed by man. A young gentleman named Wilson, who was returning from a visit to his 'chady love,' passed by the precipice, and observing the ropes attached to a tree which stood by his path, endeavored to trace the spot where they ended. After a narrow search he saw them hanging against a rock that formed the base of the chasm around which the waters swept their crystal current.

In a few moments the young man perceived the form of one whom he immediately recognized as Gray, by his tall and muscular figure. He was gathering up some white substance in a bag. At last he seemed to have concluded his task, and throwing the bag over his shoulders, attaching his strings to his neck and body, he commenced his ascent. By grasping the rocks with his hands whenever they afforded a sufficient protruding surface—and planting his foot firmly in the fissures—Gray had succeeded in climbing half way up the chasm, when stopping to rest, the shelly rock crumbled under his feet. The murderer made violent struggles to sustain his position, but losing his balance—he plunged headlong into the gulf. One wild shriek told that the soul of the wretch had gone to its judgment. And there lay the bleeding skeleton of his victim! "Retribution!" had pealed forth from the throne of the avenging God, and the spirit of Gray stood before his Maker.

LAUGHABLE STORY.

The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes which befel an American gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris, to whom he bore letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes upon his entrance in the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine, under strings of names of which I no more understood their composition, than they did my *gaucheries*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, laying out to every thing that was offered to me, and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just

raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! it was as hot as burning lava. What could I do! The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in flame, I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause she was ignorant, with the expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"Monsieur is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired; I could hear no more. My mouth was flying with intolerable pain; so, quietly abandoning the point opened it to the utmost and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condescended with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely. The Ideas of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *coffeur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my paucity of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the coffee had vanished with this. But that remained bodily, and as I gazed despondingly on the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully against the mountainous heap at its base—and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligently to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had already gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward filled up and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a burden, bent under its turn and a great proportion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster; I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liquors were served. Meanwhile I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off!" she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, which was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and binding an eye of the lady—while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her neck and bosom.

"Mon dieu! Mon dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"Mon dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand?" inquired one.

"No! no!—the spider—monsieur is killing the spider."

"What quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished, the spray of the execrable vegetable, had spattered her dress from head to toe. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster must it have been, observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. 'I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower!'"

At that moment I felt some one touch me and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sar! bete! sacre! le r in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with a nother epithet and name that any angry Frenchman never spares, was heard raising like a fierce tempest without the doors. Suddenly there was a pause; a gurgling sound as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter at once explained, we had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes filling his mouth, hair mustachios, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer; but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a carriage, and arrived safely home, heartily resolved, that to my last hour I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

NOVEL RACE.

We have seen all sorts of races in our time, from two sailors 'skylarking' among the intricate rigging of a man of war, down to a dray race in New Orleans, and to a country milk maid chasing a cow through a field half grown over with nettles. We heard of one the other day, which beats all these. Two loafers having got shut out of the market, managed by some means to get a bed in some of the bestly houses which this city is indited, where through the effects of liquor, they made out to sleep until morning. On waking, one of them perceived a tremendous bed bug on the dingy and discolored sheet.

"That's the boy for me," said he in a low growl. "Tim, wake up here," (slapping his bedfellow.)

"What's in the wind now?" asked Tim as he pryed open his eyes with his fingers.

"Nothing but a bed bug; see if you can find another, and let's have a race."

"Agreed," replied Tim, "but I have no candidate."

"There's one," said the other, lifting up the bolster. "To be sure he arn't so big as mine, but he's mighty bony."

"I'll take him" was the answer. "What'll you bet?"

"Cocktails for two," said the other. "How far shall they run?" asked Tim.

"From this spot of tobacco juice on the sheet, to that large hole you see yonder; get your bug up, and give the word!"

"Wait a minute," said Tim.

During a short interval Tim might have been seen picking his bug with a sharp straw, and putting snuff on the wound. The animal pranced, gnashed his teeth, and seemed anxious to *slope*.

"Ready," asked the other.

"Yes," said Tim.

"Let 'em go then!" was the inspiring cry; so off they went. The track was in bad order, the sheet being much rumpled, and the straw mattress somewhat lumpy. Tim's bug got the 'inside track' however, and they crawled off at a 'bloody pace.' For the first two feet it was all up hill, and Tim's bug being wiry, and not over fed, got the lead, which he kept manfully. During this time the respective owners were lying on either side of the bed resting upon their elbows—their eyes moist with gin and excitement, and their breathing suppressed first by interest and then by hiccoughs.

"Hurrah for my side," said Tim's oppo-