

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1879.

[Whole No. 203.]

Vol. IV, No. 47.]

TERMS OF THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year 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.

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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 are 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, 1878

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 steamer to perfect health, who were afflicted by violent Coughs and Spitting of Blood. 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 its use is 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 Asthmatic 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 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 lifted 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 every 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 consulted my case as past the aid of medicine. When I was persuaded to call in Dr. Jayne, 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 soon I felt—

IT HAS EFFECTUALLY CURED ME. As soon as I commenced taking it, I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as I 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, N. 20, South Third street Philadelphia. Price 61.

Sold, also, by JACOB MILLER, Agent, Huntingdon Pa.

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, loosens the cough, causing the phlegm to rise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Whooping and Choking of Plethoric Persons, Difficulty of Breathing, Croup, Spitting of Blood, &c. This syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, it takes 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 Choking of Plethoric Persons, 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 WILLCOX.

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 Jeffersonian Democrat. BREATH OF SLANDER.

"The wild Sirecco's deadly blast, Sweeping o'er Arabia's plains, Making thousands breathe their last, With their Camel load of chains. This is horrid, but the breath Of slander works a double death."

"O'er the ocean, calm this morning, See the wild tornado sweeping; Scarce a single note of warning, The thousands 'neath the billows sleeping: This is horrid, but the breath Of slander works a double death."

See the family altar riven, From the centre to the van, And all that's dear from home are driven, By the B. echanian clan: This is horrid, but the breath Of slander works a double death."

See the Church, by "free discussion," Mingle in the strife of States; And the skeptic, without blushing, Boldly dare the God he hates: This is horrid, but the breath Of slander works a double death."

Slander is the insidious weapon Of a coward masked in sin; While to virtue he's professing All the court required of him: Thus in secret, see the breath Of slander working double death."

WINIFRED.

From the State Journal. GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

BY THE DAUPHIN BARD.

High on the everlasting hills The King of glory reigns; His presence all creation fills, So wide his vast domains! Above the spheres where orbits move, Or shining angels soar; Above the spires that blaze in love, Or Jasper cliffs that tower On Heav'n's eternal heights, He sways His all-prevailing rod; And millions join his name to praise And hail him as their God!

He rules on earth! the ocean roar, The storm, the rushing flood; The pebbly strand, the wave-beat shore, Obey the voice of God! The world in wild submission owns His far-extended power, And monarchs on their trembling thrones In dread confusion cower. The lowly scribe, the towering oak, The field with changes fraught;— The presence own, of Him that "spoke, The Universe from naught."

I stoop below where horror reigns, And view the tortured there; I hear their groans—their clanking chains, Their shrieks of keen despair; Deep scathing and eternal scars, Wrapp'd in Jehovah's frown, And fiercest thunders clench the bars, That rivet Satan down. God's presence there in vengeance sleeps Across the fiery main,— And mercy ever stoops and weeps, But weeps, alas! in vain. Harrisburg, Pa.

THE UNBROKEN CHAIN.—Yesterday as I was standing near the Quinipac, I overheard the following amusing, edifying and logical dialogue; "Halloo, Ben less go down here to our church, and view de demolished ruins of de hurricano!" "Oh no I ain't got no time!" "Oh, cause I dont want to go!" "Why dont you want to go?" "Oh, cause I can't." "Jus gib us reason why you can't go." "Oh, cause I shant." "Well, why shan't you?" "Oh, cause I won't." "Ah, nigger! I see you've got de advantage ob me in dat ere argument, dere's no way ob gotten round dis ere time; wah, wah, wah."—New Haven Herald.

FASHION.—When Paddy O'Raffarty was put in a sedan chair which had no bottom, he said "if it were not for the name of the thing, he might as well be walking." The present fashion for ladies' gloves is a very open net work, and most unquestionably if it were not for the name, they might as well be without them.

From the Knickerbocker. THE CRUSADES.

Bright rose the sun over the hills of Palestine; and never, since the world hath birth did it rise on a brighter or more inspiring scene.—There her gorgeous palace and beautiful temples bathed in the sunlight of Eastern morn, rose Jerusalem.

Her towers, her domes, her pinnacles, her walls, Her glittering palaces, her splendid halls, Showed in the lustrous air like some bright dream, Wove by gay fancy from the morning beam.

Jerusalem! What hallowed associations rush upon the mind at that name! Once, Queen of the East, and mistress of the world, unsurpassed in importance, and unrivalled in splendor; the home and pride of Judea's sons. Now, the jackall howls where her kings reigned, and the crumbled marble, once marked where her warriors slept, now mingles with the whirling sands of Arabia.

Roll back the tide of time! Retrace the scroll of history to that epoch when Europe sent forth her noblest and her best to battle with the Saracen, to rescue the sepulchre of their redeemer from defilement and disgrace.

Under the city walls were encamped the Army of the Cross. Companions in former wars and victors in former battles, they had come determined to accomplish their errand or die in the attempt. They were the flower and boast of Europe's chivalry. Steel hauberk and coat of mail gleamed in the sunbeams, and the trumpet's note of defiance rang on the morning air, with the taunting clash of the Turkish symbol. That Pannon which had floated o'er the head of its gallant lord amid former conflicts of his house, now danced gaily on the Asiatic breeze, it was not there to be dishonored; the cherished relic of past splendor, its fair blazonry was not there to be stained or sullied.

Who would blame the enthusiasm which had thus led them forth to battle? Who can censure that piety which gave strength and sinew to their arms in the battle's shock and was their last solace in the hour of danger and of death? Yet, there are those who call the age of chivalry an age of folly; who denounce the Crusades, but as an act of madness. Madness and folly they may have been; unjust they certainly were, but who of us, had he lived in that day, would not have also bound the sacred emblem to his shoulder, and followed the crusading host to the Holy Land? The enthusiasm of the hermit Amicus, the oratory of St. Bernard, and commanding talents of Fauk, had successively been used to spur them on to action; the commands of the papal prelate were imperative. Were not these enough to impel them to almost any deed? But the Saracen's insulting heel was on the sepulchre of their lord! The Turk's proud foot spurned the dust once pressed by the meek footsteps of Christ! Jerusalem was captive! Through her courts and palaces a Moslem stood in defiance, and reigned without rebuke! Were they knights, and could they brook it? Drawing the avenging steel, they swore never again to sheathe it, till their object was accomplished, or till the last drop of their life's blood had ceased to circulate round those hearts which beat only for their honor or their God.

But why seek to excuse the Crusades by the motives which led to them! It is their consequences that give them importance in history, and furnish ample apology for all their follies, if not for all their crimes.—Apology! "Sleep Richard of the Lion heart, Sleep on nor from thy cement start," At the wrong done thy memory and thy name But the age of chivalry had passed like a bright vision of the morning. If we contemplate for a moment the dreary picture which the civilized world presented in the age of the Crusades, and compare it with the succeeding, we must allow that the political advantages resulting from them were such as Europe will never cease to feel as long as her hills shall stand or her name be known. Torn by intense feuds, the Western world was at that time the scene of the most bloody and atrocious wars that ever disgraced the page of history. The order and beauty of the social compact, like that of the ocean, lashed to fury by the rushing tempest, was lost in the wild vortex of raging passion and unbridled licentiousness. Law and right were neither respected nor obeyed. The sword was the only passport to greatness, and opened the only path to fortune and honor. Human life was only held as the sport of a petty tyrant who chose to take it, and the frequent death cry of the murdered rolled wildly up to an offended God. Then came the Crusades. Glory, immortality, religion, all pointed with imploring fingers to the scene of a Saviour's sufferings and death. Famed called upon

her votaries to battle to the death with Prynin hosts; Religion called upon her's to wipe forever from the escutcheon of the Christian world, the deep disgrace of allowing an unbelieving race to defile the land they loved, the sepulchre they adored. Then warring nations dropped their swords, and gave answer to the cry of vengeance. They came the noble and the proud, the young and the old, rallying round the crimson standard. Unity of sentiment and community of interest have ever given birth to mutual kindness, and

"All those courtesies that love to shoot, Round virtue's steps, the flowerets of her fruit." So was it there; and Europe, purified and enlightened from this and other causes flowing from it, awoke from the lethargy which had so long bound her, and advanced rapidly towards civilization and refinement which now enables & adorns her.

The effects of the Crusades upon literature though not immediate, were no less salutary. Philosophers have moralized, scholars have wept over the deplorable, the degrading ignorance of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Science slept; a death-like lethargy had come over her, which, like the sultry blast of an Eastern noon, had palsied all her efforts and withdrawn all her energies. The spirit of poetry had long since fled, She seemed forever to have forsaken those haunts she once loved so well till the Troubadours, catching up the lyre, then scattered by Time's careless hand, struck from its long mute strings those strains which roused nations to arms and a world to madness. Never was music more magically eloquent. The lyre which thrilled beneath a Homer's touch, or the lutes of the cygnet song might have been sweeter; they could not have been more inspiring. All Europe responded to the strains which swept over the land and echoed through her old baronial halls.

Then commenced the restoration of letters in the West. The Troubadour's lay was but the prelude of the diviner strains of a Bocaccio, a Petrarch and a Dante. Song again revived, and from the blushing vine-hills of France, from the castled crags of Scotland, from the wild glens of Switzerland, and the lowly vegas of romantic Spain, again ascended the poet's breathing, free as their mountain air. The very Crusades themselves; by furnishing the materials from which to weave the gorgeous fictions of the imaginations and by making the Crusaders acquainted with all the glowings of imaginary and fanciful decoration of oriental literature, gave an impulse to letters which will never cease to be felt, till man shall cease to appreciate and admire the beautiful and the sublime. Can it be, then, that the Crusades retarded the progress of literature? Rather, they cherished and prompted it, when the last flicker of the fire upon her altar had nearly expired in sadness and in gloom.

Such were the holy wars, their causes and their effects, and our recollections and sympathies cannot but be gratified at their final success.

It was sunset. The rich mellow light streamed in a thousand variegated hues over Olive's green top, the holy city, and the Christian camp, till at length it met Bethsaida's wave blushing and sparkling in its embrace. Not a ripple disturbed its mirrored stillness, save when the bright plumped bird stopped to lave its wing, or taste its refreshing coolness. Above, was the deep blue sky, so bright and clear fancy could almost catch the harmonies of heaven. All was calm and beautiful. Even the stern sentinel pacing his ban round, for a moment relaxed his iron brow and stood to gaze upon the surprising loveliness of that hour. But a far brighter sight met his eye, as he gazed upward and saw the consecrated folds of the sacred banner floating in triumph over the walls and battlements of Jerusalem. Yes, that day had seen the city theirs, and the knightly, the good and the gallant Godfrey, as he bent to kiss the tomb he had re-cue'd, was seen to dash away a tear of mingled gratitude, penitence and veneration, and to lift his hands in mental adoration, to the Being who is ever the same, whether amid the burning sands of Syria, or the icy region of the Pole. Thus did heroes conquer. Thus should the Crusaders. Blame not hastily their misdirected zeal. Censure not their holy enthusiasm. Profane not with sacrilegious touch the moss grown tombs where their ashes sleep. Their faults were the faults of their age—their virtues all their own.

A WARNING TO BUCKS. The Portland Argus chronicles the following awkward accident, which happened in that city, 'A man in one of our churches had on a new pair of pants so tight that he could not sit down. And this was not the worst of it; as he was going home, one of his straps broke suddenly, and with a shock which upset him into the gutter, to the great horror of the bystanders, who had to cut his other strap before they could make him stand erect.'

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. AN ODD CIRCUMSTANCE.

During our struggle for independence, a queer transaction occurred at a tavern not many miles from Germantown, between an American and a British soldier. It was on the day prior to the battle of Germantown, yet fresh in the recollection of many of our citizens, that a weary traveller, with a duck gun of a large bore resting on his shoulder, demanded a night's lodging at a public house on the high road; his bare feet, moccasins, and torn clothing, certainly left no good impression on the mind of the tavern keeper, as to the likelihood of his ever being paid for his meals or lodging; but "mine host" being a true American at heart, and recognizing the traveller at once to be a "provincial," literally extended to him the comforts of his house and home. The soldier being weary, retired to bed shortly after his arrival. About an hour after, the tramping of the feet of a horse was heard in front of the tavern; and before the barkeeper could open the door, the heavy tread of a man was heard on the piazza of the house. The scarlet coat and rich epaulets of the new comer at once convinced the "Major Domo" that he was an English officer. He entered the bar room, unloued his sword belt, and imperatively called for supper and a bed.—Here was a dilemma; there was but the one bed—a double bed by the way—in the house, and it was occupied by the American private. The landlord at length hesitatingly declared, that unless he would condescend to sleep with a fellow traveller he could obtain no lodgings. It being several miles to the next public house, and already late at night, the officer finally accepted the proposal and was ushered by the light of a flaming pine knot to his dormitory. The night passed tranquilly away, if the lusty snoring of both travellers be excepted. In the morning our provincial private was the first one to awake. He looked apparently with much surprise, at the British officer, who lay quietly breathing with his mouth open, as if to catch flies. He then examined his cattered shirt, pinched himself in the legs and arms, and then muttered "Strange!—d—d strange!" Finally, he pinched the officer's nose, who jumped up evidently terrified.

"Who are you?" demanded our provincial.

"I'm a soldier," was the reply.

"What's your name?"

"Jacob Ellworth."

"You're a liar; that's my name; I'm Jake Ellworth."

"No, you're not; that's me," answered the officer, who by this time had recovered his courage.

"What! dy'e want to tell me that you are Jake Ellworth when I'm Jake Ellworth? You can't throw sawdust in this child's eyes no how you can fix it!" putting his thumb to his nose and shaking his fist at the provincial.

This movement roused the ire of the Yankee to such a degree, that with his clenched fist he struck the Briton a blow on the face, and levelled him on the bed; a noise ensued, and but a few minutes elapsed ere the landlord with his attendants arrived at the door; each of the combatants appealed to him to decide who was the real "Jake Ellworth," and which was the man who had come to bed last. The landlord surveyed them each in their turn, but their faces, their size, and the color of their hair resembled each other so much, that he declared at length he was unable to distinguish one from the other. At this moment the hostler arrived at the door with the intelligence that a party of English soldiers could be seen some distance off, marching in the direction of the tavern. The officer laughed and the Yankee looked aghast, but suddenly recollecting himself, he seized the Englishman's uniform, ran out of the room and ordered the hostler to saddle his horse. In the yard of the tavern he completed his dress, mounted the officer's steed and boldly meeting the detachment of English soldiers, ordered them to take a d—d rebel, whom he had made prisoner at the next tavern, to the camp. The man who succeeded, and the Yankee escaped to the American camp. The English officer in the mean time was arrested by his own men, but whether the mistake was ever discovered—"this deponent saith not."

ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH. A PUZZLE.

cur f w d dis & p
A sed ned rought eath ease an
bles fr b br & ag

ANOTHER.

I see I she real see that me
am may love are up may I'll have
in you but you and you have you'll
love as one and down then you if

Why is a tight boot like a windmill?
Because they both grind the corn.

The Advantage of Office.—The following letter might have been written by a young man in Arkansas to his mother in New Hampshire, and it might have not—we do not endorse it. It seems that the young Yankee had lately received the appointment of postmaster in that State, and that he pre-umes a good deal on the strength of it.—N. O. Ficyane.

Wildcatville, Ratt'esnack co. Ark.

Dear Marm: You haint got the least idea in the world how I'm getting along out here in Rattlesnack county. They've lately pointed me postmaster in this town and I'm expecting to get the office of justice of the peace afore long. I've had three cases left out to me already. One on 'em was where a feller had gouged out another chap's left eye, an' neither on 'em was sartin sure whether he was at the top or bottom when the thing was done. I know all about it just as easy, cause I was watchin' all the time—so I decided the case accordin'. This is a great country! Why, marm, the corn here grows as high as white hazels, or cherry trees, and cotton and other fruit beats all calculation. I'm makin' my eternal fortin here just as fast as I can. I can do any thing a little smarter than any of 'em 'ceptin' playin' cards, but I do think they rather go ahead of me playin' lu and poker, 'cause they almost always win my money. You know them shirts how you said you'd made for me and didn't know how to torried 'em; you can send 'em by mail now, as I don't have any postage to pay, in consequence of the virtue of my office. If the watermelons are ripe I wish you would send on tu or three; also them tu pair of nanken trousers I had'n't room for in my trunk when I started. You'll find a button off on one pair unless you've sewed it on since I left, and while you're about it, you might as well let out that gather in the bottom of 'em—I expect I've grow'd a little since I left home. Send 'em all by mail—they wont cost me a cent. I've now been here nearly nine months and my health has been the bilious fever twice'the consecutive fever onc't, and the fever and ager occasionally, and the dumb ager all the time. Marm, I wish you'd give my 'uv to Eunice Homes, and ask her if she recollects that time we went to Hopsy Stearn's quiltin. I wish Eunice was out here now. If you see Zack Stearns tell him he may keep that knife I cum away and forgot, as one blade was broke out and it aint of no great account. I feel as though I had a shake a coming on, so I must stop written. Don't forget the shirt and trousers.

Your luv son,

EBEN FETTINGILL.

N. B. Apples is quite scarce out here I would ask you to send on a barrel by post, only I'm afraid they'd lumber up the mail. You can send a peck any how.

A PLEA OF "NOLO CONTENDERE."—A native of the Emerald Isle, being brought before a court in Massacusetts for assault and battery, was asked if he was guilty or not guilty?

"Guilty be the powers!" exclaimed he, making demonstration of more than light; "haint a man a right in a free country, to knock down any body he pleases, without being guilty of salt and bathers, Pd ax ye?"

The court answered this in the negative, Pat was a little at a loss what to say. He did not like the word guilty, and yet he gloried too much in the character of a boxer to wish to deny the charge. While he was hesitating what to say, a gentleman of the bar whispered to him to put in a plea of "Nolo Contendere."

"Nolleng n tender ye!" said the Irishman, who was better acquainted with the shillalah than with law Latin, "What's t'e man iv that?"

"The meaning is, that you will not contend with the whole country," said the lawyer.

"Nolleng tender ye!" said the accused, turning to the bench, "that is to say I'll not contend with the whole country; but by the powers!" spitting on his hands "I can whip any three iv ye at the same time."

Persons not likely to Serve You.—There are six sorts of persons, at whose hands you need not expect kindness:—The sordid and narrow-minded, think of nobody but their noble selves; the busy have not time to think of you; the over-grown rich man, is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy, has neither spirit nor ability; the good natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.

If a man deceive thee trust him not again. If he insults thee, go away from him if he strike thee, thrash him like smoke.

If you have a good wife, take care of her, and if you have not; get one immediately.