

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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[WHOLE No. 205.]

TERMS

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.
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 be 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 steamer to perfect health, who were afflicted by violent Bowel Complaints. I was so assured by 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 was with many others, (owing to great exposure, &c.) had a violent attack of disease of the lungs, by which I was disabled for many months. 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 of blood. Often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit up, & be distressed 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 considered my case as past the aid of medicine. When I was persuaded to call on Dr. 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, 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.
No. 35 Lombard street.
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.

READ 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, lessens the cough, causing the sputum to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Consumptive Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Wheezing & Choking of Pleurisy, Inflammation, Difficulty of breathing, Cramp, Spitting of Blood, &c. This Syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, if 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 choking of the Lungs, 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 which I was afflicted with for many years. Any persons wishing to see me call at my house in Beach street, above the market, on the corner, Phila.
JOHN WILCOX.

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

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obtuse pain and weight in the right side under the short ribs; attended with heat, uneasiness about the pit of the stomach—there is in the right side also a distension—the patient loses his appetite and becomes sick and troubled with vomiting. The tongue becomes rough and black, countenance changes to a pale or citron color or yellow, like those afflicted with jaundice—difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with dry cough, difficulty of laying on the left side—the body becomes weak, and finally the disease terminates into another of a more serious nature, which in all probability is far beyond the power of human skill. Dr. Harlick's compound tonic strengthening and German aperient pills, taken at the commencement of this disease, will check it, and by continuing the use of the medicine a few weeks, a perfect cure will be performed. Thousands can testify to this fact.
Certificates of many persons may daily be seen of the efficacy of this invaluable medicine, by applying at the Medical Office, No. 19 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.
Also, at the Store of Jacob Miller, Hunt.

DYSPEPSIA AND HYPOCHONDRIASIS.

Cured by Dr. Harlick's Celebrated Medicines.
Mr. Wm Morrison, of Schuylkill Sixth Street, Philadelphia, afflicted for several years with the above distressing disease— sickness at the stomach, head ache, palpitation of the heart, impaired appetite, acrid humors, emaciation and general debility, disturbed rest, a pressure and weight at the stomach after eating, severe flying pains in the chest, back and sides, costiveness, a dislike for society or conversation, languor and lassitude upon the least occasion. Mr. Morrison had applied to the most eminent physicians, who considered it beyond the power of human skill to restore him to health; however, as his affliction had reduced him to a deplorable condition, having been induced by a friend of his to try Dr. Harlick's Medicines, as they being highly recommended, by which he procured two packages, he found himself greatly relieved, and by continuing the use of them the disease entirely disappeared—he is now enjoying all the blessings of perfect health.
Principal Office, 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
Also, for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon county.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!

More proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Harlick's Medicines.
Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Sunnyside, Pa. entirely cured of the above disease, which he was afflicted with for six years. His symptoms were a sense of distension and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, loss of appetite, coldness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acrid eruptions, sometimes vomiting, and pain in the right side, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, faintness, and not able to pursue his business without causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.
Mr. Hartman is happy to state to the public and is willing to give any information to the afflicted, respecting the wonderful benefits received from the use of Dr. Harlick's Compound Strengthening and German aperient pills. Principal office No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

LIVER COMPLAINT,

Ten years standing, cured by the use of Dr. Harlick's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills.
Mrs Sarah Boyer, wife of William Boyer, North Fourth Street above Call wharf, Philadelphia, entirely cured of the above distressing disease. Her symptoms were, habitual costiveness of the bowels, total loss of appetite, excruciating pain in the side, stomach and back, depression of spirits, extreme debility, could not lie on symptoms indicating great derangement in the functions of the liver. Mrs. Boyer was attended by several of the first Physicians, but received but little relief from their medicine—at last, a friend of hers procured a package of Dr. Harlick's Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, which, by the use of one pack age, induced her to continue with the medicine, which resulted in effecting a permanent cure beyond the expectations of her friends.
Principal Office for this Medicine is at No. 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon county.

RICHES NOT HEALTH.

Those who enjoy health, must certainly feel blessed when they compare themselves to those sufferers that have been afflicted for years with various diseases which the human family are all subject to be troubled with. Diseases present themselves in various forms and from various circumstances, which, in the commencement, may all be checked by the use of Dr. O. P. Harlick's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Pain in the Side, Rheumatism, General Debility, Female Diseases, and all Diseases to which human nature is subject, where the Stomach is affected. Directions for using these Medicines always accompany them. These Medicines can be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate Female, as they are mild in their operation and pleasant in their effects.
Principal Office for the United States, No. 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon county.
A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.—Italian.

THE GARLAND.



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

THE PARTING SUMMER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.
Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer; fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell!
But in the golden sunset
Of the last lingering day,
Oh! tell me o'er this checkered earth
How hast thou pass'd away?
Brightly, sweet summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by—
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs—
The rangers of the sky:
And brightly in the forests
To the wild deer bounding free;
And brightly midst the garden flowers
To the happy murmuring bee.
But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears;
And thoughts that make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years?
Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their hopes and leaves,
And the blue, rejoicing streams;
To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound;
In sweet, delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;
To the sailor in the billows,
In longing, wild and vain
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again.
And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou ugh flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought have kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.
Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the Dead—
In shadow from a troubled heart,
O'er a sunny pathway shed;
In brief and sudden strivings
To fight a weighty side;
'Midst these, thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died!
But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again thy buoyancy,
Wherewith my soul should soar!
Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer land than this
May our next meeting be!

Miscellaneous.

AARON BURR AND THE REVOLUTION.
We extract the following brief sketch of the revolutionary services of this remarkable individual, from a review of Davis' Memoirs, in the last number of the North American Review.
The extraordinary privations suffered by the detachment under Arnold, which succeeded in making its way to Quebec, were endured by no one of its members with more cheerfulness and patience than by the stripling who had volunteered to join it. And this was one characteristic, which was remarkable in Burr through life, and which went a great way to maintain for him the respect of those immediately around him. He was not one of the repining kind, who wear out the patience of their neighbors with their catalogue of complaints, and bore all his misfortunes like a man. When the party finally reached the Chaudiere, and it became necessary to establish a communication with Gen. Montgomery, Burr was selected for the task; and, though so young, he acquitted himself of the hazardous duty of penetrating a country, the inhabitants of which adhere to the British power, and spoke a different language from his, with prudence and success. Upon his arrival at the General's headquarters, he was immediately invited to assume a station near his person, when he might be appointed an aid-de-camp. Burr thus became an actor in the unsuccessful assault upon Quebec; was present when Montgomery fell; and was the person who bore him upon his shoulders from the spot, when retreat became necessary. His conduct throughout this trying affair, appears to be marked with courage and judgment. It establishes for him a high reputation at the time a-

mong the American troops, and undoubtedly deserved free and unqualified praise. We are not of those who would refuse to his memory the smallest tribute of honor which he can be supposed to have deserved. And it gives us the more pleasure to do so in this instance, because we feel under no necessity of adding a syllable of qualification.

But, with the death of the commander-in-chief, all prospect of successful action in Canada vanished, and Burr was not one of those who could find in the quiet performance of duty a compensation for the want of more brilliant success in life. Without the consent of Arnold, who had succeeded to the command, and in spite of his prohibition he left his companions to take care of themselves, and made the best of his way to the city of New York. The fame he had gained had come before him, and had prejudiced in his favor the mind of Washington, who received him at that place with great cordiality, and immediately gave him the same situation, near his own person, which Montgomery had promised him near his, before death had interfered to cut off his expectations. This new position was one of the best in the army, for it enabled the possessor, if he were inclined, not only to establish strong claims upon the confidence and affections of his superior, but also to lay a foundation broad and deep for a brilliant career of honor and service during after life. Hamilton was much indebted to it for his success. Why did Burr fail to improve it? We cannot tell the precise reason; but the fact is clear that from this period but few days elapsed before he was elated, before Burr expressed his disgust at his position, and requested of Hancock then President of Congress, to procure him a transfer into some other service, or leave to retire. This transfer was obtained for him, and he left the family of Washington to join that of Gen. Putnam. But, brief as the time had been, it had proved long enough to fix in the mind of the commander-in-chief impressions of the character of his young aid, which remained ever after indelible, and which by forbidding his voluntarily reposing a particle of confidence in his honesty, had a great effect in future, in shutting out the legitimate avenues for his ambition.

The reason of the mutual dislike between Washington and Burr, so rapidly matured into a permanent separation, we do not know. The attempt made by our author to explain it, is lamentably insufficient. We gather from it only, that Burr found himself without the confidence of the General in regard to his military movements, and hence was anxious as soon as possible to withdraw from the awkward position in which this circumstance placed him. But this statement does not explain why Washington refused that sort of confidence to Burr which he was in the habit of placing in others, nor the reasons for the mistrust of his moral integrity which he is well known always after to have entertained. That great man was stern in his judgments upon right and wrong, and not easily moved to restore his confidence to those who had once by their own conduct incurred its forfeiture. Yet he did not form his opinions hastily, or upon slight evidence. Neither could he have been a small thing which could, in the space of six short weeks, have entirely changed his feelings towards a young man like Aaron Burr, from those of friendly kindness and esteem to suspicion and dislike. But what that thing was, as it does not seem likely that we shall know, it is useless to waste time in fruitless and idle attempts to conjecture. The fact itself is significant enough.

Let us resume the review of Burr's military career. He served as aid-de-camp to Gen Putnam in the unfortunate action upon Long Island, and upon the subsequent evacuation of New York saved a brigade, which had been detained there too long, from falling into the hands of the British. These services earned for him a lieutenant-colonel's commission, and the virtual command of a regiment. He had a horse shot under him at the battle of Monmouth, and from that time until his retirement from the service which happened in 1779, though not a gam in action, he appears to have persevered in the faithful and punctual performance of the duties incumbent upon a skillful and vigilant officer. But he could not control his impatience under the monotonous details of ordinary service. His resignation, made upon the partially well-founded plea of ill health, appears yet to have had no trilling connection with sound feelings and disappointed expectations. His difference with General Washington naturally threw him among the officers disposed to resist the authority of the commander-in-chief. He appears to have been a member of the Conway Cable, and an ardent supporter of General Gates, whose successful campaign against Burgoyne, made him for a time the object, around whom the disaffected, and those dissatisfied with the slow and less bril-

liant progress of Washington, rallied, as about his rival. The result of the very brief struggle which took place is well known. Its effect upon Burr probably was to remove him still farther than before from all prospect of rapid advancement as a soldier, and to incline him to look to some new line of action for success. His failing health then decided the question, and he became a lawyer. But his disappointment in thus leaving a profession for which he considered himself eminently well qualified, was a severe one, and his feelings of hostility to the person whom he regarded as the true cause of it proportionately bitter. From the day of his resignation of his commission to the day of his death, he never failed to speak of Washington in terms of disparagement, to all those who were in any degree intimately acquainted with him. And it is not his fact, that his biographer has not communicated his dissatisfaction to the world.

"DON'T GO THERE!"

The scenes of our boyhood are oft remembered, and as the stripping rises into manhood the lessons of his youth become the lights of his after pilgrimage. No one perhaps ever lived, who has not felt the indescribable sensation of a full heart, when met with the tender yet overwhelming paternal reproof for some youthful aberration. Parental authority never exercises a nobler or more beneficent prerogative, than when to the correction of youthful error, it brings its hallow'd affection and unshaken justice. The youthful offender melts into contrition, and can only dry up his tears in the sunshine of forgiveness. When he beholds the smile of justice, satisfied, or benevolence kindly extended to his faults, he endeavors to do better, and to deserve the kindness he receives. In the fulfillment of the many duties of a parental character, there is a high accountability to which many are altogether insensible. The habits of the parent are too oft the sole inheritance of the child—and his tastes, principles and pursuits are often fashioned by the most trivial attentions or neglects of the parent. But enough of this for the present moment.

When a mere youth, the curiosity natural to all children frequently led me beyond the limits of paternal license. One afternoon, as I wandered into a neighboring church-yard, to scan the monuments that told the brief story of its silent inhabitants, the sun had cast his last declining rays upon the tall trees beside me, ere I thought of returning home, or of the command I received at my departure. The sense of disobedience confused me—and I sat down silent as the marble at my feet. From this reverie I was aroused by a shrill call from the nursery of weeping willows on one side of the grave-yard—and had not time to answer before she stood at my side, an aged domestic of my father's dwelling, clad in an unusual garb, which I should now know better how to compare with some of those female singularities that the master-spirit of Scotland so faithfully portrayed. She led me hastily towards home, betraying at every turn evident fear of the ghosts and spirits, the most marvellous stories of which she had been wont to pour into my ear. She led me by the hand, now wondering at my temerity, now chiding me for disobedience to my parents, and now pitying me for the punishment I so richly deserved for having frightened her almost out of her little wits. She wound off her lamentations with the emphatic charge, 'never to go there again.'

"Don't go there!" said she, as she passed a gang of wrestlers—there will be broken limbs and bruises—don't go there." We passed successively the retreats of the idle, the haunts of the dissipated, the assemblies of the profane—and my guide, as she hurried onward, earnestly repeating the injunction—"Don't go there!"

In the course of a long life, I have witnessed the various characters of men, and wondered at the facility with which passion and folly lead them astray—and I have a thousand times thought of the simple warning of my guide, and longed to whisper it in their ears. When youthful companions urged to the wayward chase, to some evening rout or revel—the withered form of the old enchanter stood before my young eyes, and I could no longer yield to their solicitations.

And now, when I see a young man about to enter the gay assembly of the thoughtless, and vicious, perhaps to join in riotous excesses, debauchery, and gaming—I could wish to avert the evil, and tell him 'never go there.'

When I see the young mechanic, dependent on his daily earnings, the merchant's clerk, whose salary will scarcely keep him in decent clothes, nightly wending his way to the theatres, I could wish to whisper in his ear, 'Don't go there.'

When I see the young enterer of the gin palaces, or the rum shops, the illuminated billiard rooms, and dark bowling alleys of the metropolis—I could wish some

spirit would put the thought into their minds, 'Never to go there.'

And the fair, too—when I see them, apparently with no pursuit but pleasure, wasting the golden hours of morning in sleep, and the live-long days in gadding about the streets, wasting the earnings of their fathers on feathers and frippery, and becoming the pets of gallants and whiskered coxcombs—methinks they had better 'not go there;' for as age creeps on, and they perchance get no husbands, they may meet those friendships which prudence and industry never fail to secure, and without which old maids are miserable creatures.

Finally, old maids and young maidens—bachelors and married men—wives and children—when flattery allures, or vice or passion calls: to forbidden pleasures—when the customs of the gay world entice them to join the circle of extravagance and swell the crowd of dissipation—all should be taught this salutary lesson, 'Don't go there.'

[N. Y. High.]
From the Boston Post.
DESPERATE MUTINY AT SEA.

On Saturday nine seamen were brought before Judge Davis, upon the complaint of E. Smith, jr. Acting District Attorney, charging them with a mutiny at sea, in February last.—Their names are Richard Musserder, James T. Armstrong, Charles Stone, William Collins, Robert Brooks, John Tilton, John Wincheter, John Johnson and John Broughton. From several depositions forwarded by Robert H. Hunter, U. S. Consul, at Cowes, the following facts were disclosed: In January last, the ship *Ulysses* sailed from Baltimore for Amsterdam, with a cargo of tobacco and staves. The crew consisted of the Captain (Henry Galt) and two mates, ten able-bodied men before the mast, and steward and cook—in all 15. On the evening of Feb. 16, while the nine prisoners named above were below, a heavy squall arose, and the mate ordered them on deck to take in sail.—They refused to obey the order, and gave for a reason that they did not get food enough.—The mate repeated his order and they again refused, unless he would agree that in future their allowance of victuals should be increased.

The mate refused to make any such condition, and reported their proposition to the Captain, who directed him to go below and fetch up the ringleader, but when he went down he found them prepared for a deadly resistance, and determined not to permit Broughton, their 'spokeman' to be taken. In the meantime Captain Galt had armed himself with a cutlass, and placed a brace of pistols in the galley as a dernier resort. The mate having reported his inability to secure Broughton, the captain armed with his cutlass, went below, and there found Broughton with a pistol, and Collins with a heaver, and the others with knives. He attempted to lay hold of Collins, but was knocked down, wounded in the face, and then had his legs tied. The mate came to his assistance, and snapped his pistol, which missed fire. He then called out to the steward for more priming, and Collins replied, 'Fire and be damned. We have as many pistols as you have.' Collins then pointed his pistol.

The mates, finding that they could not contend with the mutineers, used all their exertions to release the captain, and with the assistance of the steward, dragged him on deck, all covered with blood. The mutineers did not attempt to follow, and taking advantage of this circumstance, the officers suddenly fastened down the forecastle hatch. They farther secured it by nailing a 3 inch plank across, and stowing a portion of the chain cable upon it.—Thus they were confined and kept upon bread and water day after day.

At length they became clamorous for an increased allowance of water, and threatened to burst out from their uncomfortable prison.—The captain replied that he would shoot them man by man if they attempted to break out, and as they were satisfied of his sincerity, they gave up the plan. The captain then increased their allowance of water to three pints a day. He also ordered the mate to propose to them to return to their duty, but they demanded conditions, and the captain would enter into none whatever, and the negotiation was broken off. He put into the port of Cowes, and reported the state of his crew to the consul, who upon examination sanctioned his proceedings, and sent the mutineers, as prisoners, with him to Amsterdam, where they were transferred to a guard ship. When ready for sailing, Captain Galt refused to take them as prisoner passengers to be tried in this country for the mutiny. The *Ulysses* sailed for Baltimore, and the next vessel at Amsterdam, bound to an American port, being the York, Captain Larrabee, the prisoners were put on board of her, and brought to the port of Boston, on Friday last.

The U. S. consul also sent with the prisoners the pistols, knives and heavers, found in their possession when they