

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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[WHOLE No. 206.]

TERMS

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 steamer to perfect health, who were affected 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 1773, 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. A year or two ago, 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 hoarse, and had 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.

Need I say how satisfied I feel—after 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 in 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. At last, 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, loosens the cough, causes the phlegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Wheezing & Choking of Phlegm Hoarseness, Difficulty of breathing, Croup, Spitting of Blood, &c. This Syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, it taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale only at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.

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 Phlegm, 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 call at my house in Beach street, above the market Kensington, Phila.
JOHN WILCOX.
Ozark—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 obdurate 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. Thou sands 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, headache, palpitation of the heart, impaired appetite, acrid eructations, coldness and weakness of the extremities, 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 afflictions 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 Summerville, 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, giddiness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acrid eructations, somnolence, 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 benefit he 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 Callowhill, 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 package, 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 the 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.

"You give me great relief," as the marble said to the sculptor.

Miscellaneous.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

A SEA SKETCH.

The rights of man whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, vested or contested civil or uncivil, common or uncommon, have been so frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt and expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so novel a manner, as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow passenger, and the first glance at him, as he leisurely ascended the cabin stairs, bespoke him an original. His face, figures, dress, gait and gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet, without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business like though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was towards the gangway; but one moment sufficed to acquaint him with the state of the case. The letter bags having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and her majesty's mail packet the Guebre, had already accomplished some hundred fathoms on her course. This untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than to annoy our original, who quietly stepped up to the captain with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course:

"Hallo, skipper!—Off she goes, eh? but you must turn about, my boy, and let me get out."

"Let you get out?" echoed the astonished skipper, and again repeating it, with what the musicians call a staccato—"Let you—get—out?"

"Exactly so. I'm going ashore."

"I'm rather afraid you are not, sir, said the skipper, looking decidedly serious, unless you allude to the other side."

"The other side exclaimed the oddity, involuntarily turning towards England. Pool! nonsense, man; I only came to look at your accommodations.—I'm not going across with you: I'm not upon my word!"

"I must beg your pardon, sir," said the captain quite solemnly, but it is my firm opinion that you are going across!"

"Pool! Pool! all gammon; I tell you, I am going back to Dublin."

"Upon my word, then," said the skipper, rather briskly, "you must swim back, like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls." The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought a good joke of his officer's;—while the original turned sharply round, parodied a hyena's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

"Come, come, skipper: it's quite as far out as I care for, if you want to treat me to a sail!"

"Treat you to a sail?" roared the indignant officer. "Zounds! sir, I am in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life."

"So much the better," answered the original; "I'm not joking myself, and have no right to be joked upon."

"Joke or no joke," said the captain, all I know is this. The mail bags are on board, and it's more than my post is worth to put back."

"Eh? What? How? exclaimed the oddity with a sort of nervous dance. "You astonish me! Do you—really mean to say—I'm obliged to go—whether I've a right or not?"

"I do, indeed, sir; I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. My orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board, I must cast off."

"Indeed! well—but you know—why—why, that's your duty, not mine. I have no right to be cast off! I have no right to be here at all! I've no right to be any where, except in Merriion Square!"

The captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets, then gave a loud order to somebody to do something, somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His captive in the mean time, made hasty strides toward the stern, as if intending to leap overboard; but he suddenly stopped short, and took a bewildered look at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length, breadth, and depth every minute; and he again confronted the captain.

"Well skipper, you've thought better of it; I've no right in the world have I? You will turn her around?"

"Totally impossible, sir: quite out of my power!"

"Very well, very well, very well indeed!" The original's temper was getting up as well as the sea. But mind, sir, I protest; I protest against you, sir, and against the ship, and the ocean, sir, and every thing! I'm getting farther and farther out; but remember I have no right! you will take the consequences. I have no right! to be

kidnapped; ask the crown lawyers if you think fit."

After this denouncement, the speaker began to pace up and down, like the captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boil, however, as well as the engine; and every time that he passed near the man that he considered as his Sir Hudson Lowe, he gave vent to the inward feeling in a jerk of the head, accompanied with a sort of pig-like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the four monosyllable, "This—is—too—bad!"—with a most emphatic fall of the foot to each. At last it occurred to a stout pompous looking personage, to interpose as a mediator. He began by dilating on the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters; thence he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the captain, with the promise of an early return packet from Holyhead; and he was entering into a congratulation on the fineness of the weather, when the original thought it time to cut him short.

"My dear sir, you'll excuse me. The case is no-body's but my own. You are a regular passenger. You have a right to be in this packet. You have a right to go to Holyhead, or to Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the world's end—if you—like. But I choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here, then? Not one—at all! I've no right to be in this vessel; and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea, (waving his arms up and down,) than the Pigeon House!"

"It is very unpleasant situation, I allow sir," said the captain to the stout passenger; but as I have told the gentleman my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for inconvenience."

"Inconvenience be hanged!" exclaimed the oddity in a passion, at last. "It is no inconvenience, sir!—not—the—smallest! but that makes no difference as to my being here. It's that and that alone, I dispute all right to!"

"Well but my dear good sir," expostulated the pompous man, "admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is confessed without remedy."

"To be sure it is!" said the captain, "every inch of it. All I can say is, that the gentleman's passage shall be no expense to him."

"Thanke—of course not!" said the original with a sneer. "I've no right to put my hand in my pocket! Not that I mind expense! but it's my right to stand up for and I defy you both to prove that I have any right, or any shadow of a right to be in your company! I'll tell you what skipper—but before he could finish the sentence, he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The captain exchanged a significant smile with the stout gentleman; but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent character, he came scrambling back to the binnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot or two of the skipper's face.

"There skipper! now, Mister What-d'ye-call! what do you both say to that? What right have I to be sick—as sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish; I'm not a passenger; I've no right to go tumbling over ropes and pails, and what not to the ship's head?"

"But, my good sir,"—began the pompous man.

"Don't sir me, sir! You took your own passage. You have a right to be sick you have a right to go to the side every five minutes; you've a right to die of it; but it's the reverse with me; I have no right of the sort."

"O, certainly not, sir," said the positivity, offended in his turn. "You are indubitably the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark, that where I felt I had so little right I should hesitate to intrude myself." So saying he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely. In fact our original had met with a choke pear. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logic. The more he tried to unravel its meaning the more it got entangled. He didn't like it, without knowing why; and quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel, and at the deck, and down the companion stairs; and then wound up by a long shake of his head as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's at the astonished man at the wheel. His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touched the quay at Holyhead. The captain then attempted a final apology, but it was interrupted in the middle.

"Enough said, sir, quite enough. If you've only done your duty, you've no right to beg pardon and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I, in Holyhead instead of Dublin. I don't care what that fellow says, who don't understand his own rights. I stick to all I said before. I have no right to be up in the moon, have I? Of course not; and I've no more right to stand on this present quay, than I have to be up in the moon!"—Thomas Hood.

FRANKLIN'S FIRST ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner, describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings so little auspicious with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival at Philadelphia, I was in my working dress, my best cloths being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt—my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatman for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much money; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market Street where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread, I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much—I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Reed, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner and went through Chesnut Street eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and child, who had come down with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quakers' meeting house near the market place. I sat down with the rest, and after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep.—In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept at Philadelphia.

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

An affecting incident is related in a work just published in England called a "Four in Connaught," which illustrates the superstition of the lower classes in Ireland, as well as the love of woman for her husband and children,—love beyond the tomb, and fastening on eternity.

"Just near the top was a little flat—'there sir,' says the guide, 'just there, a poor woman and her two children perished not long ago—the cratur's husband had died of a decay, and left her desolate and it was not for her low state, without any one to do a hand's turn for herself and her children, that grieved her; but it was that she had no means to get masses said for his soul; and she thought of him every night suffering away in purgatory, and crying out in the middle of the flame, 'Oh Biddy, jewel, can't you help me out of this torment.' So she thought of coming up there to the rock; it was not the season at all for such a work, it long after Hollantide, and not a pilgrim had passed up for many a long day; but poor Biddy was resolved to set out, for why, her dear Darby was suffering and as she was alone woman, and had no one to leave her two children with, she took them with her and

faced the mountain; it was as I said a bad season; and the day was wet and windy, and some of her neighbors who saw her going up, shook their heads and wished that God would get her safe over her blessed work—nobody can tell whether she went through all her stations or not; the cratur any how tried her best, and night came down upon her, and such a night—the storm set in from the north-west, the ocean came tumbling in from the head of Achill—the rain poured thick, soft and sweeping below, but was all hard driving sleet on the mountain. To this spot poor Biddy retreated for shelter, and nothing had she to save herself and her little ones but her thread bare cloak. To make my story short, the neighbors fearing for her, went up the next morning in search of her and here they found her and the little things beside her, all stiff and huddled together; the cloak was wrapped round the child—the poor fond mother (heaven be her rest, and sure it is she is there, dying when doing such a holy work) had stripped her own body of its covering to save those she loved better than her own life, but to no purpose."

AUTUMN.

Thou art with us. Already we feel the prickles in the morning air; and the stars shine with peculiar lustre. Shortly, we shall see the rich tints which thou flingest on the woodlands, and then thy russet livery.—And if thou art now bright, and gay and beautiful, thou art not less lovely, when thy hazy atmospheres spread a voluptuous softness over nature—when the sun himself is shorn of his beams, and like a pale planet, wanders through the sky.

Autumn! with all its fields of ripening corn, and its trees laden with fruit, and its vines with the clustering grapes. Reeling to the earth, purple and gushing, and clear sparkling streams, and salmon fishing, and field sports, is here.

Out in the Autumn woods! the broad leaf of the Sycamore hath fallen upon the streamlet and hath passed on with its tumbling water, or disports them where it has rested against some obstruction. The Buckeyes is bare. The maple is golden leaved, save where is spread on a field of orange, the hectic flush which marks approaching decay, or where the sap is yet faintly coursing, and a delicate green remains. The Oak is of a deep crimson, and the Gum even of a bloodier hue.—far off on the tall cliff, is the spiral pine and cedar, in their eternal green.

Out in the Autumn woods! when the leaves are falling like the flakes in a snow storm. It is a time for lofty contemplation. The soul is full, if it has the capacity to feel, and it gushes forth, though the tongue speaks not.—And yet it is irresistible to roam through the Autumn woods, and listen to the thousand whispering tongues which fill the air. The dullness of feeling must be the merry shout and loud halloo.

We welcome thee, Autumn. Thou art the dearest to us of the seasons—save the flower month. We hail thy coming snow, not as has been our wont. Since thou wast last here we have lost friends; and thy wailing winds, and out beneath thy sky, and roaming thro' thy varied gorgeous-liveried wood, our thro's shall be turned to their memories.

THE WALKING DANDY.

Did the reader ever encounter one of these things, picking his way through our great thoroughfare? Note his mincing step, his sidling mode of eschewing the touch of all he meets. Mark his smile, his leer when suddenly accosted. Watch his ineffable condescension when bowing to a lady, and his more than ineffable shudder when meeting with what he thinks vulgar. He is your Dandy—your mere pop, known in all countries, and whose walk is thus described by a metropolitan writer: He is your fellow, invented solely as a showman for tailors, the creature of their craft, with an intellect not so comprehensive as a button hole, and an idiosyncrasy about as socially important as that of a housefly—whose wrist-band is his ambition's strongest food, whose side locks his darling hopes, whose whiskers his consolation in the hour of trouble, whose mustache the object of his tenderness and most pleasurable caresses, who passes over his pantaloons and boots many hours of happy reflection, within the folds of whose coat lie all his happiest feelings, and who regards his walking stick as the walking stick of the universe. By all that is weak in man, what a walk hath this little humane insect! How apprehensive is he of puddles!—with what screwed expression of horrid disgust at the existence of such enormities in the world which he inhabits does he pettishly pick his legs over that concentration of every thing that is objectionable in aquatics! How anxiously, directly afterwards, does he investigate his boots and pantaloons, to see if one spot from that "dim'd puddle" has tarnished the black brillian-