

Vol. IV, No. 51.]

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 advertisement 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 Carminative, in restoring a great number of passengers on board of a Mississippi steamboat to perfect health, who were affected by violent Cough 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 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, to have been 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 of dark mucus, 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 expectation, frequently brought me to a state of asthmatical death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write to you. I have had skillful physicians to attend me, but 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 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, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectation 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. 53 Lombard street, 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 plegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Wheezing & Choking of Pleegm 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 stores 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 Pleegm, 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 WILLCOX.

Observation—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. Harlich'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. Those who 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, Huntingdon.

DYSPEPSIA AND HYPOCHONDRIAISM.

Cured by Dr. Harlich'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 affliction, having been induced by a friend of his to try Dr. Harlich'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. Harlich's Medicines.

Mr. Jones 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, giddiness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acrid eructations, 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 benefit he received from the use of Dr. Harlich'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. Harlich'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. Harlich'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. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, which is especially adapted for Coughs, Spasms, Convulsions, 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.
The best remedy against an ill person is much ground between both.

THE GARLAND.



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

B A A L B E C.

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY OF PALESTINE.

The great and mysterious ruins of Baalbec are referred by tradition among the Arabs to Solomon, whose name is familiar to them as a mighty king and magician. "He was assisted," say they, "by Genii and Devils."—Three of the stones in the wall measured 190 feet in length, are 13 feet high and 11 feet wide. Nothing is known concerning either wall or temple from any ancient author, excepting John of Antioch, who ascribed the temple to Antoninus.
Where Lebanon in glory rears
Her cedars to the sky,
Baalbec amid the sand appears
To catch the curious eye:
And mid her giant walls of old,
The wild goat seeks a quiet fold.
No pen has traced thy ancient state,
No poet sung thy pride;
But yet we know that thou wert great,
O'er all the world besides;
Thy lofty columns proudly stand,
Lone relics of a giant's hand.
And say who built thee up, thou queen!
Did Solomon the great?
Did Sheba's lovely mistress lean
On yonder parapet,
Of Judah's daughters, dancing round?
The Sarcenic prophets taught
Amid their cavern'd halls,
That devils and the genii wrought
Thy everlasting walls,
That Solomon designed the plan,
And they built up what he began.

Beth-horon, and the cities vast
That tumbled in Palestine,
Have crumbled into dust at last,
But still thy glories shine;
Six pillars rear their capitals
An hundred feet above thy walls.
And fresh as from the sculptor's hand,
The carving now appears,
The leaves of the Acanthus stand
The test of countless years,
In grand Corinthian order they
First catch the morning's purple ray.
Three eras speak thy ruin'd piles:
The first in doubt concealed,
The second when amid thy files
The Roman clarion pealed.
The third when Sarcenic powers
Raised high the Kaliph's mossy towers.

But, ah! the walls, the giant walls,
Who laid them in the sand?
Belief turns pale, and fancy fails,
Before a work so grand,
And well might heathen seers declare
That fallen angels labored there.
No! not in Egypt's ruined land,
Nor 'mid the Grecian Isles,
Tower monuments so vast, so grand,
As Baalbec's early piles:
Baalbec, the city of the sun,
Why art thou silent mighty one?

The traveller roams amid thy works,
And searches after light,
So searched the Roman and the Turk,
Yet all was hid in night.
Phenicians reared thy pillars tall—
But did the genii build thy wall?
Oh! silent are thy orange bowers;
On Judah's lonely hills;
In wildness bloom her blushing flowers,
And sadly sound her rills:
Her temples fall, her mountains nod,
And o'er her rests the curse of God.
J. E. D.

SEALING AN OATH.

"Do you," says Fanny 't'other day,
In earnest love me as you say?
Or are these tender words applied
'Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For by those eyes—those lips I swear—"
She stopt me as the oath I took,
And cried: 'You've sworn now kiss the book"

Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience.
Experience teaches fools, and he is a great one that will not learn by it.
Experience keeps a dear school, but fools learn in no other.

Select Tale.

ITS ONLY A DROP.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

[Larry, as the reader will readily guess, is Ellen's 'Bachelor,' as they say in Ireland. He has called at her brother Michael's cot, on the errand upon which bachelors, who have sense enough to be saved, are wont to call.]

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for one great fault—an inclination to take the 'least taste in life more when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair country woman, *well*, she loved, I am sorry to say, *unlike* the generality of my fair country woman, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.
'Dear Ellen!' he exclaimed, 'it was 'only a drop'—the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknown quite against my will.'
'Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?'

'Who poured it down my throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months penance for that?'

'Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after.'—
'Oh, Ellen!' interrupted her lover. 'It's no use oh Ellening me,' she answered quickly; 'I've made my resolution and I'll stick to it.'

'She's as obstinate as ten women!' said her brother. 'There's no use in attempting to contradict her she always has had her own way.'
'It's very cruel of you Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a table-spoonfull will often upset me.'
'If you know that Larry, why do you take the table-spoonfull?'

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the temptation, and the overcomeness of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.
'I can never think a thing a trifle,' she observed, 'that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I know you are not even one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think any thing that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present.'

'You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen,' said the young man, determined if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.
'I don't think,' she replied, archly, 'if I was a priest that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession.'
'But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, the least drop in life I took at the fair. You could not find in your heart—speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why lent 'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—its easy talking.'

'Larry,' interrupted Ellen, 'do not talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify for your own undoing, by fancying, because the *least taste in life* make you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it.'

'I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will please you, till Christmas.'
'And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think your oath is out—no!'

'I'll swear any thing you please.'
'I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance a breaking. I want your reason to be convinced.'

'Prove it by abstaining from taking even the least drop in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face.'
'I'll give it up altogether.'
'I hope you will one of these days from

a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you dare not trust yourself.'

'Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind.'

'Like Mick Brady's wife, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good,' observed her brother silyly.

'Nonsense.—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old, entirely withered and white headed, and nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways, like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-reared woman, and new a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the genry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the *rale* genry of the place all humored her in, but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is pulling down their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.'

One day Mike had come home before me, and, coming down the back broogh, who should I see moving along but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man's) bound in full cry, and see him at her heels, and he over the hedge, encouraging the baste to tear her to pieces. The dog was soon up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I dont suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whiskey would revive her, and accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the vemom with which she dashed it to the ground.

'Do you want to poison me,' she shouted 'after saving my life.' When she came to herself a little she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards while she spoke as well as I can remember—'what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature.' 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at.'

There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young; but before I grew up to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink! whiskey! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it: for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, can do so. He had no means, he said, to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet

'You kept this mighty close, Ellen,' said Mike, I never heard it before.'
'I did not like coming over it,' she replied; 'the last is hard to tell.' The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. 'It must be told,' she said; 'the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act.'

'I had one child,' said Stacy, 'one a darling, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years old, and he was fond of her; he said he was, but it was a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would; he almost swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle. I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and

he found the means to keep the whiskey cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten gallon cask of whiskey on the table in the parlor, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whiskey in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting and drunken company, his voice was heard swearing, 'he lived like a king, and would die like a king.'

'And your poor mother?' I asked.
'Thank God, she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—though the strong drink—though the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whiskey had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whiskey at their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitter; blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard made laws.'

'God bless us,' was Larry's half-breath ed ejaculation.
'I only repeat ould Stacy's words,' said Ellen, 'you see I never forget them.' 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who were too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was alone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop, but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which had made me shed no tear over my father's grave. Think of that, young girl; the drink doesn't make a man a beast at first but it will do so before it is done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much and at such time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it; gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people, and I used to rave, when maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth; not that he neglected his employment, he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink; and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear.' 'Oh, boys!' said Ellen, 'if you had only heard her voice when she said that, and seen her face; poor ould Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whiskey.'

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'Tax-gathers were so call some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

In the house.

In the house.

In the house.

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