

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. IV, No. 52.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1839.

[Whole No. 208.]

## 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

#### B L A O O D

Cured By

### JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1839

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 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 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 over a gill a day. Often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness and debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write this to you. I have had skillful physicians to attend me, and 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 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 sput 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.

### 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 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 WILLCOX.

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

### 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, causing the plegm 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, if taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale only 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 trouble 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, if 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, Hun.

## 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, heaviness 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. 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 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.

Venture thy opinion, but not thyself for thy opinion.

## THE BAG OF GOLD.

By Samuel Rogers.

There lived a lady in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lambartini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the State had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day, like a statue at the gate of the Cathedral, her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity; her long black veil covering a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written to Laura.

But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief, and she was mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appennines—where she entertained as well as she really could, and where those only stopped who were contented with little. The house was still standing, when in youth I passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitalers was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honor of the maternal uncle, a grand master of that order whose achievements she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden, and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel in which a lamp was always burning before the picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling; respected by all who knew her, when an event occurred which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon day, in September, when three foot passengers arrived, and seated themselves on a bench under a vine trellis—were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed, after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected courtesy, by his look inspired little confidence; for as he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner and on their tongues were many a soldier's oath. On their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of these bands which are always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was no more than a mockery, and the slain, as an open stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their burdensome cloaks, and with their gloves tucked under belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they arose to go, and then the Venetian thus addressed the hostess: "Excellent lady, may we leave under this roof for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," replied she gaily, "but remember, we fasten our doors only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?"

"In our word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night, where then would I be?" said she laughingly.

"The money would go to the church, for there would be none to claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment?"

"If you write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who just at that moment called by chance to hear the news of the day, the gold to be delivered when applied for, but not to be delivered, (these were the words.) to one nor two, but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no soon departed than the Venetian returned saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done," and she immediately placed it on the table before him. But at that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she returned it was gone, the temptation had proved irresistible—and the man and the bag had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief, she fell on her daughter's neck, "what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born?" And all day long she lamented, but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there was no tidings of the thief; he had fled away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun at Bologna, and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Willfully or negligently she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her?

"Go Gianetta," said she to her young daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. But if he will not, go from door to door—Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child, but forget not the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas! she went—but in vain. Those were retained against them; others demanded more than they had to give, and every one bade them despair. What was to be done? No advice, and the cause was to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student at law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of a stature, was great in renown, by his contemporaries, was called the arch doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the age. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when she was not otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, least her beauty should divert their thoughts, a precaution in this instance unnecessary. Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He had just taken his place at the bar; but he had never spoken, and how stand alone, unpracticed and unprepared as he is, against an array of would alarm the most experienced!

"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears of you would render me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta, and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour. Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrived, and the court assembled. The claim is stated and the evidence given—and now the defence is called for; but none is made, not a syllable is uttered—and after a pause and some minutes in consultation, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in court, when Lorenzo rises, and thus addressed them.

"Reverend Seignors—Young as I am may, I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has no one else to help her, and will not keep you long. Much has been said—much on the sacred nature of the obligation, and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled; and to the very last letter. It is what we solicit—what we required. But to whom is this bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one!—not to two!—but to three! Let the three stand forth and claim it!"

From that day [for who can doubt the issue?] none were sought, none employ ed by the subtle and eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat with him.

## QUARRELS.

One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is—to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman, or child, or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species of degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes quarrel, the Church quarrels, and the State quarrels; nations and tribes, and corporations, men women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and what is worst, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better—better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive to his company; if he slanders you, take care to live that no body will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

One of our contemporaries, says the Baltimore American, in re-publishing a day or two ago the justly admired and well known poetical effusions, under this title, stated that its author, FRANCIS S. KEY, Esq. was a prisoner on board one of the British bomb ships in the Patapsco, when he wrote it. This is a mistake. The song in question was originally published, we find on reference to our file, in the American of the 21st September 1814—a week after the bombardment of Fort Mchenry, and the circumstances under which it was composed are thus stated in the introductory editorial paragraph which then accompanied it. Mr. KEY now fills the office of U. S. District Attorney for the District of Columbia:

"DEFENCE OF BALTIMORE.—The annexed song was composed under the following circumstances:—A gentleman had left Baltimore, in a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the Bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag- vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate, and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort Mchenry, which the Admiral had boasted that he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the Fort through the whole day, with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb shells, and at early dawn his eyes were again greeted by the proudly waving flag of his country."

O! say can you see, by the dawns early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's  
last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro'  
the perilous flight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
Oh! say does the Star spangled Banner yet wave;  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mist of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty hosts in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches a gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.  
'Tis the Star spangled Banner, O! long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free and home of the brave.

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country shall leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight, or gloom of the grave,  
And the Star spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home, and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heav'n rescued land,  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must when our cause is just,  
And this be our motto,—"In God is our trust!"  
And the Star spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Shun the despicable character of a political brawler. But let nothing, except being bed-ridden, prevent you from exercising that inestimable privilege, the elective franchise. Never disgrace yourself, by an absence from the polls, under the unjustifiable, fallacious plea, that your single vote is of no consequence. Some

of the most important measures of legislative bodies, here and elsewhere, have been carried by majorities of one, two or three.

The vote on the abdication of James II. and the elevation of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain, was carried by a majority of 2; 51 to 49! Let this be an unceasing warning to you of the importance of a vote or two. Never have to reproach yourself, that a profligate man has been elected or a bad measure adopted, through your absence from this sacred duty.—*Mathew Carry*

From the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.

## A HUNTING STORY.

Mr. Editor,—Yesterday morning Mr. Joshua Barter, of Wisconsin Territory, who for a few weeks past, has been taking a benefit of a residence at the White Sulphur Springs, in Lewis Co. Ky., for the improvement of his health, made an excursion into the hilly regions lying east of these Springs to amuse himself in his favorite sport of hunting. During his ramble he chanced, while meandering through a deep rich valley to arrive at a small, almost impenetrable cane break which grows on a fertile spot, deep embosomed between two towering ridges. Mr. B. made his way for some time along the border of the thicket, not intending to penetrate further than its suburbs, when his ear caught an unusual sound, which came from its interior. At first he paid no particular attention to the strange noise, supposing it proceeded from a nest of young birds of some sort or other, but passed along, cautiously glancing his eye on every side in search of game. As he proceeded the noise became louder and more distinct—yet, from all his acquaintance with fowls, and beasts of the forest, his keen sagacity in this instance was not able to recognize the present author. Curiosity at length became interested, and Mr. B. concluded to trace it up, and learn the unknown object. Accordingly, he entered the cane slowly, and with difficulty found his way through the netted cloud, whose thick clustering foliage overhead excluded every ray of the sun, and prevented him from seeing more than ten or twelve feet either direction. After penetrating a few rods, he was startled by two or three sudden blows, like the sound of a heavy club beat upon the ground before him. He halted, and through the intricacies of the leaves surveyed everything within the little space his eye was partially able to command, but saw no living creature, and again proceeded. A minute and the beating was renewed. He paused again—gazed everywhere—but still nothing appeared in sight. In this manner he continued to make his way some distance farther; when he stopped the beating ceased—when he advance it began, and louder at every step he made. If he walked backward, or sideways, all was quiet, but to go forward, put the unknown spirit in motion.

Mr. B. not being one of those persons who believe in wizards, witches or ghosts, or of being frightened by anything he might chance to hear or see in the woods, determined to push forward and know what, or who it was that attempted thus to dispute his way. He inspected the priming and flint of his rifle, took from his pocket a knife, opened it for ready use, and once more commenced his march. The thickness of the cane prevented him from carrying his gun in any other mode than that of a poking position close to his body, or of presenting its muzzle forward between the stalks to make way for himself to pass, which would have rendered it quite a useless weapon had an enemy approached him suddenly from any direction in front. A few steps however, revealed the whole mystery; for, on reaching the butt of a large fallen tree, his eye glancing along the pathway; occasioned through the thicket by its prostrated trunk, discovered towards its top a copious pile of leaves and fine brush, in the middle of which wallowed a couple of young black animals, whose constant howling it was that had first drawn his attention.

He was now certain that to proceed further on his journey in a direct course towards its object could not be accomplished without some fighting. The creature which had been pounding the earth so long before him was warning him not, and threatening him if he did, continue, had now taken his post a little at his side. The young animals in the nest were young bears; and to have gone one step further towards them, seemed sure of bringing down upon him with terrible fury the huge monster, whose jaws he could now hear smacking together; anon, like the percussion of rock against rock; and whose paw, as she angrily raised it and struck on the earth, sounded like the stamp of a war horse, eager for battle. As he discovered the cub, Mr. B., fearful of an immediate attack, sprang upon the butt of the fallen tree, to give himself thereby a little space, should it be necessary

to disengage himself. He was now certain that to proceed further on his journey in a direct course towards its object could not be accomplished without some fighting. The creature which had been pounding the earth so long before him was warning him not, and threatening him if he did, continue, had now taken his post a little at his side. The young animals in the nest were young bears; and to have gone one step further towards them, seemed sure of bringing down upon him with terrible fury the huge monster, whose jaws he could now hear smacking together; anon, like the percussion of rock against rock; and whose paw, as she angrily raised it and struck on the earth, sounded like the stamp of a war horse, eager for battle. As he discovered the cub, Mr. B., fearful of an immediate attack, sprang upon the butt of the fallen tree, to give himself thereby a little space, should it be necessary