

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

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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.



CITIZENS of Pennsylvania, you have now before you Dr. PETERS' CELEBRATED VEGETABLE PILLS.

These Pills are no longer among those of doubtful utility. They have passed away from the hundreds that are daily launched upon the tide of experiment, and now stand before the public as high in reputation, and as extensively employed in all parts of the U. States, the Canadas, Texas, Mexico, and the west Indies, as any medicine that has ever been prepared for the relief of suffering man. They have been introduced wherever it has been found possible to carry them; and there are but few towns that do not contain some remarkable evidences of their good effects. The certificates that have been presented to the proprietor exceeds twenty thousand upwards of five hundred of which are from regular practicing physicians, who are the most competent judges of their merits.

Often have the cures performed by this medicine been the subject of editorial comment, in various newspapers and journals; and it may with truth be asserted, that no medicine of the kind has ever received testimonials of greater value than are attached to this.

They are in general use as a family medicine and there are thousands of families who declare they are never satisfied unless they have a supply always on hand.

They have no rival in curing and preventing Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Spleen, Piles, Cholera, Females Obstructions, Heartburn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distension of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhoea, Flatulence, Habitual Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Blotched or Sallow Complexion, and in cases of torpor of the bowels, where a cathartic or aperient is needed. They are exceedingly mild in their operation, producing neither nausea, griping nor debility.

Extract of a letter written by Dr. Francis Bogart, of Providence, R. I. Dec. 17, 1828.—Peters' pills are an excellent aperient and cathartic medicine, those effects being produced by the differences of the quantity taken, and are decidedly superior to Lee's, Brandreth's or Morriss's Pills.

Extract from a letter by Dr. Hopsen of Bangor, Me. Jan. 9, 1839. They are a peculiarly mild, yet efficient purgative medicine, and produce little, if any griping or nausea. I have prescribed them with much success in sick headache and slight bilious fever.

Extract of a letter by Dr. Joseph Williams of Burlington, Vt. July 9, 1837.—I cordially recommend Peters' Pills as a mildly effective, and in no case dangerous, family medicine. They are peculiarly in-cos-tiveness and all the usual diseases of the digestive organs.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Edw. Smith of Montreal, U. C. Sept 27, 1836—I never knew a single patent medicine that I could put the least confidence in but Dr. Peters Vegetable Pills, which are really a valuable discovery. I have no hesitation in having it known that I use them extensively in my practice, for all complaints, and they are not a few which have their source in the impurity of the blood.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Dye of Quebec, L. C., March 6, 1837. For bilious fevers, sick head-ache, torpidity of

the bowels, and enlargement of the spleen Dr. Peters' Pills are an excellent medicine.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Gurney N Orleans, La., Oct. 9, 1837; I have received much assistance in my practice; especially in jaundice and yellow fever, from the use of Peters' Pills. I presume that, on an average, I prescribe 100 boxes in a month.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Prichard of Hudson N. Y. June 3, 1836; I was aware that Dr. Peters' was one of the best chemists in the U. States, and felt assured that he would some day (from his intimate knowledge of the properties of herbs and drugs) produce an efficient medicine, and I must acknowledge that his Vegetable Pills fully respond to my expectations. They are indeed a superior medicine, and reflect credit alike upon the Chemist, the Physician, and Philosopher.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Wains of Cincinnati, Feb. 2, 1838; your Pills are the mildest in their operations, and yet most powerful in their effect, of any that I have. Their action on the chyle, and hence on the impurities of the blood is evidently very surprising.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Scott of Baltimore, Dec. 17, 1836; I am in the daily habit of prescribing them (Peters' Pills) and they in nearly all cases answer my purposes. I have directed other medicines, some of them very good ones, in their favor.

Charlotte, N.C., June 1, 1837. Dear Sir: I have frequent use of your Pills in the incipient stage of bilious fever and obstinate constipation of the bowels, also, in the enlargement of the spleen, chronic disease of the liver, sick head-ache general debility, and in all cases have found them to be very effective. J. D. Boyd

Mecklenburg Co. Va. Feb. 7, 1837. Having used Dr. Peters' Pills in my practice the last 13 months, I take pleasure in giving my testimony of their good effects of cases of dyspepsia, sick head-ache bilious fevers, and other diseases, produced by inactivity of the liver. They are a safe and mild aperient, being the best article of the kind I ever used.

G. C. Shott M. D. These much approved and justly celebrated Pills, are for sale by the following agents

JACOB MILLER, Huntingdon, Pa. J. J. MILLIKEN, Mill Creek, Pa. GEO DREHMAN, Waysburg, Miffi.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!! More proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Harlich's Medicine.

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Summetsville, 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.

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 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.

A boy was lately asked by the catechist of the school 'who first bit the apple' to which he replied, 'don't know—but guess it was our Bets, for she eats green apples like snakes.'

THE GARLAND.



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

From the New York Mirror. LONG TIME AGO.

On the lake were drooped the willows, Long time ago!
When the rock threw back the billows, Curled liquid snow,
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished By high and low!
But alas! too soon she perished, Long time ago!

There we met and loved and parted! Long time ago!
There I lingered broken-hearted! Tears!—let them flow,
To her grave they're sadly given! Where flowers blow:
She's the star I missed from heaven, Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water, Long time ago!
Bird and bee and blossom taught her, Love's spell to know!
While to my fond vows she listened—Checks in a glow—
Her bright eyes with transport glistened, Long time ago!

She was mine, and mine forever! Long time ago!
Can I now forget her?—never!—No lost one no!
Hearts that truly love ne'er alter, In weal or woe!
Truth like mine could never falter Long time ago!

Sketches from the Log of Old Ironsides.

By the author of 'Old Ironsides off a lee shore,' Your glorious standard launch again, To meet another foe!—Camp.

THE THREE BATTLES.

Second.—Running Down the Trades; or the Capture of the Java.

"Gun and gun together meet, Fire and sword each other greet." The victorious frigate now departed from Boston under a new commander—commodore William Bainbridge—and after missing the Essex, captain Porter, and leaving the Hornet, captain Lawrence, blockading a British sloop of war at St. Salvador, she ran down the coast of Brazil, and when within ten leagues of the land, made two strange sail in shore and to windward. Captain Hull, covered with the palm of glory, had generously left the lucky frigate to Bainbridge, and it will be seen in the sequel that he could not have left her in better hands.

The writer of this sketch was once the intimate friend, and a confidential officer of that illustrious man; and though time and disease had at that period borne heavily upon his manly form, and tipped with silver his raven locks, Bainbridge was still a noble specimen of the stern old fire-eaters of the Tripolitan war, and possessed a vivid recollection of the scenes which transpired

"When the Java lowered her lion flag, And victory crowned the free."

He was a man of sterling integrity, of haughty mien, and of generous impulses. He possessed great courage, a lofty enthusiasm, a quick temper, and a sharp tongue. No man ever saw him twice who forgot him; and no man ever knew him to be his enemy twice who did not wish him to forget him. With an eagle eye, he read men like books, and, like a skillful critic, he laid those carefully upon the shelf who were not suited to the purpose for which they were sent forth.

As we said before, the Constitution made two sail to windward, one of whom continued to stand in, while the other, which was much the largest, altered her course in the direction of the American frigate, which had tacked close to her. The day was beautiful, the sea smooth as an inland lake, and the wind a cat-paw from E. N. E. At 11, A. M., commodore Bainbridge, who sat in the mizzen top, glass in hand, being satisfied that the strange sail was an enemy's frigate, tacked again to the southward and eastward, to draw her off the land, which was near at hand. The frigate now set her royals, and boarded maintack to effect this object. At 12, M., the Constitution showed the stars and stripes, and shortly after, St. George's cross floated at the peak-halliards of the stranger.—Signals were now

made by both ships, but there are none so blind as those who can't, or won't read. At twenty minutes past 1, commodore Bainbridge, being satisfied with the offing he had made, handed his royals, tried up his mainsail, and tacked towards the enemy. Soon after, both ships had their heads to the southward and eastward the English being a mile to windward, on the Constitution's quarter. The enemy had now hauled down his ensign, though he kept a jack flying—land commodore Bainbridge, like himself alone, ordered a shot fired ahead of him, to induce him to show his colors anew. This order settled the quavering, and at 2, P. M., a furious cannonading took place, which can only be described by those who listened to it.

As the enemy could make the most of a light wind, he soon forged ahead of Old Ironsides, but was foiled by the latter ship's waring, which brought the two bel-ligerents head and head to the westward. In manœuvring, the enemy steered free, and Old Ironsides luffed—the vessels got within pistol shot, when the first repeated the same attempt—the ships waring together—bringing their heads easterly, as at first.

The English frigate now tacked, to preserve the weather-gage, but missing stays she was obliged to ware—a manœuvre that the Constitution had executed before her, to prevent being raked, for her wheel had been shot away, and it was difficult to watch the vessel with the helm as closely as was desirable. Notwithstanding this advantage, the Constitution was the first in coming to the wind on the other tack; and an efficient raking fire told his British majesty's frigate when she came about. Both vessels now ran off free with the wind on the quarter, the English ship still to windward, when the latter, having received much damage, made an attempt to close.

At fifty-five minutes past two, the enemy ran down upon the Constitution's quarter; but running her jib-boom afowl of the Constitution's mizzen-rigging, she suffered severely, without being able to effect her purpose. Her bowsprit was soon shot away, and in a few minutes, her foremast, with a thundering crash, came by the board.

The Constitution now shot ahead, to avoid being raked, and in separating, the stump of the enemy's bowsprit swept the American frigate's tail.

The two ships now brought the wind abeam, again with their heads to the eastward. The Constitution fore-reaching, in consequence of her surplus sail, wore, passed her antagonist; luffed up under his quarter, pitched into him a ton or two of cold iron, and wore again. The Englishman, not being fond of those pills which were through not only by daylight, but which made the daylight pass through him, kept away. The Constitution, however, soon had him again; and for a short time, the vessels lay broadside—yard-arm and yard-arm—while the surrounding atmosphere was filled with rolling clouds of sulphurous smoke, and the gentle billows of the ocean blushed in blood.

In a few moments, away went the mizzenmast, with the banner of the haughty Briton, leaving nothing but the yardless mainmast standing—black with smoke and smeared with gore.

As the enemy's fire ceased, the Constitution hauled her tacks abroad, and luffed athwart her antagonist's bow; passing out of the combat to windward, at five minutes past four, with her topsails, courses, spanker, and jib set. In executing this manœuvre, commodore Bainbridge was under the impression that the enemy had struck—the ensign which had floated from his main rigging being down, his ship a wreck, and his fire silenced.

The Constitution having repaired damages, and secured her masts, perceiving an ensign still floating on board the enemy, wore around, and stood directly across the enemy's fore-foot. The English vessel anticipated the frigate's broadside by striking. At this moment the enemy's mainmast went by the board, and the dark hull lay shattered and bleeding upon the waters.

A boat was sent on board the enemy, under the charge of Mr. Parker, the first lieutenant. The prize proved to be the British frigate Java, of thirty-eight guns, captain Lambert, commander, bound to the East Indies. She had on board lieutenant general Hislop and staff, several supernumerary sea officers, and a considerable number of men, intended for other ships.

After removing the prisoners, and lying by the Java two days, commodore Bainbridge ordered her to be set on fire, and from the flaming wreck took his departure for St. Salvador.

In this action, the Constitution had but nine killed, and twenty-five wounded—among the latter, were commodore Bainbridge and lieutenant Alwyn. The last died of his injuries shortly after the huzzas of victory had awakened the echoes of the deep. Commodore Bainbridge was wound-

ed in the hip with a musket ball, early in the action, and the shot that carried away the wheel of his vessel drove a copper bolt into his thigh, inflicting a severe and dangerous wound. He kept the deck, notwithstanding, until midnight. The Constitution came out of this action scathless, with a few slight exceptions.

Not so with the Java. She lost her masts—her hull was greatly injured—and her number of killed and wounded was unusually large. According to commodore Bainbridge, there were sixty of the former, and one hundred and one of the latter. According to the British published accounts, there were but twenty-two of the former, and one hundred and two of the latter. Commodore Bainbridge was undoubtedly correct.

Many anecdotes of personal bravery have been recorded as having occurred during this conflict. Where all were brave, no invidious distinctions need be made. This action proved—as did that of the Guerriere—that in naval gunnery the Americans were superior to the world. And all this talk about weight of metal is all in my eye. If John Bull could not hit our vessels with a twenty-two pound shot? The difference in size between the two could not have exceeded two inches in diameter. So much for weight of metal and English naval flummery, to offset the effects of American navel gunnery.

Throughout this whole battle, commodore Bainbridge manifested the greatest coolness and courage, and after the bloody deed was done, overwhelmed the dying Lambert and his officers with his kindness. It may not be amiss to note here a dream which commodore Bainbridge had, the evening previous to the action, which he related to the author a few months before his death. Whether dreams foretell events, or not, is nothing to my purpose; I tell the tale as it was told to me, and the world may have it at the same price, namely, by giving their attention.

Commodore Bainbridge, as he lay in his birth, dreamed three times in succession, during the night previous to the action, that he fell in with and, after a bloody encounter, captured a British frigate, having red coats aboard—that her starboard gangway was shot away, and that the officers in coming on board his vessel came down the larboard ladder—that the frigate equalled him in size, and outnumbered him in crew—and that her masts were all shot away—and that her commander was killed.

Commodore Bainbridge, haunted by the spirit-stirring spectacle, could not sleep—he arose from his pillow, and after placing his little cabin for a short time, sat down to his writing desk, and wrote a letter to Mrs. B., in which he stated the facts as dreamed by him, but stated them positively, leaving the blanks for the ship's name, commander's name, force, and other minor things, unfilled. The next day, the Java was captured, and the commodore merely filled up the blanks of the letter, and sent it to his wife as the first account of his victory.

After landing his prisoners at St. Salvador, and refitting ship, commodore Bainbridge shaped his course for the United States, and on the 27th of February, 1813 anchored in the harbor of Boston, and was received at the long wharf by the City Council, amid the shouts of the multitude, the thunder of cannon, and the pealing of bells.

This was a finisher to all objections—those people who knew the Americans would be whipped in fair fight, knew much less ever afterwards. The lion had been humbled again by the same gallant little frigate, and another flag of battle waved its smoke and blood-stained folds in the hall of Congress.

From the Boston Journal.

An Affecting Story.

"She never told her love; But let concealment, like a worm's the bud, Feed on her damask cheek."

A correspondent of one of the morning papers, over the signature of 'H. W.' in describing a recent visit to the Shaker settlement, at Harvard, Mass., thus alludes to one of the female members of the society:—

"Of the sixty or seventy females who took part in the services when we were there, only one attracted the general attention of the spectators. It is of her we propose to speak. She was apparently about twenty years of age, with an intelligent eye, a broad high forehead, and of surpassing beauty. She seemed pensive and melancholy, and went through her part mechanically. It was evident that her mind and thoughts were at the time elsewhere. Occasionally she would cast a glance at the spectators who were present, particularly at a handsome young widower, one of our party. We really wish we knew more of this girl's history. She has already caused us some sleepless nights, and we should like to know more about her. If we could read her

thoughts aright, she was even then draining the bitter cup of suffering and disappointment to its very dregs. Doubtless some unhappy love affair, with all its usual train of blasted hopes and crushed affections, was the cause of her thus separating herself from the world's people, and connecting herself with the Society of Shakers. Indeed we had an intimation that such was the fact. She had been with the Society only a year, and yet her health was evidently failing her very fast. Alas! poor girl. A few short months and thou wilt be in the land of silence, and thee and thy sad tale of unrequited love, will both be alike forgotten. For thee there is no rest but in the grave. Sad fate for one so young and beautiful, and whose only fault it was to love 'not wisely, but too well.' Shakspear has beautifully said—

The course of true love never did run smooth. Alas! how many, since the line was written, have had mournful evidence of its bitter truth.

The young lady referred to in the above paragraph is well known to many in this city. She is the only daughter of wealthy and respectable parents, who reside in one of the principal towns of Middlesex county, and received most of her early education at one of the private female seminaries in Boston.—About four years since she paid a visit to some of her old classmates in this city and vicinity, and the writer of these few lines remembers meeting her at a social party in this neighborhood. She was just then blooming into womanhood, with buoyant and joyous spirits—intelligent far beyond her years, and though 'beautiful, exceedingly,' yet withal so affable and lady-like, as at once to win all hearts. To crown all, she was of a religious turn of mind, and, if I am not misinformed, was thus early in life a member of the Unitarian Society in her native town. Although not enjoying, at this time, a very robust state of health, yet I little thought she had then, the seeds of a fatal disease within her, or that consumption, 'slow but sure,' had marked her for its own.

Highly gifted by nature, and surrounded by all that makes life desirable, I hoped and believed that she might look forward with confidence to many happy years in reserve for her. But this bright picture was deceptive. Several members of her family had, from time to time, fallen victims to that dread malady, so prevalent in our New England climate, and to a nice observer, acquainted with this fact, it was evident she too was in early life to fall a sacrifice to the same wasting disease. 'Whom the Gods love, die young.'

I had since then heard nothing of this interesting lady, when early last spring, happening to be in the vicinity of Harvard I was told, on enquiry, that she had unhappily placed her affections on a professional young gentleman in her neighborhood, who being under a previous, but to her unknown, engagement, could not reciprocate the attention, and that in a moment of melancholy desperation, sick of the world and its vanities, she had withdrawn from the circle of her relatives and friends, and united herself with the Society of Shakers. The remainder of the mournful history is told in the affecting language of the writer of 'H. W.' to whom your readers are indebted for these few, but I trust not uninteresting, reminiscences.

The Corporal.

During the American revolution, an officer not habited in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work, making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of the little squad was giving orders relative to a stick of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man, was often heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" &c. The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when arrived at the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared somewhat astounded, turning to the officer with the pomp of an Emperor said, "Sir I am a Corporal." "You are not though are you?" said the officer, "I was not aware of it."—And taking off his hat and bowing. "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead.—When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority. "Mr. Corporal Commander," said he "when you have another such a job, and have not men enough, send your Commander in Chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunder struck. It was WASHINGTON.