

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VI. No. 46.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1841.

[WHOLE No. 306.]

TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, 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 rewarded with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

Subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all 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, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS

The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, Orbisonia; David Blair, Esq. Shade Gap; Benjamin Lease, Shireysburg; Eliel Smith, Esq. Chilcotstown; Jas. Enriken, jr. Coffee Run; Hugh Madden, Esq. Springfield; Dr. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnace; John Sisher, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq. West township; D. H. Moore, Esq. Frankstown; Eph. Galbreath, Esq. Hollidaysburg; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Burns, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wm. Reed, Esq. Morris township; Solomon Hamer, Neff's Mill; James Dysart, Mouth Spruce Creek; Wm. Murray, Esq. Graysville; John Crum, Manor Hill; Jas. E. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Kessler, Mill Creek.

NEW FOUNDRY.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the citizens of Huntingdon county, that he has commenced a New Foundry at Alexandria, Huntingdon county, where he has at all times **Stoves of every Description,** Cook Stoves, Ten Plate Wood Stoves, Coal Stoves, Radiator Stoves, made of Russian and American Iron. The above Stoves are always on hand and will be furnished at the lowest rates. Old metal will be taken in exchange.

He has also every variety of Tin ware which will be furnished at the same rates. ALSO, Improved Self Sharpening Ploughs, for two and three horses, always on hand.

ISRAEL GRAFFIUS,

Alexandria, Oct. 20, 1841. St. p.

EVANS' AMOMILE AND APERIENT PILLS.

Dr. EVANS does not pretend to say that his medicine will cure all diseases that flesh and blood are heir to, but he does say that in all debilitated and impaired Constitutions—in Nervous diseases of all kinds, particularly of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, and in Incipient Consumption, whether of the lungs or liver, they will cure. That dreadful disease, CONSUMPTION, might have been checked in its commencement, and disappointed its prey all over the land, if the first symptoms of Nervous Debility had been counteracted by the CAMOMILE FLOWER chemically prepared; together with many other diseases, where other remedies have proved fatal.

How many persons do we daily find tormented with that dreadful disease, SICK HEADACHE, if they would only make trial of this invaluable medicine, they would perceive that life is a pleasure and not a course of misery and abhorrence. In conclusion I would warn nervous persons against the abstraction of BLOOD, either by leeches, cupping, or the employment of lancet. Drastic purgatives in delicate habits are almost equally improper. Those are practiced too often resorted to in such cases, but they seldom fail to prove highly injurious. Certain cases are daily received which afford sufficient testimony of the great efficacy of this invaluable medicine, in relieving afflicted mankind. The above medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

STRAYS.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber, about nine weeks since, living on Raystown Branch below Hauri's one BLACK HEIFER

with white on her face and under her belly. She has a cut on the left leg above the hoof; and a healing above the right ear. The other is a

RED CALF.

The owner is requested to call prove property pay charges and take them away; or they will be disposed of according to law.

THOMAS DEAN.

Oct. 26th 1841.

Executors' Notice.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of Jos. Roller late of Morris township, Huntingdon county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of said deceased, will please make them known without delay; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to call and make settlement immediately.

JOS. ROLLER } Executors.
J. K. NEFF }

Nov 10, 1841.



POETRY.

From the New Yorker—
HE COMES NOT YET!

"Tis night—from Heaven's sapphire loft
The moon smiles on the sea,
And zephyr's sighs are stealing soft
Across the earth and sea;
The sister spirits of the even,
In their blue home above,
Have lit the twinkling lamps of Heaven,
To light the hour of love;
And every Herb and tree and flower
With twilight's dew is wet:
It is his own loved moonlight hour—
But oh! he comes not yet."

"Each little wave hath murmured o'er
Its moon-beam witnessed bliss,
And stolen on to give the shore
A holy vesper kiss;
Each flow'ret from the lip of night
A drop of dew hath pressed,
Then folded up its leaves in light
And perfume-sweetened rest;
And every charm that sea and sky
Have on our planets set,
Proclaims that loveliest hour is nigh—
But oh! he comes not yet."

THE NIGHT JUMPERS; OR, THE YANKEE TOM AND JERRY

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

In what was, at the time of which we write a village, although now a city, a few years ago resided a worthy practitioner of physic, who was ready at all times of the day or night to hasten to the call of the suffering, whether rich or poor; and like the generality of his liberal profession, was as ready to attend at the hovel of the beggar as in the curtained chamber of the governor of the state. His skill and his charity brought him many customers; and few nights passed without a knock at his door from some messenger, requesting aid for the sick. In the day, while at home, he was to be found at his office, the depository of his books and his drugs, which was situated a few yards from his dwelling house, and in a pleasant meadow that served to pasture two milk cows and the trusty nag, his companion by night or day on his professional visits to the neighboring villages.

In that part of the country of which we speak, those who aided in performing the duties of the household, or the labors of the field, were called the "help"; and disdained to be known by any other appellation. The help in a New England family composed of the sons and daughters of the neighboring yeomanry; they are literally helpers without servility. One of the help to Dr. Thompson, was Tom Scamman; a lively boy, who pounded drugs (he had not arrived at the dignity of compound) carried out medicines, took care of the horse, and occasionally cleaned out the shop or office.

This latter duty is connected with our immediate story, and to be understood we must describe the premises. The shop was a wooden building facing the road, or street, with a door and two windows in front. The side opposite the Dr's house was without aperture of any kind; but on the other side of the shop one window opened upon the meadow so convenient a distance from the ground as to allow Tom occasionally to jump out and join a playmate on the pasture ground and at will jump in again.

Tom was directed on a Saturday afternoon, to clean out the shop, while the doctor rode to a neighboring town. The weather was fine, and Tom varied the uniformity of sweeping and dusting, by springing out at the window and playing with some boys, who, by an accustomed signal, had noticed that the coast was clear. Thus passed the afternoon, jumping out and in, as pleasure or policy dictated. The shop was cleaned; the doctor returned; and in due season the family retired to rest. Jumping Tom slept in a garret room over the second story.

About midnight a knocking came, (not ghost stories, at the window, but) at the door, which, as usual with the vigilant physician, was answered by himself from his chamber window.

The night was pitch dark. "Who's there?" inquired the doctor, supposing it was a call to the sick.
"I sir."
"What do you want?"
"To come in, sir."
"Does any body want me?"
"No, sir."
"What do you want, then?"
"I want to go to bed, sir."
"Who are you?"

"Tom, sir."
"What Tom?"
"Your Tom, sir."
The doctor knowing that he had locked the door, asked with astonishment, "How did you get there?"
"I jumped out of the shop—the garret window."

Confused, and alarmed lest the boy had been hurt, the benevolent physician closed his window and hastened to the door, where Tom stood shivering with cold and fear, but otherwise experiencing no injury from jumping out of the garret window.

On his way to bed, the boy explained. He dreamed that he was still in the shop, and his playmates in the meadows to join them as before, he sprang out of the garret window. Fortunately for the dreamer, a tree spread its branches between him and the ground, and through them Tom made his way safely down, only scratched enough to be conscious that a cold dark night was not a sunny afternoon, and the hard trodden earth leading to the doctor's kitchen in no wise like the meadow under the shop window.

The doctor laughed at the adventure and Tom went to bed again.
In process of time, Tom Seaman travelled west; and his place was supplied by another help, called Jeremiah. Jerry was inducted by the doctor, after evening prayer, to the sleeping-place of his predecessor, Tom. It was warm, and the garret window stood open.

"Now, boy," said the doctor, "don't you jump out of that window; for you see it is dark, and as it rains, you had better shut it."

"No fear, sir," said the boy.
Now, Jerry had walked five miles from his father's farm to the doctor's house, and had eat as hearty a supper as Jerry at his age usually does, and he was asleep as soon as in bed.

But at the awful hour of midnight the summons came—not to Jerry—but the doctor.
"What a dreadful night to go out, my dear; it pours of rain!" said Mrs. Thompson.

"Some poor creature wants me."
The doctor opened the window with the usual "Who's there?"

"It's I sir."
"What do you want?"
"To—to come in."
"Who are you?"
"Jerry."

"Jerry! How did you get there?"
"Out of the garret window, sir."
Jerry's supper had disturbed his slumbers. He dreamed of murders—started up—the window, impressed upon his mind by the doctor, appeared as the only opening for escape—and out jumped Jerry. Through the friendly branches, he rolled on the wet earth; and drenched in the storm, found his way, he knew not how, to the street door. The kind doctor again put him to bed, but he did not seek his own until he had nailed up the garret window.

This story of Yankee Tom and Jerry is, in all its material circumstances, strictly true. The good doctor who was (the no jumper) an actor in the drama, told me the tale as one connected with some of the wonderful phenomena of matter and mind.

From the National Intelligencer. Extract of a Letter from an officer in Florida.

"In my last hurried note to you, I mentioned having witnessed a scene here a few days before, which in my humble judgment, put the famed story of Damon and Pythias quite in the shade. I will now give you some of the particulars:

A party of Indians was discovered by some of our troops, who succeeded in capturing three of their warriors; the rest of the party consisting of three men, and women and children, numbering in all about twenty, fled. The captives were brought to this place, where they were interrogated by the Colonel. (Co. Worth) during which it was discovered that two of them had been concerned in killing and burying a mail rider some time in March last. They were told that for this cruel act of theirs they would be hung in 15 days, unless within that time the rest of their people should come in.—They were then placed in chains, and permitted to send out the third man of their party, with a talk to bring in their people, while they were committed to the guard. The man thus sent out returned in five days, bringing with him a warrior by the name of Holate Fixico and some women and children, among whom were the mother and sister of one of the prisoners, whose name is Talof Hadjo. The scene which followed may be dramatized thus:

Scene.—An open court in front of the Commanding officer's quarters.—Indians are discovered under the trees, among them Holate Fixico, (Pythias,) on the grass, in the Indian posture—Talof Hadjo, (Damon,) in chains, on a bench his head resting against the trunk of a tree, looking towards the heavens, with a countenance indicative of resignation—his mother and sister lying upon the grass at his feet, the mother weeping for the fate which awaits her son—the Colonel and other officers are discovered at a distance from the group of Indians.
Colonel to Holate Fixico.—Where are the rest of the people sent.
Holate.—They have separated and cannot be found. Your troops have scattered them, and they have taken different paths.
Colonel.—Know you not that, unless they are brought in, these men (pointing to the prisoners,) will be hung? (A pause. The Indians disconsolate but apparently resigned.) If I send you out for the people will you bring them in, in time to save their lives.
Holate.—They have gone off, and I know not where to look for them. Like the frightened deer, they have fled at the presence of your troops.
Colonel.—Indian can find Indian. If they are not here in ten days, these men will surely die.
Holate.—The track of the Indian is covered; his path is hidden; and cannot be found in tensons.
Colonel to Talof.—Have you a wife?
Talof.—My wife and child are with the people—I wish them here, that I may take leave of them before I die.
Colonel.—Do you love your wife and child?
Talof.—The dog is fond of its kind; and I love my own blood.
Colonel.—Could you find the people that are out?
Talof.—They are scattered, and may not be found.
Colonel.—Do you desire your freedom?
Talof.—I see the people going to and fro, and wish to be with them. I am tired of my chains.
Colonel.—If I release you, will you bring in the people within the time fixed?
Talof.—You will not trust me. Yet I would try.
Colonel.—If Holate Fixico will consent to take your chains and be hung in your place if you should not return, you may go. (A long pause. Talof continues throughout the scene with his eyes fixed on the heavens—his mother and sister now cast their imploring looks towards Holate, who during the last few questions had struggled to maintain his composure, evincing, by the heaving of his breast and his gaspings, as though the rope was already about his neck, that he is ill at ease—all eyes are turned towards him—he recovered, and, with the utmost composure and firmness, replies—)
Holate.—I have no wife, or child, or mother. It is more fit that he should live than I. I consent to take his chains, and abide his fate. Let him go.
Colonel.—Be it so. But do not deceive yourselves. So sure as Talof Hadjo brings not in the people within ten days Holate dies the death of a dog.
With the utmost solemnity the two Indians were then marched to the armory, where the chains were transferred, and in fifteen minutes after Talof was on his journey. Yesterday a messenger arrived bringing intelligence that Talof Hadjo was on his way in, with his people, and might be expected tomorrow or next day.
There is more truth than poetry in the foregoing. And what makes it more remarkable, when compared with the story of Damon and Pythias, is, that in the one case a strong and devoted friendship existed between the parties, while in the other there appears no such feeling, but the sacrifice offered by Holate, arose from a purely noble; disinterested motive; a desire to save the life of one whom he considered of more consequence than himself. Pythias placed the utmost faith in the promise of his friend to return at the appointed time. The Noble Holate had no such assurance given him. On the contrary, he well knew it was barely probable that Talof would return with the people in time to save his life."

suffer the same pangs; and soon the one who is ushered into life upon a sick couch, spurn him whose limbs were first laid on a truss of straw? Which class, from time immemorial, has shed honor and glory on earth—the proud aristocrat or the peasant? Whose names are enrolled in the dazzling pages of history—the gentleman of fashion or the gentleman of nature? What voices are most heard, and to most effect, throughout the world? Why, those of men born in poverty, but clothed by truth with the jewelled robe of honor. Does the mere fact of a man's being able to make a bow with a scrupulous exactness constitute him a gentleman? Shall the children of one mother be divided, because one portion are gifted with gracefulness of action and coxcombry of demeanor, while the other will not stop to cringe at flattery's fawn, or waste the hours given them by Heaven to improve, in the useless study of the pusill forms of fashion? Oh, how glad it makes one's heart to see the "painted lizards" trodden under foot by the gentleman of nature! to see them shrink away at the approach of honest men, fearing that they may be called upon to acknowledge their own inferiority!

Who is the gentleman? he who can boast of nothing but a name, upon which dishonor has never thrown its leprous poison. He who can lie down upon his pillow at night knowing that he has done his neighbor no injury; whose heart is never locked to pity, and whose arm is always nerved to redress the injuries of the oppressor. Who smiles not at misfortune, and who mocks not the affliction of his fellows. He who looks upon all men as equals, and who fears not to stand in the presence of a king. The man who is guided by moral honor, and not obliged to have laws made for his observance.—He who has true democracy in his soul—who desires and gives to every man the enjoyment of his own opinions, provided those opinions, do not infringe the decrees of justice in its most rigid sense. Such a man and only such a one, should dare lay claim to the proud appellation of "gentleman." Thank God! we are in a country where the field of honor and renown is open to all. The lowest freeman in the land is in part the governor of its proudest officer. He who tills the earth walks erect in the proud dignity of nature's right, knowing, that he cannot be oppressed while he respects himself.—There is no distinction of classes here—the blacksmith and the senator—the shoemaker and the President all hail each other as "gentlemen."—Crescent City.

Medical Aid.

"Brig ahoy!"
"Hullo!"
"What brig is that?"
"Nancy, of Fortsmouth, New Hampshire."
"Where are you from?"
"New Orleans."
"Where are you bound?"
"To Vera Cruz."
"What do you mean by crossing our bow?"
"Who be you?"
"This is the United States sloop-of-war O—"
"Oh! I ax parding, Capting; I had no idee as how you was a man o' war."
"Keep your eyes about you another time, or you may get fired into."
"Ay, ay, sir! I guess I will. But Capting, do send a boat aboard, for I need your assistance tarnation bad, now I tell you."

The conversation was carried on by the commanders of two vessels, on a bright moon light May night, in the Gulf of Mexico. Just as the master of the brig said that he was in want of assistance, and asked for a boat, that vessel dropped within hailing distance.
"Mutiny, sir, no doubt," said the busy, fidgety little first lieutenant of the O—to her gentlemanly commander.
"Yes, sir, I suppose so," replied the captain.
"What shall be done, sir?"
"Board her yourself, sir and the boat's crew, and take six marines with you."
The ship was hove to with the maintop-sail to the mast, which motion was followed by the brig.

The excitement had now risen to a great degree on board the vessel of war, the first lieutenant was surrounded by volunteers. Wherever he might wend his way, the young gentlemen were particularly zealous and courageous on this occasion; but he declined the services of everybody, determined to have all the credit, honor and glory to himself.

He shoved off from the ship, with his armed boat's crew and half-a-dozen marines, and pulled for the brig. As he came along side of that vessel, the mate hailed and informed him that the man ropes at the gangway were being shipped for him, in order that he might the better be able to go up the side of the vessel.
"Never mind the man ropes," replied

the patriotic and valorous little officer, "jump on board, my men—come hurry up there you marines."

Gallantly did he lead his force, and was met on deck by the crew and officers of the brig, whose countenance expressed surprise, wonder and astonishment.

"Why," said the captain, who evidently thought his brig was about to be seized for crossing a vessel of war's brow—"Why, what the tarnation did you bring these 'ere pirate-looking chaps, with cutlasses about here for? And lordy! do look at the sogers!"

"You said that you were in need of assistance from us, did you not?"
"Yes, I did."

"Well, what's the matter?"
"Why, Jonathan Doolittle, my second mate, (this is my first mate, sir Mr. Ringbottom,) was took t'other day with the dysentary, tarnation bad, now I tell you, and I only wanted for to know if you hadn't a doctor, or the likes o'that, aboard that could prescribe for poor Jonathan."

"Why, we thought there was a mutiny on board, at least."
"What? mutiny on board of a down east temperance craft? Hell, now I'll be darned—whoever heard tell on such a thing! Why we'm all hail fellow well met, here from the captain to the cook."

Having informed the master of the brig that he would send a physician on board, the first lieutenant, in a tone expressive of mortification and disappointment, ordered his men into the boat. He pulled to the ship, went on board, and made his report to the commander, who immediately sent the assistant surgeon to the brig, whence the officer returned, after having prescribed for Jonathan Doolittle.

The two vessels, which had now drifted within hailing distance again filled away. The commander of the O—took up a trumpet, and hailed as they parted company—
"Brig ahoy!" cried he.

"Sir!" replied the master of the vessel.

"Never say again that you need assistance, when you are in want of Medical Aid."

"Now sir, I guess I wont, now I tell you."

The poor little patriotic, valorous and fidgety first lieutenant was laughed at for the adventure till the end of the cruise."

NINE STATES A DAY.—Some gentlemen on board the steamer Diamond, the other day, were conversing on the wonderful powers of steam, the great facilities it had given to travelling, &c. One gentleman remarked that a man might leave New York in the morning, and arrive the same night in Baltimore, thus being in five states in one day.

"Only five, is it ye say?" said an Irishman present, "and its meself who was in nine states on Monday las."

The company were incredulous, and called on Paddy to explain how such a thing could be possible, which he did as follows—

"Well, ye see, gentlemen, I was married in New York last Monday morning at 6 o'clock, and went with my dear Bridget to Baltimore the same day, and sure before I got there, I was after getting as drunk as a baste, so ye persave I was in the state of New York, the state of Sobriety, the state of Single Blessedness, the state of New Jersey, the state of Conubial Felicity, (that's what we call matrimony,) the state of Pennsylvania, the state of Delaware, the state of Intoxication, all in one day, and the whole of which was owing to 'the wonderful power of steam."

Marriage.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and the saddest events of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements; every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of her acquitted love, she bids adieu and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation of the happiness to come. Then wo to the man who blights such fair hopes; who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Wo to him who has too early