

Huntingdon Journal



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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for **SECRET DISEASES**.—Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pain in the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys, and all those Peculiar Affections arising from a **SECRET HUNT**, particularly the youth of both sexes, which if not cured, produces **Constitutional Debility**, rendering **Marriage impossible**, and in the end destroys both **Mind and Body**.

YOUNG MEN, Especially, who have become the victims of **Solitary Vice**, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entered listless Senators with the grandeur of eloquence, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

Married persons, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J., and be restored to perfect health.

DR. JOHNSTON, Office No. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, SEVEN DOORS FROM BALTIMORE STREET, East side UP THE STEPS. BE PARTICULAR in observing the NAME and NUMBER, on your visit, to avoid mistake.

CURE WARRANTED, ON NO CHARGE MADE, IN FROM ONE TWO DAYS.

Take Notice—Dr. Johnston's Office is in his dwelling, UP THE STEPS. His very extensive practice is a sufficient guarantee that he is the only proper Physician to apply to.

DR. JOHNSTON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known, many troubled with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.—It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this horrid disease owing to the Unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who by the use of that deadly poison Mercury, ruin the Constitution, causing the most serious symptoms of this dreadful disease to make their appearance, such as a certain affection of the head, throat, nose, skin, etc., progressing with frightful rapidity till death puts a period to their dreadful suffering, by sending them to that *lourne whence no traveler returns*.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons are contemplating.

MARRIAGE, should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.—Dr. J. addresses young men, and all who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgence.

IMPUISANCE.—These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Detangements of the Digestive Functions, General Debility Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

Mentally—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded; Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirit, Evil Forbodings, Aversion to Society, Self Distrust, Love of Solitude, &c. are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages, can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, have a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

Married persons, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J. and be restored to perfect health.

OFFICE, No. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, Baltimore, Md.

ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.—N. B. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.

TO STRANGERS.—The many thousands cured at this Institution within the last ten years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. J., witness by the Reporters of the papers, and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, is a sufficient guarantee that the afflicted will find a skillful and honorable physician.

As there are so many ignorant and worthless quacks advertising themselves as Physicians, ruining the health of the afflicted Dr. Johnston would say to those unacquainted with his reputation that his Credentials or Diplomas always hang in his office.

WEAKNESS OF THE ORGANS immediately cured, and full **REMEDY SENT BY MAIL**.—**Jan. 8, 1852.—1y.**

Hardware Cheaper.

JOHN A. NEFF, for many years in the house of Mr. Bucher & Bro., desires to inform his friends of Huntingdon county that he has connected himself with the firm of Messrs. Lower & Barron, No. 174, North Third Street, 3rd door above Vine Street, where he will be pleased to offer every article in the **HARDWARE LINE** at much lower prices than ever before sent to his native county. Philadelphia, March 20, 1851.—1f.

Are you Insured?

If not, insure your property at once in the **Continental Valley Mutual Insurance Company**. Apply to **Geo. W. SPEER, Agent**, Bridgeport, Pa.

H. W. SMITH, DENTIST,

HUNTINGDON, P.A.

[From the Philadelphia Sun.]

The Probable Death of King Alcohol.

If I was a great Legislator,
I tell you just what I would do;
I would buff down old King Alcohol,
And slay all his armies too.

Now listen awhile, and I'll tell you,
What vile and base things he has done;
Although he is some hundred years old,
He is worse now than when he was young.

He has gathered an army about him,
To puff him and keep up his fame;
He promises riches and honors,
If they never speak ill of his name.

Now these pufflers are worse than sea pirates,
They puff for the sake of great gain;
They have robbed many children of fathers:
For thousand of fathers they've slain.

They'll take the last cent from your coffers,
Your children must beg for their bread;
Now tell me, ye lovers of freedom,
Ain't it time this vile monarch was dead?

Yes, we'll slay him, and his armies together,
Or drive them clean out of the State;
We'll all be one great Legislature,
And show the vile tyrants their fate.

I hear he has been in one skirmish,
In which he was made very lame;
They say he can never recover:
Three cheers for the brave State of Maine.

We must not be beat by our neighbors,
In things that are lawful and right;
Come, then, ye dear lovers of freedom,
Come, join in this alcohol fight.

We won't let him live any longer,
No! millions can't bribe us to save;
We'll kill him, we'll show him no mercy,
And not shed a tear o'er his grave.

A Chapter from the Life of a Portland Dram Drinker.

OR HOW THE MAINE LAW WORKS.

"It's almost time," said little Elsie, fixing her troubled eyes on the old church clock opposite the window where she sat, and then turned her sharp but sickly glance on her pale faced mother.

"Yes, Elsie; but don't be alarmed if he should be himself," replied the wan looking woman, with a heavy sigh, "the fright you took lately has injured you more than a thousand colds. No one shall harm you, dear; I will defend you to my death," she added, with determination, as if speaking to herself.

"I don't care for me, mother, a bit; but when he tries to strike you, oh! how I shiver, and how I almost hate him. I can't help it mother, indeed I can't see quickly continued, as her mother looked up reprovingly, "just think of that sweet pretty little sufferer, a cripple perhaps for life; how pale and helpless he lies there, my dear, darling little brother."

The mother turned her head slowly, until her two dim, blue eyes rested fully upon an emaciated child; sleeping uneasily in a broken cradle.

"Your father was good and kind once," she murmured, even while a frown gathered on her brow at the sight, "and now, when he makes one of his resolves, which, alas! is but of short duration, his old nature comes out like sunshine. Poor little Henry, that was a cruel blow given by a father's hand; but who is responsible?" she exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat, while her temples and cheeks were crimsoned: "Oh! had I the power, not a rum shop should stand in this city by night-fall."

"Mother don't look so angry," said Elsie, with quivering lip.

"God forgive me," replied the woman, stooping and kissing the blueish forehead of her child, "but when I think of what he has been—"

The door was pushed violently open and a girl of some fifteen summers burst into the room. Her fine face was lighted up, and her eyes shone like two brilliants, as she exclaimed, with vehemence, "Oh! mother, mother, can you imagine what news I have for you! It is so good, so glorious; the new liquor law has passed, and they say that in one week not a glass of intoxicating drink can be had for love or money. I felt so delighted when I heard it," she continued as the tears struggled with her smiles, "that I left the shop on the instant, and hurried home to tell you. Now I must be back again; it's worth a thousand dollars to see that smile on your face;" and she hurried again back from the room.

The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily. She could hardly bring her mind to realize the truth of what she had heard; presently the consumptive child at her side pressed the trembling hand of her mother, and in sweet but faltering tones, uttered the simple sentence, "God is good, mother."

Instantly raising, the poor woman laid aside her work, and hurrying to her little narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her knees, completely overpowered by her emotion. An hour passed before she rejoined her sick children. The hour had been

spent in prayers of thanksgiving, and tears of joy.

With a more cheerful heart than she had known for many years, she hurried about her work. It was impossible to make the room look neater, for the most battered furniture shone with cleanliness; but she went out herself and purchased some luxuries, such as none but Elsie had enjoyed for many a day, and drawing the table to the middle of the floor, she set it out with all the ware that the closet contained.—Elsie looked on, pleased and happy, only asking her mother if she thought her father would be home for supper.

"I know he will," was the firm answer. When the two little boys came from school towards evening, they crept around the table peeping at the pie, and asking all sorts of questions; whether that was really tea that stood on the stove, and if they might have butter on their bread; and when they were assured that they might, they moved around on tiptoe, for fear of disturbing their sick brother, talking to each other with the delighted glances of their intelligent faces.

At dark the eldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "mother, I saw father at the corner of the street and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand for supper, and he was as sober as he could be. He didn't notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he could get liquor in Portland, he was sure that he shouldn't go out of the way for it; and the man he was talking with, mother, was Mr. L., President of the temperance society. Oh! it does seem as if we should be happy once more. And how nice every thing looks, not nicer than usual," she added quickly, "but we see through different eyes this night, I suppose."

The mother was still silent, but how high was her heart beating with new and joyful hope. It seemed as if that heart would at times leap from its enclosure; and when the husband and father neared home, she sank pale and trembling upon her seat.

Eddy and Willie, the oldest boys, stood in the doorway; the father caught Eddy and swung him up with a "hi-yah, sonny;" then breaking off claw after claw of the huge lobster; he filled their hands. He entered the room carelessly, and glancing at the table, deposited his burden upon it, took off his hat, and for the first time for five months sat down by the window beside the sick child. Her little folded hands were instantly held forth to be clasped by his, and as he took them a tear trembled in his eyelids.

"Have you no brighter light than that?" he asked, pointing to the dying flame that shed a feeble ray over the tidy table.—"Send and get some oil."

"I have no money, Edward," said his wife timidly.

"No money, hey? Well, I reckon I can let you have a little;" and bending forward he threw nearly two dollars in change upon her lap. The glance which she gave him thrilled his whole being. A moan from the little fellow in the cradle startled him. He went and stood uneasily at the child's side, and gazed down into the wan face that looked so suffering-like and ghastly.

"Wife!" he exclaimed, turning up-rudly away and walking the floor hurriedly, "if I have prayed once that this new law might go into operation, I have twenty times. Since yesterday morning, when old Hart told me that he didn't care to sell a single glass, I have been thinking what a curse I have been to you all, even to that little babe."

His voice faltered, while his oldest daughter wiped away the tears that were streaming over her cheeks as she sat in the darkest corner of the room.

"And," he continued, "I've made a solemn vow to God, that I will never touch rum again; and just think how much it will assist me to know that I cannot go to this corner and there to be tempted by the sight of that miserable poison."

"God be thanked," said the glad wife, bowing her head upon the mantle to hide her steaming eyes; "for there never was a better husband than you Edward, when you are yourself. As for dear little Henry, I trust he will get well soon; don't think of the past but remember the future."

"I will, so help me God!" exclaimed the husband in deep solemn tones.

Even Elsie was wheeled up to the supper table, and joy beamed in every face as they sat together.

"In less than a month," said the repentant man to his wife, "I mean to put you in a better house; and as soon as I can I'll hoist all of this old trash of lumber out of doors, and we will get in its stead as nice furniture as any body need have in our circumstances. I declare 'tis a comfort, though, to see you all eating so heartily, and looking so happy. Even Elsie's cheeks are as red as roses."

The child smiled merrily, but the moth-

er kept down a sigh that was swelling in her bosom; she knew that her fair girl would soon be in a happier home than earth could afford, but oh! it was a consolation to feel that a sober father would stand beside the dying bed of the little one.

"Father," said rueful Eddy, "I like the mayor, though, don't you?"

"Like him? that man will have no thorns in his dying pillow. I believe that a thousand lips, at least, are invoking a blessing on him to-night."

"God bless him," said the wife and mother softly, and oh! there was joy in the heart.

A Castle and a Heart Besieged.

The following romantic story is one of several, which pleasantly relieve the grave History of Hungary, introductory to Kossuth and his Generals, by H. W. De Puy—now in the press of Phinney and Co., Buffalo:

Murany, one of the most important fortresses in the possession of the Transylvanians, was lost in a manner characteristic of the age of chivalry. A castle of great strength, in the centre of a country so often the seat of civil war, the name of Murany frequently occurs in Hungarian history. At one time the Diet complains of it as a harbour for traitors and robbers; at another, a solemn decree of the nation indicates it as the safe-guard of the kingdom, and appoints it as the place where the sacred crown of St. Stephen should be deposited. At this period it was in the hands of a woman, Maria, the lady of Murany, a young and beautiful widow, educated a strict Protestant, had little difficulty in choosing the party she should adopt; and readily admitted a detachment of Transylvanian troops to strengthen the garrison of her castle, but only on condition that she should retain the command. The ill-disciplined soldiery of Transylvania were easily conquered in the field, but as long as Murany protected their retreat, their entire subjection was almost hopeless. A strong body of troops under Wesselenyi were detached to besiege the castle. As Wesselenyi surveyed its natural and artificial defences, he almost despaired of effecting its reduction; and, when he heard that Maria commanded the garrison, his despair was embittered by the thought that his hard earned laurels might now be tarnished by defeat at the hands of woman. All the arts of war were expended in vain against the huge mountain fortress; every attempt cost the blood of some of the King's best troops, and served only as amusement to the garrison. A protracted siege rarely improves the discipline of an army, and rumors of victories on the side of the enemy were not wanting to discourage the besiegers: Time, too, now pressed; and, as force was still evidently powerless against Murany, Wesselenyi at last determined to try what persuasion might effect on its commandant. Disguising himself in the dress of an inferior officer, the general appeared before the gates as a bearer of a flag of truce, to demand a parley with the mistress of the castle; and cunningly did he talk of favorable conditions and royal rewards, but his opponent only laughed at his offers, as she had done at his threats. A good general, however, always finds out the weak points in his enemy's defences, and perhaps the eyes of Maria had expressed no displeasure at the handsome face and manly figure of the envoy, nor probably were the beauty and the courage of the commandant without their influence on Wesselenyi's determination. Certain it is, that next day a trumpet summoned the garrison to a parley, and that this time the herald bore a letter offering the heart and hand of Wesselenyi to his beautiful enemy, to whom he confessed the ruse he had practised; but vowed that love had taken ample revenge for his temerity. Caught with the romance, but determined to test its sincerity, Maria answered that if the writer's courage equalled his audacity, and he was willing to pursue the fortune he tempted, he might find, at midnight, a ladder against the northern tower, in which a light would be burning, and where, if he came alone, he might hear further of his suit.

Wesselenyi was too good a knight to refuse the bidding of a lady-faire, hazardous though it might be. At midnight, and alone, he left his camp, and, gaining the summit of the rock, found the promised light in the northern tower. The ladder hung from an open window, and silently and cautiously did the lover gain the height; but no sooner had he sprung into the tower than he found himself suddenly seized from behind and dragged to the ground while a body of armed men entered the chamber and bound him in chains. Blindfolded, he was led forward, he knew not whither, till a harsh voice commanding a halt, thus addressed the prisoner: "Sir knight, strategy is fair in love as well as war; you have delivered yourself into the power of your enemies, and it is for them to dispose of you as they choose; but the commandant of the castle is inclined to mercy, and on condition of your deserting the cause of the King, she is willing not only to give you freedom, but to bestow

herself and her vast possessions on you by marriage. In an hour I come to receive your answer—acceptance or death?" Rude as was the trial where love and life pleaded against loyalty and duty, the soldier withstood it manfully, and, at the hour's conclusion, returned only a sullen answer, "Better die than betray!" Scarce had the words passed his lips when the bandage fell from his eyes; Szeci Maria stood before him, in all her beauty; a smile played around her mouth, and, extending her hand to the astonished Wesselenyi, she exclaimed, "Take it, noble knight, and with it all I have, for thy constancy hath won my heart; keep up thy faith to me as well as thou hast done to thy King, and Maria will gladly acknowledge thee her conqueror."

Beautiful Extract.

I saw the temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The storm beat upon it—the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls—the gay, the happy, the young and the beautiful, were there. I returned and the temple was no more—its high walls lay in scattered ruins, moss and wild grass, grew wildly there, and at midnight hour the owl's cry added to the young and gay who revelled there, and had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his father. I returned, the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw the old oak standing in all its pride on the mountain—the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned. The oak was leafless and sapless—the winds were playing at their pastime through its branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel,

"It is Time," said he,—"when the morning stars sang together with joy, over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—yielded the moon in blood—yes, when he shall have rolled the heavens and the earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, lift up his voice towards Heaven and Heaven's eternal, crying—'Time is time, but time shall be no longer.'"

Early Times in Indiana.

Said Major Oudeley, as he casually dropped in on us yesterday morning, and commenced talking away, in his usual quiet, chatty and peculiar manner:

"I'm sick and tired of this artificial way of doing things in these latter days."

"Why so, Major?"

"There is an eternal site too much parade about everything that is going on. I was at a wedding last night; the daughter of an old and much esteemed friend was to be married, and I was so urgently invited that I couldn't help going. There was so much fuss and parade that I was perfectly disgusted. I could not help comparing the proceedings where a couple were married in Lawrenceburg, many years ago, when Indiana formed part of the great western territory. At that time the settlements of the emigrants were mostly confined to the rich bottom lands of the water courses. Lawrenceburg was a small village of a few log cabins. My father was acting magistrate for the district, and very promptly attended to all the various duties of that office, in addition to which he was in the habit of doing a great deal of manual labor on his own hook."

"That was when you wasn't big enough to do much, Major?"

"Exactly: I was a tow-headed brat of some eight or ten years old when the incident I am about to relate, took place, but I remember all the particulars as well as if it occurred yesterday. You see it was about dinner time one day in the fall of the year, when the old man, being engaged in laying in a supply of wood for the winter, drove up his ox team with a pretty solid load of fuel.

"Just then a young and unsophisticated couple entered the village, hand in hand, inquired for the Squire, and were duly directed to the house. The youth was barefooted, and wore a coarse tow-linen shirt and pants, and rough straw hat of home manufacture. His fair companion was dressed in a blue cotton frock, pink cotton apron, fine bonnet, and coarse brogan shoes without stockings.

"We have come to get married," says the young man to the old lady, my mother, who was properly busy among the old pots and kettles.

"That's a very good business," said she, smiling graciously, "though you appear to look very young; but there's the Squire, just now drove up; he'll splice you in less than no time."

"So out he bolted to give the fortunate functionary due notice of the important business in hand.

"I can't stop till I unload this wood," said the old man, "tell them to come out here."

Out they went.

"The old man was on the top of the cart and every time he threw off a stick he asked a question. Before he was fairly unloaded, he had the youth's whole story, having ascertained the names, ages, and residence of the parties, how long he had known the young woman, if he really loved her, and was willing to labor honestly to promote her happiness, etc.

"The youngsters gave simple and satisfactory answers to all the questions propounded.

"In the meantime the old lady, perfectly understanding dad's way of doing things, had sent out to say to the people that a wedding was coming off at the house; and, by the time the wood was unloaded, quite a crowd had collected to witness the ceremony.

"The old fellow, having pitched out the last stick, and picked up his long goad, stood up in the cart, and commenced the performance.

"Just jine bands," said he to the young couple.

"It was done accordingly.

"I am satisfied with both of ye," he continued, "you've a perfect right to get married." And he united 'em in short order;

"As the rafters on my house are jined together, so I jine you—you are man and wife—salute your bride. I don't charge you anything for the operation. Whoa haw, Buck; get along, Bright."

"And, with an eloquent flourish of his long stick, he started for another load of wood leaving the newly-wedded pair amid the villagers, kissing each other with a very distinct and particular evidence of satisfaction.

"That was a wedding worth having," continued Major Oudeley; "I knew the couple afterwards, and know them yet, for they are living in a high state of prosperity. And I know their children after them, too, and mighty fine children they are, for some of them is at this very time Governor of the State of Indiana."—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

Beautiful Scene.

Night is upon the earth. Darkness is in the valley and upon the hill top.

But the moon rising and clearing away the clouds, dispels the gloom. As she rolls upward the stars gather around her. Come with me and look upon a scene of intensely exciting interest.

Enter this chamber softly—it is the sanctuary of innocence—the abode of love and peace. Reading beside a table, behold a maiden—blooming girl of seventeen—on her knees. Her cherry lips move; her graceful form is anxiously swaying to and fro. She is laboring under an excitement.

The cool air gushes in upon her through the lattice. She is strengthened. Could we view a more interesting picture!

"Ah!"

"Was that a word or a long drawn sigh?"—List again:

"Ah!"

Can she be unconscious of our presence? Her hand groups upon the floor. Has she lost a jewel? Her dark eyes in wild frenzy flashes. The sweet smile has vanished from her features. But lo! it returns in triumph. She speaks!

"Mary! Mary!—I've killed that old bug at last!"

PRINTERS' FREAKS.—Two Printers in the Plymouth Rock office, tired of taking impressions on the forms of that paper, tried it on the hearts of two fair damsels. After several settings up they succeeded in taking such fair proofs of the matter that this week, the minister of the place was called in and worked off the whole four forms in two folio editions leaving them locked up to life. Now let them circulate the documents.

There is a journeyman tailor in Boston, whose nose is so red, that he can sew the finest work in the darkest night, with no other light than that afforded by his flaming propolis. His head is quite bald, from the effect of carrying building materials in his hat.

Sam and Han were talking about fencing, the art of self-defence, and the like. Sam remarked that he had seen a rail fence.

"Pool!" said Han, "that's nothing—I've seen a hat-box."—*Carpat bag.*

The best cure for laziness is to take a boot and give the patient a leather tonic every now and then. For apprentice boys, two doses are generally sufficient. Adults require more.

"John," said Deacon Smith, "said the sugar and the tea, and put water into the run, and then come into prayers."