

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 HARM**, 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 Senates with the thunders 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**, or you will mistake the place.

A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHANGE 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 affections of the head, throat, nose, skin, &c., progressing with frightful rapidity till death puts a period to their dreadful suffering, by sending them to that *Downy we have 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 should be contemplating.

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, Dryness of the Throat, Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the various 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, I live 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.**

AL 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 vigor restored.

ALL LETTERS POST PAID—REMEDIES SENT BY MAIL.

Jan. 8, 1852.—1y.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

BY MISS M. B. BROWN.

The sun's last rays played round a grave
Beneath a willow shade;
A little grave—it seemed to be
A dwelling newly made.
For there, beside the willow trunk,
A snow-white stone reclined;
And on the grave a faded wreath
Affection's hand had twined.

And by the grave a mother knelt,
Her tears were falling fast
Upon the turf, which coldly pressed
Her darling boy—her last.
Three springs, deep in the earth's cold breast
An opening flower she'd laid;
And now beside their place of rest
The weeping mother prayed.

And still she knelt, till round her form
The shades of evening stole;
And gentle notes on zephyrs came,
To cheer the mourner's soul;
While o'er her, from the clear, blue sky,
Three little stars looked down;
Three shining stars—methought such gems
As deck the Saviour's crown.

She saw their light, and o'er her brow
A look of gladness spread;
"I'll weep no more!" the mother cries—
"My loved ones are not dead!
O, no, in yon fair world of light
They're shining brightly now;
Where death has never power to blight,
Nor grief to pale the brow!"

THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.

"A Wild Western Scene."

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton, who was about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child and his mother almost idolized him. There he was with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a Beaver, his mother's eye glancing out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength

gunning at a large stone in the bed of the stream. "Sammy, you'd better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone of half mother and half mate.

"No-o-o, I guess not yet," said Samuel. An acorn came floating down the water. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and reckoned in his mind there were more up the 'gully,' and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain, into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in—and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. A almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side, to the height of an hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shape and position. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above and excepting by their assistance and the uneven surface of the rock, this natural path seemed inaccessible, but to bird and beast. About an eight of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank, cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, Joe nor any of his men knew where he was.—Then the agitated mother exclaimed:—"He's lost! he's lost! and my poor boy will starve in the woods!" Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and dispatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, "scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him join me in the gorge!"

"He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah."

"He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but the presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream, dwelt stronger on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he rejoined her at the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and, frantic she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo back with screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunder of the cataract, as if in mockery of her woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. "Fool that I am, how can I hear me?" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that appeared through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear comes thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my poor boy—my brave boy will die," and wringing her hands in agony, she sank to her husband's feet.

The pain of "hope deferred," had strained her heartstrings to the severest tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, staring wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. She was herself again, for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"Oh mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which he stood projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank.—Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy, about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and now he stood with another in his hand drawing it back and looking at them, as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then, the mother seemed immovable in her suspense, but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock and motioned with her head and hand that he should not throw. Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragments with all his might at the ferocious savage. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from her stand, and placing her hands upon her husband's shoulders, looked in his face, and cried, "Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought game across his mind that he must die.—The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up a steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not.

The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother's approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag and fell backwards, as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part," and sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he

was more successful. His forefoot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away, go away," shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror, "you shan't have my child!" Closer—still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fire, and the thick pantings of his breath came in her face. At this awful moment she hears the faint report of firearms from the gulf below—the panther's foot-hold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rocks, and the baffled beast rolled down the precipice, at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last ray gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the Panther's Leap.

EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.

Men of wealth, men of learning, your instructions upon the heads of the people. You owe them that baptism. Look at the boy in the gutter! hatless, shoeless, and part of our sovereignty. Should he not receive a sovereign education? Should he not be prepared for the throne our institutions have given him? There is a game in every human form; let the diamond be polished, and it will shine in truth and beauty. There is yet in the most debased "a beam still divine." And our motto should be—teach and habituate the people to make a right use of the faculties which God has given them, and then trust them fearlessly to themselves. Give democratic education and freedom of action, and then "Let them alone."

"Uneducated mind is decided vice," for God made man to know. He is the creature of instruction, for in a right education there is divine alchemy which turns all the baser parts of man's nature into gold. We are told by ancients that as soon as the first rays of the morning sun fell upon Mennon, it sent up music. It is after the first rays of knowledge fall upon man that his soul discourses harmony—all before is the darkness of barbarism.

All can see that wickedness leads to misery, yet very few find out that which is equally certain, that ignorance leads to misery, and misery to wickedness. Dr. Johnson was once asked, "Who is the most miserable man?" and the reply of the sage was, "that man who cannot read on a rainy day." The writer was once passing through a park and saw nailed on one of the trees the following warning—"All dogs found in this park will be shot." A friend who was with us remarked, "unless dogs can read they are pretty bad off here." Now God has not only written his laws upon the trees, but in all the stars and on the flowers—his laws are above and beneath us, on our right and on our left, and if man is not able to read he is pretty bad off here—worse off than the dog, for the dog has a master to read for him—but man has no master between him and his God.

A maxim of more truth and force than I remember to have seen, was thrown off by a British statesman, by a man who was in learning varied and philosophical, and who in conversation, threw out more gems, sparkling and brilliant as they came, than any other man of his age. His profound apothegm was, that "education is the cheap defence of nations." And if I might put a truism by the side of this, I would say it is cheaper to educate the infant mind than to support the aged criminal. Yes bestow the pence on common schools and save the pounds on prisons. Man was not made to be sent to prison, but to be educated; and the very worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. Neither is a man a Human Poor Box, into whose mouth we are to drop a few cents daily. "The ignorant child is left to grow up darkening into deeper ignorance of manhood, with all its jealousies and its narrow mindedness and superstitions, and its enjoyments; poor amid the intellectual and moral riches of the universe; blind in this splendid Temple which God has lighted up and famishing amid the profusions of Omnipotence."

To be good is to be happy.

DODGING A MILITIA FINE.

In days gone by, when the objectionable militia laws were in force in old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to "appear armed and equipped according to law," was left at the boarding house of a wag, who possessed very little martial 'music' in his soul. Determined that he would neither 'train,' nor pay a fine, and entertaining withal a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system, he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly warned, however, as he anticipated, at the expiration of a few weeks the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shillings for non-attendance at the muster.

"You're fined, sir—nine shillings—non-appearance."

"What is it?" said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

"Fined for not training," bawled the other.

"Shan't pay it, fellow."

"It will be three dollars, the next time I call."

But the wag could not hear a word he said, and in the course of another month, he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents, and collecting such fines as could be secured out of the non-performers of duty. Having fixed upon a final plan to dodge the issue, at the appointed hour he waited upon the court to show cause, if any he had, why he should not willingly have toated a musket and knapsack about the town for twelve mortal hours—and otherwise perform the legal annual duties of a 'patriot.'

"He was ushered into the court room immediately, which was held in an old country house, where he discovered some three or four persons sitting, attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful "yaller epulets," alone, was sufficient to command the attention and respect of the profoundest beholder. Though somewhat disconcerted at this rather unexpected exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face upon the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination:

"Your name, sir?"

The offender placed his hand quickly to the side of his head, without uttering a word, or moving a muscle in his face.

"What is your name?" repeated the questioner in a loud tone.

"A little louder," said the wag, without replying.

"Name?" shouted the Judge.

"Taunton, Bristol county."

"What business do you follow?"

"Main street," said the delinquent.

"Your business," yelled the officer.

"Right hand side as you go up."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two miles and a half."

"How old are you, fellow?"

"Boss Carpenter."

"What the devil's the matter with your ears?"

"Dr. Scarpie's oil sometimes."

"What sir?"

"Sometimes Cure'em's ointment."

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Nearly five years."

"He's as deaf as an adder," remarked the Judge, turning round to his subordinates earnestly—"clear the d—d lubber out."

"You are not liable to perform military duty," said the secretary, with his mouth close to the wag's ear.

"I know that," said the fellow, coolly.

"His hearing improves," ventured the sergeant.

"What do you suppose we sit here for?" asked the Judge, in a loud voice, at last.

"A dollar and a half a day," said the prisoner.

"He may go, Mr. Sergeant."

"You can go," said the under officer—pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

"You may GO!" yelled the Judge.—

"Great God! Is it possible a man can be so deaf as that!"

"I can't say," said the delinquent, pretending not to understand yet. "But I should think—"

"Go—go," screamed the Judge, "there's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the General who has a regiment like you to command! show him the door major," and our hero soon found himself at liberty. He was never summoned again to train during his residence at Taunton.

A LOVER'S MISHAPS.—There was two Sals livin, in our town—Sal Stebbins and Sal Babit; real corn fed gals, I swear.—Sal Stebbins would lift a barrel of cider out of the end of a cart as quick as any other feller, and drink it tew. Sal Babit was so fat, she'd roll one way just as easy as t'other, and if anything, a little easier. Well, there was a corn husking, and I went along with Sal Stebbins; there was the gals and boys settin' round, and I got set down so near Sal Babit, that I'll be darned if I didn't kiss her afore I know'd what I was about. Sal Stebbins she blushed; the blood rushed right up into her hair, she was the best red critter I ever did see. I thought it was all up with me, and sure enough it was, for when I asked her if she would gum with me, she said:

"No, you needn't trouble yourself nothin' 'tal' bout it."

"Well, if your'e mind to get spunky, I guess I can git a gal that will let me see her hum. Sal Babit, shall I go hum with you?"

Arter that, Sal Stebbins married a feller in our town, by the name of Post—blind in one eye, and deaf in one ear—just to spite me, nothin' else; so I thought if she was a mind to take a feller that couldn't see or hear any tew well, I'd better let her slide; so I went away from hum, and was gone about three—four—five years! Yes just about five years, 'cause I know when I got back she had four little Posts. I went to see how she got along. She asked me to come in and set down, so I tuck a cheer and squatted; then she tuck another cheer and squatted; and we both squatted thare together. Her young ones was all runnin' round on the floor; she pintoed to them, and said, in a sort of bragging way:

"You see them, don't you?"

"Yes," says I, squintin' up one eye, "I see, they're all just like their daddy, blind in one eye."

She was bilin' dumplings at the time, and as soon as she saw me shut one eye, she shut with a hot dumplin', and let me have it in t'other, which made me shut it up a darn'd sight quicker than I ever did a fore and I haint been in love since that time.

Some years ago a witness was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken; the witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the whole court on him; then fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began—"May it please your honor, you lie and get your living by cheating!" the face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "turn to the jury, sir, if you please."

"Well, you may say what you please about Captain Speckle's meanness—there's one thing I know, and that is, he saved my life three times at the battle of Chapultepec."

"How so?"

"Why, every time he ran away I followed him."

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage traveling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one. De beelces can, cheat him.

An exchange paper quotes from Paul's writings—"Owe no man anything," and then adds:—We fear some of our subscribers never read Paul's epistle.

Fontenelle said that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men.

Why is a motherless lamb the poorest creature in the world? Because it isn't worth a dam.

ALLEN'S REVOLVERS, and various other kinds of Pistols, at the lowest prices, at Scott's Cheap Jewelry Store.

H. W. SMITH, DENTIST, HUNTINGDON, P.A. (Office opposite Courts' Hotel, Market st.)

KING & MOORHEAD, WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN BACON, PRODUCE, AND PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURES; No. 23 Wood St. PITTSBURGH.

Particular attention paid to the sale of Blooms and Pig Metal, and CASH advances made. March 4, '52.—6m.