

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1859.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 19.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.
In the "Globe" Office Building, Market Square
HUNTINGDON, PA.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and adjoining counties, that he has opened a New Book and Stationery Store, in the corner room of the "Globe" building, where may be found a general assortment of Miscellaneous and School Books and Stationery, all of which he will sell at reasonable prices. He will add to his stock weekly all books and articles in demand, and expects in a short time to have on hand a full stock of saleable Books, Stationery, &c., as can be found in any town in the State.

Having made the necessary arrangements with publishers, any Book wanted and not upon his shelves, will be ordered and furnished at early prices.

As he desires to do a lively business with small profits, a liberal share of patronage is solicited.
Dec. 22, '58. W. M. LEWIS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Mary Shively, late of Potter township, Dec. having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

Jacob W. Shively, Adm'r.

N. B.—The Administrator will attend in Alexandria, on the 8th and 15th days of January inst.

Potter township, Jan. 5, 1859.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which the fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by morbid diet, living disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children into the third and fourth generations; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or vitiated matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This food corruption, which renders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from various complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, the scrofulous patient is more liable to be attacked by other diseases, which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla.

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times affords for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERECTILE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSA, OR ERYTHREMA, PIMPLES, PECTICULI, SCALDS, BLAISES, ITCHING, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, BRAIN, AND, INDEED, OF ALL THE ORGANS, ARISING FROM OR AGGRAVATED BY THE SAME CAUSE.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility, is enabled to rise up, and his energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from almost every desperate disease of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 16, 1858.

Select Poetry.

HYMN FOR SABBATH MORNING.

Light of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of Grace! the shadows flee;
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning.
With thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest!

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me:
Bless thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love!

Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lip is lying;
Clear the shadows from my eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire within me glow
That thine altar doth not show.

Let me, with my heart, to-day,
Holy, holy, holly, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to thee upspringing—
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship thee in heaven.

Rest in me, and I in thee;
Build a Paradise within me;
O, reveal thyself to me,
Blessed love who died to win thee!
Fed by thy exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care and vanity,
For the day of God is holy;
Come, thou glorious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love!

A WIFE'S BLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

He sits in the corner from morning to night,
His pipe in his mouth, and his eyes on the light,
He rises at dawn his pipe to light,
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might,
Till the hours of rest. 'Tis his delight
To smoke, chew, smoke.

The quid goes in when the pipe goes out,
He chews, chews, chews;
Now a cloud of smoke goes up from his throat,
Then his mouth sends a constant stream adown
The floor, the wall, the ceiling.

He sits all day in smoke or fog,
His puff, puff, puff;
He grows at his wife, the cat and dog,
He covers with filth the carpet and rug,
And his only answer when I give him a joy,
Is puff, puff, puff.

The house all o'er, from end to end,
Is smoke, smoke, smoke;
In whatever room my way I wend,
If I take clothes to patch and mend,
Ungrateful perfumes will ever ascend,
Of smoke, smoke, smoke.

At home or abroad, afar or near,
His smoke, smoke, smoke;
His mouth is stuffed from ear to ear,
Or puffing the stump of a pipe so dear,
And his days will end, I verily fear,
In smoke, smoke, smoke.

MORAL.
Young ladies, beware, live single, indeed,
Ere you marry a man who uses "the weed";
Butter that husbands you should ever lack, O,
Than marry a man that uses tobacco.

Sabbath Reading.

GOD'S DISCIPLINE WITH MEN.

In a time of war, when men left their dwellings there lay unused, in an old mansion, a stately instrument of music—a piano. The dust covered it, and little by little the weather contracted and expanded it till the wood had cracked. The different strings of the instrument were out of tune with each other; so that not one of them was right. By and by peace was declared and the long exiled owner returned to his house. On coming home, looking about him and seeing everything out of order, he cleansed the kitchen, cleaned the parlor, cleansed the various rooms through the house, and at last he says, "I will have this instrument put in order." He sends for a tuner, who comes and looks at it and says, "A noble instrument, indeed; by one of the best makers!" He opens the lid, and the dust flies up in clouds. "Sidly neglected—but a noble instrument!" He looks through it, runs through the scale, and begins to dust, to cleanse, and to tune it. Taking first the central note, oh, how wretchedly that is out of tune! But he takes his tuning fork, and brings up the n-x string, and the next, and the next, and so he goes, all through—flats and sharps and all—from top to bottom bringing every note up to its proper pitch. During the time that he is tuning it, nobody wants to stay in the room; but by and by, when he has set it all right, he sits down and tries it; and as he begins to play, the first chord is grand! Then as he takes one of Beethoven's harmonies and begins to play, the servants run up; the children stop in the midst of their sport to hear; everybody stops to listen, or comes to the door; the

A Word to Apprentices.

Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. If he spare no labor in its proper culture, he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil he follows the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them, he will find the seeding time past, and his ground only bringing forth weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hope of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improve the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can become master of his business only through the closest application and the most persevering industry; and that unless he does master it, bid farewell to all the visions of future prospects and success. The apprenticeship is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles to the earth. Then young friends, persevere: be studious and attentive; study well all the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical—and when the time shall come for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use not only in your own particular business, but in society.

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.

It is a striking fact—the dying never weep. The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around, produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and still already in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be; for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother or sister, with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summons, he says to his eldest brother—the last audible good sight of earth—"Kiss me—kiss me!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings, with the Father in heaven, and his angel throng, led on by the Son himself, and what are the griefs of a morning, tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion!

VARIETY IN CREATION.

There are 56,000 species of plants on exhibition in the museum of Natural History of Paris. The whole number of species in earth and sea cannot be less than four or five hundred thousand. These are of all sizes, from the invisible forests in a bit of moldiness to the towering trees of Malabar, 50 feet in circumference, and the banians whose shoots cover a circumference of five acres. Each of these has a complicated system of vessels for the circulation of its juices. Some trees have leaves narrow and short, others, as the talipot of Ceylon—have leaves so large that one of them can shelter 15 or 20 men. Some exuviate their leaves annually, as a whole tree, leaving the tree nude, its bare stem towering and its branches towering and its branches spreading themselves uncovered in the sky; while the leaves of others drop off one by one, new ones constantly growing in the place of the dismembered ones, and the tree retaining its perpetual verdure.

There have actually been ascertained, in the animal kingdom, about 60,000 species of living creatures. There are 600 species of mammalia—those that suckle their young—the most of which are quadrupeds. Of birds there are 4,000 species; of fishes, 3,000; of reptiles, 700; and of insects, 44,000 species. Besides these, there are 3,000 species of shell fish, and not less than 80,000 or 100,000 species of animalcules invisible to the naked eye.

Some forms of life require a moist atmosphere, others a dry one. A blue water lily grows in the canals of Alexandria, which, when the water evaporates from the beds of the canals, dries up; and when the water is again let in the canals, it again grows and blossoms. And some of the lowest animals may be completely dried and kept in this state for any length of time, but when they are again moistened they resume the functions of life. Some plants are adapted only to particular climates, but they do not flourish equally well in these. As a tree which in the Southern States attains a height of 100 feet, at Great Slave Lake, the Northern limit at which it is found, becomes dwarfed to a shrub of only 5 feet high. Life both vegetable and animal, is infinitely modified; but in all cases its best development is only under those conditions to which it is specially adapted.

"How manifold are thy works, O God! in wisdom thou hast made them all.—Life flows

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

In addition to some quaint specimens of tomb-yard literature given in the "Bulletin," some time ago, permit me to furnish you with a few from an old duodecimo in my possession. They hail from the land of Shakspeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, "et idone genus."

—Who love—who feel great truths—
And tell them."
The annexed stanza, said to be engraven on a tombstone at Oakham, in surry, 1736 is a strained effort at punning, and can hardly be read without a smile:

"The Lord saw good, I was lopping a vine
wood,
And down fell the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me."
The author of the next, recorded in St. Bennet's grave yard, Paul's Wharf, London, ought to have written *one more*, bone yard stanza, and then laid his poetic stylus away, to attempt no more of the same kind:

"Here lies one *More*, and no *More* than he;
One More, and no *More*! How can that be?
Why *one More*, and no *More* may well lie here alone!
But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than one."

As a model of brevity in sepulchral inscriptions, one found in St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, might well be imitated:

"Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Way;
I have no more to say."

But the one below is briefer still—penned to the memory of a minister of the gospel, who actually shortened his days by his unremitting diligence in the discharge of pastoral duties:

"Here Mr. Joseph Allen lies,
To God and you a sacrifice."
Whether the doctrine taught in the following couplet be orthodox or not, we shall not take the time to prove. The two classes referred to will, of course, entertain very diverse views respecting it:

"God takes the good—too good for earth to stay,
And leaves the bad—too bad to take away."
The next to which we treat the reader, if the perusal of cemetery poetry be a treat at all, is written on a humble mechanic and his "better half":

"On a Blacksmith and his wife—
"In this cold bed here consummated are
The second nuptials of this happy pair,
Whom envious death once parted, but in vain
For now himself has made them one again,
Here wedded in the grave; and 'tis but just,
That they who are one flesh should be one dust."

There is another, however, in Aston Church yard, Warwickshire, that refers far more significantly to the business of the sons of Vulcan:

"On John Dowler, a Blacksmith of Castle Bromwich, 1781—
"My ledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows too have lost their wind—
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd;
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My anvil is spent, my trow is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done."

In a church yard at Suffolk, is found the following classic inscription:

"Quod fuit esse, quod est, quod non fuit esse
quod esse;
Esse quod est, non est; quod non est, loo erit esse."

A proficient in the *dead Latin*, whose name is not given, translates it thus:
"That which a being was, what is it? how; that being which it was, it is not now;
To be what 'tis, is not to be, no see;
That which is not, shall a being be."
Doubtless, there will always be distinctions between the living; but that there should be any invidious lines drawn between the dead is certainly running the thing into the ground." The following is an instance in point—

"In Knightsbridge church yard, on a man who was too poor to be buried with his relations in the church—
"Here I lie, at the chancel door,
And I lie here because I'm poor;
For the further in, the more I pay—
But here I lie as warm as they."

In Catham church yard, England, the whole history of a man is reduced down to these two stanzas:

"Of Thomas Sprague
The body here doth lie,
Who was in health at noon,
By night did die,
"A shipright careful,
Honest, true and just,
With his two babes
Was covered in the dust."
1672"

A husband who lost the the partner of his life, thus records the fact, in the church yard of Grimstead, Essex:

"A wife so true, there are but few,
And difficult to find;
A wife more just, and true to trust,
There is not left behind."
One more and then we shall this paper close, Where it occurs is not given. Quaint as it is, it contains a lesson which some of our modern church goers might study with some profit. It reads as follows:

"On a sleeper in the house of God—
"Here lies a man who on every Sabbath day,
In public worship left his time away
He might have heard of heavenly rest, but chose
In his pew rather to indulge repose.
The scene is altered now—in vain he tries,
In easy slumbers once to close his eyes;
His God insulted, doth in anger swear,
"He that despised my rest, shall never enter here."

DANDIES.

Dandies are not good for much, but they are good for something. They invent or keep in circulation those conversational blank checks or counters just spoken of which intellectual capitalist may be glad to borrow of them. They are useful, too, in keeping up the standard of dress, which but for them, would deteriorate, and become what some old fools would have it, a matter of waste and not of art. Yes, I like dandies well enough—on one condition, that they have pluck. I find that lies at the bottom of all true dandyism. A little boy dressed up very fine, who puts his finger in his mouth, and takes to crying if other boys make fun of him, looks very silly. But if he turns very red in the face and knotty in the fists, and makes an example of the biggest of his assailants, throwing off his five Leghorn, and his thickly buttoned jacket if necessary, to consummate the act of justice, his small toggery takes on the splendors of the crested helmet that frightened Astyanax. You remember that the Duke said his dandy officers were his best officers. The "sunday blood" the super—superb sartorial equestrian of our annual Fast day, is not imposing or dangerous. But such fellows as Brummel, D'Orsay and Byron are not to be snubbed quite so easily. A great many powerful and dangerous people have had a decided touch of dandyism about them. There was Aristotle the distinguished philosopher, regular dandy he was. So was Marcus Antonius. Petrarch was one of the same sort. So was Sir Humphrey Davy; so was Lord Palmerston, formerly, if I am not forgetful. Still if I were you, I wouldn't go to the tailor's on the strength of their remarks and run up a long bill which will render pockets a superfluous article in your next suit.

SPREADING A SECRET.—Stuart, the painter, as he supposed, discovered a secret art of coloring very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it highly, and came afterwards to ask permission to communicate it under oath of eternal secrecy to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to raise.

"Let me see," said Stuart, making a chalk mark on a board at hand "I know the art that is—"
"One" said his friend.
"You know it," continued Stuart, making another chalk mark by the side of the one already made, "and that is—"
"Two" cried the other.
"Well, and I tell you friend, and that will be—" marking down another chalk line.

"Three, only" said the other.
"N" said Stuart, "it is one hundred and eleven" (111).

How to know good Friends.

It is a good sign and true, when you see amid a little group of boys, one dart from the rest, and tossing his arms above his head, shouting, "there's my father!" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business troubles soever that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have had no power to blight. "There's my father!" With what a pretty pride the little fellow shouts this! He must be indeed a true, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not at such a moment, feel amply repaid for that day's toil, no matter how wearisome. After all, love is the only thing worth having in this world. They who stand over new made graves tell us so. Fame and no eye, and ambition, dwindle to nothing beside the white ealm brow of death, tho' God knows it may be but the youngling of the flock, whose lips have never learned to splay our name.

What animal has the most brains? Give it up! The hog. He has a hogs-head full of 'em.

Answer to Question No. 10.—Commence with the sixth person from the land lord.

Question No. 11.—Protagoras, a Greek Philosopher, agreed to instruct a young man in oratory for a sum of money one-half of which was paid down, and the remainder to be liquidated when the pupil met his first successful pleading in the courts. Long after the instructions were concluded, the pupil neither paid nor pleaded, and Protagoras brought an action for the recovery of the unpaid money. The question is, could Protagoras recover the same?

"Will you give me that ring," said a village dandy to a lady, "for it resembles my love for you, it has no end."
"Excuse me sir, I choose to keep it, as being emblematical of mine for you; it has no beginning," was the reply.

Humorous

Patent Medicine Advertisements.
The following is a pretty good burlesque on the patent medicine advertisements of the day:
OIL OF BRICKBATS and compound unadulterated and concentrated syrup of paving stones, manufactured by Dr. Humbugbra, Hollowbely, and sold only by his regular authorized agents. Beware of counterfeits.

CERTIFICATE.
D. Hollowbely—Dear Sir, I kicked the buck's last night, but while the undertaker was placing me in the coffin, a vial of your Essential Oil burst in his pocket, and streamed down upon my face—I opened my eyes, sneezed and then arose. The shroud having received a portion of oil, instantly took root in the floor, and expanded into beautiful cotton stalks, each filled with bursting pods. The coffin rose on end, sprouted forth shoots, and grew into a magnificent inshogany tree, which burst off the roof of my house and waited into the evening breeze its luxuria in branches, amid which the monkeys chattered and the parrots fluttered their fan-wings. I remain, your revived friend,
TIMOTHY TICKERRERT.

ADD ON AFRICA.—At a negro celebration lately, an Irishman stood listening to a colored speaker, expatiating upon government and freedom; and as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical heights, the Irishman said:
"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur; didn't he now?"
Somebody said, "He isn't a negro, he is only a half negro."
"Only a half a nagur, is it? Well, if half a nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bate the prophet Jeremiah."

CURE FOR BRONCHITIS.—The following is not the remedy of a "retired physician," whose name of this remedy is not given, but of a reliable friend who has tried it himself, and seen it tried on others, in every instance effecting a permanent cure:
"Take the common snuff leaves, after having been promptly dried, and use them on a clean new pipe, the same as smoking tobacco. The patient will soon be able to discover whether it affords relief, and govern himself accordingly." The remedy is worth a trial.

A BAKER has invented a kind of yeast which makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only eight ounces.

The latest style of hoop skirts are the grand self-adjusting, double back-action bustle, extra-elastic lace expansion spiral Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It is a "love of a thing."

I AND J.—There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language, which occasions so much trouble or cause so much misconception as the two letters I and J, as many persons inadvertently write them. The rule for writing them properly, and which should be universally understood and adopted, is to extend the J below the line, while the I should be written even with the line. I those who write I for J knew how it puzzles printers, they would remember the above suggestions.

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was rather short and corpulent of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a pig tub," was the blunt reply.

A farmer charged a hired man with having an offensive breath. "Thunder and lightning, do you expect a man to breathe the musk rose for six dollars a month!" said the employe.

It was a smart boy who owned up that he liked everything good, but a good whipping. The same boy liked a good rainy day, too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go fishing.

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

The Free-lovers at Berlin Heights, Ohio, publish a monthly paper called *The Good Time Coming*, the motto of which is—"For in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

MORE IMPROVEMENTS.—Mr. John Read has taken down his old wooden domicile, and is now erecting in its place a fine brick one.

A family of nine persons were massacred by the Caddo Indians, in the vicinity of Cooper's Camp, Texas.