

# The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. XXIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1859.

NO. 23.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

### Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this 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 mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation. It is 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 foul corruption, which renders the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions 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 it 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 alternative 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 can devise 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 ERYTHEMA and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSA, or LEUCODERMA, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, STYPTIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSENTERY, DEBRILITY, and, indeed, all CONSUMPTIONS arising from the taint on IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

### Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

#### FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC.

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their purgative properties are such, and cleanse and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of this property, the bowels are kept open, and the pain or physical debility is attended to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish to the American people, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Catarrhs, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pains in and Morbid Injections of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.*

### 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 alarming and even desperate diseases 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, and grants my American Almanac directed cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

JOHN READ, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.

Nov. 16, 1858.—ly.

### SELLING CLOTHING

#### AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

1858. NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS. 1859.

M. Gutman & Co.,

Inform the public generally, that they have just received a large stock of

Fall and Winter Goods,

consisting of

COATS,

VESTS,

PANTS, &c., &c.

Also,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

HATS,

CAPS.

His stock of clothing is of the latest fashion, and manufactured of the best materials, and as they are determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest, the public will do well to give them a call and examine their stock.

Don't forget the place—Long's brick building, on the corner, Market square, Huntingdon.

Oct. 13, '58

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.'S Advertising Agency, 119 Nassau St., New York, & 10 State St., Boston. "S. M. Pettingill & Co. are the Agents for the "Journal" and the most influential and largest circulating Newspapers in the United States and the Canada. They are authorized to contract for us at our lowest rates.

## Select Poetry.

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled, the bugles are still; There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill; And banners of standards averted back with a Where sheaves of the dead bar the way, [thrill For a great field is reaped, Heaven's garner to And stern Death holds his harvest to-day. [fill There's a voice on the winds like a spirit's low cry— 'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply? Not those whose wan faces glare white to the sky With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly, As they wait that last trump which they may not defy, Whose hands clutch the sword-hill so grimly. The brave heads late lifted, are solemnly bowed, And riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed, As the burial requiem is chanted aloud. The groans of the death-stricken drowning; While Viet'ry looks on like a queen pale and proud Who awaits till the morrow her crowning. There is no mocking blazon as clay sinks to clay The vain pomp of the peace-times are all swept away In the terrible face of the dread battle day; Nor collars nor shroudings are here; Only relies that lay where thickest the fray— A rent caïque and a headless spear. Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the storm, Like a storm wave's retreating—spent, fitful and slow, With sounds like their spirits that faint as they go. By yon red-glowing river whose waters Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow To the eyes of her desolate daughters, They are fled—they are gone; but oh! not as they came, In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game, Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of Fame. Never lit the stained sword which they drew; Never more shall they boast of a glorious name. Never march with the lead and the true, Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn, They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn, Like the giant of Gaza, their strength it was shorn. Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky; From the flash of our steel a new day-break seemed born. As we sprang up—to conquer or die, The tumult is silenced: the death lots are cast; And the heroes of battle are alighting at last, Do ye dream of you pale form that rode on the blast? Would ye see it once more, O ye brave? Yes! the broad road to Honor is red where ye passed, And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

### A Select Story.

#### Norah Clary's Wise Thought.

##### AN IRISH LOVE STORY.

My Minnie does constantly leave me, And bids me beware of young men; They flatter, she says, to deceive me— But who can think so of Tam Glen? "We may as well give it up, Morr's Donovan; look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top off the great hill of Mouth as make father and mother agree about one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now." "It's mighty hard, so it is," replied Morr's, "that married people can't draw together.—Norah, darlint, that wouldn't be the way with us. Sure it's one we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morr's, Morr's, we've quarreled a score of times already; and, to my thinking, a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolen said of me to Mary Grey—oh Morr's!"

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low but delicately penciled brows, as she looked archly at her lover; her lip curled with a half-playful, half-malicious smile, but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush when the young man passed his arm around her waist, and pushing the clustering curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving but mournful look.

"Leave joking, now, Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said in a voice deep and broken by emotion; "I'm yer equal as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve you for all that; only, I can't help saying that we love each other (now, don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again, and yer father's agreeable, and all

## Select Miscellany.

### From the Gleaner, 1811.

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Posts made from the limbs and upper parts of the tree always last the longest.

##### The Empty Cradle.

The mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love, She knew she'd find them all again, In fields of light above.

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like dew on a plant from which bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in fresh greenness to the morning light, so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes. As she bends over the empty cradle, and in fancy brings the sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub's face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality in his brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of its departure seems to bring its spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes like an opiate in pain all her passions and cares of life. The world is no longer filled with human love and hope—in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy, she has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright fresh flowers with which she had decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are emblems of the far and brighter hopes now dawning on her day dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the New Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head reposing on the breast of the kind Savior. And she knows her infant is there in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that Book—to her emphatically the Word of Life—now laying close on the toilet table, which she reads daily. Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

##### The Voice of the Whang-Doodle.

A "whang-doodle" preacher wound up a flaming sermon with this magnificent peroration:

"My brethering and sistern! ef a man's full of religion, you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, heeted seven times hotter than it could be bet, and it didn't singe a hair on their heads! And there was John the Evangeler; they put him and where do you think brethering and sistern, they put him? Why they put him in a caldronic of bilin' ile, and biled him all night, and it didn't faze his shell! And there was Daniel; they put him into a lion's den and what my fellow travellers and respected authorities, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for praying, three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethering and sistern; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den for a like offence.

The Bloom of Age.—It has been beautifully remarked that a good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but by benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life opened to her view. When we look at a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of health first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet, it never will fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman can never grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence.