

The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

Editor & Proprietor.

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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, filthy 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 into the third and fourth generation; 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 ulcerous 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 not only suffer from scrofulous consequences, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the constitutions which characterize 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 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 exercise and fresh air.

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, ROSE, OR ERYTHRAEL, ITCH, PUSTULES, BRUISES, BLAINS AND BURNS, TETTER, TERTIA AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIOUS OR 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 no health is possible 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 penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the inveterate is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished 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 gratis, to the American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Constipation, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Flatulency, and Inaction 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 it 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 to do to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies, which the community have felt to be discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

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JOHN READ, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 16, 1858.—ly.

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Usual time to complete a full course, from 6 to 10 weeks. Every Student, upon graduating is guaranteed to be competent to manage the Books of any Business, and qualified to earn a salary of from

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Students enter at any time—No Vacation—Review at pleasure.

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"Ministers' Son" received at half price.
For Circular and Specimens of Writing, inclose two letter stamps, and address
F. W. JENKINS, Pittsburgh.
Apr. 20, '59.

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5000 AGENTS WANTED.—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over \$25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 50 pages particulars, gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.
Mar. 23, '59.—6m.*

All kinds of blanks for sale at the Journal office.

SELECT POETRY.

YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again;
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wrangling none by word or deed,
But forbearing, soothing, serving,—
Thus I live, and thus my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contending,
Is of little Christian use;
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse.
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night;
If thou wouldst improve a brother,
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world,
Every bosom round me frozen,
Not an eye with pity peared;
Still my heart with kindness teeming,
Glad when other hearts are glad,
And my eye a tear-drop finding
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,
Blessing ever bringeth bliss.
Lend a helping hand to others,
Smile though all the world should frown;
Man is man, we all are brothers,
Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man through all gradations,
Little reck it where he stands,
How divided into nations,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man, by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too,
Man in all—one common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

A SELECT STORY.

Miss Sophonisba Laura Potter,

BY PEPPERCOON.

I was very young when it was my fate to settle in the pretty village of Towerdale, in hopes of taking the place of village doctor there. Full of spirits and ardent hopes of success, I hung out my shingle,

GEORGE T. WOODVILLE, M. D.,

blazoned thereon in first quality gilding, and sat down to await patients. I was, as I said, young, just of age, with a very pretty moustache, a pair of large black eyes, and a great mass of curly brown hair. My dear, loving little sister Susy pronounced me handsome, and I submitted to the 'obprobrious epithet. Perhaps it was my beauty and youth that first attracted the virgin glances of Miss Sophonisba Laura Potter. I don't know what it was, but she was the bane of my existence. Let me tell a clear story.

I had been in the little village just one week when I received a delicately scented billet in a pink envelope, with 'Mrs. James' compliments, and requests the pleasure of Dr. Woodville's company on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. James was the wife of one of the gentlemen to whom I brought a letter of introduction and thinking this a fine chance to make the acquaintance of my hoped-for future patients, I wrote an acceptance.

The room was crowded when I arrived. Mr. James received me very cordially, and introduced me to a most bewitching little brunette, who had visited the city several times, and learned to perfection the mysteries of flirtation. I was enjoying myself immensely, when my companion gave a little cry of amusement.

"What is it?" inquired.

"Miss Sophonisba Potter," was the reply. "Look at her—that one in blue just speaking to Mrs. James."

I looked! Miss Potter was very tall, beyond the usual height of very tall women, and she was slim, nay, the word will not come out, as she was tall. Her hair, of a dull, flaxen color, hung in long ringlets around a long thin face; a pair of light blue eyes, which looked as if they had not been 'fast colors' and had faded with the sun of many summers, a complexion like the parchment, except on the cheeks, which were of a vivid crimson, and long sharp features, were the picture set in a low colored frame of curls. A blue dress, cut to display long thin arms and narrow emaciated shoulders, was the custom of this antiquated maiden.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Miss Potter? Don't you know her? Oh, I forgot, you are a stranger. Miss Potter is one of the literary females of Towerdale. She writes for the *Gazette*, and occasionally indulges in an impromptu, for the benefit of us poor ignorant mortals. She is a fervent admirer of poetry, and has committed whole volumes to memory. She is single, she says, because her affinity, her soul's long desired idol has

not, as Micawber would say, 'turned up.'"

"Dr. Woodville," said Mrs. James, joining us, "Miss Potter desired me to introduce you to her."

There was no escape. I offered my arm to my hostess, and we threaded our way through the groups of guests till we found the literary lady. She was seated on a sofa, languidly fanning herself. She raised her eyes, at Mrs. James' introduction, and motioned me to take a seat beside her.

I remarked that it was a fine evening, by way of advancing a novel introduction to conversation.

"She sighed.

"These moonlight nights are beautiful, and must be quite an inspiration to one who understand ranks among our American poetesses." And I made my most bewildering bow.

She raised her faded blue eyes, in a most lackadaisical manner, saying, "The moon! the moon! oh tell me do you love her placid ray?"

"Do you love the shining starry train that gathers round her way?"

"Who does not love the moon?" I answered, seeing her object was to shine forth in poetic glory.

"Ah!" she sighed, "there are around us many unsympathizing souls, who raise not their eyes above the earth's grovelling level."

"Frightful!" exclaimed I.

"Dr. Woodville," said the fair Sophonisba, "I understand you have just graduated from the Philadelphia College of Medicine?"

I bowed assent.

"Then you have an opportunity of studying all the new lights thrown upon that science?"

"Again I bowed.

"Will you enroll me among your patients?" she said. "I need more discriminate treatment than our Towerdale physician accords me. He cannot understand my soul."

"Can such youthful bloom cover anything that calls for a doctor's skill?" I inquired.

"I will visit you," said she, "in your office, and place my case fully before you. Promising to exert all my skill in so interesting a patient, I changed the subject.

The next morning Miss Potter rang my office bell, and entered my bachelor domains accompanied by a superannuated servant to play propriety.

I offered her a chair, and she sank into it with a deep sigh, while I took a seat near her, drawing on my professional face.

"I called according to promise," she said languidly.

"Pray miss," I said, "what are the symptoms of your illness?"

"There are no symptoms, at least no tangible ones," was the reply.

"But how does it affect you?"

"Ah, doctor," she sighed, "it is the mind! It is the too, too bright sword, which is 'vearing out the scabbard.'"

"Would it not be best, then," I asked, "to refrain from exercising the mind.—Suspend your literary labors, for example."

"Ask me to live without bread, to breathe without air," she cried, as soon as I asked that. "Yet something must be done. I cannot sleep, for if I do, I have such visions"—and she closed her eyes and sank back on the chair.

"Miss Potter," I cried, "look up!"

What the mischief possessed me to say that? She did look up. Cupid and Hyacinth! what a look those washed out eyes did give me. I drew on my professional face again, and proceeded in my catechism. Finally ordering a harmless potion, I bowed her out. The next day the following lines were left at my office door:

TO GEORGE.

What medicine can ease my grief?
What physic cure my heart?
Torn all to bits, to little bits,
By Cupid's vengeful darts,
I've hardened it to every man,
Refused of beaux a score;
Yet now it palpitates, and burns,
And hardens it no more.
The loving gleams from those dark eyes
Have thawed the icy crust
That long have gathered round my heart,
And crushed it to dust.
Vain are the potions you prescribe;
Vain all your anxious cure;
Vain all the power of physic's art
To Sophonisba fair.
Keep all thy pills, and draughts, and drugs,
But give me love and truth!
Take, take my heart, for it is thine,
And only thine, fair youth!
Come to my arms! Delay not long,
My spirit longs for thee!
Come with the feast, and light and song,
My only love, to me.

SOPHONISBA.

I stood aghast! I walked to the glass, and took a long look at the dark eyes, to see what spirit lurked in their depths to call forth all this enthusiastic admiration. Finally, I concluded that the woman was crazy, and that I must avoid her.

Avoid her? Did I ride out, a reproachful bow greeted me. Did I walk, a tall figure met, joined me, leaned on my arm. A voice musical as a file on a hand-saw, whispered soft nothings in my ears. Did I stay at home, a fair patient visited me with melting tenderness in her light eyes pathos in her voice. Verses, pin-cushions, pen wipers, embroidered slippers, smoking caps fairly rained down on me. I was nearly frantic. Talk of haunted man? That too bright sword, with its worn out scabbard, haunted me—nearly drove me into committing suicide.

One morning I was seated in my office, congratulating myself on the fact that Miss Potter's usual hour for calling was past, and she had not arrived. A ring at the door made my heart palpitate with apprehension, but it was only a note. A note from Miss Potter. She was ill, and summoned her physician to her side.

I felt obliged to go. I had no patient in Towerdale, and if she was really ill, a wonderful cure might start my practice.

When I arrived I was shown into an upper room handsomely furnished. Upon a low couch, draped with white, reclined a too well-known lady dressed in white, and with her very fair hair falling around her in most carefully arranged confusion.—Her eyes were closed, her hands clasped over her heart. I drew up a chair.

"Miss Potter," I said

She gave a hysterical scream, and covered her face with her hands.

"I am sorry to find you ill!" I said.

"Cruel man," she gasped, "have you come to triumph over the agonies of your victim?"

"You sent for me."

"Yes, yes, to take a last farewell! I die, but you will scatter flowers on my grave!"

"Oh, certainly!"

"You will sometimes visit the spot where one lies who loved 'not wisely, but too well'?"

"With pleasure!"

"You will think of me sometimes?"

"Oh, quite frequently."

"You will shed a few tears for me?"

"I'll try."

She opened her eyes, and looked around.

"Ah!" she cried, "we are alone!"

"We have been alone ever since I came in," I said.

"Delicious moment!" she cried, raising her hand to her lips.

We have never been alone together before, for in her visits to my office her servant always accompanied her, and I never had called on her before.

"George," she said, fondly, "look on the wreck your cruelty has made. Ah, no disease so wasting as unrequited love. It has blasted me!"

"Really," I said, "I regret!"

"You regret! I knew you would!—You do love me?"

"You will excuse me, if—"

"Excuse your silence. Ah, indeed I will! You love me! and before I knew what she meant to do, she had thrown herself into my arms, and the whole mass of tallow hair was floating over my mouth and nose.

The door opened and Mrs. James entered.

"Gracious goodness!" she cried. "Excuse me, I will not intrude."

"Stop," cried Sophonisba. "You were the means of bringing our congenial souls together. Congratulate me now, they are merged into one!"

"Congratulate you! Do you mean that after thirty years' trying you have got a husband at last?"

"Thirty years!" cried Miss Potter, and fainted in my arms.

I laid her upon the couch, snatched up my hat, and disregarding Mrs. James' call, fled, like a very coward. I ran home, tore down my sign, packed up my clothes, and in less than two hours was in the cars, dashing away from Towerdale and Miss Sophonisba Laura Potter.

GOOD FRANDY.—For the past four years a cask has lain in the Union depot in Indianapolis, Indiana, unopened for a few days since it was opened and found to contain the bodies of a pair of twin babies put together a la Siamense. But the liquor (alcohol) which had originally surrounded these remains, as a fluid preservative, had all been drawn off. The fast young men about the depot had from time to time plied straps vigorously through gulletholes, in the cask, thus procuring an article with which they smacked their lips and pronounced "good brandy." The color of brandy had been imparted to the alcohol by the dead bodies! Several railroad employes have obtained since the discovery, and we hope their abstinence may be permanent.

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I will and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget, all my property without reserve; and my eldest son, Patrick, one half the remainder; and to Dennis, youngest son, the rest—and if anything is left, it may go to Dennis McCarty."

Love your neighbor's—daughter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How They Behave People in China

The criminals were brought in gangs, if they were able to walk, or if they could not walk, in chairs and in baskets, the latter of a kind in which usually hogs are carried, the baskets being attached to two poles and thus carried on the shoulders of two men. When the culprits reached the execution ground they were tumbled out of their chairs and baskets down upon the pavement with as little care and sympathy as though they had been loads of pumpkins or potatoes. The executioners then arranged them in rows, three usually when there was a large number to be despatched, as my friend informed me, one executioner taking his place at the head of each row, and giving each victim a blow on the back side of the head to push it forward and lay it convenient for the sword, as all knelt and awaited the fatal moment.

When all things were thus arranged the death warrant came; it was a banner, and as soon as it waved in sight without any verbal order being given, the headsman began their work of death. There was rapid succession of dull, crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, and down dropped the heads, while the bodies fell forward, and streams of blood were shot into the air like jets of water from a fire engine.

The friend who was my guide, as we stood on the very pavement by the wall on the one side of the street where these rows of victims were drawn up, told me he had been obliged, as others had been, to step back of these wretched kneeling men, were the work commenced, lest the blood if they were in front, should stream across the street and fall upon them. No second blow was ever given, for these dexterous men are slayers educated for their work; for until they are able, with their heavy swords, which are in part butchers' cleavers as well as swords, to slice a great bulky vegetable as thin as we slice cucumbers, they are not eligible to this office.

Three seconds are sufficient for each head. In one minute five executioners clear off one hundred heads. It took rather longer for the assistants to pick them up in rough coffins, preparatory to their being carried away into fields and hills, outside the walls for interment. Nor were they all careful that the old companionship of head and body should be continued, but they often thrust a head and body into a coffin which had never met before. As hundreds were sometimes executed at a time, occasionally coming up to five hundred, while these scenes were of constant occurrence, the whole area swam in blood—not to horses' bridles, yet almost over the shoes and up to the ankles. The earth does not contain so horrible an Aceldama so true a 'Field of Blood.'

Good and Bad Luck

Good and bad luck are much more intimately connected with character than is generally acknowledged. H. W. Beecher, in a recent lecture says:

"There are men, who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortune of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for their own. One, with good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been at his office. Another, with a good trade, has perpetually burnt up his luck with his temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion, hundreds lost their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are prenable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatter-demolition creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hand stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in. I know he has had luck—for the worst of all lucks is to be a slugard, a tippler."

Stop that Peeping.

Take our advice, and never watch your neighbors. It is a vulgar practice at best. Moreover, it is a very unsatisfactory one. Listeners, they say, never hear any good of themselves. In the same way, peeping folks never see much to gratify their self-complacency, and this occasions feelings which do not tend to render life at all more agreeable. But, worse than this, in arrogating to yourself the right to watch others you tacitly admit their right to watch you. And however correct you may be in your department, however unimpeachable in your course, there are always points of moment which you prefer to keep yourself. There are always circumstances which, when fully understood, are honorable; but which when grasped, as a watcher must grasp it, in disconnected parts, are susceptible of sinister interpretation, and your neighbors may not be of as charitable a nature as you! Abandon the habit, therefore, of prying into the affairs of others, and you will afford them no pretext of prying into your own.

Adventures of a Morning Gown.

A lady was anxious to make her husband a present on the occasion of his birthday; and as it happened to fall in winter, and at that time a very severe winter, she thought a comfortable morning gown would be a most useful acquisition to his domestic comforts. So she went to a shop and purchased a fine Persian pattern merino and well-wadded morning gown. She had forgotten the exact height of her husband, but to make sure of its usefulness she thought best to purchase one rather too long than too short. The day was rather wet; her husband returned in the afternoon from his office; and she presented him with the article of comfort; and he fancied it a great comfort after he had put off his wet clothes. But it was too long—about ten inches too long. "Oh, never mind, my dear," said the affectionate wife, "I can easily shorten it to suit you." They had a party in the evening; they were very merry. After they had gone to bed, the wind was making such a noise and the rain dashing against the window that the lady could not sleep, her husband however, slept soundly. She arose without disturbing him—took the morning gown, and commenced her work, cut off about the length of ten inches, to make it suit her husband's stature, and then went to bed again.

She had to rise early next morning. The husband slept well, which was frequently the case after a merry evening party. Scarcely had the good lady left the room when a sister—a good natured elderly lady, who lived with them—stole into the room, upon tip-toe, in order not to disturb her brother-in-law, and took the morning gown. Hastening to her room, she cut off ten inches, as she knew on the previous night that it was too long for him. An hour after the master awoke, and was now anxious to surprise his affectionate wife. He rang the bell; the servant came up and asked his pleasure; upon which he requested her to wrap up the morning-gown, and carry it to his tailor, to make it short by ten inches.—Scarcely was the morning-gown returned from the tailor when the good wife stepped in. The husband had just risen, and purposed now to surprise his wife and enjoy his comfort. But how surprised was his better half to see her husband in a fine Persian pattern merino shooting jacket instead of a comfortable morning gown.

To Keep the Hands White and Soft.

In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the collar of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. It is made thus:—Beat up four ounces of bitter almonds, add to them three ounces of lemon juice, three ounces almond oil, and a little weak spirit of wine and ether. The following is a serviceable promade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of spermaceti, put up carefully in rose water. Gloves should be always worn by ladies on exposure to the atmosphere.

A letter from Cairo, in the *Constitutional*, says that the general subject of conversation in that city is the discovery which has just been made by the well-known archaeologist, M. Mariette. He has found, at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb, still intact, of Pharaoh Amosis. The King is lying in a coffin, completely covered with gold leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the King, as was also a hatchet of gold ornamented with fingers in lapis lazule.

Some years ago M. Mariette, had a similar piece of good fortune, in finding in the tomb of Apis the jewels which now form the principal ornament of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre. The discovery of a royal tomb intact is the most important one that M. Mariette has yet made in Egypt.

Miss Tulip, in speaking of old gardeners, says, that they are frozen old gardeners in the flower bed of love. As they are useless as weeds, they should be served in the same manner—choked.—*Ex.*

Prentice wonders if Miss T. would not like to choke one with inside of her elbow

How many heads had a bad ache yesterday? The result of the 4th.