

The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER,

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

Editor & Proprietor.

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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 vice, 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; 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 settles in the blood, deprives the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not serious 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 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, ROSE, OR EXANTHEMA, PILES, FURUNCLES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBRILITY, AND, INDEED, ALL CONSTITUTIONAL AFFECTIONS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE 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 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 invader which is based 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 my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Flatulency, and Morbid 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 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. What a precious and superior remedy 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 that can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
JOS. REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.
Nov. 16, 1858.—17.

SELECT POETRY

Crinoline.

Sail on, sail on, oh! crinoline,
In all thy majesty and pride;
Three quarters of the walk is thine,
And I must take the outer side.
Oh! well perchance for ladies' charms
That thou dost ever intervene!
For what's the use of lover's arms
To compass thee, oh! crinoline?
Oh! what would Cleopatra say,
Or Helen fair of Trojan fame,
Could they but promenade Broadway,
And see a modern lady's frame?
Methinks thy ghost at such a sight
Would make for Hades a bee line,
For what on earth could more affright
Transcendent shades, than crinoline?
I loved, a few short years ago,
A lady fair, and straight, and slim,
Who ne'er had worn a crinoline
To hide a fault in form or limb.
I loved her as a lover should,
With thro' intent to make her mine;
But when the time came that I could
Then came this cursed crinoline.
It boots not to repeat the tale,
How day by day, expanding, she,
Blown up by Fashion's fickle gale,
Grew more and more apart from me.
It matters not that now no more
We meet, as then, with joy divine;
I only know her heart's best store
Is lavished on a crinoline.
Sail on, sail on, oh! crinoline!
Rome had her day to rise and fall,
And the same fate will yet be thine,
For change comes ever unto all.
Wave proudly still while yet you may,
While Fashion's stars upon thee shine;
Extend thy sphere from day to day,
But leave me mine, oh! crinoline!

A SELECT STORY

THE WRONG HORSE.

BY W. O. EATON.

A stalwart but tired-looking horse-man was riding toward the village of Mossy Brook, at the close of a sultry summer afternoon, at the pace of a jaded bay mare he bestowed could lessen the tedious distance. His face was handsome, but he wore an anxious expression, and he stared about the country, as he rode on, with the air of a stranger at those parts. His dusty feet his pale visage, and the foreign cut of his apparel, with the watchfulness of his manner would have led any observer to consider him one that had travelled far that day, and who was not only from a foreign country, but laboring under some deep distress of mind, sorrow or fear—perhaps tomorrow.

As he climbed the hill which looked down upon the village his face brightened somewhat.

"Thank Heaven! there I shall find a few hours rest and refreshment, for myself and this exhausted beast," he muttered. And the mare picked up her ears as she saw the village and heard his voice, and hastened her pace, as if she new her rider's intention.

"Care for her well," said the stranger to the hostler, as he alighted. "I am to sup and sleep a few hours, and at ten, to-night have her ready saddled at the door; for I am in great haste to continue my journey, and must then depart."

The hostler promised, and the stranger, after eating a hearty supper, retired to rest.

Having well bestowed the mare, the hostler flung himself down before the stable door, and considering that he had as much right to rest as any other man or beast in a free country, went to sleep himself.

Whether he had worked or drank too much that day, certain it was that he overslept his time, and when he started up, and hastily saddled the mare upon which the stranger was to continue his way, it was eleven o'clock, and pitch-dark.

As the stranger, also, had overslept his hour, he did not so much blame the hostler but paid his bill, mounted quickly, and rode off, making no answer to the remark of the man, that there would be a heavy storm before morning, as the clouds were already black and threatening.

"Valuable information!" sneered the traveler, at he made unusually quick time over the road. "Couldn't I see for myself? Had I not been in haste to get at the end of my journey, I should not, of course, have gone on before morning, after forty miles of travel under a summer sun. The dew is in my luck to be roasted by day, and half-drowned by night, as this approaching storm seems to forbode. Ha! what a vivid flash! The tempest is coming sooner than I expected. How fast the mare goes! A few hours have worked wonders with her; or, perhaps, instinct bids her speed to escape the tempest, if possible."

A heavy crash of thunder, just then, startled both horse and horse-man, the opening canonade of the elemental battle which was soon to sweep furiously around them. 'She has been over-fed, or she is very skittish,' thought the horseman, as he felt the tremor of the frightened animal's limbs and her gait for a short distance became irregular. 'Our road lies through a wood for a few miles, as I am told; and when the shower is on us in full force, what with the lightning, the thunder, the rain, and the darkness, she may become unmanageable. Perhaps I had better stayed, after all. The more haste the worst speed, sometimes.'

Flash after flash, peal after peal now followed rapidly, with blinding and deafening effect upon man and beast, and soon the wind and rain combined with fearful power and volume, as if to distract and discomfort the benighted horse and rider. Here and there, over their rough road, the top branches of trees encumbered it, as if to dispute their passage. Twice, as the scared beast galloped frantically on, she stumbled, and nearly threw the cavalier, requiring all his efforts to recover her and keep the saddle; and once, a dazing bolt and a fearful simultaneous clap of thunder caused the poor beast to swerve madly aside, rear, and then turn back in her track for a short distance—while a tall tree, cleft by the lightning, scattered half its mighty bulk over the spot from which the mare had sprung back.

But, with a steady hand and coaxing voice, the horseman finally caused her to return again, and vaulting over the prostrate trunk, they resumed their stormy course, while broken boughs torn from tallest trees, whirled dangerously through the dark air.

Thus through the night, they proceeded, the storm gradually abating as the dim dawn of day approached; and when the cheery sun at last broke with merry face over the glistening hills, the drenched stranger was far beyond the perplexing forest through which he had ridden.

"Thank you for nothing," he exclaimed, as he was coming to the very place where he would be most easily detected.

The fire of the people at the tavern was aroused, and they again confronted the stranger, having procured a constable; and to his dire alarm, the mare having been brought from the stable, he was told to consider himself under arrest unless he could give a satisfactory explanation of the mystery. The presence of Mrs. Dunbar added solemnity to the inquest. But the stranger's indignation still overmastered his alarm.

"The mare was hired by me in the city, which is over two hundred miles away. I have ridden her, night and day, since then, only stopping for a few hours' rest and refreshment, and intend to do so till I reach B—, whither important business urges me to this late. Now you have right to know, more I will not answer unless compelled, in due form, by those who have a right to question me."

"Surely, I ought to know my own horse, which was brought up by us from a foal!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar, petting the animal affectionately, while tears of apprehension rolled down her face.

"Madam," said the stranger, in a more soothing tone, "you are certainly mistaken in the identity of the animal. I have ridden her, as I say; for more than—"

"Don't lie any more!" roughly interrupted the landlord. "Murder will out, and you might as well tell the truth first as last. For—"

He was in turn interrupted by a savage spring, which the stranger at that motion made toward him, to avenge the insult of being called a liar; and had not others interposed, he would have paid a severe penalty for his rashness.

"Hold him! He is getting desperate now!" cried the equally enraged host.

"He'll have to swing yet, I'll be bound. Why don't you search him? He has been seen to take a pocket-book from the saddle!"

"Where my husband always keeps it when he rides far," said Mrs. Dunbar.

"You need not search me—it is mine," insisted the stranger, instinctively endeavoring to prevent the indignity.

"Oh! but there is need!" said the constable. "If it's your's you'll get it again, and here it is; he added drawing it from beneath the shirt bosom of the suspected man. 'Mrs. Dunbar, do you know the pocket-book?'"

She opened it, and disclosed a pile of bank notes, her husband's name written on the inside, and papers which could belong to none but him.

"Proof positive!" said everybody; and their looks of horror were equalled by

those of the stranger, who was evidently confounded. He trembled now, but partially recovering himself, he said:

"I know not how it came, I had a pocket-book like that, and lifting up his hands, he added, 'and I call on—'"

"Don't blaspheme, sir; don't commit any more sin, you can't deceive us. You must now—"

An unexpected interruption forever cut short which might have been a very majestic sentence from the constable. For the accused man, desperate at his situation, and stung to ferocity by the behavior of his interrogators, with the quickness of light knocked down two who stood in his way and in another instant bounded upon the mare, who was standing handily at his side, and putting her to the top of her speed before any could interpose, he shook a defiant fist back at them as he rode, and was soon out of sight, disappearing over the hill, in the direction from which he had come early in the morning.

"Confound the luck!" he muttered, as the fleet mare sped. I had no mind to be imprisoned, and had rather clear myself to save time. I fancy how it is. My horse is lost. I will try to get back to Mossy Brook, and find her. Or, perhaps this may be her; and the wrong saddle was put upon her by the bungling hostler. Yet how two mares could look so much alike, or two pocket-books, or—Deuce take it! if I get back, the mystery may be cleared up by the owner of the other horse—if there is another horse. By jupiter! they are coming! On, mare! On, on, on!"

Two or three horsemen were indeed in hot pursuit, though still a mile behind, yet mounted on fresh horses, and were fast lessening the distance between them and the fugitive.

As he descended a hill, the sight of a wood had almost induced him to dismount and seek shelter abroad, when, coming fast in the opposite direction, he saw another mounted traveler.

Soon they were abreast of each other, and, at the instant, both reined in and dismounted. Their mutual glances explained the horses were almost precisely alike in shape, color, size, etc., save that one had two white feet, the other four.

"My name is Amor Dunbar!" exclaimed that individual, smiling, and extending his hand. "No explanation is needed, sir, the hostler was half drunk, and acknowledged that he had made the bungle. Here is your pocket book;" he added, delivering it. "That, too, is like mine, and was placed where I placed mine," William Norton!"

"That is my name, dear sir. Your own wallet will be found at the village tavern, or with the constable! They recognized your mare, and took me for both murderer and thief! Here they come, some of them. We will ride back together."

The pursuers came up, and a few words of further explanation put all in good humor, as they rode leisurely to the tavern again.

That night, Sir William Norton—temporarily in America upon important business—was the guest of Mr. Amor Dunbar, and his now very agreeable wife. They found the knight something better than a highwayman, his courtesy manner shining through his travel-worn apparel; and he confessed, when he resumed his journey in the morning, that he had earned this significant moral: *throughout life to be careful that you mount the right horse.*

A Scotchman called at the house of a lawyer to consult the legal man professionally.

"Is the squer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's lady, who opened the door at his summons. He was answered negatively. Disappointment was now added to Scotia's son; but after a moment's consideration, a new thought relieved him.—Nebly yourself can give me the necessary as the squer—e'en as ye're at his wife."

The kind lady expressed her willingness to do so, if on learning the nature of the difficulty, she found it in her power; the other proceeded to state his case as follows: "Spose ye was an old white mear, and I should borry ye to gang to mil', with a grist on yer back, and we should get no farther than Slat's hill, when all at once, ye should back up, rear up, and pitch up, and kneel backwards, w'd pay for yer. Darn me if I would!"

The lady smiled, told him, as she closed the door, as he had passed sentence on the case, advice would be entirely superfluous.

"Mother," said a little chap, "what is this word, is it Valentines?"

"No, no," said the knowing mother, "it is Valentines; here you have been to school for six months, and can't give the right pronunciations to words yet!"

more Utah outrages.

"On Thursday evening last we received a call from Messrs. Wm. Taylor, Daniel Kelly, and Amos and Norman Reid, who have just returned from the South Park. They told us a tale that filled us with horror and dismay. On the 25th ult., when about 200 miles south-west of this point they came up to the bodies of six white and one red man, all stripped and scalped. They also found the carcasses of eight animals—five horses and three mules—in the immediate vicinity of the spot on which the mutilated human bodies were stretched. From all appearances, the finders were led to believe that the victims of the Utah ferocity had been members of a large company, and that the Indians belonged to a friendly tribe and acted as the guide of the former. This is another of the series of brutal outrages committed by the bloodthirsty savages of the Great Basin upon our mining population during the present season. Their victims can already be numbered, by the dozens, and yet no steps have been taken to meet out just retribution and avenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Blood calls for blood. These North American Thugs should be forthwith stopped in their career of carnage and plunder. Nothing can be expected from the Government this Fall, hence would it not be proper and timely for the people of this country to rise of their own accord and see that the perpetrators of those rapidly succeeding depredations shall not remain unpunished."

A CONSIDERATE DOCTOR.

A poor girl who had just recovered from a fit of sickness, gathered up her scanty earnings and went to the doctor's office to settle her bill. Just as she got to the door, the lawyer of the place entered on a similar errand.

"Well, doctor, I believe I am indebted to you, and I wish you to tell me how much," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I attended you about a week, and what would you charge me for a week's services?"

"Oh, perhaps seventy-five dollars," said the lawyer.

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BLACKBERRYING.

"Ah! Sam, she is about now gone dead."

"Is she dead, Bones?"

"Yes, Sam. She sent for me three days after she died."

"Oh, no, Bones; you mean three days previous to her decease."

"No."

"She had no niece; she was an only phau."

"I mean three days before she parted this earthly tenement."

"Sir!"

"That is, three days before she left the world, or died."

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I went down to see her; went up to de bedside wid de bed in both of my eyes."

"You mean to say, with the tears in your eyes?"

"Yes, wid de pillows in my eyes. Sez she, 'Bones, I'm gying to leave dis world of care.'"

"What did you reply?"

"I sed I didn't care much. Den she axed me if I would go to de shotecary pop for some medicine? I sed yes; so I went down to Dr. Night Bell—"

"No, not to Dr. Night Bell; that is the name of the bell on the door—the night bell."

"Well, I called him Dr. Night Bell, anyhow."

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