

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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## TERMS

### HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half.

Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

A subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until arrears are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged;—if no definite order be given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charge accordingly.

## To the Public.

THE public are hereby informed, that JACOB MILLER has been appointed agent for Huntingdon county, for the sale of Dr. Evans' Camomile and family aperient pills, where all those that need medicine, can be supplied as he intends always to have a supply on hand.

**LIFE AND HEALTH.**—Persons whose nerves have been injured by Calomel, or excessive grief, great loss of blood, the suppression of accustomed discharges or catarrhus, intemperate habits, or other causes which tend to relax and enervate the nervous system, will find a friend to soothe and comfort them, in **EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS.** Those afflicted with Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Palsy, Serous Apoplexy, and organic affections of the heart, Nausea, vomiting, pains in the side, breast, limbs, head, stomach or back, will find themselves immediately relieved, by using **EVANS' CAMOMILE AND APERIENT PILLS.**

Dr. EVANS does not pretend to say that his medicine will cure all diseases that flesh and blood are heir to, but he does say that in all debilitated and impaired Constitutions, such as Nervous diseases of all kinds, particularly of the **DIGESTIVE ORGANS,** and in Insipient Consumption, whether of the lungs or liver, they will cure. That dreadful disease, **CONSUMPTION,** might have been checked in its commencement, and disappointed its prey all over the land, if the first symptoms of Nervous Debility had been characterized by the **CAMOMILE FLOWERS** chemically prepared, together with many other diseases, where other remedies have proved fatal.

How many persons do we daily find tortured with that dreadful disease, **SICK HEADACHE,** if they would only make trial of this invaluable medicine, they would perceive that life is a pleasure and not a course of misery and abhorrence. In conclusion I would warn nervous persons against the abstraction of **BLOOD,** either by leeches, cupping, or the employment of the lancet. Drastic purgatives in delicate habits are almost equally improper. These are practices too often resorted to in such cases, but they seldom fail to prove highly injurious. Certain it is of cures are daily received which afford sufficient testimony of the great efficacy of this invaluable medicine, in relieving afflicted mankind. The above medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

**Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of prunes of Virginia or wild Cherry.** This syrup is highly beneficial in all pectoral affections; also, in diseases of the chest in which the lungs do not perform their proper office from want of due nervous energy: such as asthma, pulmonary consumption, recent or chronic coughs, hoarseness, whooping cough, wheezing and difficulty of breathing, croup and spitting of blood, &c. How many sufferers do we daily behold approaching to an untimely grave, wrested in the bloom of youth from their dear relatives and friends, afflicted with that common and destructive ravager, called consumption, which soon wastes the miserable sufferer until they become beyond the power of human skill; if such sufferers would only make a trial of Dr. Swayne's invaluable medicine, they would soon find themselves benefited; than by gulping the various ineffective certain remedies of which our newspapers daily abound. This syrup immediately begins to heal the ulcerated lungs, stopping profuse night sweats, mitigating the distressing cough at the same time inducing a healthy and natural expectoration, also relieving the shortness of breath and pain in the chest, which harass the sufferer on the slightest exercise, and finally the hectic flash in the pallid and emaciated cheek will soon begin to vanish, and the sufferer will here perceive himself snatched from a premature grave, into the enjoyment again of comfortable health.

For sale at Jacob Miller's store Hunt.

**READ THIS: DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNES VIRGINIANA, OR WILD CHERRY:** This is decidedly one of the best remedies for Cough and Colds now in use; it allays irritation of the Lungs, lessens the cough, causing the phlegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Whooping and Choking of Phlegm, Hoarseness, Difficulty of breathing, Croup, Spitting of Blood, &c. This Syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, it taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale only at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd From various gardens cull'd with care."

### CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

Beautiful the earliest flower of spring,  
Which rears its timid head,  
A fair, and frail, and helpless thing,  
Above its snowy bed.

To transient sense and passing sight,  
It may not hope to vie  
With those more fragrant, and more bright;  
Which summer shall supply.

Yet memory fondly owns its worth,  
With gayer blossoms burst  
To light and life;—for this came forth,  
The simplest, and the first!

Lovely the roseate seats of morn,  
When dews and vapour rise,  
Gemming with diamond drops each thorn,  
As insense to the skies.

Brightly may shine the noon-tid rays  
On rock, and lake, and hill;  
Yet memory, 'mid their chalice blaze,  
Will turn to morning still.

There was a freshness in that hour,  
So misty, hush'd and calm;  
That, like each opening leaf and flower,  
The spirit owned its balm.

And soon, if we may rate the worth  
Of bloom more rich than fair,  
By symbols borrow'd from this earth—  
Is childhood's artless prayer.

It is a balm above all price,  
To earthly gems assigned;  
View'd as the earliest sacrifice  
Of an immortal mind.

When flowing from a guiltless heart;  
And breathed by guiltless lips,  
No after eloquence of art,  
Its beauty can eclipse.

Oh, thou! for whom I frame this lay,  
If thou hast thus been taught  
At morn, at eventide, to pray  
With feeling, and with thought;—

Never thy privilege forego,  
But each returning day,  
In hope or fear, in joy or woe,  
Continue still to pray.

So shalt thou find, through faith and love,  
In toil, and grief and care,  
Thou hast a Father throng'd above,  
Who hears, and answers thy prayer!

## AN ORATION.

For the 4th, of July. Delivered in the Town of Chillicothe, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania.

Capt. T. C. Green.

Sir:—The undersigned having been appointed a Committee for that purpose, by the Trough Creek Guards, would respectfully in behalf of the company solicit the favor of a copy of the Oration delivered by you to day, in commemoration of the anniversary of our National Independence, for publication in the different papers in the county.

Your's very respectfully,  
G. W. HAMPSON,  
SIMEON WRIGHT,  
J. MONTGOMERY.

Committee.

To Messrs. Hampson, Wright and Montgomery, Committee of the Trough Creek Guards.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure, I comply with your request to furnish a copy of the Oration to day. It was not intended for publication, but as it is the wish of the Company, I cheerfully accede to it.

I am Gentlemen Your  
Obedient Servant,  
T. C. GREEN.  
July 4th, 1839.

**FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:**  
Again has another anniversary of our country's Independence rolled around; again has our nation assembled to offer up upon the altar of liberty, the incense of her gratitude; again is fancy called on to picture to the minds eye, the gloomy period of distress produced in our land by British oppression, and the heart rending scene when war's bloody mantle was cast over our country, making all cheerless and desolate. But amidst the horrors of the picture, the genius of liberty is seen urging on her votaries by promises of victory, to struggle for

rights torn from them by the strong hand of usurpation, and trampled under foot by a despotic foe.

Inspired by the spirit of patriotism, an Adams, a Hancock, a Henry, and a host of others, by the wild magic of their eloquence, awoke from lethargic slumbers the sons of freedom, and sent like an electric spark a spirit of resistance to the remote parts of our country. Like the potentuous stillness which precedes the mighty convulsions of nature all was silent as the tomb, awaiting the decision of Congress; it came, resounding through hill and vale,—"give me liberty, or give me death."

There beat not a heart in the breast of a true American, that did not echo and re-echo, the stern determination. Unappalled by the numerous dangers which surrounded them, unawed by the many difficulties which oppressed them, they boldly severed the chains of tyranny which bound them, and fearlessly launched into the stormy elements of war, with hearts which faltered not, and an energy and perseverance which never wavered. It was for them a sacred, rights usurped, our forefathers battled on a hundred fields—it was for this that they committed all to their God, cast aside the yoke of tyranny and proclaimed to the world, "that they were and of right ought to be free."

It was oppression that kindled the bright, and holy flame of patriotism in the bosom of all, and made each to swear in the darkness of sorrow, to sever the bonds of affection, which bound them to the land of their ancestors.

Had Columbus been able in fancy's wild revel, to see the incalculable benefit arising to the world from his discovery, and picture forth the greatness and grandeur of the Republic, the portrait could not possibly have been commensurate with the reality. Boundless and unlimited as the power of fancy may be, it could not possibly have grasped at once a plan so stupendous in its fabric and boundless in its resources. The idea of a government existing based on republican principles, was long looked on by Europe as a wild chimera, but despite of prediction she has moved to-day onward over every opposing difficulty, which was thrown in her way, outstripping even conjecture in her advancement in art, science dignity and health. And now even in less than a century, ranking among the most powerful nations of the earth, with no station too high for her attainment,—no plan too difficult in its execution for her to encounter, which tends to promote national aggrandizement and national glory. She defies even speculation to say what she may not accomplish in days to come; obstacles rise before her but to vanish like the mist of morn.

America the home of the Genius of Liberty, the refuge of the persecuted of any land, whether amid the terrors of religion, intolerance in Spain, or the horrors of the guillotine of France.

The moment he lands on our shores, the chilling influence of persecution ceases, his feelings, thoughts and nature become changed, and his life freed from past sorrows, like creation where the waters of the deluge had retired from a cheerless scene, becomes one of calmness and beauty: "Unfettered in mind and body, every thing around him bears testimony that he stands redeemed, regenerated and disembarrassed." For this glorious heritage our forefathers suffered all that human nature could endure; you find them at one moment pouring out their blood like water on the altar of their country's rights, at the next Samaritan like, kneeling by the side of friend and foe, offering without distinction comfort and assistance. Humanity like the red of Aaron, so soon as the din of battle had subsided, swallowing up the remembrance of their wrongs.

Troy, Rome and Sparta, furnish splendid examples of undaunted valor, sterling virtue and patriotic zeal; but it remained for America to produce an army combining the bravery of Hector, the exalted virtue of Cincinnatus, and the devoted patriotism of Leonidas. The annals of history cannot produce another instance, in which an army covered with the laurels of success, starved and without money,—without even a murmur submerging the habits of the soldier in those of the peaceful citizen. Patient in adversity, they were humble in prosperity.

Such were the men who perilled all that posterity might be benefited; such were the men who fought, bled and died, that they might bequeath to their children the legacy of freedom. And as the descendants of such men let us strive to retain that freedom in all its purity, unadulterated and unswayed by the pestilential breath of political dissension. Phoenix, like our present form of government, arose in all its beautiful simplicity from the chaos of colonial misrule, amid the clouds of war in the dark hour of peril and conflict.

Washington, liberty, and the 4th of July, will live in the remembrance of man, while the sun continues to shine on the earth to produce a plant. Millions yet unborn will read with amazement, the events connected and associated with them. But this is not the only one of the heroes who performed a patriot's part in the arduous struggle of the revolution; there are thousands whose names should be enrolled on the bright page of immortality.

America is the only land in which merit is the passport to distinction. Time has improved and remodeled European laws; but it has only served to unfold the beauty and perfection of ours. No station can exempt from punishment, when merited; none can debase. Our government stands grand and alone, the chef d'œuvre of political productions; the latest and most glorious fabric of civil liberty. That there are deficiencies none can deny; but they are measurably lost sight of when compared with the immense advantages resulting to mankind, from the structure reared and consecrated to freedom. The star spangled banner, honored and respected by every nation on earth, no matter how remote, or how deeply engulfed in barbarism, is a badge and looked on in every sea, as the emblem of liberty and equal rights.

But are all our contemplations to be submerged in battlefields, victories and trophies, and the general harmony, the bond of union which bound the north to the south, the east to the west; a bond purified by blood, and cemented by toil, are subjects equally worthy the admiration of the patriot, the statesman, and hero. The Independence of America, the manner of its achievement, and the train of circumstances which followed, have been an all inspiring theme both of Poets and Orators of every time. The enemies of freedom and equal rights, born by the winds of heaven across the stormy waves of the Atlantic to the shores of Columbia, pointed the soil by their trade, and like the locust of Egypt left the mildew of blight and desolation in their track. But thank God the reign of terror did not last forever, the gloomy cloud which they spread over our fair fields, was doomed by heaven's high chancery, to be but for a night, and then to be scattered by the rising sun of liberty, equal rights and privileges. Here they planted cannon which out roared the mighty Lion of the desert, and made our continent to tremble as the timid doe, but her sons, who were born to be free, recovering from their panic, rose in majesty of their strength, and silenced the cannon by extinguishing the match in blood, and then the intruder retired to his family and home beyond the waters whence he came.

The war worn soldier of America having conquered, sought no farther conquest, but converted his sword into implements of husbandry, and again turned his attention to the tilling of the forest, and the ploughing of the fields. But his projects and his labors did not end here. Cities have been built, canals have been opened, high ways have been constructed, the present facilities of transportation both of persons and cargoes, few transcend all the anticipations of the past. What Prophet could have foretold, that in little more than a half a century, navigation would have overleaped the bounds of the Ocean. And that internal ships would have been seen ascending new pathways parallel with rivers, and meandering among hills, to unite the far west with the Cities of the east.

Who could have foretold that the wild waters of the Susquehanna, would by the art of man, mingle with those of the Schuylkill, and those of Lake Erie and Champlain with the Hudson, would not the man have been denounced as a visionary, or a fanatic, who had ventured the prediction that in so short a time the Rail Road, with its heavy train would have of passing the heights of the Appalachian hills, with the speed of the Llama, and that too by the power of an invisible agent.

We may compare the present with the past, and felicitate ourselves with the reflection the genius of man is bold and aspiring, that it is the laboratory of great and grand events, that it is aiming at improvements and contributes to the convenience and comfort of mankind, but who can anticipate the future? Where is the mountain too high to be leveled? the rock too heavy to be removed?

America may safely defy all Europe, to furnish a country of her age to equal in improvements. Considering that she was born out yesterday, her precocity indicates she was intended for a high destiny.

She is yet but in the morn of life, her sun is brilliant, and her atmosphere is unclouded.

So long as the country at large, in Republican governments, and not party, was consulted they have prospered.

But the upas breath of the mad spirit of faction has ever been, and ever will be the bane of freedom.

Protected from ourselves, our political existence is safe and secure from a foreign foe, disunion alone can destroy the temple of liberty, erected by our ancestors, and consecrated by their blood.

Deeply indeed must that soul be immersed in the foul waters of iniquity and ingratitude, which for the sake of party, could mar the beauty and order of a work so perfect.

Let us but pursue the gemlike purity of our constitution, let us but continue in our present prosperous and happy condition, and the thrones of Europe which are already tottering under the influence of America, will crumble into ruins under the spirit of Republicanism which is gradually making headway in every part of the world, despite of opposition.

Under its revolutionary hand, tyranny will wither and die, and the banner of liberty and equal rights will wave triumphant in the winds of every clime, exerting an influence as unbounded as space itself.

But let us fellow citizens, not only take a retrospective view, but let the imagination dwell for a moment on that which is to come.

If the achievements in art and science of all that has been accomplished in this fair land, be but the shadow of coming events, to what degree of greatness may we not look forward.

This country has exercised a salutary influence upon mankind, it has been emphatically termed the home of the emigrant, and the asylum of the exile.

Let us not forget that a guardian power has ever looked us, that an unseen hand has guided us in our onward march, and let us pray that guidance and protection may be extended to us hereafter. That the rude breath of political intolerance and party violence, may not break in upon the harmonious repose of a "band of brothers joined," but that the common bonds of country and kindred, may grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength, of our common and beloved country.

## Independence Day.

The 63d anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated at Shilohsburg by the Invincibles of that place. About one o'clock the company partook of an excellent repast prepared by Mr. John Price. The day was spent with the convivial urbanity which always attends our celebrations, and the recollections of the occasion gave a lively cheerfulness to the scene. Captain J. W. Galbreath was appointed President; Benjamin Leas, Solomon Dunkle, Samuel McKimstry Vice Presidents. Mr. John Price read the Declaration of Independence, and Dr. J. G. Lightner delivered the following

ADDRESS.

**FRIENDS AND FELLOW SOLDIERS:**—The day we celebrate is the 63d of American Independence; it is impossible to find in the annals of the world, a moment fraught with more fearful interest, than that in which the event represented this day. It was the crisis which determined the destiny of our country, the rights for which our fathers had retired into the wilderness, had been violated; they found their country bound to imperious Britain by chains, and to swell the amount of aggression beyond the possibility of endurance, those chains were already red with the blood of our Brethren. They now deliberated upon the total and formal dissolution of that connection; a connection unnatural in its character, degrading to them, and ruinous to the cause of freedom throughout the world. On the 7th of June, 1770, Richard Henry Lee brought the great question of Independence before Congress, in the following resolution: "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection is, and ought to be totally dissolved." This resolution was adopted; and a committee consisting of Mr. Jefferson, John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Mr. Sherman and R. R. Livingston, was appointed to prepare a declaration of Independence. The draft reported by the committee, was prepared by Jefferson, and was discussed in committee of the whole on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of July, on the last of which it received the final approbation and sanctioned by Congress. In whatever light we may contemplate this assembly, whether we consider their individual characters the subject of their deliberations, or the results of their acts, we find it interesting and important beyond parallel. There is not perhaps in the wide empire of memory, an instance of national assembly constituted like ours, and comprising so many men of superior moral, and intellectual greatness. It seems that Providence, which willed the revival of the long dormant principles of right, collected within the lowly walls of that unassuming hall, a number of men in a degenerate age, the pillars of the world's great hermitage,

of freedom, as the protectors and guardians of the unborn millions of posterity. When the eye glances, or memory awakens upon this host of ages, patriots and statesmen; a Franklin, a Jefferson, an Adams, a Dickenson, a Hancock, a Lee, a Morris, a Sherman, etc. etc.; men whose characters are a pillar of effulgent light, guiding their countrymen through the night of degeneracy, and gently conveying them in the path of virtue and freedom; we bow the head in lowly reverence and patriotic gratitude. What assembly, before or since, has comprised such a magnificent congregation of virtue and power, where eloquence and deliberation, wisdom and genius were joined, where philosophy and science, political wisdom and political purity, stood forth, all the determined champions of the rights of man! Our children's children will feel the benefit of it; and centuries hereafter, in the days of our country's adversity, their example will raise new Henrys to plead; new Washingtons to support the cause of freedom. There is no spot in the domain of history, around which we linger with so elevated an enthusiasm as this. As the birth place of our nation, as the source of all for which as a people we are grateful, the affliction of the patriot cannot but gather exultingly around it. When we further reflect on the men engaged in the act, when we think of the high and noble impulse that urged, and dangers and sufferings that attended it, the heart swells with animation, and glows with gratitude at the retrospect, even to strangers, to those who contemplate the event merely as an instance of mental greatness, and moral grandeur, it presents a spectacle of unparalleled interest. To us, the sons of those heroes, and the inheritors of their freedom, and their fame, it can never cease to be a theme of exalted and rapturous exultation.

The student of history cannot but be forcibly impressed from the details of "wrong and outrage," which darkens the annals of the past, with the misery and degradation of our race. The scene generally presented by the historic muse, is a succession of national changes, all characterized by the same violence and injustice, and all resulting in the same oppression and suffering. Each revolution discloses new scenes of horror, the people offered up unstruggling victims on the shrine of a guilty power, or frenzied by their own passions and prejudices, become the instrument of each others ruin, even in those revolutions which has been dignified with the name of popular, and hallowed by the pretence of right, a close and severe scrutiny betrays little for praise, and less for emulation.

We find most of them selfish and sordid in their motives, wild and desperate in their character, and bloody and miserable in their ends. Not a deliberate and reason sanctioned sacrifice of ease, and safety to right, but a frenzied writing beneath the lash of oppression and suffering, an infuriate and savage start from intolerable ills to a bloody revenge, even if successful, their chains fell from their limbs upon the grave of their country's hopes. They found themselves without that dispassionate love of country, that knowledge of the rights of man, necessary for freedom and happiness; and gave up their unvalued rights to the first hand that offered to seize them. Such have been most of the popular revolutions of the past. And though amid the varied memorials of history, we see many instances of a heroic and noble devotion to freedom, none of them affords a parallel for our own. We have witnessed the writhing of the vassal under the scourge, the struggling of the slave beneath his fetters; we have seen Brutus rise "refugee from the stroke of Cæsar's fate," the Frank wrestle with his tyrant, and even the degenerated and degraded Greek, frantic beneath the overwhelming weight of Moslem oppression, spurn the chain to grasp the cineter. But with these, our revolution knew no accordant characteristic. It was not forced and infuriate rush from the scourge to the sword, from the fetter to the foe.

It was the calm, determined defence of a violated principle, the deliberate vindication of a natural right, infringed in a degree the most trivial; but still *infringed*. It was left for America to show a whole people joining to do an act, in every point of view grand, unsustained by selfishness, unprompted by rage, undegraded by wrong.

Our fathers, when they launched their pilgrim vessels upon the western sea, brought with them from the crimes and oppression of the old world, the untamed, untrammelled spirit of freedom. Here, in the wilds of America, and in the very lap of liberty, they nursed the infant nation. It drew the first breath of life from the breezes which swept over a continent of forest land, and in its far career breathed not upon a single slave. Here un-darkened by the spirit of prejudice which brooded over the schools of Europe, they