THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.

This disease often originates from a habit of overloading or distending the stomach by excessive eating or drinking, or very protracted periods of fasting, an indolent or sedentary life, in which no exercise is afforded to the muscular fibres or mental faculties, fear grief, and deep anxiety, taken too frequently strong purging medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and sysmodic affections of the stomach and bowels; the mos common of the latter causes are late hours and the too frequent use of spirituos liquors

LIVER COMPL INT.

Cured by the use of Dr Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aparient Pills

Mr. Wm. Richard, Pittsburg, Pa. entirely cured of the above distressing disease: His somptoms were, pain and weight in the left side, loss of appetite, vomiting, acrid eructations, a distention of the stomach, sick headache, furred tongue, countenance changed to a citron color, difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with a cough, great debility, with other symtoms indicating great derangement of the functions of the liver. Mr. Richard had the advice of several physicians, but received no relief, until using Dr Harlich's medicine, which terminated in effecting a perfect cure.

Principal office, 19 North Eight street Philadelphia. [don Pa.

For sale at Jacob Miller's store Hunting-

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obtuse pain and weight in the right side under the short ribs; attended with heat, uneasiness about the pit of the stomach;—there is in the right side also a distension—the patient loses his appetite and becomes sick and trouble with vomiting. The tongue becomes rough and black, countenance changes to a pale or citron color or yellow, like those taffected with jaudice—difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with dry caugh, difficulty of laying on the left side—the body becomes weak, and finally the disease terminates into another of a more serious nature, which in all probability is far beyond the power of human skill. Dr. Harlich's compound tonic strengthening and German aperient pills, if taken at the commencement of this disease, will check it, and by continuing the use of the medicine a few weeks, a perfect cure cure will be performed. Thousands can testify to this fact.

Certificates of many persons may daily be seen of the efficacy of this invaluable medicine, by applying at the Medical Office, No 19 North Eight street, Philadelphia.

Also, at the Store of Jacob Miller, Hun.

DYSPEPSIA AND HYPOCHONDRIASM.

Cured by Dr. Harlick's Celebrated Medicines.

Mr. Wm Morr'son, of Schuylkill Sixth Street, Philidelphia, afflicted for several years with the above distressing disease—Sickness at the stomach, headache, palpitation of the heart, impaired appetite, acrid eructations, coldness and weakness of the extremities, emaciation and general debility, disturbed rest, a pressure and weight at the stomach after eating, severe flying pains in the chest, back and sides, costiveness, a dislike for society or conversation, languor and lassitude upon the least occasion. Mr. Morrison had applied to the most eminent physicians, who considered it beyond the power of human skill to restore him to health however, as his afflictions had reduced him to a deplorable condition, having been induced by a friend of his to try Dr Harlich's Medicins, as they being highly recommended, by which he procured two packages, he found himself greatly relieved, and by continuing the use of them the disease entirely disappeared—he is now enjoying all the blessings of perfect health.

Principal Office, 19 North Eight Street, Philadelphia.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Ten years standing, cured by the use of Dr Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills.

Mrs Sarah Boyer, wife of William Boyer, North Fourth Street above Callowhill, Philadelphia, entirely cured of the above distressing disease. Her symptoms were, constant costiveness of the bowels, total loss of appetite, excruciating pain in the side, stomach and back, depression of spirits, extreme debility, could not lie on symptoms indicating great derangement in the functions of the liver. Mrs. Boyer was attended by several of the first Physicians, but received no little relief from their medicine—at last, friend of hers procured a package of Dr. Harlich's Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, which, by the use of one package, induced her to continue with the medicine, which resulsed in effecting a permanent cure beyond the expectations of her friends.

Principal Office for this Medicine is at No 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon county.

CITIZENS of Pennsylvania, you have now before you DR. PETERS' CELEBRATED VEGITABLE PILLS.

These Pills are no longer among those of doubtful utility. They have passed away from the hundreds that are daily launched upon the tide of experiment, and now stand before the public as high in reputation, and as extensively employed in all parts of the U. States, the Canadas, Texas, Mexico, and the west Indies, as any medicine that has ever been prepared for the relief of suffering man. They have been introduced whereverit has been found possible to carry them; and there are but few towns that do not contain some remarkable evidences of their good effects. The certificates thaa have been presented to the proprietor exceeds twenty thousand upwards of five hundred of which are from regular practising physicians, who are the most competent judges of the merits.

Often have the cures performed by this medicine been the subject of editorial comment, in various newspapers and journals; and it may with truth be asserted, that no medicine of the kind has ever received testimonials of greater value than are attached to this.

They are in general use as a family medicine and there are thousands of families who declare they are never satisfied unless they have a supply always on hand.

They have no rival in curing and preventing Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rhe-n matism, Enlargement of the Spleen, Piles, Cholic, Females Obstructions, Heartburn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distension of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhœa, Flatulence, Habitual Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Blotched or Sallow Complexion, and in cases of torpor of the bowels, where a cathartic or aperient is needed. They are exceedingly mild in their operation, producing neither nausea, griping nor debility.

Extract of a letter written by Dr. Francis Bogart, of Providence, R. I. Dec. 17, 1838.—Peters' pills are an excellent aperient and cathartic medicine, those effects being produced by the differences of the quantity taken, and and are decidedly superior to Lee's, Brandreth's or Morrison's Pills.

Extract from a letter by Dr Hopson of Bangor, Me. Jan 9, 1839. They are a peculiarly mild, yet efficient purgative medicine, and produce little, of any griping or nausea. I have prescribed them with much success in sick headache and light billious fever.

Extract of a letter by Dr Joseph Williams of Burlington, Vt. July 9, 1837.—I cordially recommend Peters' Pills as a mildly effective, and in no case dangerous, family medicine. They are peculiarly incostiveness and all the usual diseases of the digestive organs.

Extract of a letter from Dr Edw. Smith of Montreal, U. C. Sept 27, 1836—I never knew a single patent medicine that I could put the least confidence in but Dr Peters Vegetable Pills, which are really a valuable discovery. I have no hesitation in having it known that I use them entensively in my practice, for all complaints, (and they are not a few) which have their source in the impurity of the blood.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Dye of Quebec, L. C., March 6, 1837. For billious fevers, sick head-ache, torpidity of the bowels, and enlargement of the spleen Dr. Peters' Pills are an excellent medicine.

Exiract of a letter from Dr. Gurney N Orleans, La., Oct. 9, 1837; I have received much assistance in my practice; especially in jaudice and yellow fever, from the use of Peters' Pills. I presume that, on an average, I prescribe 100 boxes in a month.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Prichard of Hudson N. Y. June 3, 1836; I was aware that Dr. Peters' was one of the best chem ists in the U. States, and felt assured that he would some day (from his intin ate knowledge of the properties of herbs and drugs) produce an efficient medicine, and I must acknowledge that his Vegetable Pills fully respond to my expectations. They are indeed a superior medicine, and reflect credit alike upon the Chemist, the Physician, and Philosoper.

From the New York Express.

MAJOR DOWNING'S SPEECH,

IN REPLY TO MR. BELLOWSPIPE.

If any man, Mr. Moderator, finds he's got a leetle too much starch in his shirt collar, I would advise him to git up in sich a crowd as this to make a speech *for the first time*, and if it don't make things feel pretty limber about him then I'm mistaken. I had no notion on't afore; and I feel jist so now, that I would a plagy sight rather agree to chop wood all winter on the Aroostook, right in the face and eyes of all the Brumrikers, than to go on with the job of making a speech, and so many folks all around listening to it; but I hope I'll git used to it afore long, and if I say any thing that aint according to rule and order, I hope it wont rile folks up too much—for I raly don't want to make mud dy water 'twixt any on us. Nor do I want to drink muddy water riled up by other folks, until *I* have a chance at clearing on't. If this Convention expects me to go back away along before paper was invented, and come along up side by side and neck by neck with Mr. Bellowspipe, or to figgure up any of his long tables they are mistaken, all *that* may suit folks who may have a notion for such things. I know a punkin from a potatoe, and know that a good ripe punkin makes a good pie if folks know how so fix it. Now I don't see what good comes from hunting back to find out how punkins got on the face of the earth, or who first thought of, or invented pies out on 'em. I know that a punkin pie is a first rate good Democratic and patriotic pie, and if it don't go right to the ribs when eaten, then it is a sure sign that the punkin wan't ripe, or was too ripe and rotten or folks who made the pie don't know their business. This mistake aint in the punkin; if it is ripe and sound and the pie aint good, the mistake is in the cooking on't. This is sartin,—and being so, what on arth is the good of hunting back, and trying to show that a punkin is any thing else but a punkin.

And jist so it is with paper money. Ev ery body knows that paper money, as it was intended to be made, and has been made, and can be made again, is jist as much better than hard money for carrying on trade, in every part of this everlasting wide and long country, as a shoe-string is better than an old gold or silver buckle, or steam better than wind to travel by on land or water. If we never had good paper money, if we never had tried shoe-strings, or steam, if we know'd nothing about 'em—then, *I* say, let us stick to gold and silver, and copper money—shoe buckles, and sails, and veto every thing else; but folks have tried good paper money, and shoe-strings, and steam, they know them all as well as I know a good punkin from a bad one; and they know what is bad paper money; they know what is a bad shoe string; and they know what is a risky steam engine. They have tried them all, and now all they ask is, let us have good paper money, let us have good strong leather shoe-strings, and give us steam well controlled; they say we must have 'em, and if we can't have the best we will take the next best; and jist so it is with the punkin pie—we eat 'em because we know 'em, and like 'em; and if we cant get the best we take the next best Now, as we know, all these things can't be made best—it is a duty to make 'em so—and if not, whose fault is it? will any man say we never had good paper money, and can't have it again? (Here Major Dow ning looked at Mr. Bellowspipe, who significantly shook his head.) 'The gentleman shakes his head,' says the Major, 'Well there aint much in *that*' Will any man or woman say we never had good punkin pies and cant have 'em again? (Here the Major turned to the gallery, and a general nodding of bonnets answer ed.) 'I know,' says he, 'good punkin pies have been, still are, and will be again, so long as we have folks who know the nature of 'em; but put a punkin in the hand of a Turk, or a Chinese, or a Malay—or a Patagonian, or any other of the folks the gentleman from Missouri tells on as *hard money folks*'—and tell 'em to make a pie on't and what then? will he eat it? If he can, he has a better appetite than I have—and jist so with steam; we all know what steam is—how it can carry us along again the wind on water or land, and how safe we feel when we have sich kind of folks as my old friend, Capt. Elihu Bunker to look arter the steam kittles and to keep the hot water from scalding folks—but because some of these Turks and Patagonians and Chinese don't know nothing about it, and if they did it would blow 'em up all sky high, are we expected to throw cold water on it and step back to the golden calf age before steam was thought on?

Now let us suppose that a rale cunning politician who has spent his whole life in maniging party folks—takes it into his head to manage a steam enjine—'what' says he. 'if I can manage livin critters, can't I manage cranks and pumps and piston rods?' So he tries it—well what then? the next thing we hear is a *smash* and a *blow up*. The great man, however, wont allow folks to say it was owing to his ignorance; no, no, that would never do. So he and his party turn to and try to prove that the fault was in the engine, 'tho every body knew that engine had been working smoothly for many years, and not a krack about it—but they stick to it, and every son of a gun on 'em insists on't that sich kind of engines never are safe, and they must have more simple machines, and to prove this they all set to work, taking advantage of every chance to unscrew a valve, drop stones in the pumps and throw sand on the piston rods; and when an accident comes, then you hear them, "There is the great bubble burst; we told you so."

"Now is the time to put down all steam engines; now the people must see it is high time to divorce," and so forth. They first git all the owners of the little engines to join 'em in blowing up and smashing the big one, and then ungratefully (as I sometimes think, and then again I think, it is but common justice) turn round and try to blow up all the little ones. This would be all well enuf, and I'd let them fight it out if the hot water was kept among themselves; but there is something due to the honest and quiet passengers; men women and children, who have travelled along by steam for years in safety. and are now told they must go back to the *golden age* and do as folks do in other countries and as they have done since the days of Moses, and will continue to do to the end of time; paddle their own canoes or go afoot.

A good many steam boats have blown up; and a good many folks have got scalded since steam has been in use; but are we ready to say 'down with steam,' not yet I guess, because folks who keep a run of those matters know that more lives have been lost by *sails* than by *steam*; and ten thousand times more folks go by steam than could by *sails*. The extra work that steam does beyond all the power that folks in other countries can do who don't know any thing about it, is just about equal to the extra work that *credit* does beyond what folks can do in countries where they don't know what credit is. Sometimes *credit* blows up, but are we ready to say there must be no *credit*; no confidence between man and man? We know that steam can be made safe; and we all know *credit* can be made safe; and if a bladder-head blows up a steam engine, or a rogue abuses *credit*, is that a good reason for abandoning both steam and credit? Can't we measure the good that has and can again be done by them whilst we are measuring the *evil*? Let us figure up the account fairly and see how the balance stands.

I sometimes think, Mr. Moderator, if we don't look out sharp, that all our good Republican Democrats are going to be led into a scrape, by some folks who say they are real up and down, thick and thin Democrats, and purer Democrats than the world ever hearn tell on afore; and by this very plan now on foot, of knocking down all credit, and going on the *hard money plan* entirely. They tell us that *hard money* is only the *Democratic money*, and that *credit* is an invention of the old federal aristocrats; and if it aint put down, the old sound Democratic party will all go to the bugs. Now what is the fact? If there was any Democrats, and good sound ones too, in the country about 25 years ago, what did they say then? and they had it all their own way, to do and say as they thought best.

There had been a bank of the U. S. a few years before, and its charter had run out and it was wound up, and in its place a lot of State Banks had sprung up and pretty much every man had set up his shinplaster shop. The people was gittin more and more disgusted, and jist looking round to cure the evil; for such evils have nat'ral course, though one cure aint quite as Democratic as another. Some few folks who had money were jist going ahead over them who was blowing up, and supplying good paper money of their own making, and by fixing agencies at different pints, just as they do all through Europe, taking care as they do there, to keep their own iron chests, to hold the gold taken in exchange for their credit; and never trusting any one on their industry and good morals or as readily as they do men who have good gold property for security, and if the Democratic party of that day hadn't seen the dritt of things; or if they acted then as the the party calling itself *Democratic* now act; what would have been the condition of things? Why simply this. We should have a few Rothchilds, Hottingeurs and Hopes; all everlasting rich Bankers, grown fat by the use of their credit, besides a good many who have been blown up; but they hold the gold whilst the people hold the bills, but the Democratic notion of that day didn't exactly think this a thing for a republican people; they knew the people couldn't get on without using credit, and that they would use it; that bad credit would break down all the enterprise of those who were starting into life with no other capital but their industry and that they would in a few years become a mass of loafers jist as you see in all hard money countries; whilst those who were born to fortunes would alone be trusted by the Bankers; and so the rich would become richer and the poor poorer; the old fashioned Democrats saw this, and they put a stop to it right off, by creating a bank of U. S. and the Government took one fifth interest in it, and I do truely believe, if the Govern ment then had not been so poor in money matters itself, it would have taken a bigger dip in it; but it took one-fifth; and made a purty good bargain in paying for it, and so managed the charter as to keep an eye on the business of the Bank, and having five Government directors always in the Bank, so that nothing could go wrong, and on any complaint, walk the Bank up right before Congress, and if any thing was wrong hatchel 'em right off and correct it.

This bank went right to work, clearing out the shin plaster folks, and there was sad work for a spell among 'em; it was like a dose of salts and rubarb in an over eaten stomach; but it all worked out right, and they kept things smooth and regular as long as the charter lasted. Was the 'Democratic party' destroyed by it? Was credit destroyed by it? No on the contrary, the democratic party never was sounder, and purer, and stronger, and credit never sounder and better than during the time the Bank was at work; every thing prospered equally; State Banks were sound; the U. S. Bank kept them so—and they in turn kept the U. S. Bank sound; they all worked together jist like the State Governments and the U. States Government and destroy either, and toth er runs right off to ruin.

Some folks don't seem to see—(or if they do see it and act contrary, are bigger rogues than fools)—that any plan that destroys credit trips up the heels of the democracy—democracy aint born to fortune; there aint more than one democrat in a hundred born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Now I am one of those dem ocrats who though I began to eat with a horn spoon, should like to be able by my honest industry and enterprise to eat my mush and milk in my old days with a silver spoon if I want to; but if the doctrine is no credit; all hard money; how is a man to get along who don't happen to be born to hard money? do as they do in no credit hard-money-countries I suppose; dig and grub from the cradle to the grave—for there, as a man is born so he dies; if he is born poor he dies poor, jist as his dad dy did afore him; so if he is born rich he dies rich, jis as his daddy did before him; and this is modern democracy.

Now when you come to pin down one of these modern Democrats to this argument he flies off and says; O we don't mean to destroy credit, we only want to destroy the Banks. Such kinds of credit as bills of exchange and promisary notes, and so forth, we don't wish to destroy, but it is Bank Credit, especially U. S. B. credit, and the State Bank Credit. Now the blasted scamps (Here several voices called to order, and the Major looked round to the benches where the voices come from, evidently much excited, turning up his cuffs and spitting on his hands and gave evident signs of resisting the call to order) when the Mederator rose and said, 'the Major will take his seat' he obeyed instantly. The Moderator then proceeded and said, that the words 'blasted scamps,' he supposed were the words objected to. He must say himself, if made to apply to any member of the Con vention they were wrong, and if any mem ber would rise and say he felt them as applying to himself, the Major must explain and clear it up or stop speaking; and as regards settling on't elsewhere you all know my notions.

No one rising the Moderator said the Major will go on. He then rose and said Mr. Moderator my steam was gitten up a leetle too high, and I just opened a safety valve to let it off.

I will now say instead of "blasted scamps," these "modern Democrats" when you corner 'em, don't seem to see that *Bank Credit* is nothing more or less than the capital of small means rolled into lumps, to do in a lump what can't be done in small particles. What is a Bank but a capital made up of 50 and 100 dollar shares, owned by thousands, and doing what could be done by one man having a capital of his own equal to a Bank? In the case of one man all the profit of banking is *his* alone. Suppose he is a rogue, then all the roguery is his'n, and which is safest in the long run to trust. One man who keeps his own accounts and lets no one see how he manages, or a man who lets his business open to ten or fifteen directors appointed by others who have a direct interest in the good management of the affairs? This is jist the difference between private Banking and Corporation Banking.

But the cry is, all *corporations* are monopolies. Monopolies of what? They are monopolies—but *Democratic Monopolies*,—the monopolies of small means *of thousands* against the operations of large means in a few. I like all that kind of monopoly that enables me to put my fifty dollars or my one hundred dollars, more or less, as I choose, into any kind of business, and keep it there so long as it is profitable,—and when I can do better, sell out, clear out, and go at some thing else. No matter what that business is—*steamboating, rail-roading, bridging, banking, manufacturing*, or any thing else that requires large capital to carry on. If it wan't for this kind of monopoly, such work would be done, if done at all, by folks born to large fortune. Now I was not so born, and yet I like to take a cut with the biggest—and that is my notion of Democracy.

I hear tell, by folks at Washington, when they figure all matters out correctly that we are an overtrading people—that we go ahead too fast, and we borrow too much—that now taking all the State debts and Bank debts, and corporation debts, and individual debts, we altogether owe two hundred millions of dollars. Well that is a slapping big sum, and they say it will take ten millions of dollars annually to pay the interest, and that must suck us dry as a corn cob. This is what folks say but we shall know exactly what we owe when we get the President's Message. Well, supposing it is so, what then? New York City, tho' a big one, aint more than about a quarter section of land after all; and yet, hard as the times are, if you set the sheriff to work, to sell it off, lot by lot, to the highest bidder, you would get two hundred millions of dollars before you get thro' one quarter on't; and what is New York in value compared to this everlasting country? And what do we owe this 200 millions for? Is it it spent for nothing—is it all gone to the bugs? Aint we got nothing to show for it? Go ask the States what they have done with the money received for their Bonds; go ask the Banks what they have done with the money they may have borrowed; ask the corporations, railroad and canal companies; the merchants, every body who have borrowed; can they show nothing for it? When you get their answers, then ask other nations who have borrowed money too; nations who keep standing armies, dashing courts and splendid idlers; ask them to show what they have done with the money borrowed; and then let the lenders look for themselves, and decide which is most likely to pay best. There is only one just way to pay debts, and that is by productive industry.

If a man or a nation borrow money and spends it in a way that nothing comes of it, that is one thing; but if the money is put to work in buying tools of trade, in clearing up new lands, ditching and fencing and making roads, building and improving things, it is quite another thing. The first is like throwing wheat away, and the other is like planting on't, and that never brought a man to ruin yet, tho' he spent all the money he had borrowed in buying *seed wheat* and planting on't. Folks may say "there you are a ruined man; you've borrowed money on interest and now you have spent it;" but how has he spent it. Some folks say "never borrow money, the interest will suck you dry." So it will if the money is spent on follies, but is that the case in this country? Folks say too "make no improvement on borrow'd money; wait till you have gained it, then go to work improving," but is that sound practical democratic doctrine? For that is the same as saying, don't lend money to any man who had,nt got any even to buy tools with; they won't say so, but what is the difference? But the cry is we are "a borrowing people." So we are, and I am glad on't, *every body* of good character and industrious in his calling, can borrow money in this country; and that is jist the difference betwixt us and the people of other countries; for there they can't borrow unless they are known to have property; no matter how knowing a man may be in his calling, no matter how honest and correct and industrious he may be; if he takes a notion to borrow a little money to set up on his own hook, the answer is "No, no; you have no *capital* yet to borrow on; keep to work and mind your work and wait;" the borrowing and lending business is done among folks of capital only; all other folks must keep to work and support themselves and families by days labor; and that's the reason why in other countries you see a few big folks with millions, and millions of poor folks with nothing. Such is the case in all "*hard-money-no-credit*" countries. And to keep 'em so, their Government turns lets of these poor folks into armies; dress 'em up and feed 'em, and talk *glory* to 'em, and make 'em keep the rest in order; for a soger once a soger finds it easier to play soger than to dig, and hammer, and so he is willing to aid to