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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, 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.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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

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This disease often originates from a habit of overeating 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, purging medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and syphilitic affections of the stomach and bowels; the most common of the latter causes are late hours and the too frequent use of spirituous liquors.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Cured by the use of Dr. Harlick's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills. Mr. Wm. Richard, Pittsburg, Pa., entirely cured of the above distressing disease. His symptoms were, pain and weight in the left side, loss of appetite, vomiting, acid eructations, a distention of the stomach, sick headache, forced tongue, countenance changed to a citron color, difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with a cough, great debility, with other symptoms indicating great derangement of the functions of the liver. Mr. Richard had the advice of several physicians, but received no relief, until using Dr. Harlick's medicine, which terminated in effecting a perfect cure.

Principal office, 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. [See Pa. For sale at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.]

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed, chronic 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 distention; the patient loses his appetite and becomes sick and troubled with vomiting. The tongue becomes rough and black, countenance changes to a pale or citron color or yellow, like those afflicted with jaundice; difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with dry cough, 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. Harlick'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 will be performed. These pills 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 Eighth street, Philadelphia.

Also, at the Store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

DYSPEPSIA AND HYPOCHONDRIA.

Cured by Dr. Harlick's Celebrated Medicine.

Mr. Wm. Morrison, of Schuylkill Street, Philadelphia, afflicted for several years with the above distressing disease—flatulency at the stomach, headache, palpitation of the heart, impaired appetite, acid 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, insomnia 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. Harlick's Medicine, 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 Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Ten years standing, cured by the use of Dr. Harlick'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, habitual 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 but little relief from their medicine—at last, a friend of hers procured a package of Dr. Harlick's Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, which, by the use of one package, induced her to continue with the medicine, which resulted 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, Huntingdon county.



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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 wherever it 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 that have been presented to the proprietor exceed twenty thousand upwards of five hundred of which are from regular practicing 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, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Spleen, Piles, Chloric, Females Obstructions, Heartburn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distension of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhea, 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, whose effects being produced by the differences of the quantity taken, 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, or any griping or nausea. I have prescribed them with much success in sick headache and light bilious fever.

Extract of a letter by Dr. Joseph Williams of Burlington, Vt. July 9, 1836.—I cordially recommend Peters' Pills as a mildly effective, and in no case dangerous, family medicine. They are peculiarly in costiveness 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 extensively 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 bilious fevers, sick head-ache, torpidity of the bowels, and enlargement of the spleen Dr. Peters' Pills are an excellent medicine.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Gurney N. Orleans, La., Oct. 9, 1837. I have received much assistance in my practice; especially in jaundice 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 chemists in the U. States, and felt assured that he would some day (from his intimate 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 Philosopher.

From the Ladies Book OUR JESSIE; OR, THE EXCLUSIVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Lizzy, who was that pretty girl I met on the stairs this morning?" said Frederick Carleton, as he threw himself into a well cushioned chair beside his sister; "she was some intimate friend, I presume, for she went into your apartment."

"I suppose it was Sarah Morton, as she is the only person I am in the habit of admitting to my dressing room; was she very pretty?"

"Beautiful."

"How was she dressed?"

"With the utmost simplicity and neatness."

"It must have been Sarah; she dresses with great taste. Did the lady you met wear a black velvet mantilla, with a white hat and willow feather?"

"Pshaw! black velvet fiddlestick. Do you call that simplicity? No, the lovely creature I mean wore a little straw bonnet and a black silk apron; her dark hair was parted smoothly upon her snowy forehead; she had soft blue eyes, and a mouth like an opening rose bud, now can you tell me who she is?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Lizzy, "it must have been our Jessie."

"And pray, who is 'our Jessie'?" asked her brother.

"Only our seamstress, Fred; a pretty little creature who looks scarcely sixteen."

"By Jupiter! if that girl is a seamstress Fortune never made a greater mistake—it can't be."

"Well, we can soon decide the matter, Fred. Jessie is now at work in our little sewing room, and as I am going up to give her some directions you can accompany me."

Frederick Carleton obeyed his sister's suggestion, and sauntered into the room half hoping his sister was mistaken. But no, there sat the object of his admiration, there sat our Jessie, surrounded by pieces and patches, shaping and sewing with the utmost diligence, and scarcely raising her eyes from her work. Seating himself at a little distance, under pretence of waiting his sister's leisure, Frederick busied himself in studying the countenance of the unconscious girl.

Her features were not perfectly regular, thought he; but what soft eyes she has; what a lovely mouth, and how beautifully her fine forehead shines out between those banks of raven hair; her voice too is soft and low, an excellent thing in woman! What a pity such a creature should be the slave of fashionable tyrants!

"Tell me," said he to his eldest sister, Mrs. De Grey, as he returned to the dining room, "tell me who is 'our Jessie'?"

"Her story is soon told," said Mrs. De Grey, laughing, "and for your sake my susceptible brother, I am sorry she is not a heroine of romance. Jessie Murray's father was a printer, who meeting with a severe accidental injury, was confined to his bed for several years before his death, during which time his wife supported the family by seamstress work and dress making. Mr. Murray was always a reading man, and after he was disabled, he devoted his weary hours by books and the education of his children. I have been told that he studied Latin and Greek, in order that he might teach his son, and thus fit him, if possible, for college, while he carefully instructed Jessie in all the branches he deemed essential to a good education. After her father's death, which occurred not long since, when Jessie was about eighteen years of age, she determined to fulfill his wishes respecting her young brother, and secure for him a collegiate education. She therefore adopted her present employment, she is a neat seamstress and an excellent dress maker. Her services are highly estimated and she works for a few customers who engage her, as we do, for several months together. Her brother entered college last fall, and she is at all the expense of his education."

"What a noble minded girl she must be to submit to a life of drudgery for such a purpose."

"She is the more praiseworthy, Fred, because she could have obtained a situation as nursery-governess, which according to modern notions would have been far less degrading, but she refused it because it would prevent her from returning every night to her mother."

"Is she always cheerful and good humored?"

"She has one of the most winning tempers I ever knew."

"She must be a lovely creature."

"Yes, it is a pity to see so much beauty and grace wasted in humble life."

"But why need it be wasted, Julia?"

"Because she will in all probability, marry some rough mechanic who will never

perceive her grace, and scarcely appreciate her beauty."

"Do you suppose, then, that personal beauty is not appreciated by the poor as well as by the rich, Julia?"

"Yes; but only certain kinds of beauty—a healthy coarse red cheek, and a bold bright eye, are the charms most admired among the plebeians."

"Julia, what are you talking about? Are Americans running mad? Here have I returned to my native country after an absence of only five years, and while my love for our republican institutions has increased tenfold, I find my countrymen have become perfectly beside themselves in their aping of foreign follies. Plebeians; forsooth! and, pray who are the participants of this most democratic community?"

"Why, Fred, there must be a difference between the upper and lower classes in all communities."

"Yes, Julia, the difference between the good and the wicked, the honest and the dishonest, the educated and the ignorant, the governess and the governed."

"You forget the principle distinction, Frederick, the rich and the poor."

"Aye, I thought so; that is the principle distinction in modern times, and of course the rich man is the patrician, though he may have raked his wealth from the kennel, and the poor man is the plebeian, though his ancestors should have been among the only American nobles; the signers of our Independence."

"Oh, no, brother, you are quite wrong; a mechanic, though he be as rich as Croesus, cannot get into good society, but if he abandon his business before his children are grown up, they are received, and his grand children finally rank among our first classes."

"Provided they retain the fortune for which their grandfather toiled. I suppose, Julia. Well, I am glad to have the matter so satisfactorily explained, especially as we are the children of a mechanic."

"Heavens! Fred, can you say so? Our father was an Indian merchant."

"True, my high minded sister, but he began life in a cooper's shop down on the wharf where he afterwards built his stately stores. Many a good barrel has he headed and hooped; and I remember, when a very little boy, how I loved to play in the shavings. But that is thirty years ago, Julia, and I suppose that you think other people have forgotten it."

"I wish, Fred, you could forget it. It is not pleasant to have such things brought to light so late in the day. They cannot injure you nor me, but they may mar Lizzy's prospects."

"True, Lizzy might not be allowed to marry a mechanic's grandson if it were known that she was only a mechanic's daughter."

Frederick, Carleton with some eccentricity possessed many excellent qualities. His father had bestowed on him all the advantages of a liberal education, and after completing his studies he had spent several years in Europe. While abroad his father died, and his oldest sister married, so that on his return he found the old family mansion passed into other hands, and his favourite sister Lizzy, an inmate of Julia's stately mansion. His paternal inheritance insured him a competence, and he resolved to marry as soon as he could meet with a woman capable of realizing his notions of domestic happiness. It is not to be supposed that the rich and travelled Mr. Carleton, (whose three thousand dollars of yearly income was more than doubted by many tongued rumor,) lacked opportunities of selecting a companion for life. But among the manoeuvring mammas and displaying daughters, he had seen no one who equalled his ideas of womanly loveliness. A true American in feeling, he had lived long enough among foreign follies to despise them most heartily, and especially did he abhor this attempt to establish an exclusive system in society. "I am no agrarian," he would often say, "nor have I any utopian notions of perfect equality; I am therefore aware that there must always exist different classes in society, such as working men and men of wealth, men gifted with intellect, and others only one remove from idiocy, but let us never acknowledge that worst of all tyrannies, an oligarchy of mere wealth. A man of enlightened mind and various principles is my equal, whatever be his occupation, and whether his hand be hardened by the blacksmith's hammer, or soiled by the ink of the learned professions, it is one which I can grasp with respect."

His notions much displeased his fastidious sisters; and they took great pains to convince him of his folly. But it was in vain they tried to initiate him into the mysteries of modern fashion; he would neither conceal half his face beneath an overgrowth of moustache or beard, nor would he imitate the long eared asses of South America in the longitude of his super raven locks. He even refused to carry the indispensable cane, alleging that

since such a sudden lameness had fallen on the spindleshanked men of fashion, it was the duty of those who could still boast some solidity of understanding to depend on themselves for support. The ladies pronounced him very handsome, but shockingly unfashionable; while the gentlemen, who found that his rent-roll was not likely to be diminished either at the billiard table or the race course, discussed his character as they picked their teeth on the steps of the Broadway hotels, and wondered how he contrived to spend his money.

The simple story of Jessie Murray had deeply affected Carleton, and the remembrance did not tend to decrease his interest. How much self mingles in the best feelings of humanity! Had Jessie been a freckled, red-haired, snub-nosed girl, Fred would probably have soon forgotten her sisterly devotion, but she was too pretty to vanish quickly from his mind. Some how or other, it happened almost every morning that he found it necessary to see his sisters at an early hour, when he was sure of finding them in the sewing room. His presence at length became quite unheeded by Jessie as well as by his sisters, and while he amused himself in romping with his little nephew, or quizzing the changes of fashion which usually occupied his sisters' thoughts, he had constant opportunity of studying the character of "our Jessie!" He noticed her quiet good sense, her fine taste, her cheerful manners, her unaffected humility, the patience with which she bore the caprices of his sisters, and he repeated to himself again and again, "What a pity she should be obliged to lead such a life!"

One winter evening, as he was hurrying to an appointment, he met Jessie, who, with her bonnet drawn over her face, and her cloak wrapped closely around her, was hastening in an opposite direction. To turn and join her was his first impulse.

"Where are you going at so late an hour Miss Murray?" he asked.

"Home," she replied, still hurrying onward.

"At least allow me to accompany you," said he.

"Oh, no, sir," said she, "it is not necessary. I go home alone every evening."

"But you are liable to insult, and should venture out without a protector."

"We, poor girls, are obliged to be our own protectors, Mr. Carleton," said Jessie.

"When my mother is well she usually comes to meet me, but in such cold weather I do not wish her to risk her health."

"And your brother?"

"He is at New Haven college, sir. Mr. Carleton, let me beg you not to go out of your way for me."

Fred only answered by drawing her arm through his. Jessie at first seemed alarmed; but, reassured by his respectful manner, she consented to accept his escort and they soon reached her mother's door. The light of a cheerful fire gleamed through the half opened shutters, and as Fred looked in the room, he could not avoid noticing the perfect neatness of its arrangement. But Jessie did not invite him to enter, and he unwillingly bade her good night, though he had a strong desire to take a seat beside that humble hearth. When next he met his sisters he told them of his adventure, and asked why they did not send a servant with the little seamstress.

"Lord, brother, what an idea!" exclaimed Lizzy. "I am sure she can take care of herself."

"Should you feel quite safe, Lizzy, if you were sent out to walk a mile at eight o'clock, on a winter's night?"

"No; but I have always been accustomed to a protector. Such poor girls as Jessie early learn to take care of themselves, and do not feel the same fears as ladies do."

"For shame!" exclaimed Frederick, "do you suppose that poverty blunts every perception, and destroys every delicate feeling? Faith, I believe the poor girl is more favored than the rich in such respects, for I don't know one of your fashionable friends, Lizzy, who would shrink from taking my arm as modestly as 'our Jessie' did last night."

"Did you really give Jessie your arm, and escort her home?"

"I did; and when I saw the quiet, pleasant little parlour which she called home, I had a great mind to offer her my hand as well as my arm."

"Frederick, are you losing your senses? If I did not know you were jesting, I should think you had been taking too much wine!"

"I never was in a sounder state of mind my dear sisters, and yet I declare to you I have a great mind to make little Jessie your sister-in-law—that is, if she will accept me."

"Come, come, Fred," interposed Mrs. De Grey, "you are carrying the farce too far; Lizzy is ready to cry with vexation."

"It is no farce, Julia, I am in earnest."

"For Heaven's sake, do not be such a fool; a pretty business it would be to in-

troduce one of our kinsmen as my sister. No, no, Fred, don't do that. You need not induce her if you are ashamed of her, or if you should find society with her unprofitable."

"It would be unprofitable, all Lizzy's prospects."

"How so?"

"Why, do you suppose her rich admirer, Charles Tibbs, would marry the sister of a man whose wife had once been a seamstress?"

Frederick laughed heartily at the reply; "True, I had forgotten Charles Tibbs, who used to peddle wares about the streets, and of course is now a society. Well, I will not interfere with Lizzy's matrimonial speculations, but banish your fears."

"Oh, I have no fears about her! Not with all your eccentricities I am sure you would never do any thing so degrading."

Notwithstanding her boasted confidence however, Mrs. De Grey really felt considerable anxiety about the matter, and she determined to send Jessie out of the way, until her brother should have forgotten his transient fancy. Convinced that Jessie was utterly unconscious of Frederick's admiration, and unwilling to lose her services permanently, she thought of a plan which promised success, and she consulted Lizzy as to its possibility.

"Aunt Tabitha has sent us to procure her a seamstress for a few weeks, suppose we induce Jessie to go; the poor thing needs country air, and it will be just the place for her."

"Why, Julia?" asked Lizzy, with a smile, "because she needs country air, or because we need her absence?"

"Nay, Lizzy, it is no laughing matter. I want to send her out of Fred's way before she has any suspicion of his folly."

"But why send her to Aunt Tabitha?"

"Because Fred will never find her there; he is so terribly afraid of the old lady's sentimentalities that he never visits her, and by the time Jessie returns, he will have some new folly to engage his attention."

"The plan was matured; and Jessie, who really felt the need of change of air, or relaxation from her continual labours, consented to leave her mother for a few weeks. Accordingly, one bright spring morning a stage deposited Jessie at the gate of a neat old fashioned cottage, which stood on the outskirts of a village about forty miles from the great metropolis.

"Where is 'our Jessie'?" asked Fred, when he watched in vain for her daily return to the sewing room.

"Lord, brother, do you think I keep a record of her engagements? When she has finished our work she goes somewhere else and that is all I know about her."

The idea of that gentle creature being thus driven about from place to place, toiling day after day with her needle, and dimming her bright eyes over plait and gathers, was extremely painful to Fred Carleton. The more he thought of it, the more uneasy he became. "Why should I hesitate," thought he, "I have seen all the prettiest girls in Lizzy's set, and I like Jessie Murray better than any of them. Seamstress indeed! I wonder if Julia would like to hear that our own dear mother used to make six shillings a day by binding shoes when she was first married to the honest cooper, our father? Yet I should hate to mar Lizzy's plans; I wish I had some one to advise me. Now I think of it, I will go and see Aunt Tabitha the dear, good, romantic old soul whom I used to ridicule so much, will now be my counsellor." So, with his usual impetuosity, Fred started on a visit to Aunt Tabitha, leaving his sisters quite ignorant of his destination, and little dreaming of the unexpected pleasure that awaited him.

Dear old Aunt Tabitha! what a singular compound she was of good feelings and exaggerated sentiments. In early life she had been betrothed to one whose poverty was the only obstacle to their union. He had sailed for India, in the hope of bettering his fortunes, but he never returned; nor did any tidings of his fate ever reach his native land. The ship was missing—it had never reached its destined port, and the sea kept its own secret. Deeply tinged with the romance of warm hearted youth, and greatly addicted to novel reading, Aunt Tabitha had always lived in a world of the imagination, and the mystery which overhung the fate of her lover seemed to strengthen the romantic fervour of her nature. For some years after the disappearance, she never left her apartment, and it was only by awakening the charities of her kindly nature that she could be induced to take an interest in every day life. She had grown old without having lost one atom of her early tendency to sentiment. Combining active benevolence with almost morbid sensibility, she was often a subject of ridicule to those who did not know her virtues, while she was sincerely loved by those who could forgive her eccentricity in behalf of excellence. Fred Carleton in his boyish days, had conceived a great dislike of her peculiarities, and unable