

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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**TERMS OF THE 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.  
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.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given us of the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

**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 purgative medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and spasmodic 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 tenderness in the left side, loss of appetite, vomiting, acrid eruptions on the face, and a distention of the stomach, sick headache, furred tongue, and a greenish change 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.  
For sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

**LIVER COMPLAINT.**  
This disease is discovered by a fixed obese 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 a 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 beyond the power of human skill. Dr. Harlick's compound tonic strengthening and German aperient pills, will check it, and by continuing the use of the medicine a few weeks, a perfect 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 Eighth Street, Philadelphia.  
Also, at the Store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

**DYSPEPSIA AND HYPOCHONDRIASIS.**  
Cured by Dr. Harlick's Celebrated Medicines.  
Mr. Wm. Morrison, of Schuylkill Sixth Street, Philadelphia, afflicted for several years with the above distressing disease—sickness at the stomach, headache, palpitation of the heart, impaired appetite, acrid eruptions, 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. 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 a permanent cure which resulted in the recovery 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.



**CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA,** you have now before you Dr. PETERS' CELEBRATED VEGETABLE 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 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, Cholera, Females Obstructions, Heartburn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distention of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhoea, 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, 1828.—"Peters' pills are an excellent aperient and cathartic medicine, those effects being produced by the difference of the quantity taken, and are decidedly superior to Lee's, Brandreth's or Morrison's Pills."

Extract of a letter by Dr. Hopson of Bangor, Me. Jan. 9, 1839. They are a peculiarly mild, yet efficient purgative medicine, and produce little, if 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, 1837.—"I cordially recommend Peters' Pills as a mildly effective, and in no case dangerous, family medicine. They are peculiarly in-cos-tiveness 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 headache, 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.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Wains of Cincinnati, Feb. 2, 1838; your Pills are the mildest in their operations, and yet most powerful in their effects, of any that I have. There action on the chyle, and hence on the impurities of the blood is evidently very surprising.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Scott of Baltimore, Dec. 17, 1836; I am in the daily habit of prescribing them (Peters' Pills) and they in nearly all cases answer my purposes. I have directed other medicines, some of them very good ones, in their favor.

Charlotte, N. C., June 1, 1837.  
Dear Sir: I have frequent use of your Pills in the incipient stage of bilious fever and obstinate constipation of the bowels, or, in the enlargement of the spleen, chronic disease of the liver, sick headache general debility, and in all cases have found them to be very effective. J. D. Boyd, Mecklenburg Co., Va. Feb. 7, 1837.  
Having used Dr. Peters' Pills in my practice the last 13 months, I take pleasure in giving my testimony of their good effects of cases of dyspepsia, sick headache bilious fevers, and other diseases, produced by inactivity of the liver. They are a safe and mild aperient, being the best article of the kind I ever used.

G. C. Shott M. D.  
These much approved and justly celebrated Pills, are for sale by the following agents:  
JACOB MILLER, Huntingdon, Pa.  
J. J. MILLIKEN, Mill Creek, Pa.  
GEO. DREHMAN, Waysburg, Md.

**IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.**  
Dr. O. P. Harlick's Compound Strengthening Tonic, and German Aperient Pills. These pills remove all those distressing diseases which Females are liable to be afflicted with. They remove those morbid secretions which when retained, soon induce a number of diseases and oftentimes render Females unhappy and miserable all their lives. These pills used according to directions, immediately create a new and healthy action throughout the whole system by purging the blood, and giving strength to the stomach and bowels, at the same time relieving the pain in the side, back, and loins, giving appetite and invigorating the system again to its proper functions and restoring tranquil repose.

**READ THIS! DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF PRUNES V. R. GINIANA, or WILD CHERRY:** This is decidedly one of the best remedies for Coughs and Colds now in use: it allays irritation of the Lungs, loosens the cough, causing the plegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chronic Coughs, Wheezing & Choking of Plethoric Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Cracking of the Throat, &c. This Syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, if taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale only at Jacob Miller's store.

**Administrator's Notice.**  
ALL persons interested in the Estate of Jacob Miller, late of West township, Huntingdon county, deceased, are requested to present their claims to the undersigned, who is duly authorized to administer; and all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment.  
Said deceased has a brother, Samuel Miller, supposed to reside in Union Co., and a sister, now married, residing, it is believed, in Philadelphia, who are interested in said deceased's Estate, and this is to notify them, that the accounts must be settled before the coming spring.  
JACOB BRUBAKER, Admr's.  
West township, Huntingdon county, Dec. 4, 1839.

**Storage and Commission Business;**  
AT THE RED WAREHOUSE, IN THE WEST BASIN, IN THE BOROUGH OF HUNTINGDON.  
THE subscriber having just put the house under a complete repair, for the reception of Grain, and all kinds of Merchandise, for forwarding either east or west, would respectfully inform the public that the strictest attention will be paid to all kinds of the above business, and all articles forwarded according to orders, at the very lowest rates.

WHARFAGE.	Cts.
Booms, per ten	20
Pig metal, "	25
Bar Iron, if stored, "	50
Coal, "	25
For weighing the above "	12 1/2
STORAGE.	
Wheat, for 2 months, per bushel	2
" if longer, "	2
Merchandise, per ton	75
Fish, per hundred	5
Smaller quantities, per barrel	12 1/2
Flour, "	8
Rye, "	2
Corn & Buckwheat, "	2
Oats, "	2
Selling, collecting, &c., "	25
All freights and storage to be paid when the property is removed.	
Flour for sale at the warehouse.	
WRAY MAIZE.	

January 15, 1840.

From the N. Y. Dispatch.  
**OUT OF DATE.**

Looking over the papers during the week, we recollect seeing in some one of them a labored eulogium on a drinking song, which the editor designates with the classic name of an Anacreontic. We believe that word is Greek for getting drunk and other unseemly and incontinent practices; and we suppose in the opinion of the learned, he who anacronizes himself into delirium tremens, is a great deal better citizen than the man who bathes his soul in whiskey till he brings on what in the vernacular is called the horrors. It is vastly more moral, genteel, and proper to travel to perdition with Apollo's wreath about the brow, and in company with those reverend toppers, Bacchus and Silenus, than to get drunk with a hat with a hole in the rim, and in the society of rum coveys and companions. There are differences, look you, and we suppose that these must be connected as among them. For our own part, however if a man becomes unfit for his business and social relations—a poor husband—a bad father—a bad citizen—and all from 'being nobody's enemy but his own,' it makes little difference, that we can see, in what way he arrives at a result so melancholy.

The prostitution of poetry and music to the ruin of its votaries has gone far enough. The sentiment of the age is no longer to errant toward decking a skeleton with such false ornaments as conceal its frightful character. The world is tired of seeing the mouth of a ghastly pit covered and concealed with rose leaves, to tempt the unwary to the plunge into moral death. Beautiful poetry, words well collocated, and fitly chosen for their harmony, images luxuriant in beauty, and the very spirit of living music over all, cannot excite a literary trifle, however elegant, the moral of which is that it is not only strictly proper, but highly commendable to drown reason in wine, and sink the man in the helpless brute. As these interesting pursuits formed part of the worship of the much lauded ancients, it is not to be wondered that a portion of their literature abounds in the loudness of such practices; but as the modern code of morals recognises no such imperative duties, it is to be wondered that the attainment of what is called a liberal education makes it necessary to imbibe loose morality.

Cartloads of missals have been hurled at the poor common inebriate, who dares to drink plebeian liquors, while the fountain of dissipation at which the learned and the polite have been christened, is sacred from the rude breath of invective. The root of the evil is left untouched and unattempted. The literary institutions of this and other Christian countries have manufactured more confirmed drunkards than any other cases have created. How often do we meet, under the most disgusting garb of blackguardism and filth, with the wreck of a fine mind, and the shreds of an education, which might have given the degraded possessor a high stand among his fellows, had he not chosen, rather, his place among the swine.

We recollect meeting at an obscure tavern in the county, last Summer, an apt example in proof of these remarks. Chance had led us there to make some inquiry about the road, and we found the bar-room solely occupied by an unshaven and unkempt loafer, who was reading a newspaper; the latest date by the way, that had been received in that forgotten nook. He was a perfect personification of Wm. Barlow—ragged and filthy. As there was no other person to whom to dress myself, we put a question to him, which he answered very courteously—a conversation for our own purposes we could not refuse to continue it for his gratification. A few moments served to surprise us, at the extent of his erudition, the beauty of his language, the wildness of his acquaintance with the current topics of news and politics, the soundness of his comments, and the pertinence of his inquiries. We were beguiled into half an hour's converse with him. It was admiration of a treasure upon a dung heap; and lost sight of all but the treasure; we forgot his rags and his unseemly exterior; and lost sight of all but the treasure of his mind. A spell was on us; which was not dispelled until, upon the entrance of the landlord, he stopped short in a discussion of German literature to make some coarse indication of his desire for the ardent. He had spoken of the nectar of Olympus, talked of the sunny Rhine and its rich vintages, blended poetry and the grape—and at the end of all, this Anacreon in patched breeches, which might to advantage been patched more, wanted—whiskey.

Curiosity led us to ascertain his history to trace the steps through which he had receded from the good position he must once have held, down to the kennel. We found that he was the son of parents who had beggared themselves to give their

child an education which might fit him for any station to which the ambition of parents for their children could reach.— He was a graduate of the oldest and proudest college in the U. States. His education was completed by the acquirement of the theory of a profession; and he commenced the practice of the law in one of our largest cities. Fortune smiled upon him to the hour of his marriage with a beautiful and accomplished woman. Popular favor threw clients in his way by scores, and even gave him political preferences. He was the life of the circle in which he moved, the ready wit at public dinners—the select orator upon public days—the occasional poet—and in a word, the popular idol. If he even neglected his clients, it was at first well enough—any thing was borne with in so universal a favorite. His path lay apparently on flowers.

Patience will not last forever. Client after client dropped off—compelled to do so, from inability to persuade attention to their business on the part of him to whom they had entrusted it. Other and more weighty charges were brought against him—for, with all the sentiments of probity in the world, the man who has neither system nor punctuality, and still fills a place of trust, can preserve neither the appearance nor the profits of integrity. When a man begins to put aside business appointments for the pursuit of pleasures, and acquires a habit of making sensual pursuits, however refined, the leading object of his life, it is all up with him. Our hero

Like Lucifer—never to rise again  
At this time he had three children. He could not lie down in the dust, and let them sink with him. He made an effort and his friends, trusting to his sincere desire for reformation, assisted him. He removed to another city, and thought he had forever abandoned the temptations of the cup. He applied himself to his business; cheerfulness again visited his fireside, and Hope whispered consolation to his almost heart-stricken wife. Again his excellent talents procured him prosperity—again came the tempter. He was sought by the beaux esprits as his wit and talents became known and appreciated—and before he had risen to any thing like his former position—he sunk again. Anacreon haunted him still—but a convivial song at a supper party will not furnish forth the next day's tale.

Once more in the dust, his friends had no word of help or consolation for him. They would tender no more assistance—they would not even pay him the equivocal proof of friendship and remembrance which is conveyed in reproaches. He noticed their neglect, he appreciated the cause and the motives of it, and his pride spurred him to another effort, and an unaided one. Again he removed, again he reformed—again, and but a brief little while he prospered. Now came offers of aid, but he scouted them, and resolved to support himself alone. The pride, glory, pose which sustained him tempted to throw him down again. He prepared to march on his strength, and he thought he had recovered himself against the predictions of his friends, he thought he could maintain his position in contempt of their advice. Anacreon triumphed.

This triumph was the previous history of his life. His companion of an hour. His story, for he still lives, under the great star of New Jersey, is soon told. His oldest child, a daughter, and his wife support themselves and his youngest child by the scanty wages of female occupations by the scanty wages of female occupations. His son, the second, has been placed by their affections and his own in a position where he may emulate his father's success, and with such an example as he has in his father's infirmities, we cannot doubt that he will avoid them. That father is a pensioner for his daily bread upon his wife. His legal knowledge now qualifies him for a referee in a bar-room bet, upon mooted points of law, and his fee in every case, is a glass of the liquor which is paid for by his decision. His political knowledge is useful in harangues in the temple of rum, where he is the oracle. His belles-lettres are reserved for chance visitors—and for street attacks upon the village literati, who shuffle off while they speak with him. At noon he goes home to his dinner, with inebriation enough to be sullenly silent, but not violent, while he sullenly bolts what is actually an alms to him. At night he staggers to his residence—perhaps to abuse and terrify his wife and daughter; and in the morning he creeps back to his tavern haunt, his limbs trembling under the lack of the excitement for which his depraved appetite craves. Thus, in a living death, exists the victim of a liberal education.

A Tough one.—The Picayune tells us of a tree in his neighborhood that has grown so rapidly of late that it has pulled itself up by the roots.

**POPPING THE QUESTION.**

This important science in the economy of matrimony, is sensibly and philosophically handled by an old Bachelor in Frazer's Magazine.

"Though it is impossible to say any thing touch to the purpose about refusals generally, a little tact and observation will always tell you whether the girl who refused you would have been worth having, had she accepted. I am speaking of verbal communications only; as nobody ever writes who can speak. It is usual, in all cases of refusal, for the lady to say that she is deeply grateful for the honor you have done her; but, feeling only friendship for you, she regrets that she cannot accept your proposal, &c. &c. I have heard the words so often, that I know them by heart. The words, however varied, signify little; it is the tone and manner in which they are pronounced, that must guide you in forming your estimate of the cruel one. If they are pronounced with evident marks of sorrow, instead of triumph, showing unfeigned regret for having caused pain which she could not alleviate—if her voice is soft, broken, and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a half formed tear, which it requires even an effort to subdue—then, I say you may share in her sorrow, for you have probably lost a prize worth gaining; but though you grieve you may also hope, if you are a man of any pretension, for there is evidently good feeling to build upon. Do not, therefore, fly out and make an idiot of yourself, on receiving your refusal; submit with a good grace; solicit a continuance of friendship, to support you under the heart-crushing affliction you have sustained. Take her hand at parting; kiss it frequently, but quietly; no *outré* conduct of any kind—just a little at the expense of your own failure, without however, attempting to deprive her of the honor of the victory. Rise in her estimation by the manner in which you receive your sentence; let her sorrow be mingled with admiration, and there is no knowing how soon things will change. These instructions, you will perceive, are not intended for every one, as they require skill, tact, quickness, and feeling, in order to be appreciated and acted upon. If you want these qualities, just make love pursue in hand; it is a safe mode of proceeding, and will answer admirably with all ranks, from Almack's to the Borough. There is only one class with whom it will not answer, and that is the very class worth having.

"If, on the other hand, the lady refuses you in a ready-made and well delivered speech, which had evidently been made and kept waiting for you, for your own bow, and thank you wishes your considerate consideration, and support affliction—if excited feelings, in fact, and is condescendingly true—then cut a caper for joy, and ingly down in the attitude of John Bull, with your Mercury, for you have ample cause to rejoice. If the lady snaps at you, as much as to say, 'You are an impudent fellow'—which may be sometimes true, though it should not exactly be told—then reply with a few stanza's of Miss Landon's song:

"There is in southern climes a breeze,  
That sweeps with changeless course the seas;  
Fixed to one point—oh faithful gale!  
Thou art not for my wandering sail."  
"If she bursts out into a loud fit of laughter, as I once knew a lady do, then join her by all means; for you may be sure that she is an ill-bred hoyden or a downright idiot. But if, unable to speak, grief at having caused you pain makes her burst into tears—as a little Swedish girl once did when such a proposal was made to her—then join her if you like, for the chances are that you have lost one worth weeping for."

From the Rural Repository.  
**MODESTY.**

Modesty is the most beautiful and interesting of the flowers of virtue, that can adorn and dignify the female mind. It adds a charm to every other virtue, and sheds a sweet influence around its possessor. There is no person whose heart is so alienated from purity, as sunk in vice, as not to respect and reverence modesty in a female. Even the base libertine, who revels and exults in his infamous triumphs over female purity and innocence—even he, who only assumes the garb of virtue that he may entice and unsuspecting victims, who wantonly and deliberately bends every energy of his mind, of that mind which was given to him by his Creator for high and noble uses, to accomplish the ruin of the young, the virtuous and the lovely of the female sex, and after having by his unblatant arts succeeded in his hellish plans, with a spirit worthy of the archfiend himself, triumphs and boasts of the ruin he has effected; yes, laughs and exults over the graves of his wretched victims, torn from the embraces of fond friends,