

THE 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.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all 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, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Important Discovery.

The public are hereby directed to the medical advertisements of Dr. HARLICH'S Celebrated COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERIENT PILLS, which are a medicine of great value to the afflicted, discovered by O. P. HARLICH, a celebrated physician at Altdorf, Germany, which has been used with unparalleled success throughout Germany. This medicine consists of two kinds, viz: the GERMAN APERIENT and the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS. They are each put up in small packets, and should both be used to effect a permanent cure. Those who are afflicted would do well to make a trial of this invaluable medicine, as they never produce sickness or nausea while using. A safe and effectual remedy for

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, and all Stomach complaints; pain in the SIDE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, General Debility, Nervous Irritability, SICK HEADACHE, Female Diseases, Spasmodic Affections, RHEUMATISM, Asthma, CONSUMPTION, &c. The GERMAN APERIENT PILLS are to cleanse the stomach and purify the BLOOD. The Tonic or STRENGTHENING PILLS are to STRENGTHEN and invigorate the nerves and digestive organs and give tone to the Stomach, as all diseases originate from impurities of the BLOOD and disordered Stomach. This mode of treating diseases is pursued by all practical PHYSICIANS, which experience has taught them to be the only remedy to effect a cure. They are not only recommended and prescribed by the most experienced Physicians in their daily practice, but also taken by those gentlemen themselves whenever they feel the symptoms of those diseases, in which they know them to be efficacious. This is the case in all large cities in which they have an extensive sale. It is not to be understood that these medicines will cure all diseases merely by purifying the blood—this they will not do, but they certainly will, and sufficient authority of daily proofs asserting that those medicines, taken as recommended by the directions which accompany them, will cure a great majority of diseases of the stomach, lungs and liver, by which impurities of the blood are occasioned.

Ask for DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERIENT PILLS.

Principal Office for the sale of this medicine, is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

Also—For sale at the Store of JACOB MILLER, in the Borough of Huntingdon, Pa., who is agent for Huntingdon county.

RHEUMATISM.

Entirely cured by the use of Dr. O. P. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills.

Mr. Solomon Wilson, of Chester co. Pa., afflicted for two years with the above distressing disease, of which he had to use his crutches for 18 months, his symptoms were excruciating pain in all his joints, especially in his hip, shoulders and ankles, pain increasing all ways towards evening attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at one time not able to move his limbs on account of the pain being so great; he being advised by a friend of his to procure Dr. Harlich's pill of which he sent to the agent in West Chester and procured some; on using the medicine the third day the pain disappeared and his strength increasing fast, and in three weeks was able to attend to his business, which he had not done for 18 months; for the benefit of others afflicted, he wishes those lines published that they may be relieved, and again enjoy the pleasures of a healthy life.

Principal office, 19th North 8th Street, Philadelphia.

Also—For sale at the Store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon, Pa.

RICHES NOT HEALTH.

Those who enjoy Health, must certainly feel blessed when they compare themselves to those sufferers that have been afflicted for years with various diseases, which the human family are all subject to be troubled with. Diseases present themselves in various forms and from various circumstances, which, in the commencement, may all be checked by the use of Dr. O. P. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Pain in the Side, Rheumatism, General Debility, Female Diseases, and all Diseases to which human nature is subject, where the Stomach is affected. Directions for using these Medicines always accompany them. These Medicines can be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate Female, as they are mild in their operation and pleasant in their effects.

Principal Office for the United States, No. 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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

SYMPTOMS.

Dyspepsia may be described from a want of appetite or an unnatural and voracious one, nausea, sometimes bilious vomiting, sudden and transient distensions of the stomach after eating, acid and putrescent eructations, water-brash, pains in the region of the stomach, costiveness palpitation of the heart, dizziness and dimness of sight, disturbed rest, tremors, mental irritability, chilliness, flatulency, spasms, nervous debility, chilliness, salowness of complexion, oppressing after eating, general languor and debility; this disease will also very often produce the sick headache, as proved by the experience of those who have suffered of it.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!
More proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Harlich's Medicines.

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Summerville, Pa., entirely cured of the above disease, which he was afflicted with for six years. His symptoms were a sense of distension and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, loss of appetite, giddiness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acid eructations, sometimes vomiting, and pain in the right side, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, faintness, and not able to pursue his business without causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. Hartman is happy to state to the public and is willing to give any information to the afflicted, respecting the wonderful benefit he received from the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German aperient pills. Principal office No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

TREATMENT.

The principal objects to be kept in view are 1st, to free the stomach and intestines from offending materials. 2d, to improve the tone of the digestive organs and energy of the system in removing noxious matters from the stomach, and obviating costiveness. Violent drastic purgatives should be avoided and those aperients should be used which act gently, and rather by soliciting the peristaltic motions of the intestines to their regularity of health, than by irritating them to a laborious excitement. There is no medicine better adapted to the completion of this than DR. O. P. HARLICH'S GERMAN APERIENT PILLS. To improve the functions of the debilitated organs and invigorate the system generally, no medicine has ever been so prominently efficacious as Dr. Harlich's Compound Tonic Strengthening Pills, whose salutary influence in restoring the digestive organs to a healthy action, and re-establishing health and vigor in enfeebled and peccant constitutions; have gained the implicit confidence of the most eminent physicians, and unprecedented public testimony. Remember Dr. Harlich's Compound Tonic Strengthening Pills, they are put up in small packets with full directions.

Principal office for the United States, is No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia, where all communications must be addressed, and also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, who is agent for Huntingdon County.

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 liquor.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Cured by the use of Dr. Harlich'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, furred 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. Harlich's medicine, which terminated in effecting a perfect cure.

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

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obtuse pain and weight in the right side under the ninth 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 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. 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 will be performed. Those who 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, who is agent for Huntingdon county.



POETRY.

From the Vicksburg Sentinel.
LEAP YEAR

'Tis leap year—'tis leap year—indeed it is true,
And gentlemen now have got nothing to do.
What a comfort, that ladies can woo as they will;
They can smile at a beau, or give him a chill

If we "pop the question," why you must say "yes;"
If we should propose it, must give us a kiss.
Ye "lords of creation" must now go to school
And ladies will teach you how you ought to rule.

Young Cupid has long been preparing his darts,
And he shall now bring them to your stubborn hearts.
At our word of command his arrow shall fly,
And his motto shall be—"I will conquer or die."

You earnestly beg to have "three days more grace,"
That the cords of your hearts you tighter might lace."
But all your precautions in that will not do,
For, as sure as you live, there's an "arrow for you."

We can have no mercy, for you have shown none,
And the days of your triumph are over and gone;
At the altar of Venus we've lighted our flame,
And a cordial submission is all that we claim

Old bachelors, widowers, young men and all
At the touch of our flame you are sure to fall;
From conquest to conquest we'll certainly go,
'Till all men acknowledge we have not one foe.

The doctors no longer can mix up their pills
The lawyers, dear creatures, must lay by their quills:
All trades and professions will be at a stand,
Now ladies have taken their hearts in command.

Our talented "Sentinel," too, must resign,
And, if thou should'st fall, ah! do not repine,
'Tis woman who bids thee to "stand and deliver;"
If thy heart be at home, 'tis that thou must give her.

ELEN ELMER,

From the Maine Farmer.

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.

How strangely altered are the times,
A loafer's heard to say;
I've prowled the streets from shop to shop,
Without one glass to-day.

O dear! O dear! why is it so!
It's surely very hard;
Once liquoring was all the go;
I now must be debarred.

The times were once when a round oath
Was sure to win a glass;
How strangely altered are the time,
O dear! alas! alas!

What shall I do? where 'ere I go,
I'm sure to find defeat,
Each countenance on me doth frown,
My sorrow is complete.

The husbandman my presence spurn,
The merchant he looks shy;
The lawyer, doctor, in his turn,
And no one asks them why.

My shirt is soil'd, my jacket rent,
My hat has lost its rim
My pants are torn, my toes are out;
And shivering every limb.

I now must starve or go to work,
As sure as I am born,
A loafer always must come out
The small end of the horn.

A Western editor having studied for two weeks to make some poetry, finally succeeded: here is a specimen of the production.

All hail to the land where freedom was born
All hail to the land where daddy hod corn
He stuck'd the hoe into the ground,
Pulled it out and no corn he found.

From the Easton Sentinel:

A Tale, Founded on Facts.

I was sitting upon my father's portico one serene Sabbath eve, gazing upon the splendor of the setting sun, as he hung his gorgeous hues over the broken clouds that were lingering on the western sky, as eager to catch his golden tints, ere he had sunk behind the distant hills, and enraptured with the representation. Earth's most beautiful scenery seemed to be eclipsed by the magic painting now spread out upon the broad expanse of the heavens. The clouds appeared like mountains of the sky. Those below were forming the dark base—the deep and yawning cavern; those higher, white as the snow covered crag, were rudely piled one upon the other, as the rugged works that form the mountain cliffs; while those still higher resembled the castles of fairies, embellished with the work of "fretted gold," studded with glittering gems, and finished with spires of purest diamond.

It was an eve of spring, the loveliest season of the year, and while revelling upon the beauties of the heavens, I was refreshed by the more real and enduring pleasures of earth. The zephyrs, laden with the richest fragrance of shrub and flower, gently wafted their burdens along, and pulled the sweet luxuries they had gathered in their frolics among the blooming gardens of a wild neighboring wood.

This sabbath was the first I had spent at my parental home during two years, & reflections natural to the time and place, crowded upon my mind, I thought it the most delightful spot in the world. Here it was that I had spent the spring time—the "May morn" of my existence: here my earliest and warmest attachments were formed, and here with them were associated some of the liveliest emotions of the heart—emotions that will only cease when the current of life is frozen by the cold embrace of death.

Others may perhaps discover no beauty in my native village, or may pass it by with a casual glance, and a cold, careless remark; but for myself, never had I visited a spot that appeared so lovely, nor have I ever known half the pleasure in a visit to another, that I had on my return to the village of my birth. Every thing here was familiar, and seemed to greet my mind with the wonted feelings of old acquaintance. I knew and could call by name, every spring and rivulet, every rock and hill and dale for miles around. The birds sang the evening vespers to which I had listened in a tender youth; the same soft music was whispered from the branches of the lofty trees, that now cast their giant shades across the lawn; the same lowing of the heads fell upon my ear, and the same murmurs arose from the cascades where I had rambled so oft, thoughtless and happy, as they only are whose brow is unshadowed as that of childhood. I almost lived those young years again; and enjoyed the feelings which only those scenes and recollections can create.

While thus musing, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie, by the approach of an old associate, and one whom I had always much esteemed. I hastened to meet him, and grasping his hand with the warmest of friendly feelings, requesting James Patterson, for it was he, to be seated, and with me enjoy the enchanting scene.

"No," said he, "let us ramble over our old walks, for I have that to communicate to you, which others should not yet know, and I cannot say how grateful I feel that you have returned—returned just at this time." I took his arm without speaking, for I saw by the tears that stood in his eyes, and the tremor of his voice, that he was deeply agitated.

Patterson had been one of my first and dearest friends. Our families had long been intimate, and we had played together in childhood and innocence—together had set side by side in class, and together in the buoyancy of youth we had sported over "hill and dale and flowery mead."—Our warm and early feelings had twined our hearts together. No coldness had ever marred our flow of happy spirits, and often we had vowed that our friendship should endure forever.

He was a general favorite among his companions, not more on account of his prepossessing appearance, than his generous and noble disposition, and his high intellectual character. A mother of doating fondness—a sister of surpassing loveliness, and himself constituted this interesting family, the father being lost in the early childhood of the latter. Mrs. Patterson was left in affluent circumstances, and of course an only son had been too much indulged in all his wishes.

When I had left the village, the bloom of eighteen was on his cheek. His countenance was open and frank, and altogether, I thought him one of the noblest youths I had ever seen. But I was thunderstruck when I saw the change that had taken place in two short years. Now his once ruddy cheek was swollen and bloated—his eye, that formerly shone with brilliant

cy, was dim and bloodshot. I perceived at a glance the cause of this sudden change but wished to conceal my surprise, for the present, simply enquired for his mother and sister, and learned in reply to my query that "they were well."

We walked in silence along the bank of a silvan stream that flowed through a shadowy wood about a mile distant from the village. This had always been our favorite haunt. Upon the banks of this stream we had often walked arm in arm. Beneath the shade of the willow that lined its shores—in its waters we had often bathed, or sitting cautiously upon its green banks, had snatched the speckled trout from its watery abode, dangled him a moment in triumph in the air, and then placing him among his betrayed companions, left him to reap a lingering death, as the fruits of thoughtless credulity.

Although I broke the silence which had become exceedingly painful to me, by remarking, as I glanced at my friend's features: "Patterson, you have certainly undergone a great change since I last saw you." "Williamson, say no more of this," was his quick reply, "I will tell you all presently. I have altered truly. Those around me have altered too. Every one who meets me," continued he, "even those who formerly scarce ventured to speak to me, are now ready to rebuke and reprove. This is more than I can bear; it is more than I will," said he bitterly; and he dashed a tear from his eyes, now cast in anguish to the ground.

We had now arrived at a bower formed by the wild honey-suckle clambering over the stunted oak, making with its thick foliage and rich blossoms a retreat at once secluded and delightful. An oak that had been prostrated by the whirlwind's breath, upon which a thick and green moss had woven its soft fibres a comfortable and secluded seat.

"Williamson," he again commenced, and again the tear started to his eye, "when you last saw me, I was honored and respected by all; and even flattered and carressed by many. When you left our village I too left the circle of society, in which I had formerly mingled, for one that is denominated the "more fashionable class." I soon discovered that in this circle, little regard was paid for what constitutes true morality and virtue. Their amusements were vices, profaneness was but a jest; their social meetings terminated in bacchanalian revelry, and their pastime gambling. For a time I carefully avoided taking any part in their follies, and would sometimes even venture to reprove their vices.

"One evening I sat down at the gambling table, as I said and thought, to play a few games for sport. Alas! little did I then suppose it was for my ruin. Two years ago when we parted, I had not ventured within the limits of such associations would to God it were so still! I played and was beaten—again and met with the same result. My companion laughed at my stupidity. My blood boiled with passion, and his ridicule stung me to the heart. My pride mastered my reason, and I again desired with all the calmness I could command, that he should yet play once more. He smiled with contempt at the proposition and turned to depart. This was more than I could endure, and drawing forth a well lined purse, threw down a stake and challenged him to play for that. Tempted with the gilded bait, or displeased with my hasty temper, he accepted the challenge. We played and as might be expected from my rashness and folly, I was the loser. Again and again I played, and still I lost. My purse was soon relieved of its glittering burden. I saw some of my companions merry over their wine. I mingled in their revelry, and that night resorted to my home, for the first time, a worshipper at the drunkard's shrine.

"From this period my course was downward. My mother wept and prayed over my fall. My sister entreated—my friends all exhorted—but their efforts proved of no avail. I was blind to the dangers that surrounded me, and still persisted in a course that inevitably must end in ruin and desolation. This I either did not see or fixed a period at which I resolved to reform, till I am now what you behold—a poor pitiable and despised outcast.

"But I have not told you all; you remember Miss Wilmot—you know how long and ardently I have loved her. For her all the energies of my soul was poured forth, while we were yet comparatively children. She appeared to me all that nature could form of loveliness, and never for a moment was her image absent from my mind, or any affection for her, supplanted by that of another. She was beautiful when you left, but like the unblown rose her charms were not fully developed.

"At every gathering of the young in all our rambles, and even in our excursions to the "May pole," I was always present at her side; for in others I could see no beauty to compare with hers; her smiles were the sunshine of my prosperi-

ty, as a frown from her would have been the darkness of adversity. When she was chosen Queen of the day (and she was ever so,) and crowned with the chaplet of flowers, my highest ambition seemed gratified. I would steal to one side and silently gaze upon her raven ringlets, her sparkling eye, her pouting lip, her pretended frown, and her sweet smiles of approbation; or the mock frown that proudly played in turn upon her countenance which were to me more of the actions of a sovereign princess than that of the playful "Queen of may day." But my happiness was only complete when I would reflect that I was loved in return by that beautiful being upon which I gazed with unmingled rapture.

"As Julia Wilmot grew up the virtues of her mind and character were as much to be admired as the loveliness of her person. I was not unmindful of such attainments. But enough for one who knows that I fondly, passionately, I had almost said madly loved. She, too, soon observed my changed habits—she entreated, she remonstrated, she wept even over my mad folly, and fool that I am, to no purpose. I blindly hurried on until she, too had spurned me from her presence.

"This day I resolved to leave, and perhaps forever, a home and kindred, that I should have adorned and honored. That I might gaze once upon the idol of my soul. I have been to our church to-day, there I have seen her, and heard what I may never more forget. Even yet are ringing in my ears the words that fell from that sacred desk. "Turn ye, for why will ye die?" But I must finish Williamson delivered those three letters; farewell we may meet again." So saying he placed them in my hand, which he feebly grasped, and the next moment he was lost in the darkness of the evening that was now brooding over the hill and valley.

For a few moments I could scarce realize that all was not a dream, and only awoke from my reverie when it was too late to discover my friend, I called after him but received no answer. Overwhelmed with anxiety, I turned my footsteps homeward, with the words "we may meet again" still sounding in my ears. As I walked thoughtfully onward I could not but reflect upon the scene I had just witnessed. This said I to myself, this is the result of one false, unguarded step. The words of the celebrated Dr. Nott, when speaking of the gamblers, "he would play upon his brother's coffin and beside his father's sepulchre," were forcibly called to my mind. Can it be so? was my inquiry. What a fell infatuation!

The next morning I delivered the letters Patterson had left in my care, one of which was directed to his mother, another to his sister, and the third to Miss Julia Wilmot. What these letters contained I never knew, but to the effects of their contents I was witness. His mother and sister covered their faces and wept as though the fountain of their hearts were broken up, but Julia Wilmot turned deadly pale as she read—her head swam and she fell senseless on the sofa. She had fainted. I hastened to call some member of the family, and feigning an excuse, retired.

Months passed and though every exertion was made to obtain information of Patterson, yet all search had been in vain. He had completely avoided all the channels through which they might learn any thing concerning his fate. It was reported that he had died of a fever in one of our southern cities, yet hope filled the breast of his relations and friends, who still expected that when he had finished his career of folly he would return to his native village to bless those by whom he was almost adored, and who against all prospects of hope still saw in him one, who would be an ornament to society, and a solace to his friends. So easily do we wish to be, even when reason would seem to forbid it.

Year after year passed and still there were no tidings of him. He was also forgotten by his former associates, except by those to whom he was linked by the ties of relationship, or who like myself, had grown up with him on terms of closest intimacy from early youth.

It was now the seventh year after his departure, and as I had been accustomed I walked with his family to the village church. It was a beautiful sabbath morning and as we strolled thoughtfully along I could not but reflect on the many sabbaths Patterson and I had passed over this same course. I even spoke of him; but they had "lost hopes of his return. Our distance, and the lingering manner in which we had passed along had brought us to the church nearly with the last assen-

sembly. The minister was already in the pulpit, and ill constructed affair that concealed from the view of the congregation those who were seated within. Having stated that he expected a young person to officiate for him on that occasion, he announced the usual hymn, and was seated.