

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. V, No. 24.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1840.

[Whole No. 2:2

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. HARTLICH'S Celebrated COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS, which are a Medicine of great value to the afflicted, discovered by O. P. HARTLICH, a celebrated physician at Oldorf, Germany, which has been used with unparalleled success throughout Germany. This Medicine consists of two kinds, viz: the GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS, and the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS. They are each put up in small packs, 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 Disorders, Spasmodic Affections, RHEUMATISM, Asthma, CONSUMPTION, &c. The GERMAN APERTIENT 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 mere 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. HARTLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERTIENT 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. Hartlich's Compound Strengthening and German Apertient 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. Hartlich'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. Hartlich's Compound Strengthening and German Apertient 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 acted. 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 for sale at the Store of Jacob Miller,

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 prurulent eructations, water-brush, pains in the region of the stomach, costiveness of the bowels, extreme dizziness and faintness of sight, disturbed rest, tremors, mental irritability, chilliness, spasms, nervous irritability, flatulency, looseness of complexion, spitting 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. Hartlich's Medicines.

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Sunnyside, 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, dizziness and faintness 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. Hartlich's Compound Strengthening and German Apertient 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 softening 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. HARTLICH'S GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS. To improve the functions of the debilitated organs and invigorate the system generally, no medicine has ever been so prominently efficacious as Dr. Hartlich'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 dyspeptic constitutions; have gained the implicit confidence of the most eminent physicians, and unprecedented public testimony. Remember Dr. Hartlich'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 purgatives, 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. Hartlich's Compound Strengthening and German Apertient Pills.

Mr. Wm. Richard, Pittsburg, Pa., entirely cured 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. Hartlich's medicine, which terminated in effecting a perfect cure.

Principal office, 19 North Eighth Street Philadelphia.

For sale at Jacob Miller's Store Huntingdon, Pa.

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 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. Hartlich's compound tonic strengthening and German apertient 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, who is agent for Huntingdon county.



POETRY.

For the Journal.
ODE TO STONE CREEK.

Old Stone Creek's shores are sweet to view,
With moss and wild flower crown'd;
And richly deck'd in robes of green,
Her banks are ever found.

Whilst standing on her lofty cliffs,
You view this lovely stream;
Fancy would whisper as it pass'd,
'Twas but a lovely dream.

The crystal brooks, that to her side
In gentle murmur play;
As down her cliffs they shelving glide,
Are lovely as the day.

The lilach, where the robin builds—
The hemlock and the pine—
The stately oak with lofty top—
The ivy and the vine.

The rocks, the trees, the towering cliffs,
The pine trees, dark and high,
Whose slender tops of evergreen
Seem close against the sky.

The hills outstretching far and wide,
Are lovely to be seen;
The sun ne'er shed a purer ray,
Than lights thy valleys green.

Yet, lonely must those hills be made—
That sun must set in gore,
Ere footsteps of vile Masonry,
Imprint fair Stone Creek's shore!

The apron of the bloody lodge—
The compass and the square,
Shall ne'er infest fair Stone Creek's land,
Nor hold their meetings there.

Nor Martin Van, nor Davy R.,
With purse, and sword, and spear;
Can ne'er disdain thy honest sons,
Nor hold their hearts in fear.

Should'er this Loco Foco host
Insult old Stone Creek fair,
We'll meet them on her rocky coast,
And gather laurels there.

For oh! old Stone Creek's sons are free,
Their banner streams in air,
And HARRISON and liberty,
Is now the watch-word there.

The war worn hero of North Bend,
To us is ever dear;
With him we'll follow on our course,
No dangers will we fear.

Then let this flag a nerve impart
To every patriot's hand—
Let it inspire each valiant heart,
Throughout fair Stone Creek's land.

Fill Harrison and Tyler too,
Their country's call obey,
And snatch from each vile Tory's hand,
The power he would betray.

Then shout from all thy freedom sons,
Shall rend the air as one,
And cheer to TYLER fill her vales,
And cheer to HARRISON.

Stone Creek, April 15, 1840.

HURRAH FOR HARRISON!

Our flag is floating on the breeze,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah;
O'er mountains, valleys, lakes and seas:
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah;
Our rallying cry—a tragic word,
From Maine to Michigan is heard;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah;
Hurrah for Harrison!

Press on, press on with Harrison,
Hurrah, &c.
The Hero who so oft hath won;
Hurrah, &c.

With such a leader in the field,
The foes of freedom soon must yield.
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the East the stirring cry,
Hurrah, &c.
In trumpet tones of Victory;
Hurrah, &c.

The South gives back the cheering shout
Dispelling fear, dissolving doubt,
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the North the thrilling peal
Stand by him Whigs, be true as steel;
Hurrah, &c.

Let recreant cowards turn and flee,
We go for death and victory.
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the West in thunder tone,
Hurrah, &c.
"He is our best, our chosen one"
Hurrah, &c.

East, West, North, South,—united won
Their love for gallant Harrison.
Hurrah, &c.

For the Journal.

On Pride.

PRIDE may be considered one of the strongest passions or emotions of the human mind; but we more frequently see it united with ignorance, than with good sense. There is a portion of pride, necessary to the preservation of the human character, but, when it is carried to an extent beyond that medium, it becomes disgusting in the sight of modesty and humility, and never fails to render the possessor contemptible in the eyes of the chaste and uncorrupted. Adversity is necessary to the state of man, to prevent that redundancy of pompous pride or independence, and to reduce that plethora of the soul, by which he forgets the true source from whence his blessings flow—prosperity continued, soon wraps him up in his own conscious greatness; and he disdains the humble avocations of offering up thanks to that Being who has strewed his path with plentiful abundance, and given him the means by which he may be happy. What is man? is he a being of celestial origin, and are the destinies of time and eternity in his own hand? did he command creation to be framed from nothing, and did it obey? or did he say let there be light, and immediately light sprang up? did he snatch that flaming sphere—the sun—from the dark caverns of chaos, and hurl it with preponderous arm, to be fixed for ages in the vast wilderness of the Universe? I say, did he bid order and regularity to prevade the immensity of space? and did he form those immutable laws which every where exist, throughout the vast profound of nature's arcand? No, he did not; so far from having the sceptre in his own hands, he was formed after the great fabric of the Universe was framed. He has but one circumstance connected with his formation of which he may boast, which is, that he was made in the image of his great architect, the Sovereign of the Universe. Man is but a worm—He is superior to the different orders and genera which surround him, in point of intellectual reason, but like them he falls by the winter of age, by casualties, by disease, and by many other frailties incident to animal matter. He is seen no more on earth. Scarcely has he embarked on the tempestuous waves of time, before the current turns from the course which he was pursuing, and finally lands him with all his boasted greatness, on the unknown shore of an awful eternity.

From the moment he makes his entrance on the stage of action, he is gradually undergoing the process of decay, and hastening along, without perceiving his rapidity, to a final dissolution.

The particles of nature, or the atomic portions of animal matter, are continually changing, and the same flesh which covers his bones to-day, will, in the course of a small space of time, be entirely carried away by the astonishing process of nature; and be imperceptibly replaced by a new formation. Thus he is ever changing, until the final scene of life is closed—when he is given up a prey to the insects of the earth; and there to be transformed, and his semblance lost in the cloths of the valley.

How humiliating the thought; shall man then presume to be proud of that body which is destined to be the food of loathsome worms? surely not. He is but a traveller on this terraqueous ball, and already are the shades of evening beginning to gather round him, and the dark mantle of night will envelope the torch of day, upon which he is delighted to gaze! It is the night of death; soon will he cease to behold the dazzling forms of youth dance in festivity around him, and soon will he cease to hear the sweet melody of music, or the song of the warbler in the solitary grove—scenes which delight and scenes which inspire, will be shut out from his vision forever. Nor is it the hoary age alone which is doomed to this melancholy catastrophe. The tender flower of youth is often laid prostrate by the keen edged scythe of time, and consigned to the cold embrace of death. No age, sex or condition are exempt, but all

alike are buried in the dust. Let us approach the repository of the dead, and seek there for distinction. There is the tomb of the ambitious man, whose aspiring soul once plunged a nation in war, and whose name is written in human blood upon the tablet of remembrance, handed down to posterity. But behold here he lies in his own insignificance. Here is the grave of the proud man, who considered himself superior to his fellow mortals, and looked down with degrading contempt upon those who were equal by the ties of nature.

What is presented now? Let us wrench the firm portals which lock him from the sight, and search after the difference between him and the beggar at his side. Ah! what an appalling spectacle his remains present to the astonished sight. A ghastly skeleton is all that is left, and even that cannot be recognised to have belonged to so boastful a being. See, his bones are beginning to crumble into dust, and then, where will be the proof that he ever existed on the earth? None, none will then be found. He will have returned to his mother earth, and his pride all forgotten. The sporting school boy will pass by his grave regardless of his greatness, and cull the daisy that decks the plain. A short space is allotted to his relics in this solitary ground, and the same space is given to the pauper, who slumbers at his side. Miserable thought to the proud man, but alas! he dare not deny it. There in his sight, sleeps the skull which was once filled with as many utopian dreams as that which gazes with vacant stare upon it. Heart rending idea to the proud man, he there views that state to which his own frame must be subjected, which he now thinks is too good, almost, to tread the earth beneath him. Thus sleeps the great Alexander, and thus slumbers the immortal Caesar.—Their pride could not retrieve their fall, and their boasted superiority could not escape the yawning jaws of the grave. Death is no respecter of persons, but devours without remorse, his millions at a meal, and slays youth, beauty, pride and grandeur; nor casts a single glance on his indiscriminate choice. What rivers of living tears have swept their course from the eyes of relatives, for the loss of their dearest friends. Pride was carried away at the deluge, and its brother ambition, sunk at his side. There is not a single day swallowed up in the vortex of time, that does not carry with it to the vast labyrinth of eternity, the lives of thousands of the human family. Where is pride in this deathly famine; alas! it is destined to fill the famished maw of death.

The brilliant eye, the blooming cheek, and the blushing lips of beauty, are all destined to perish in the silent gloom of the grave. How strong is the admonition to improve the mind, and prepare it for the enjoyment of eternal felicity, instead of lavishing on the frail body of dust, the gaudy trappings of earthy vanity which vanish into nothing the moment that death lays his cold hand on the warm brow of beauty. Thus we see that pride is unbecoming such frail mortals, and when life comes to a conclusion, we are convinced of its vanity.

Let not the reader say that I give humility in words, and immorality in deeds, for his own reason will teach him that I write the truth, and that unpolluted by the golden gloss of fascinating fiction. Go, ask the grave—go, ask the slumberer wrapped in his cold damp shroud—go, ask the sleeping warrior, who once scattered nations, and at whose command empires trembled, and they will tell thee, as with a voice of thunder, the vanity and insignificance of all human pride.

P. C. B.

Williamsburg.

Jon was a patient man, though his temper was afflicted with divers ingenious torments. But there were no newspapers published in the land of Uz, and Jon was never called upon to perform the duties of an editor.

A TRUE STORY.

There lived some years ago, in the town of _____, in Connecticut, a man who was much addicted to the practice of converting his neighbor's property to his own use and benefit, without 'if' or 'and.' The clergyman of the town suspecting him of making too free with his hay, had one night concealed himself in his barn with a dark lantern. The thief soon appeared, and tying up a large bundle, had just left the premises, when the Reverend owner, instead of bawling out, 'You scoundrel! what do you mean by stealing my hay?' disengaged the candle from the lantern and dexterously applied it to the combustible load. The bundle was soon in a bright blaze, and the unlucky fellow, suspecting he was pursued by some person with a light, laid his feet to the ground with uncommon agility. But it was in vain to escape the pursuing fire. The blaze increasing brighter as he ran, seemed to his terrified imagination to come nearer, till venturing to look around, to discover the extent of his danger, he perceived to his astonishment, that his stolen hay was on fire. How it came so, puzzled him not a little. But the conscious guilt assisted his natural credulity, he settled down upon the conclusion that the fire was sent from heaven, to admonish him of his transgression. Full of this alarming notion, he gave himself no rest until he had gone to the parson, and made confession of his crime, and related the warning from heaven. The Reverend gentleman humored his credulity, under the idea that it might reform his life. He was not mistaken; for the blazing hay made so deep an impression on the fellow's mind, that from henceforth he forsook his evil course, became a valuable member of society, and was united to the flock of the judicious clergyman who had assisted so materially in his reformation. He finally died an honest man, in the firm belief of the interposition of providence in setting fire to the stolen hay. The parson kept the secret till the poor man was laid in the dust, but then even the clerical tongue could no longer resist the desire of communicating so serious an incident.

HOME.

What is home? a magic word—a sound that falls upon the ear like the strain of a lute as it is borne out on the evening air. What is home? Ask the mariner as he rocks upon the tossed deep. His time worn brow softens; and as he points to the dim line where the sea and cloud blend together he tells you 'There!' and that by the roaring reef and in the howling storm, he bethinketh himself of home; the beloved spot which lies not on the welcome lee; and sighs. Ask the classic youth who just free from his Alma Mater, roams over the wide spreading prairies, or climbs the mountains of the west, overlooking far reaching vales, and exhausted horizon after horizon; ask him if he thinks of home, and he will tell you that each returning evening speaks of it; and as he turns his eyes to the cloud, that tinged by the farewell rays of the departed sun hangs far in the east, and seems in imagination to sleep over the place of his birth, he is in an instant there. O sacred, breathing thought! The soul is lost in a sea of memory!—Dwelling, grove, and solemn forest are animated. Scene after scene, associations come rushing upon the mind, and in a moment his past life comes back upon him. Who forgets the parent's last look; the parting kiss—the loved one's tear? The splendid mansion, or lowly cottage—fertile plain, or barren rock; all are hallowed as we look back upon them through a vista of years. It may be that the footprints of decay are there; that the village church is crumbling, the walls of that dwelling sinking to ruin; but wherever the wild grass waves over the graves of our sires, there home is, there we began to live, there we love to linger.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following beautiful extract is from Gallagher's Hesperian, a monthly publication, issued in Cincinnati, Ohio:

'Young womanhood! the sweet moon on the horizon's verge, a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, yet not embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower—

'A flower which is not quite a flower, Yet is no more a bud.'

Upon this the Sunday News makes the following capital parody:

'Young womanhood! molasses touched with a little brimstone—spread on bread not buttered—a being all joints and angles not filled out—an unformed form, deformed by stays—a pallid thing that loves the ripening peach—a young woman—

'A woman which is not quite a woman, Yet something more nor a gel.'