

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. V, No. 26.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1840.

[Whole No. 234.]

## TERMS

**HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.**  
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, 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 as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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*The Huntingdon Journal.*

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## Important Discovery.

The public are hereby directed to the medical advertisements of Dr. HARLICH'S Celebrated COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS, which are a Medicine of great value to the afflicted, discovered by O. P. HARLICH, a celebrated physician at Aldorf, 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 treatment 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. HARLICH'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. Harlich'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. 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.

## 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 despondency, flatulency, spasms, nervous irritability, 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 Medicine.

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Sunnyside, Pa. is afflicted with the above disease, which he received for about 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 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 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 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. 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 dyspeptic 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 purging medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and syssmotic affections of the stomach and bowels; the most common of the latter causes are late hour, and the too frequent use of spirituous liquor.

## LIVER COMPLAINT.

Cured by the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Apertient 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 distension 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. (See 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 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. Harlich'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 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.

"THE LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER CANDIDATE."

TUNE—"AULD LANG SYNE."  
Should good old cider be despised,  
And ne'er regarded more?  
Should plain log cabins be despised,  
Our fathers built of yore?  
For the true old style, my boys!  
For the true old style!  
Let's take a mug of cider now  
For the true old style.

We've tried experiments enough  
Of fashions new and vain,  
And now we long to settle down  
To good old times again.  
For the good old ways, my boys!  
For the good old ways,  
Let's take a mug of cider now  
For the good old ways.

We've tried your purse proud lords,  
In palaces to shine;  
But we'll have a ploughman President  
Of the Cincinnatus line.  
For old North Bend, my boys!  
For old North Bend,  
We'll take a mug of cider yet  
For old North Bend.

We've tried 'the greatest and the best,'  
(Of him we've had enough,  
And he who 'in the footsteps treads'  
Is yet more sorry stuff.  
For the brave old Times, my boys!  
For the brave old Times,  
We'll take a mug of cider yet  
For the brave Old Times.

Then give a hand, my trusty boys!  
And here's a hand for you,  
And we'll quaff the good old cider yet  
For old Tippecanoe.  
For old Tippecanoe, my boys!  
For old Tippecanoe,  
We'll take a mug of cider yet  
For old Tippecanoe.

And surely I will give your vote,  
And surely I will too;  
And we'll clear the way to the White House  
For old Tippecanoe. [yet  
For Tip-pe-canoe, my boys!  
For Tip-pe-canoe,  
We'll take a mug of cider yet  
For Tip-pe-canoe.

## THE CONTRAST.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

It was a cold, stormy evening in December: the wind sighed mournfully, and the hail-stones rattled upon the pavements. The streets of the great city of London, the Babel of sights and sounds, were slippery and cheerless but not deserted; for by the light of innumerable lamps you might behold the merchant hurrying to his home after a day of toil, the clerk seeking some haunt of pleasure, the houseless mendicant and the deserted child wandering slowly by; and the gambler, the thief, the drunkard, each bent on his own errand, and pursuing his chosen course. Some drew their cloaks closer around and shivered at the piercing blast came by; some forgot the present gloom in anticipating the comfort and joy of home; and to others the storm without seemed not so wild as that within their bosoms.

In a splendid apartment of a proud mansion in Regent street, sat its noble owner and his lady wife. It was a large and lofty room; the walls exquisitely painted in the Italian style, representing many classic scenes, such as Venus rising from the sea, Andromeda bound to a rock, the marriage of Theseus and Ariadne, and Phaeton rashly striving to guide the flying coursers of the sun. These were surmounted by an arched roof of light fret work, and a cut-glass chandelier suspended from the centre, made the whole brilliant with light. The curtains and couches were of rose-colored silk; the carpet of Turkey's finest looms and richest dyes; silver candelabra, marble statues, and alabaster urns of curious workmanship, were dispersed around; and in an alcove was a collection of rare exotics which, though no fire was visible, bloomed bright in the summer heat. But a flower dealer and sweeter than them all now entered, the Lady Eva, the lovely daughter of that noble house. Though one of the fairest and most favored of England's maidens, pride and vanity had never made her heart their home. She was simply arrayed and without ornament, save a small chain of gold attached to some

treasure which was concealed beneath the bosom of her dress, and a string of pearls that confined her long flaxen tresses. She gracefully curtsied as she entered, and passing her father with a smile of affection, seated herself upon a velvet ottoman at her mother's feet.

"Sweet mother, must I be kept from the Opera to-night by the storm! all the fashionable world will be there unmindful of its violence, and I also would fain defy it to hear Signorina Garcia for the last time. I am sorrowful to think the unrivalled songstress is so soon to leave England for the Continent, and shall often sigh to listen again to her entrancing strains. Shall I go to-night? say me not nay, dear mother! but here is our cousin August to join in my petition."

"Yes, it was for that I came. My mother feared my aunt and uncle would be unwilling to attend, and knowing your passion for sweet sounds, she requests permission to be your chaperone. I am sent to attend your ladyship to her residence, and the carriage waits. Dear uncle, sweet aunt let us not be disappointed. Eva will suffer no inconvenience from the storm. Come Eva, don your robes of state! for your noble father and lady mother by silence give consent; but what reward shall I, a lowly knight, obtain for having successfully interceded in behalf of my liege-lady?"

"Has Lord August of the Isles become a humble suitor for my poor county? he shall be rewarded according to his deserts."

She stood near the alcove, and plucking a fresh leaf of geranium offered it to him with a blush and a smile. He kissed the fair hand from which he received it, and softly whispered "it is enough."

Eva hurried to her dressing room, and summoning her firewoman, was soon arrayed for the Opera, in a style befitting her rank.

They had not proceeded far, when in passing through a narrow street the carriage stopped, and they heard the coachman questioning a miserable looking child who stood upon the walk weeping bitterly. Eva let down the glass, and the light of a street lamp showed her pitying face to the poor child.

"Oh lady! help us I pray you! My mother is ill and my father is dying. We have no bread to eat and no fire to warm us. They have sent me forth for help, but I knew not where to go—the pavements are slippery, and I am very weak."

August and Eva hastily alighted, and taking the boy by the hand, he led them through a dark passage, and up a flight of tottering stairs, to the sole apartment occupied in a miserable ruinous dwelling. A solitary candle only made "darkness visible" when they first entered; but after becoming for a few moments accustomed to the faint light, their eyes took in at a glance the whole scene of wretchedness. The floor and walls of the room were of bare, rough boards, and the wind entered through the cracks in all directions. The windows were broken in many places, and had been mended by the inmates to the best of their ability, with bits of paper and worn out garments; but the hail beat in through the crevices, and every fresh gust of wind seemed likely to force them from the rattling and frail casements. The room contained one solitary table, on which no signs of food were visible, two or three broken stools for seats, and not a spark of fire was seen on the cheerless hearth-stone. On a low bed in one corner, with a scant and ragged covering, lay the wretched father, wasted by disease and famine to a very skeleton; and his difficult respiration and tearing cough told that the sorrow of life would soon be over. One child younger than the boy who had guided them thither, lay calmly sleeping on the foot of the bed, and the pale, watch worn mother sat by its side with a wailing infant upon her lap, vainly pleading for the nourishment which starvation had dried up in her breast.

"Oh August!" said Eva, the large drops gathering in her eyes as she looked around, "I did not dream there was such

misery in the wide world. What am I, that so much wealth should be lavished in adorning my person, while these poor creatures, who are perhaps more worthy, suffer for a morsel of bread? I cannot go till I see them relieved. Bid the coachman hasten home to bring food and blankets and medicine, and send a messenger for our own physician. I will tarry here till he returns."

She sat down on a low stool, and taking the boy, whose tears were hardly dry, upon her knee, she drew her velvet mantle around him, and bending her head to whisper comfort, the tip of her snowy plume rested on his shoulder, and her veil of Mechlin lace fell over, and shaded his sad young brow. The mother, who had not wept for herself, was melted to tears by the tenderness shown her child. She drew near them saying, "Look up lady! let me behold your face, for surely it must be the face of an angel. The distress you see here is not the punishment of vice or intemperance; it is the hand of God, and we must not rebel, for whom he loveth he chasteneth. We have seen brighter days. Our lot was humble, but we knew not want, and the smiles of affection and content were ours; but misfortune and disease have thus reduced us. A lingering consumption has long prevented my beloved husband from providing for the wants of his family—I have sought to earn a pittance, but with so many around me claiming my care, I toil to but little purpose. We have parted with every thing but the bed on which the sufferer rests, and nothing now remains to buy us bread. I cannot leave my husband, to seek relief, for fear he should die during my absence. I have trusted in God through all, till to day, when despair came nigh my heart; but I said, let us pray to our Father in faith; and he will give his angels charge concerning us, and surely, thou art no other than an angel sent from heaven in mortal guise."

A liveried servant now entered with fuel, and kindled a cheerful fire on the hearth, which soon diffused light and warmth around; and the coachman brought in blankets and provisions. The lady Eva spread the warm covering over the poor invalid with her own hands. She brought him a cordial with the finest wheat bread which seemed to revive him, and she thought he might recover; but when the physician came he shook his head in reply to her anxious inquiries, and Eva knew there was no hope. When every thing was provided for their comfort, she left them, with a promise to return on the morrow, and the assurances that all their wants should be supplied.

It was late when they reached home, and August thought he had never seen his cousin look so happy and beautiful, as when she bade him a kind "good night." She had forgotten the Opera with its attractions, the Garcia with her enchanting music; and her heart was glad and grateful, that instead of mingling with the fashionable world, she had that night been guided by Heaven to relieve the destitute. —*Universalist*.

**PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.**  
The river Soan, on the road leading from Calcutta, to Benares, is famed for its pebbles. In the rainy season, the stream is full three miles across, but during the remainder of the year, the greater portion of its bed is dry, and abounding in quicksands. It is believed by the credulous, that the "philosopher's stone" lies somewhere in the bed of the river; and the belief is founded on the following fact. In the days when Sasseeram and Rotus Ghur were flourishing places, a chief, (Shere Shah, I think) whilst his whole paraphernalia, crossed the Soan in progress for Bengal; and on arriving at the eastern bank, it was discovered that a chain attached to one of the elephants instead of being of iron, was composed of pure gold! The sages, on being summoned to account for such a phenomenon questioned the mahout, and on his declaring he had not put the chain on the animal's leg, unanimously declared, that a transmutation had taken place by the "Pa-

rus Puthur" having come in contact whilst the elephant was crossing. Such an opportunity for securing the long looked and long-wished for tailsman was not, of course, to be neglected. An order was instantly issued for each person in the camp to collect a heap of pebbles from the bed of the river. In this occupation partisans and plebeians eagerly joined, gold being the stimulus. The next process was for the people to arrange themselves, with their collections, along the water's edge, every one having a piece of iron, with which they were to touch each pebble. If the desired effect was not produced, the pebble was to be thrown into the water as useless—Away then to work they went, touching and throwing; and this scene continued for several days. At last, the folks grew tired and careless, and the operation of "touch-and-go" was carried on at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. Fortune is said to be blind, and unluckily she here stumbled on a poor grass cutter, who got hold of the desired object of search. His piece of iron no sooner came in contact with it, than the base metal was turned into gold! But he having been so accustomed to touch-and-throw movement, the real pebble shared the fate of its predecessors; into the water it went. The hue and cry was soon made, that the "Parus Puthur" was found, but like Pat's tea kettle at the bottom of the sea—it was not lost—the grass-cutter knew where it was, and that's all! The chief, on finding what had occurred, and vexed at his disappointment, had the unfortunate grass-cutter bound hand and foot and thrown into the river for his stupidity.—Many fruitless endeavors were made to fish up the cast-away article; but, as good luck seldom visits one twice in twenty four hours, it was never found again—there the "Parus" remains, and will for ever remain, unless the same grass-cutter who first discovered it finds it again! *Central free Press*.

## A FRENCHMAN'S EVIL GENIUS.

Oliver Bede was a Frenchman's evil genius. A little barber some time since, erected insignia of office in our neighborhood. It was our hero's landmark, and he forthwith ingratiated himself into the good graces of the unsuspecting professor, by patronizing him. One day, Monsieur, who could not read a word of English, requested him to write a notice that he might paste in his window, and thereby attract the attention of the bearded community. Oliver produced the following, which the unwary Frenchmen, with many thanks, pasted on the window glass: "Monsieur Mamelette, from Paris, spikes English; a barbarous shaver—cuts throats and shears noddles cheap. Deals in bear's grease—makes rose oil—dull razors—blockheads and other perfumers. Monsieur M. has arrived at the ne plus ultra of barbarism—and will take any one by the nose that chances to drop in and be chopped." For several days the ill-fated Mamelette marked with what intense curiosity the people crowded around his window laughed heartily and passed on. Mistakenly crept into his breast. He requested a boy to read it for him; and when the fact was known, mountains could not have concealed his indignation.

Oliver not being aware of the discovery entered the shop as usual. The Frenchman darted forward, and placing himself in a fencing attitude, while he brandished a keen edged razor, exclaimed—"I you have consult me, and I shall spit in your face. For vy you make one contradiction in my advertisement? I have arrived at no place dat you mention, Neplus ultra!—nor do I cut de troot of my customer! By heaven I shall have satisfaction! I shall be revenged—I will knock my fist into your eye—I will knock my foot on your back—Rascal!! scoundrel!! small dog!!!" This sudden default discomfited the wag not a little; but with his usual presence of mind, he placed himself in a stage attitude, and thus addressed the Frenchman, while he ejected the contents of a powder pug into the poor man's face.

'Avant and quit my sight! thy razor