THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS OF THE HUNTNGDO JOURNAL.

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Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

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☞ All communications must be addressed to the Editor, POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

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Important Discovery.

The public are hereby directed to the medical advertisements of Dr. H RLICH'S Celebrated COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and *GERMANAPERIENT 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 CERMAN APERIENT, and the COMPOUND STRENETHENING 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 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 CERMAN 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 ancles, pain increasing always towards eveing attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at one time notable 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.

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

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

SYMPTOMS.

Dyepepsia 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 prutrescent 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, chillness, sallowness of complexion, oppressing after eating, general langour 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 Sumneytown, Pa. entirely cured of the above disease, which he was afflicted with for six years. His spmptoms 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, acrid 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 DRR. 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 dyspetic constitutions; have gained the implicit confidence of the most eminent physicians, and unprecidented 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.

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 syasmodic 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 somptoms were, pain and weight in the left side, loss of appetite, vomiting, acrid 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 symtoms 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 Eight 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 trouble with vomiting. The tongue becomes rough and black, countenance changes to a pale or citron color or yellow, like those afflicted with judice—difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with dry caugh, 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 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 Eight street, Philadelphia.

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

POETRY.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

OLD TIPPECANOE.

Hurrah for the father of all the green West!
For the Buckeye who follows the plough!
The foeman in terror his valor confess'd,
And we'll honor the conqueror now.

His country assailed in the darkest of days,
To her rescue impatient he flew;
The war whoop's fell blast, and the rifles red blaze
But awaken'd Old Tippecanoe.

On Maumee's dark waters, along with brave Wayne
Green laurels he glean'd with his sword,
But when peace on the country came smiling again,
His steel to the scabbard restored.

But wise in the Council, as brave in the field
His country still asked for his aid;
And the birth of Young Empires his wisdom revealed,
The sage and the Statesman displayed.

But the red torch of war, the tomahawk's gleam,
To the battle again called the true;
And there were the stars and the stripes brightly stream,
Rushed the hero of Tippecanoe.

Now hark! from the far frozen wilds of the north,
What battle shouts burthen the gale?
The host of Old England ride gallantly forth
And the captive and conquered bewail.

His country recalls the bold Chieftain she loves,
The sword of "Old Tip" she reclaims;
And victory heralds wherever he moves,
The path of the Hero of Thames!

Hurrah for the *Hero* of Tippecanoe—
The Farmer who ploughs at North Bend!
A soldier so brave and a patriot so true,
Will find in each freeman a friend.

Hurrah for the Log Cabin Chief of our choice!
For the old Indian fighter hurrah!
Hurrah! and from mountain to valley the voice
Of the People re-echoes—hurrah!

Then come to the ballot box—boys come along,
He never lost a battle for you:
Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng,
And up with Old Tippecanoe.

WOMAN.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep into thy heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when it's bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks; ah! hear with caution their seducing words; guard well thine ear, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember that thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to sooth him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek

Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gandding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory, circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh Prudence, and Virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but Discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth them silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbor is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetend by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy were the man that fhould make her his wife; happy the child that should call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of the family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study—and elegance, with frugality, is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honor to her husband; and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth; the motion of her eye commandeth their ebedience,

She speaketh and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done; for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up, in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

Happy is the man that has made her his wife; and happy the child that calleth her mother.

A DECLARATION.

Jonathan Jenkins, in his Sunday's best, sat one evening twirling his hat, at the house of Mr. Twistleton. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and Mrs. Twistleton had judiciously retired to her apartment while Tibitha Twistleton sat up to hear what Jonathan Jenkins had to say, and rake up the fire after he had taken his leave.

Jonathan had been thinking over fine speeches, which he meant to utter when opportunity should be given by the withdrawal of the old folks. But when that opportunity came, the words would not come. The fine speech stuck in his throat, and he twirled his hat more industriously than ever. But Tibitha Twistleton had more presence of mind, and after enjoying his embarrassment for a while, she opened her mouth, and asked him what made him so dumb?

Upon that hint he spake. Any thing was better than nothing to break the ice; and that being now effected by the considerate remark of his charmer, he thus began:

"I say Tibitha——"

"Well, Jonathan."

"I've come here to-night——"

"I see you have."

"To inform you that—that—some how or nother——"

"Very likely, Jonathan."

"I don't know how it is——"

"Nor I."

"It's very queer any way, and I feel rather sheepish——"

"Bah!"

"Darn it! Tibitha, I love you! And now it's out."

"And you feel very much relieved, I dare say!"

"I do, I swow, feel shockingly relieved. I feel as if a fifty-six was off my stomach."

"Poor fellow! was your love so heavy?"

"I guess you'd think so, if you knew the weight on't. It pressed me down like a nightmare."

"Well, Jonathan, I'm glad to hear of your fortunate deliverance. But it's growing late, and mother told me to cover up the fire."

"Oh, don't think of the fire now, just as I've broke the ice. I've a world of fine things to say to you."

"What are they?"

"I havn't told you half my love yet."

"Oh, I thought you'd had it all out."

"I love you like pizen, I do indeed, Tibitha."

"That love must be fatal."

"It will be fatal to me if you don't marry me."

"Fudge! Jonathan, don't be a fool.—Go home, and let me cover the fire—that's a good fellow."

"Won't you have me, then?"

"I can tell you better, Jonathan, when you come to be a man."

"Aint I a man now, Miss Tibitha, I'd like to know?" said Jonathan, rising with spirit, and putting his hat on his head. "If I aint a man now and a whole hog one, too, I think it darn'd strange."

"As to the hog part there's no dispute about it," said Tibitha, covering up the last brand in the ashes.

"Well, if that's the way you treat me, Tib, you may go to grass, and get a husband where you can, for what I care."

"Thank you, Jonathan. Now go home like a good boy, and tell your ma not to let you stray out at nights. You may get lost."

Jonathan pressed his hat on his head harder than ever, and telling Tib, as he called her, that she might go to the d—l for all him, he left the house—giving one proof at least, that a man may be endowed with a tongue, and yet not be able to use it so as to win a woman withal.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

The Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance. A board of "School Commissioners," who encumber a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for "a well disposed, moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey." After a fortnight of this advertising had been elaborated, a raw boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod protection,* alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the Committee aforesaid:

"Well sir," said the Chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," answered Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again rounding off the end of the stick with his knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin,' said the chairman.

"Quambo hic squashicum, et punkinitum lingum," said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ish dat Latin? Who's te author?"

"Josephus," said Slick, "he says in his life of Governor Hancock, 'Sic transit glorabus Monday morning—Hancockibus quad erat demonstrandum.'"

"Dat's goot!" exclaimed the Dutchman rubbing his hands, "tere never vas petter Latins!"

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the Deestrict of Columby."

"What State is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western point of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us know how far you studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends on the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it to be good corn land?"

"Why, then it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess you mought as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?"

"Five."

"Then according to Euclid, it would be 742 feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent! Pray, sir, where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the Bay State; and I can do 'most any thing."

"No doubt, but there is one thing you cannot do; you cannot humbug us. You can go."

Now, we insist that the Committee were bound to employ this specimen, since he answered to every requisite of the advertisement. No part of the dialogue proves that he was immoral or ill-disposed, chewed tobacco or drank whiskey; for the wise Committee never tho't of examining him upon their own requisites. He could certainly teach *dead* languages, for the specimens which he gave, never having lived any where, must be as dead as a door nail.

The most amusing part of the story is, that after a fortnight's advertising in the newspapers, the Committee could not find a single native of Maryland, who was *moral* or *well disposed,* who could teach *dead* languages, or who *abstained* from *tobacco* and *whiskey.* A gloomy picture is this of the *state* of education and morals in the *State* of Maryland! It ought to be called the State of Reprobation!!

Real men and women never sneer at Mechanics and operatives! But self styled gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently do. We have heard of a lady who once left a ball room because a mechanic entered. She married a basket maker and died a wash woman. And of a gentleman who did the same thing, and not long afterwards was compelled to go to a mechanic to save himself from jail. Labor not only redounds to wealth but is merit.

"MIND HOW YOU TREAD?"—Take from us our dearest joys—throw blight upon our fairest hopes—plunge us in calamity—and to the very brim fill up the bitter cup of sorrow—but, Oh, all ye holy angels! guard us in a crowd, that no savage foot may *tread upon our corns!*—*Pic.*

RELIGION AND PHYSIC.—Lorenzo Dow was a compounder of medicine, as well as a stirrer-up of the devout. We once heard him wind up thus, without a moment's pause or the least alteration of voice, in passing from religion to physic:——"And thine, O Lord shall be the glory and hosannas and dominion for ever and ever Amen, my pills O beloved brethren, are for sale at Mr. Worthington's apothecary shop price 25 cents a box—certain cure for colic!"—*Signal*

Matches, wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire. It is possible that the fire will dissolve the ice, but it is most probable that it will be extinguished in the attempt.—*Bacon.*

There are some men who are fortune's favourites, and who, like cats, light forever on their legs; *didappers,* whom if you had stripped naked and thrown over West minster bridge, you might meet on the very next day, with bag-wigs on their heads, swords by their sides, laced coats upon their backs, and money in their pockets.—*ib.*

If hypocrites go to *hell,* by the road to *heaven,* we may carry on the metaphor, and add, that as all the virtues demand, their respective tolls, the hypocrite has a by-way to avoid them, and to get into the main road again. And all would be well if he could escape the last turnpike in the journey of life, where all must pay, where there is no by path, and where the toll is death.—*ib.*

Marrage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.