

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. V, No. 29.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1840.

[WHOLE No. 237.]

TERMS

OF THE
HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be rewarded 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.

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.

AGENTS.

The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, *Orbitonia*; David Blair, Esq. *Shade Gap*; Benjamin Lease, *Shirleysburg*; Eliel Smith, Esq. *Chilcoatstown*; Jas. Entiken, Jr. *Coffee Run*; Hugh Madden, Esq. *Springfield*; Dr. S. S. Dewey, *Birmingham*; James Morrow, *Union Furnace*; John Siler, *Warrior Mark*; James Davis, Esq. *West township*; D. H. Moore, Esq. *Frankstown*; Eph. Galbreath, Esq. *Highdaysburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Aaron Burns, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, Esq. *Morris township*; Solomon Hamer, *Neff's Mill*; James Dysart, *Mouth Spruce Creek*; Wm. Murray, Esq. *Graysville*; John Crum, *Manor Hill*; Jas. E. Stewart, *Sinking Valley*; L. C. Kessler, *Mill Creek*.

Important Discovery.

The public are hereby directed to the medical advertisements of Dr. H. 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 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 COMPOUND 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. They are used 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 proceeded so; 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.



POETRY.

From the Southern Literary News-Letter.
SPRING.

The blessed Spring—the blooming Spring—its flowers around me rise;
I breathe once more its balmy air, I hail its azure skies.
A beauty and a glory around my path way cast;
Sweet Spring—it is a weary time since I looked upon thee last!

O tell me, truant wand'rer, in what fair southern clime
Hast thou lingered thus unmindful of the rapid march of time?
Unmindful, tho' the summer heat and the wintry frost and snow
Have withered all thy loveliness, and laid thy glory low?

Now all things hail thy coming, Spring; again the skies are bright,
The earth is clad in emerald, the streamlet laughs in light,
The river hath a merry voice, and the wood-land echoes wake
A thousand mingled melodies, sweet Spring: for thy sweet sake.

And dost thou mark no change, fair Spring, through all thy green domains?
As proudly rise the mighty hills, as widely spread the plains;
The trees stand up as loftily—their branches wave as free,
And wear as rich a foliage as when last they welcomed thee.

And all along the river side, and thro' the green wood glade,
In forest-land and meadow-land, in sunshine or in shade,
The sweet wild flowers spring up in bloom, the barren wastes rejoice,
And the desert blossoms as the rose at thy reviving voice.

Thou'rt welcome unto hall and hearth, to grove and garden bower,
Thou'rt welcome to the mountain stream, and to the meadow flower;
But there are who never more may feel thy vivifying breath—
There's no welcoming for thee in the silent halls of death!

Since last thy step went by, bright heads have to the dust gone down,
And brows that wore the myrtle then, now wear the cypress crown;
And cheeks, might then have shamed the rose, are pale as marble now,
And dust, cold noisome dust, is strown o'er many a fair young brow.

Thou wakest the streams, the birds, the flowers—O bright rejoicing Spring!
Thou bear'st back beauty, health and hope upon thy gentle wing!
Hast thou no spell where with to unlock the chambers of the tomb?
No voice to penetrate the grave, no light to pierce its gloom?

They come not back—the buried dead—theo' all beside return,
They for whose look and tones of love our sad hearts vainly yearn.
O, Spring the awakener! shall the flowers the streams obey thy spell,
And dust forever shroud the forms, beloved by us so well?

A better land, a brighter land in other climes there lies,
Beyond the earth—beyond the sun—beyond the changing skies.
It needs no spring-time to re-clothe its amaranthine bowers,
It needs no sunshine to revive the never-fading flowers.

And there the lost, the loved on earth, shall wake to life once more;
O Spring, when all thy glory and thy triumph shall be o'er,
A mightier power than thine the flowers of every clime shall bring,
To bloom in those celestial bowers, thro' an everlasting Spring!

VIOLA.

Remarks of Mr. Hurd.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—

I feel highly honored by this call upon me from so respectable a number of my fellow-citizens; but I assure you, gentlemen, I am not so vain, as not to feel a consciousness of my inability to do justice to the great and important subject which is now agitating the country, or to fulfill the expectations which your flattering invitation would seem naturally to imply.

You will hardly expect from me a political argument on this occasion: as well might a man whose head was in the lion's mouth, stop to speculate upon the qualities and disposition of the animal, in order to ascertain precisely how long it could remain there in safety. The time for argument is passed; the time for action is

come. Too long have the people of this Republic witnessed the arguments justifying their present movements, in the distressed condition of the country; in the general prostration of all kinds of business; in the crippled state of her commerce and manufactures; the derangement of the currency; the corruptions of the Administration; the abridgement of their liberties; a bankrupt treasury, and the paralyzed energies of an insulted and almost ruined people. These are not the images of fancy—not the creatures of the imagination—they are the arguments which lie within the compass of our natural vision; they are tangible to the senses; we have seen them, and to our sorrow, we have felt them.

We are all sufficiently acquainted with the disease, and wish only to consult upon the remedy, and the mode of its application.

Begging pardon, however, for a departure from what may seem the more appropriate subject of the present meeting, I propose to notice a few of the leading features in the present and preceding Administrations.

Twelve years ago and the leaders of the Administration party, promised that if they were elevated to power, they would reduce the patronage of the executive.

They promised that they would appoint no members of Congress to office.

They promised that there should be no removals from office for mere opinion's sake, nor without giving reasons therefor.

They promised to take the public printing from the influence of the executive, and place it elsewhere.

They promised that the sessions of Congress should be considerably shortened.

They promised to regulate the exchanges, and give us a specie currency.

They promised that they would abolish a number of offices in several of the departments.

They promised that they would also reduce the number of clerks in those departments.

They promised that they would greatly lessen the contingent expenses of Congress.

In short, they promised a reduction in all the various public expenditures of the country.

They have fulfilled all these promises by the rule of "Reduction Ascending," thus: They have reduced the patronage of the executive by increasing it to an almost indefinite extent, and are now upon the very point of giving him entire control of the public treasure.

They have religiously performed their promise not to appoint members of Congress to office, by appointing more in four years than had ever been done during the previous history of the government.

They have faithfully observed their promise not to remove any from office for mere opinion's sake, nor without giving reasons therefor, by removing, during the first half of the period they have been in power, 1500 post masters without giving any reasons whatever, and even denying the right of inquiry into the matter.

They have taken the public printing from the influence of the executive, by increasing the number of presses under his control from 80 to more than 100.

They have greatly shortened the sessions of Congress, by making them considerably longer than they ever were before.

They have given us a currency of gold and silver, in the shape of shimplasters, refined from old rags.

They have abolished many of the offices in several of the departments, by subdividing old ones, and creating a batch of new ones never before known to the government, for the purpose of accommodating relatives and favorites.

They have reduced the number of clerks in the several departments from about 50 up to something over 160.

They have reduced the contingent expenses of both Houses of Congress, in the ratio of from 80,000 up to more than 110,000.

In short, such has been their strict and rigid economy, and the unyielding tenaci-

ty with which they have stuck to their promises of retrenchment, that they have nobly succeeded in reducing the whole expenditures of government, from the enormous sum of \$12,000,000, up to the trifling amount of over \$30,000,000 a year.

They have also continued this work of reduction by adding to the small amount which they denied the State department had a right to expend to purchase a print of our beloved Washington, sufficient to purchase prints of the Hero of New Orleans, and of the immortal Martin, which now hang in almost every room in the several departments, to the exclusion of that of such a stupid, worthless old fellow as George Washington!

Whenever I hear a stickler for the administration, advocating or defending some of its measures, I am forcibly reminded of the story of the Cordibands and the Abipones of South America, who once had a quarrel, when the latter proving too strong for their neighbors pursued them across a plain, filled with holes which the wild bulls of the country had made, by tearing up the ground with their horns. It was sometimes impossible to tell their precise location or capacity, from their being frequently covered with water. Such was the blind and stupid devotion of the Cordobands to their leader, that if he chanced to step into one of these holes, all his devotees followed in turn. The story of the rats that got into Jabez Doolittle's patent trap, seems also peculiarly illustrative of the present position of many of 'the party.'

Jabez invented a rat trap which consisted of an oblong wire box divided into two compartments; a rat entered one where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched, than the door at which he entered, fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel shaped hole, into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire which instantly reset the trap, and thus, rat after rat "followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full.

I should not be surprised if the rats about the "White House" at Washington who have been so long nibbling at the National bait, should find themselves in the same sorry predicament before the close of another year. If they don't find Jabez Doolittle after them, I mistake the signs of the times.

Seriously, I think it should be recorded as among the greatest wonders of the present age, that so many honest, well-informed and reflecting men, as are certainly to be found in the ranks of the administration, will still advocate the destructive measures of our present rulers, stick as with a death-grasp, to the men whose corrupt policy has brought so much ruin and distress upon their country; and minion-like, obsequiously, kiss the hand uplifted to strike the fatal blow at their dearest interests.

And what seems still more surprising, is the fact that they will not admit there is any distress in the country. Their mighty champion at the seat of government has said it, and, like the order of the commanding general, which runs from monster to monster along the whole line, they echo it from the one end of the land to the other.

Although, but a few short years ago when the present dominant party came into power, our treasury was overflowing our National credit unsbakes, both at home and abroad, our currency, the best the world ever saw, our commerce and manufactures in the most flourishing condition, our mechanics found plenty of employment and plenty of pay, our farmers found a ready market and good prices for the products of their toil, the whole country was full of life, and animation, and prosperity, and the machinery of the government might be, almost, said to move with the regularity and harmony of the stars that glitter above us; and although now, our treasury is empty, the government bankrupt, its credit gone, the currency tinkered to destruction, our commerce crippled, our factories closed, our mechanics out of employment, our farmers without a market for their crops, the right arm of all business paralyzed,

the whole land is covered with depression and gloom, and mourning, the wheels of government clogged and the machinery deranged and disordered; yet they can see no difference, only, that times are much better now than they were under former administrations; and when reminded of the true state of the country at the present time, like the man, who, in the time of the flood, sought the highest mountain-peak, and with the water up to his very chin, looked up to the clouds quite composedly, and thought there was not much prospect of a shower, so the loco focus, while up to their ears in ruin and distress, very complacently reply that there is no pressure in the country, which any honest man ought to regret—no prospect of a shower.

I have, however, in my eye one exception which deserves to be duly noticed.

In conversing with a rather candid loco focus a few evenings since, to my great surprise, he did acknowledge that there might be some little distress in the country, growing out of certain measures of the Administration; but it would have amused you to see how adroitly he got over it all, without impugning the motives or acknowledging the imbecility of its authors. It is true, he said, the country is in a very distressed situation at the present time, but it is only temporary. The wound must be probed in order to be healed, and will sometimes require a little cutting of the new flesh, you know—the very depression under which we are now suffering, will have the most salutary effect upon the further prosperity of the country, and is necessarily incident to the accomplishment of great national plans which, if carried into effect, will work wonders for the benefit of the people.

It reminds me of the story of the jugglers. Some few years ago, several jugglers skilled in what they called the "black art," stopped at a village in the state of Maine, and fitted up a room for the exhibition of their tricks. The whole village and the neighborhood round about assembled to witness the astonishing feats. Soon after the performances commenced, down went the floor, and with it, men, women, boys, girls and all tumbled in a heap into the cellar. An old gentleman among them, who had implicit faith in the skill of the black performers, while the women and children were screaming and crying, exhorted them in an under tone to be quiet. "Lie still, lie still," said he, "this only a part of the play—they'll raise us all up again in a minute."

But the whole people are uniting in applying the proper remedy for the evils to which I have alluded. The turning of every ballot-box in the country, speaks as with an angel-trump, "A Star a Star has arisen in the West, which foretells the day of our deliverance from tyranny and oppression. The people of these United States are moving as one man, to the salvation of the Republic; and of which we have so noble and striking a proof in the late Convention at Baltimore, where like the cross handed position of four in a dance, the East and the West, the North and the South, came together, crossed hands, each looked the other in the face, smiled, and bid him God-speed in the cause of their common country. You have seen better and far more interesting accounts of the doings of that vast body of the bone and sinew of the country, than I am able to give you on this occasion. I can only say, generally, that the mighty mass of human beings who could be counted only by acres, had come there for one purpose, were moved by one impulse, were prompted by one spirit—the spirit of liberty—it was that spirit alone that prevailed the great occasion, and directed all its movements.

It lighted up the features of youth—it deepened the glow upon the cheek of manhood, as the shout went up from the vast multitude; it beamed from the eye of the veteran of '76, as he leant upon his staff by the way-side; it fluttered with the waving of handkerchiefs; it played in the approving smiles of beauty and loveliness. We went up from every point of the compass, and from the farthest verge of

the Union, to pay homage to virtue—to acknowledge gratitude to our benefactors, and to renew in concert, our determination to burst the shackles that so long have bound us. We felt that we were the sons of those brave and devoted men, who, but a few short years ago, left their bones to bleach on Bunker Hill, and upon the fields of Concord and Lexington, as the purchase-price of the freedom we enjoy, the country in which we live—that we had witnessed attempts in high places to wrest from us this glorious heritage.—With our bosoms swelling with the love of country, and our hearts on fire, we went up to the rescue, and with the blessing of God and our own right arm, we will defend that birth-right to the last hour of our existence; as a duty we owe, not only to ourselves, but to the memory of our fathers and the welfare of our children.

Fellow citizens, we are contending not for men, but for principles—principles of the Revolution—principles which were inculcated by the framers of our glorious constitution, and at the point of the bayonet, promulgated by the Heroes of the Revolution—principles which urged them on through so much blood shed, and so many toils and dangers; which prompted them to face all the horrors of war, and to endure all the fatigues of the camp, that they might leave their children a heritage, and their country a name, among the nations of the earth—principles which brought to the cabinet a Franklin, and to the field a Washington.

Our opponents, however, contend that we are striving not for principles, but the spoils of office. We deny this; but allow it to be true, it would be no more than fair play! I see no good reason why we should not have a bite at the national loaf even in twelve years. We should only, even in that case, be claiming what the honest Hibernian claimed for his ducks—*aquil futting*. A gentleman living a few years since on one of the islands in the vicinity of Boston, kept great numbers of fowl for the Boston market. His servant man, whose business it was to take care of them, was in the habit of feeding all the different kinds together, with corn upon the cob; when one day, observing that the ducks, from the width of their bills, were unable to get off the corn with as much dexterity as their sharp-billed neighbors, Pat caught them, and, taking out his jack-knife, very complacently commenced sharpening their bills, crying out at the same time, "*aquil futting—aquil futting*, in this country."

Now this is all we claim. The truth is that we have been *duck-billed* for the last twelve years. Our sharp billed opponents have picked off all the corn, and left us to dub away at the cob.

But gentlemen I have detained you too long; in conclusion let me say that our work is not yet done. Let us not slacken our efforts to "redeem the Republic;" let us not rest supinely upon our arms, but march boldly on to the great contest, and upon it, victory will soon perch upon our standard. I say, depend upon it, that if we do our duty, our whole duty and nothing but our duty, as friends to our common country, as good citizens and good Whigs, as sure as there is a Divinity which shapes our ends, before the close of 1841, of the whole ancient and ponderous fabric of Locofocoism, there shall not be left one stone upon another.

A FARMER OUTWITTED.

The following anecdote is related of the late Mr. Cilley, Member of Congress from Maine, who, it will be recollected, fell in a duel with Graves of Kentucky.

While Mr. Cilley was practicing law at Thomaston, he kept a dog of most voracious appetite, and withal notoriously mischievous. A farmer coming along one day with his load of fresh meat for market, stopped his wagon near Mr. C's office. The dog was on the look out and no sooner was the farmer's back turned than he seized a fine piece of mutton and made off at the top of his speed. The farmer returned just in time to catch a glimpse of his meat as it disappeared in the distance. Pursuit was useless, and having learned to whom the dog belonged, he directed his steps to Mr. Cilley's office,