

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. V, No. 30.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1840.

[Whole No. 238.]

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 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.

AGENTS.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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Important Discovery.

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

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

Ask for Dr. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS.

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

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

RHEUMATISM.

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

Mr. Solomon Wilson, of Chester co. Pa., afflicted for two years with the above distressing disease, of which he had to use his crutches for 18 months, his symptoms were excruciating pain in all his joints, especially in his hip, Shoulders and ankles, pain increasing all ways towards evening attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at a 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.

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

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

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!

More proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Harlich'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, 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.

SYMPTOMS.

Dyspepsia may be described from a want of appetite or an unnatural and voracious one, 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.

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 spasmodic 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 Aperient Pill 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, acrid eructations, a distension of the stomach, sick headache, furred tongue, countenance changing 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.

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 sallow color, yellow, like those afflicted with jaundice—difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with dry cough, difficulty of laying on the left side—the body becomes weak, and finally the disease terminates into another of a more serious nature, which in all probability is far beyond the power of human skill. Dr. Harlich's compound tonic strengthening and German aperient pills, 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. 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 Eighth street, Philadelphia.

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

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 better adapted to the completion of this than Dr. O. P. HARLICH'S GERMAN APERIENT PILLS. To improve the functions of the debilitated organs and invigorate the system generally, no medicine has ever been so prominently efficacious as Dr. Harlich's Compound Tonic Strengthening Pills, whose salutary influence in restoring the digestive organs to a healthy action, and re-establishing the system, has been proved by the confidence of the most eminent physicians, and unprejudiced 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.



POETRY.

From the Cincinnati Republican, SYLVAN POLITICS.

The Hickory tree is fading fast
Into the yellow leaf;
Its days of power and pride are past;
Tho' once of trees the chief.

And all the trees on hill and dale,
Tho' all the country round,
Were grieved that such a goodly tree
Should totter to the ground.

Then loud broke forth the sylvan cry,
Who now shall be our chief?
And branches shook, both low and high,
And quivered every leaf.

Then many trees preferred their claim,
And for the honor strove,
Trees, tall and fair, of mighty name,
The pride of all the grove.

The Massachusetts Oak displayed,
His noble head on high;
While through his mighty branches play'd
The breeze of Liberty.

The WHITE-wood cast his graceful shade
O'er blooming Tennessee;
Its fragrance gladdened many a glade—
It was a gallant tree.

But hie! the Hickory's self will speak,
Let every tree be dumb,
Let no leaf stir, or dry bough creak,
When forth his accents come!

It is my will, the Hickory said,
Throughout this mighty realm,
That every tree should bow his head,
Unto the Slippery Elm.

And next to him in rank shall stand,
Obsequious at his back,
A sapling from the Western land,
My favorite sprig, Black Jack.

They've stood by me in many a blow,
Shall I desert them now?
I swear "by the Eternal no!
Let all the forest bow!

From thousand hills, and thousand vales,
Deep voices swelled around,
As when the distant storm prevails,
Or heaven's deep thunders sound.

Hie! Hickory hold, this ne'er can be—
Bow to the Slippery elm!
Ere we will bow to such a tree,
May whirlwinds overwhelm.

In splintered wreck, each goodly trunk,
And crush the forest pride;
Better, far better had we sunk,
Beneath the tempest's tide.

No, while our branches revel free,
In the pure air of heaven,
Never shall our allegiance be
To creeping meanness given.

Thou, Hickory, wert in danger's hour,
A useful tree and brave,
And bravely didst thou sink thy roots
Deep in the lion's grave.

But what has he, thy minion, done,
To claim a lofty meed?
We know no noble act of his,
No patriotic deed.

For well we know that round thy stem,
His vine like boughs he would,
And craving to thy slightest whim,
Low bent him to the ground.

His servile soul we deeply scorn,
Away with him, away,
His yoke by us shall ne'er be borne,
Nor will we bear his sway.

No, let him in some dark ravine,
List to the reptile's voice,
Where the noon's clear blaze is never seen
THE BUCKEYE IS OUR CHOICE.

We'll have the Buckeye, as we can,
For him we give our voice,
He is a good, an honest man,
And is the People's choice!

DIALOGUE.

DEMOCRAT.—Why did you not nominate a Vice President?
LOCO.—Because we are strong enough to elect one without.

DEM.—Why then did you nominate a President?
LOCO.—Because—
DEM.—But really, why did you not nominate a Vice President?
LOCO.—Why really, we prefer leaving an unbiased choice to the People.

DEM.—Why then did you nominate a President?
LOCO.—Why—really—because—
Exit Loco.

My First Love.

BY H. J. VERNON.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!

Highland Mary.

'Will you go with me, Laura, down by the brook?' said I, as the merry-hearted girl came in, singing gaily, after watering her flowers, looking doubly beautiful from her exercise.

'Go—oh! yes?
'But you'll put on your bonnet, surely.'
'What, that hateful one, with the very, very large cape—I thought you didn't like it.'

'Pshaw! Laura—only put it on—the sun is still an hour high.'

'Well, then, since I must—and tripping gaily in, she re-appeared directly with the huge bonnet overshadowing her face, and covering with its enormous cape her snowy shoulders. In another instant she was bounding like a fairy over the grassy knoll.

Laura was just seventeen, with raven curls, a dark hazel eye, and a form of exquisite symmetry. She was the only child of my guardian, and we had spent our childhood together. Even then I had a boyish fancy for her—climbing the trees to pluck her fruits or nuts, making rail-bridges for her across the little streams in our walks, and gathering the sweet flowers to bring her, when she happened one spring to be ill for a fortnight. But with my removal to school, new feelings arose: accident had prevented our meeting for years; and I came at last to look back upon that period as on a happy, but half-remembered dream. But this summer after graduating, I met her again; and we had not been together a week before all my old sentiments returned. But it was no longer a boyish fancy; it was the deep, ardent passion of first love—that holy feeling, which visits us but once, and which amid the we and misery of the world seems like a sunbeam from the best. Alas! that we never love again as we did in the holiness of our first affection. The passion is here, but its purity is gone.

I found Laura impassible to read. To me she was all frankness; yet did not this prove that she thought of me only as a brother? But I remember that she always lived a secluded life, and that she freely confided all her little secrets to me. She was sometimes so tauntingly merry at my expense that I would vow she loved me not. But then she did a hundred things which could have been done only to please me. That very bonnet had been almost discarded, because one day I laughed at its enormous cape. She read my books, patted my dog, and I half suspected her of filling the vase in my bed-room with flowers every morning. It was delicious! But I would have given worlds had she been more reserved.

If she used to be merry at my expense, I took my revenge by calling her jocularly a country girl. She was too affectionate to get angry, but she only half liked it. But though I plagued her about her rural education, it was in reality her sweetest charm. She had never been contaminated by the society of cities, and like the lily of her own valley, was purity itself. Her very voice, carolling a song as she tended her flowers, gushed forth with a music to my fancy almost divine. She was the idol of my heart; the theme of daily reveries and nightly dreams. I still turn to that summer of my young existence, like the traveller to the cool fountain sparkling in the desert.

'Let us go over the upper bridge,' said she, pausing at the top of the knoll, and flinging her dark curls back from her forehead, as she looked up to the cliff from which the airy structure sprang.

'What!—is it ever used?' said I, in some surprise; for the frail planks rocked at a dizzy height above us—I had no idea it was safe.

'Hadn't you? then I'll prove it—that is,' said she, smiling archly, 'if you're not afraid to follow a wild country girl.'

'Pshaw! Laura.'
'Well—come.'
'Stop, Laura.'
'Oh! indeed it's safe, but if you're really afraid, I'll come back,' for she was already high on the cliff above, her white dress fluttering, and her ringlets waving in the breeze.

'Afraid!—only of yourself,' and I sprang up the ascent after the laughing girl. She waited till I came up, and then for an instant stood pointing out the scenery.

'You've been here for a month, I declare, and never was on this rock before I really believe,' she continued, looking archly at me, 'you were half afraid to attempt the ascent. But we country girls don't mind it. Look here, though, at Chester Hill, rising dark and gloomy on the horizon, and away there, like a distant cloud, are the blue hills of your own State. Now that is our house, almost at

our feet; see I can throw this stone upon the roof—and there is the lake, and the mill dam, and yonder is Newport, and down, down there, and she led me gaily to the edge of the ravine, 'is the little streamlet murmuring and babbling along. See, the bridge is swinging in the wind. And now, valiant knight, cross with me,' and springing laughingly away, for I had made an attempt to grasp her arm, she was the next minute rocking on the frail structure, a hundred feet and more from the streamlet.

'Take care—take care,' she laughed tantalizingly as I followed, 'it may not bear you—or your foot may slip—it's not two feet across, do, do go back now!' and the high-spirited girl stood perfectly secure, upon a height that almost made me dizzy. But I answered her gaily, and was soon by her side.

'And now I'll take you to the brook by my path—you're not afraid, are you?' and breaking from me again in the exuberant gaiety of a young and happy heart, she began to descend one of those steep paths which may be found on the side of almost every ravine, now springing lightly over some narrow chasm, and then swinging herself boldly around the corner of the rock by the roots that grew in the clefts. I followed with some difficulty, amazed at her skill and coolness, and trembling lest a false step should precipitate her down the giddy steep—while every moment or two she would pause for me to overtake her, laughing merrily at my fears for her safety.

When we reached the foot of the cliff she flung herself panting upon the sod, gaily motioning me to a seat upon the turf beside her. With her eyes sparkling, her cheek flushed with exercise, and her snowy bosom heaving under her bodice, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful before, and when carelessly throwing off her bonnet, she permitted the breeze to curl ton over her cheek, tossing the dark curls from her forehead, I almost fancied I looked upon some mountain nymph, such as the old Greek poets loved to sing of. The spot, too, we were favored in the notion; for the dark cliff overhung it on all sides, and the glassy stream lay like a mirror at our feet. To complete the magic of the scene, the rays of the setting sun, glimmering through the leaves down the ravine, flooded the spot with a mellow, golden, subdued, almost dreamy light.

'This is my *haidoir*,' said Laura gaily, 'and you must think it quite a compliment to be admitted here. Isn't it beautiful?'

'It is—but, Laura, do you always approach it by that dizzy path?'

'Oh! no, only when I wish to give it *celat*, and then, you know, it appears the prettier just in proportion to its difficulty of access. But, I declare, I never thought you'd look half so frightened,' continued she, laughing. 'I shall not venture to take you back that way—we must cross the brook below us, 'over the water and over the sea,'—and she finished her sentence by humming that delightful old Jacobite air.

'Are you serious?'

'Serious!—to be sure, Mr. Impertinence.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'Laura, I will go back the way we came.'

'Oh! no—you must not think of it, it's really, positively dangerous to ascend—besides, I wish to show you my path across the streamlet.'

'If it's dangerous to ascend I am decided.'

'And yonder,' I continued, pointing to a steep, and apparently impracticable gully up the perpendicular side of the ravine, 'is a more difficult road still—wait here till I come back, and then you shall show me your path.'

'Oh! no—indeed you shall do no such thing—and she laid her hand artlessly upon my arm.

'But, Laura, recollect you said you were serious.'

'No—no, it was only jest,' said she, eagerly, looking into my very soul with her melting eyes.

'But only for a minute or two—you've dared me to the trial—there is no danger, and I would have gently removed her arm as I made a step or two toward the ascent.

'Indeed, indeed I was only in jest—you'll fall, indeed you will—take, at least, the path we came—now Harry don't go,' said she, with that low, thrilling entreaty, and that imploring look which makes every nerve tingle.

'Why don't you wish me to go, Laura?' I whispered softly.

'Because I am afraid,' she scarcely murmured.

'Why are you afraid of me, Laura?'

'Because—because—' and dropping her eyes to the ground, beneath my gaze, while the crimson tide rushed down her bosom, and dyed even the fingers that lay on my arm, she was at once unaccountably silent. My heart beat with wild emotion.

'Say, Laura,' I whispered, as my arm

stole around her delicate waist, "would you weep for me if any thing should happen?"

'I could see her light form trembling as I proceeded but she made no reply. There was a moment's silence and then came a deep, long-drawn sigh.

'And—Laura! will you love me too?'

Her bosom heaved wildly, and she breathed quick; but she neither answered nor raised her eyes from the ground. She was picking flowers to pieces. I ventured to draw her to my bosom as I whispered.

'Will you?'

She looked up timidly, but oh! how trustingly into my eyes, and heaving a sigh as if her heart had broke, fell upon my breast. I pressed her sacredly to it and in silence. It was a moment never to be forgot. One holy kiss I bestowed upon her brow, one long passionate embrace; and then she gently disengaged herself from my arms. But her swimming eyes from beneath their long silken lashes, told of her first and only love.

It was many a long year since then, but Laura is still to my eyes, as beautiful as ever. She is not so merry as she was that summer, though her eye is softer and her voice more sweet. She has now a matronly look, and a smile of holier reason; but there is a little Laura on her knee with the self same eye and girlish laugh, and her mother blushes to the brow when she slips out a request, at her father's laughing bidding, to hear the story about pa's *First Love*.

The following is a humorous specimen of Texas editorializing. It is a leader, under the head of "Aquatic Scenery," in the Morning Star, of Houston, April 3d, and is full of quaint humor, a la Bost.

During the hardest of the storm, the day before yesterday, we took a lounge down to the steamboat landing, while standing on the brink of a deep gully that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gully, where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combating his fate manfully, and in calculating his chances of escape gave utterance to the following—

'Haint this an orful situation to be placed in, now. If I was a steamboat, a rail, or a wood pile, I'd be a-gone with fifty cents on the dollar than I'll ever be again. Unless I'm a gone case now, there haint no truth in frenology. I've weighed all chances like a general, and find only two that bears in my favor; the first is a skunk hole to crawl into, and the second a special interposition of Providence—and the best chance of the two is so slim, if I only had the change, I'd give a premium for the skunk hole—their my sentiments. If I could be a mink, a muskrat, or a water snake, for about two months, perhaps I wouldn't mount the first stump tother side the Rio, and flap my wings and crow over everlastin' like scientifically preserved.

But what's the use holding on this root? there haint no skunk hole in these ere dig gins—the water is getting taller about a feet, and if my nose was as long as kingdom come, it wouldn't stick out much longer. Oh! Jerry! Jerry! you're a gone sucker, and I guess your marm don't know your out—poor woman? wont she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin Jerry has got the whole of Buffalo Rio for his coffin! Haint a pity 'tis some philanthropist or member of the human society never had foreight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water! If they'd done it in time, they might have had the honor and gratification of saving the life of a feller being; but it's all day with you Jerry, and a big harbor to cast anchor in. It's too bad to go off in this orful manner, when they knows I ollers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant wiskey. I feel the root given way, and since I don't know a prayer, here's a bit of Watt's Doxolger, to prove I died a Christian—

'On the bank where droop'd the willer,
Long time ago.'

Before Jerry got to the conclusion, he was washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that had just started for the steamboat; his eyes caught the prospect of deliverance; and he changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of 'Heave to; passenger overboard and sinking, with a belt full of specie! the man that saves me makes his fortune!' Jerry was fished ashore by a darkey, and to show his gratitude, invited Quasey to 'go up the doggery and liquor.'

'Not an awful state of suspense,' as the fellow said when he was hanging by the neck,