

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. V, No. 32.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1840.

[WHOLE No. 240.]

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 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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The public are hereby directed to the medical advertisements of Dr. HARLICH'S Celebrated COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERIENT PILL, 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 PILL. 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, Dilatation of the Heart, General Debility, Nervous Irritability, SICK HEADACHE, Female Diseases, Spasmodic Affections, RHEUMATISM, Asthma, CONSUMPTION, &c. The GERMAN APERIENT PILL are to cleanse the stomach and purify the BLOOD. The Tonic or STRENGTHENING PILL are to STRENGTHEN and invigorate the nerves and digestive organs and give tone to the Stomach, as all diseases originate from impurities of the BLOOD and disordered Stomach. This mode of treating diseases is pursued by all practical PHYSICIANS, which experience has taught them to be the only remedy to effect a cure. They are not only recommended and prescribed by the most experienced Physicians in their daily practice, but also taken by those gentlemen themselves whenever they feel the symptoms of those diseases, in which they know them to be efficacious. This is the case in all large cities in which they have an extensive sale. It is not to be understood that these medicines will cure all diseases mere by purifying the blood—they will not do so, 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 PILL.

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

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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 13 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 soon; 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 13 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.



THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A softening thought of other years,
A feeling linked to hours
When life was all too bright for tears,
And hope sang, wreathed with flowers,
And memory of affections fled,
Of voices heard no more,
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er.

Oh, MOTHER!—In that magic word
What loves and joys combine!
What hopes, too oft, alas, deferred!
What watchings—griefs—are there!
Yet never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls oppress,
Learn to prize that holiest home,
A living mother's breast.

The thousand prayers at midnight poured
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose.
Whilst never murmur marked thy tongue,
Nor toils relaxed thy care!
How Mother, 's thy heart so strong,
To pity and forgive!

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay the past?
Alas, for gratitude decayed!
Regrets, that rarely last!
'Tis only when the dust is thrown,
Thy blessed bosom o'er,
We muse on all thy kindness shown,
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold
We mourn—with late regret,
Mid myriad memories of old—
The day forever set;
And not an act, nor look, nor thought,
Against thy meek control,
But, with sad remembrance frount,
Wakes anguish in the soul!

In every land, in every clime,
True to her sacred cause;
Fill'd by that influence sublime,
From which her strength she draws;
Still is the mother's heart the same,
The mother's lot as tried;
And, oh, may nations guard this name
With filial power and pride.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER!

FROM THE PAPERS OF AN IDLER.

BY MORRIS MATTON.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

A few weeks ago, as I was strolling through the suburbs of —, I was witness to one of the most painful and extraordinary scenes that ever came under my notice. I reached a gloomy and deserted part of the town, where I observed a small brick house, standing alone on an open space of lot. It was removed several hundred yards from any other building. A narrow street passed along by the door; as I continued my way, I observed a young woman, with rather a pleasing exterior, coming at full speed in an opposite direction. She was closely pursued by a young man of respectable appearance, who followed her into the house. She was evidently much frightened, while he by the fiendish expression of his countenance, was resolved upon some brutal or desperate act. Scarcely had they disappeared, when a succession of screams were heard; and an elderly woman hurried into the street, exclaiming in an Irish accent—

"He's murderin my daughter! he's murderin my daughter!"
I rushed unceremoniously into the house; there, indeed, was the young woman stretched upon the floor; the brutal wretch had planted his knee upon her chest, and was beating her in the most unmerciful manner. With one blow I levelled him with the dust. She rose to her feet, but being much exhausted, threw herself into a chair.

"Don't hurt him," said she, in a voice of entreaty, "don't hurt him! he is my husband!"

The ruffian, thus amiably designated, soon recovered; he did not offer me any violence; on the contrary, he shrunk, abashed into a corner of the room, without uttering a syllable.

"What do you mean," I inquired, "by such conduct as this?"
"The woman I have beaten," said he, with the accent, though in a slight degree of an Irishman, "is my wife—and I will tell you God's truth about it. You must know sir, that we were married only six months ago, and never was there a happier couple than Rose and myself—for she was a jewel of a girl—and when I came home at night, she would receive me with open arms, and I thought there was no one she loved so well as her poor Vernon—but—but" and he paused to wipe away the large drops of perspiration which had collected upon his brow—"but she has deceived me—she has been false to me—"

"False to you!" interrupted his wife, springing suddenly to her feet with a look of scorn and indignation. "False to you Vernon! No, never, as there is a God to judge me!"

"Peace! peace!" returned the husband, you may speak, Rose, when I have finished. The gentleman asks why I have lifted my hand to a woman, and I must answer the question. "Well, sir," he continued, turning to me, "I had reason to be suspicious of my wife, and it made a devil of me. There was no more happiness for poor Vernon—he slept neither night nor day; and blood in his veins—hot—burning—was a stream of fire. And the cause of all this, sir, was a young man who came into the neighborhood to live. He was considered handsome, and was generally admired by the women. It was reported that my wife was in the habit of meeting the young stranger in private, I charged her with it, but she denied it, and said it was a slander invented by the neighbors to injure her; and I—fool that I was—I believed it; but still I was not satisfied—that is, there was a doubt upon my mind—and as I lay a-bed one night, there was something which perked that my wife was guilty; and I got up and felt for my knife, but as I held the blade over her, the thought struck me that she might, after all, be innocent; and then it occurred to me what a dreadful thing it would be to murder my poor Rose, wicked as she might be; and so I stretched myself again upon the bed, but without closing my eyes the livelong night. Well, sir, my suspicions are now confirmed. As I was returning home a few moments ago, I accidentally discovered Rose and the young man standing among a cluster of trees, just back of the house here, and he—heaven and earth! I saw it with my own eyes—he took her by the hand and several times kissed her. I stole through the long grass and weeds as softly as I could, for I intended to kill them both on the spot; but they saw me and fled; Rose to the house, and the young man across the fields."

The husband here paused, as if anxious to hear what his wife would say in reply. But this time she was calm and subdued, and had sunk almost inanimate into her chair. Her dark eyes were filled with tears; so penitent and sorrowful did she appear—and at length she raised them to her husband's face "with an expression of the keenest anguish."
"Your words are true," said she, in a plaintive tone; "but I am not yet to be condemned. The young man you spoke of—it would be useless to conceal the truth—the young man is dear to me—very dear—" and as she spoke, the brow of her husband darkened, and he involuntarily clenched his fists. "Vernon," she continued, without appearing to notice his violent emotions—"do you remember, Vernon, that you once had a brother secretly murdered?"
"I do!" was the quick response.
"How often I have heard you swear," added the wife, "that you would be the death of the assassin, if he were to cross your path!"
"And may the devils blast me if I would not!" replied the infuriated husband.

"Then the blood of a precious youth would be upon your hands," said she warmly. "Listen to me Vernon! The secret of your brother's death is in my possession; but I knew it not until after we were married. And what could I then do but to make you happy, if it was in my power to do so! No, no! I do not wish to make you a murderer, and see you strugle upon the gallows; I had grief enough to weigh upon me without that, and so I kept the secret. But I must out with it now; the time has come when the mystery must be explained. The murderer, if I must use so harsh a term, is a noble and high spirited youth; he struck down his adversary in the heat of passion, as you yourself would have done, Vernon—but when he saw the rash act, when he found that he had deprived a fellow being of life, he wept tears of bitterness; and he fled that he might avoid a felon's death. But he has returned now, just returned; and he it was whose lips you saw pressed to mine, for it was a parting, a farewell kiss."

The husband could no longer control his anger, and giving vent to expressions which we cannot repeat, demanded of his wife if she was base enough to confess her guilt?

"Here me!" said Rose, in a firm, resolute voice. "You must know who the young man is."

"A fiend! a devil!" cried Vernon. Is it not so?"

"Swear that you will not offer him no harm!" entreated the wife, wringing her hands in fear and anguish.

"That would be perjury," answered the husband. "No, no; I must be avenged of your new lover; his life must pay the forfeit of his crimes."

"You will not murder him!" wildly exclaimed the wife. "No, no, I think you will not, Vernon! only swear."

"If it was to prove your innocence, Rose, I would swear to any thing."

"It is—it is to prove my innocence," added the wife in an earnest and impassioned tone. "Swear!"

"I do!"

"By the cross, you are a Catholic, Vernon?"

"By the cross be it!" he repeated, lifting his eyes to heaven.

"Know you then," said Rose, with a tremulous voice, "that the young man is my brother?"

"Your brother!" repeated he, in a quick animated tone.

"Ay! and tell me if there was pollution in his touch! No, no, Vernon, I know you will forgive him! The murder was a rash, thoughtless act, but you do not know how penitent he is! He confided to me the secret, I betrayed him; but it was that you might not think me a wanton. Your oath is sacred, Vernon!"

To describe the joy which the husband experienced on this occasion, torn and distracted as he was by the pangs of jealousy, would be impossible; he flew into the arms of his wife, promising that for the future they will be the happiest couple in the world.

Shakespeare, as every body is probably aware, discourses of jealousy as

"The green-eyed monster which doth make the meat it feeds on."

Such is the monster we have endeavored to delineate; and it is to be hoped that the reader will not dismiss our story, without reflecting that it contains a moral.

FOR THE LADIES.—A talkative woman is one of the most agreeable companions in the world—the very soul of society. We like to hear a sprightly young woman talk so fast and incessantly that you cannot get a word in edgeways. It frees you from embarrassments, promotes sociability, and gives you heart to slip in a soft saying or two whenever such a thing is possible; whereas, silence is a bore not to be endured; breeding awkward embarrassments and restraints.—Give us a woman who knows how to talk.

Eloquence.—The night winds howled around the lonely cottage, hung were the heavens in black; fearful flashes of lightning pierced the gloom, accompanied by the muttering sullen thunder. Henry wrapped his cloak closely about him, pulled his cap down over his eyes, grasping his cane, bade his sister Sarah a short hurried farewell, and sallied out—to shut up the goose.

THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

As a mother we behold her in her holiest character, as the nurse of innocence, as the cherisher of the first principles of mind—as the guardian of an immortal being who will write upon the records of eternity how faithfully she has fulfilled her trust. In assuming this new and important office, she does not necessarily lose any of the charms which have beautified her character before. She can still be tender, lovely, delicate, refined, and cheerful, as when a girl; devoted to the happiness of those around her, affectionate, judicious, dignified, and intellectual, as when a wife only; while this new love, deep as the very well of life, mingles with the current of her thoughts and feelings, giving warmth and intensity to all, without impairing the force of the purity of any.

As a newly married couple from the land of pumpkins and baked beans were one night lying in bed, talking over "waters and things," a heavy storm arose. The loud peals of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fearful apprehensions. Suddenly a tremendous crash caused the loving pair to start as tho' they had received an electric shock. Jonathan throwing his arms around his dear, exclaimed: "Up to me, Liz—let's die like men!"

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

FIRST LOVE.

A SKETCH.

BY GEORGE R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

There is nothing like first love! The warm and generous gush of the heart's young affections. It is never forgotten, but haunts the soul like a dream of music, through all after life. It clings to the heart amid the wreck of all our earliest, brightest hopes, and reposes in the sanctuary unsullied amid corruption. We look back to it as to an existence enjoyed under the influence of an enchanter's wand; there appears to have been so little of earth's dull reality mingled with those hours. Even the villain hardened in crime, whose rank offences smell to heaven, weeps over his life of shame, as he thinks of the hour when his soul was spotless, and his heart adored a fair being, who filled both waking thoughts & dreams. It is the sunlight of her existence, but the shadows have passed over it, and all else is dark and desolate.

I can still remember Isabella Wilmer. She was so gentle, so confiding, so beautiful, and to my youthful fancy, so near perfection. Her bright eyes I can see them sparkle yet, and her silver voice rings out upon my ear, in cadence like angel's music; it was so touching, and tender and sweet.

I had taken a drive down to the city of New York, with my college chum and cousin of hers, when I first saw her. It was the season of vacation, and Harry Morton and I had determined to spend it in a jovial manner. So we had dropped down from "Old Yale" to his father's seat on the Hudson, which was but a pleasant drive from the city, resolving to leave all our dullness as well as our books behind us, and to employ life as we should during the period of relaxation. Harry had spoken repeatedly of his cousin, and had always been enthusiastic in his praise of her beauty, but he was so reckless in his nature, that I had no very high regard for the sincerity of all his fine professions in relation to Miss Wilmer. Yet I had too high an opinion of his taste not to expect to find a beautiful girl. We had sauntered away the afternoon in the city, and about eight o'clock in the evening, he proposed that we should wait on her. He was determined to surprise, by the suddenness of his visit, as he not written to her, he affirmed, for more than six weeks, and he "wished to see what effect it would have upon her."

"And now, egad, Ned," said he, "if you take it into that villainous head of yours to fall in love with my little peach-blossom, I'll slit your throat for you as soon as we get back to college."

"Don't be jealous, Harry, I pray you! I have no very high opinion of your taste, you well know, nor do I expect to hear of your divinity after I have once seen her. Don't curb me, therefore, I pray you, until I show a disposition to fall in love! I've known many a man change his mind in a fortnight as to the virtue, beauty or amiability of his lady-love, and as you have not seen this same cousin of yours for nearly six months, you'll find her, I warrant ye, a great, homely raw-boned girl, and in no respect the little fairy, with whose praise you have fairly sickened me."

"Reserve your gall, Ned—reserve your gall. I'll have none of your bitterness; I'm all honey now, and if I don't show you as sweet a little angel as ever stole out of heaven, write me down as an ass, as your favorite has it. What! do you think I'd fall in love with such an ugly lump of mortality as would suit your fancy? Not a whit of it, Ned!—not a whit of it. I take it that I am somewhat of a connoisseur in such matters!"

"Hold! Harry, hold! no more of it, 'as ye love me, I've heard her beauty praised often enough; let us see some of it, man, and then for your eulogiums."

"Patience! Ned, patience! Cherish that prince of virtues. It has made a man of many a dull fellow, while your fine young gentlemen has ruined himself forever, by peeping the question to a pretty girl, before she had time to scan your proportions. Above all things, I hate your hasty men. But here is the house! Remember my caution. No attempts to steal away the heart of the little lamb, if you set any store by your wind-pipe."

We were conducted by the servant into finely furnished parlors, of one of the handsomest houses in Broadway. Every thing in the rooms wore an air of neatness as well as of luxury, and there had been such a manifestation of taste in the selection, but more particularly in the arrangement of every thing around us, that I could not but help exclaiming—

"Egad, Harry, here are some evidences of taste on the part of your girl, I'll admit, whatever I may deny in you."

Isabella and her mother entered the room at that instant, and put a stop to all observations. The old lady walked with a steady and matronly dignity towards

us, but neither Harry nor myself paid much attention that way. If my expectations had been raised by Harry's description of his cousin's beauty, they were more than realized in the brilliant vision of female loveliness that stood before us.

Harry had risen to receive her, and there was a flush of pride upon his cheek, and a fire in his eye, as his gaze met hers. She had taken a step into the room when her eye fell upon my companion, and she stood trembling like a startled fawn, as the blood shot up over her snowy and palpitating bosom, even to her very brow. I had never seen such perfection of beauty. Her auburn curls were suffered to hang loosely over her shoulders; her full, blue laughing eye was as liquid as water, and as the long lashes fell dreamily over them, a single tear started from its concealment, and glistening a moment, fell, as those lustrous orbs opened again upon my companion. A sudden paleness instantly overspread her countenance, and her fine forehead, which, like her exquisitely chiseled chin, a sculptor might have envied, became as white as marble, and save a soft, rosy tinge on her peach-like cheek, and the slight lines of blue which marked the stealing veins, all color had fled. Nor did it return. It was the calm repose of her countenance, and I wondered, as I saw a being so apparently ethereal, advance towards us. She extended her lily hand to Harry, and save a slight flush, which was for an instant perceptible upon her features as he pressed it warmly, and a smile which flitted a moment around her lips and disclosed her pearly teeth, as she returned his congratulations, her countenance retained its composure. I thought she appeared melancholy.

She could not have been more than sixteen, and her form was as faultless as her face. Rather above the middle height, with a figure light and graceful, though in proportion rounded and full, she was all in appearance that might delight the eye, or win the adoration of the heart; and as I regarded her in wonder, I could appreciate all that Harry had said in relation to her.

"Isabella," said he, after the ceremony of introduction and the usual congratulations and inquiries had been gone through with, "you look paler, much paler than when I last saw you." And there was a huskiness in his voice which betokened a depth of feeling for her welfare, with which from his wild and reckless disposition I could scarcely have credited him.

"Why, yes," replied her mother, as she perceived the tremor and agitation of the fair girl, "Isabella has had a slight cold, which has clung to her longer than usual, and the necessary care has kept her within doors, but we intend now that the weather is growing pleasanter, to ride out frequently, and in a few weeks we shall, perhaps, leave for the country. A little exercise will bring back her roses."

"Oh, I hope so," said Harry, giving way to his natural humor; bring her up the Hudson, and I'll warrant a cure. An occasional climbing of the rocks—a dash among the mountain scenery of a dewy morn, and a little rustication generally, will make her as brown as a native, and as hearty and wild as a young deer.—Bring her up during vacation, and I'll match myself and my friend Ed, here, against any for gallantry. You shall not want for good company and pastime. Ah, aunt, I see how it is—the city beaux have been playing the mischief. A little rusticalising will drive them all out of her head."

"Silence, cousin! or we shall all think you have gone out of yours."

"Not I, egad! I know the value of having one's wits about him. A fellow without them, may find himself robbed of his best treasure, without being the wiser, as an Irishman would say. I always keep an eye to windward—look out for squalls, even in a calm."

A few weeks found Miss Wilmer with us at the residence of her uncle upon the Hudson. The cold which her mother had termed slight, and which evidently had been a dangerous matter, gradually gave way under the influence of mountain scenery, the bracing country air, and Harry's presence. In truth, Harry showed so much solicitude for her welfare, that to him perhaps belongs the credit of having effected her cure. I made this discovery in the course of my observations, that the roses on her cheek assumed a deeper hue, and her spirits regained their wonted gaiety, whenever she was left alone by his side. She listened with more attention to his directions, and showed a more implicit obedience to his wishes, than to those of any other. Their rambles together became more frequent, and as the vacation drew near its end, became prolonged, inasmuch, that some spoke of the night air, and the dew, as injurious. Notwithstanding, she grew better rapidly, and when we left for College, the exercise she had taken, had made sad inroads upon the

jects of that fall destroyer—consumption.