

# THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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## TERMS

**HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.**  
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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. HARLICH'S Celebrated COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS, which are a Medicine of great value to the afflicted, discovered by O. P. HARLICH, a celebrated physician at Altdorf, Germany, which has been used with unparalleled success throughout Germany. This Medicine consists of two kinds, viz: the GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS, and the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS. They are each put up in small 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, Pain in the Heart, General Debility, Nervous Irritability, SICK HEADACHE, Female Diseases, Spasmodic Affections, RHEUMATISM, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, &c. The GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS are to cleanse the stomach and purify the BLOOD. The Tonic or STRENGTHENING PILLS are to STRENGTHEN and invigorate the nerves and digestive organs and give tone to the Stomach, as all diseases originate from impurities of the BLOOD and disordered Stomach. This mode of 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—they will not do; but they certainly will, and suit the authority of daily proofs assuring that those medicines, taken as recommended by the directions which accompany them, will cure a great majority of diseases of the stomach, lungs and liver, by which impurities of the blood are occasioned.

Ask for Dr. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC, and GERMAN APERTIENT PILLS.

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

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

## RHEUMATISM.

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

Mr. Solomon Wilson, of Chester Co. Pa., afflicted for two years with the above distressing disease, of which he had to use his crutches for 18 months, his symptoms were excruciating pain in all his joints, especially his hip, Shoulders and ankles, pain increased all ways towards evening attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at one time not able to move his limbs on account of the pain being so great; he being advised by a friend of his to procure Dr. Harlich's pill of which he sent to the agent in West Chester and procured some; on using the medicine the third day the pain disappeared and his strength increasing fast, and in three weeks was able to attend to his business, which he had not done for 18 months; for the benefit of others afflicted, he wishes those lines published that they may be relieved, and again enjoy the pleasures of a healthy life.

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

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



## POETRY.

### JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky  
And the green mountains round;  
And thought, that when I came to lie  
Within the silent ground,  
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June  
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,  
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,  
The rich, green, mountain turf should break

A cell within the frozen mould,  
A coffin borne through sleet,  
And icy clouds above it rolled,  
While fierce the tempests beat—  
Away—I will not think of these—  
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,  
Earth green beneath the feet,  
And be the dump mould gently prest  
Into my narrow place of rest,

There, through the long, long summer hours  
The golden light should lie,  
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
Stand in their beauty by,  
The oriole should build and tell  
His love tale, close beside my cell;  
The idle butterfly  
Should rest him there, and there be heard  
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,  
Come, from the vil lage sent,  
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,  
With fairy laughter bent,  
And what if in the evening light  
Betrotted lovers walk in sight  
Of my low monument,  
I would the lovely scene around  
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I knew, I knew I should not see  
The season's glorious show,  
Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
Nor its wild music flow;  
But if around my place of sleep,  
The friends I love would come to weep,  
They might not haste to go.  
Soft airs and songs, and light and bloom,  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear  
The thought of what has been,  
And speak of one who cannot share  
The gladness of the scene;  
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is—that his grave is green;  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
To hear again this living voice.

### GET MARRIED.

The editor of the Norwich Aurora asks of his readers the very important question—"What is the use of getting married?" A few thoughts must give our reasons why all men should get married.

The great object of human life is happiness. To this end, man bends every action, and gives birth to every thought. If he fails, he toils for the accomplishment of this purpose only; if he begs or bestows favors—if he receives or administers the blessings of fortune—if he courts popularity, seeks for fame, or spends his whole life in accumulating wealth, he has but one grand active propelling principle within him, ever prompting to thought and deed, and that is a desire for happiness!

—our being's end and aim."

Man is a social being, formed for society and intercourse, and the very elements of his nature are opposed to a life of solitude and "single blessedness." He delights in having one boon companion, in whom he can confide with all the faithfulness and freedom of his own breast. It is therefore with a view to his social happiness, for the enlargement of his domestic comforts, and for the pleasure of sharing his enjoyments and cares, that he selects that companion from the opposite sex. The sexes are treacherous among themselves, but seldom to each other.

A certain writer remarks that, "marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and the marriage where both meet happy." It is even so. But though there are cases, where men are so blinded by the object of their pursuit, as to overlook discrepancies and disparagements which afterwards prove vexatious—is it a reason that there is no "use in getting married?" Man has the elements of happiness within himself, which, when rightly exercised, never fail to produce it. It remains with him altogether to comply with the requisitions of

nature, and support her institutions, to fulfill the laws of God, and effect the great object of his own being. In complying, however, he is assured of a happiness which he cannot otherwise enjoy, and which he cannot otherwise obtain. Therefore, if he values his happiness—if he is a judicious man—if he is not selfish and misanthropic, he will act out the principles of his nature and get married. There is no man but feels the influence of a woman, delights in her society, and worships, to a certain degree, at the shrine of her charms of personal beauty, and brilliant mental acquisitions.

"Nature has given her an influence over man, more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her; from birth to death, he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life; her bosom succors him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character—must diminish or increase his happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general."

Setting aside individual happiness, and all the pleasures of the social circle, the comforts of domestic life, the cheering of the smile and voice that greet the husband and the father, the nature of society, urges strong reasons why men should get married. Because human improvement, the good of the world, depends upon woman in her proper sphere. Our first lessons are the instructions of her lips, and our earliest impressions are taken from her examples. Thus it is that we carry into society her influence which extends throughout all ranks and classes of mankind.

Woman's influence, therefore, not only sheds a mild and cheering lustre over the hearts of her friends, around the fireside of her family, and within the narrow sphere in which nature has placed her, but upon the whole world. It enters the haunts of vice, and drags forth the victim of the bowl, dashes it from his lips, and restores him to reason and a virtuous life. It prevents the prostitution of those qualities which enable, dignity, and elevate man above all other beings.

It prevents crime in its thousand forms, and makes man virtuous, when he would otherwise be vicious. It carries peace and prosperity where trouble and adversity would reign, and gives birth to a thousand pleasures that would otherwise never exist.

The young man who is fond of the society of virtuous females, has a better capital for his character, than a birth of wealth could give him. He is looked upon as a moral and virtuous young man, because, generally speaking, only such take pleasure in the refinement of female society.

Take it all in all, therefore, marriage is necessary for man's happiness, for the true formation of his character, for the peace of his home, the comfort of his heart, the joy of his youth, and the solace of his years.

In five, man never becomes a member of society until he is married. Unmarried, he is looked upon with distrust. He has no home nor abiding place, no anchor to hold him fast, but is a mere piece of floatwood on the great tide of time. His interest is not with society, farther than the accomplishment of some selfish object is concerned, and he cares not for the welfare of the generations springing up around him, and who are to live after him. He becomes embittered in his feelings against all mankind, misanthropic, parsimonious, morose and irascible.

To our friend of the Aurora, and to all young men who are looking after happiness, we say, therefore, "GET MARRIED."

If you are desirous of wealth, get married, for a wife promotes habits of industry and economy, and prevents a great many unnecessary expenses which cannot be avoided in single life.

If you are looking for places of distinction and honor, get married, for a good wife will seek to advance her husband in the prosecution of all honorable purposes, and lend him that aid and encouragement which he can derive from no other source.

If you would become a good citizen, get married, for he is alone worthy of the title, who is connected to the great family of man by the ties of husband and father.

If you are fortunate, get married, for a good wife will increase your prosperity, and render you "twice blessed" in the enjoyment of your riches.

If you are unfortunate, get married. The cares of the world are lessened by having a wife who takes pleasure in sharing them with you.

If you are in business, get married, for the married man has his mind fixed on his business and his family, and is more likely of success.

If you are young, get married. Doctor Franklin advocated early marriages because a man who marries young can have the satisfaction of raising and educating his children before he dies.

GET MARRIED—Let your plans and purposes for future life be what they may, the business of getting married is one that should be attended to first, as it neither interferes with your plans, nor prevents their execution.

GET MARRIED—live soberly, be industrious, engage in nothing that will deteriorate your character as an honest man—a true patriot, and a kind husband; take our advice, and "with all your gettings," GET MARRIED.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

### REFLECTIONS ON DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

All must die, The monarch that sits upon his throne and moves amid all the splendor of a golden court, and wields the sceptre over thousands of his fellow men—must die. Aye, this gilded worm, this dust commanding dust, this clayed monarch of his kindred clay must bow, and lay his head upon the same cold pillow on which the poorest peasant rests his head. The grave knows no distinction. Crowns cannot bribe stern death. Gardens as fair as Eden—kingdoms whose poorest earth is refined gold—all could not buy the crowned King one breath—one moment—in—or out of time. Alas! Alas! we are all dust—all dust. Death breathes on us, we scatter like sea leaves before the whirlwind—we are known no more. Yes, my friends, you—and you—and you—must at some future hour, sooner or later, shake hands with death, and kiss his icy brow. The stern monarch will return your salutation, and stamp upon your brow his fearful seal. He'll take you to his breast, wet with the death sweat of his countless myriads, and hug you in his bony arms as a fond mother does her first born babe. Have you ever loved? The shiny worm shall be your bed fellow, your sole companion, he alone shall be your living watch, he alone warm in the ashes of your heart, he alone shall tenant this proud temple of ambition, fame and glory. This dwelling of the never dying spirit, this throne of reason, this altar to the Deity, shall be a habitation for the merry—sightless—feasting worm. Seven feet beneath the cold and heavy earth, both you and I must rest, a banquet for the worm, devouring worm. Hush—hark! see ye that mortal eagerly scaling the mount of fame, on the precarious ladder of vain ambition!—he mounts, he gains its loftiest summit; the winds that fan the stars, and make them brighter burn, and sparkle with a deeper lustre, sweep through his golden locks, and bathe his feverish brow; the maiden dews of heaven kiss his glowing cheek. The clouds roll on beneath him—he feels himself a God—but ah! ah! he is a worm—a mortal, and Heaven don't crush a worm! His fellow men look, wonder, and admire—they scarce can see him, through the mist that round him thickens, until it bursts into a wild flame of bright—burning—brilliant glory. Glory! Glory! Alas! he must come down from thence, to slumber in the depths of dark forgetfulness—there is a resting place for him, in the valley of oblivion. Behold the beautiful and the lovely; they wither like the rose, they go down to the still bed-chamber with the crawling worm. The old and the young—the infirm and the vigorous—the king and the peasant—the wise man and the fool—the freeman and the slave—must sink beneath the clods of the valley, and sleep the sleep of death. Who is there here would die and be forgotten! yet alas! how shall posterity know us? Will they remember the resting place of our bones when centuries shall have passed away? Where do the bones of the Cæsar's repose? Where is the dust of the mighty of ages past? Is the resting place of the great marked by monuments of marble? No—they have long since crumbled away—the dust of Kings and Princes are scattered beneath our feet. Empires have sunk into the grave. Where are the cities of the plain?—Ninevah and Babylon are no more. Troy's proud arches are ground into the dust. Thebes and Delos are covered with the sluggish waters of oblivion.

Well, then, seeing that all must perish, and be forgotten; seeing that death is inevitable, why should we tremble at his approach? Why should we turn pale with fear, when we hear the rattling of his sable robes in the chamber of death? We are slaves, death comes to set us free. This body is but a chain that binds the immortal spirit, death comes to break that chain. Emancipator of the never-dying soul! Champion of liberty! Dread death! Let us go down and look into the grave; open the door of its narrow house, and draw aside the rotting shroud. Start not it was a man, such as you are—such as you shall be, a heap of dust, and of cor-

rolling bones. Look ye, that heap of dust and bones was once ambition's tenement; how low it lies!—this man in dust was glory's child, alas! how glorious is man, this is the end of all. This loathsome earth was once the slave of love, why comes the dainty lover here to sleep? This the end of love. This heap of dust was once the bone and sinew of a King, a King no more. O man, remember what thou art, what thou must be; and when thy brother man lifts up his arm against thee, turn away, forbear to crush a fellow worm. Let kindness go forth from thy heart, and gladden every brother man. Let the "milk of human kindness" flow from thy breast like a river of love. Frown not on a brother worm, crawling in the same path, seeking that same sunless country, Darkness—oblivion—death!

From the Columbus [Ohio] Confederate.

### Gen. Harrison in Columbus.

On his way to the celebration of Fort Meigs, this honored citizen arrived here in the afternoon of Friday last. He left the city at 10 o'clock next morning, accompanied by Col. Oliver, Col. Clarkson, Col. Todd; and Mr. Davis & Mr. Schenck of Dayton. The three first named gentlemen were Aids-de-camp or companions in arms of the old hero at the siege of Fort Meigs, to commemorate which they now unite with him and the thousands who are this day assembled on the scene of their glory.

The presence of Gen. Harrison at our city is not in itself remarkable. He has been often among us and is known to most of us. His present relations to the country, the hopes and the confidence which that country now concentrates in him, but especially the extraordinary means which the friends of a political rival employ to weaken the faith of the people in his ability and worth, do however, impart to all that concerns him a deep and universal interest. It is, therefore that we feel assured that what we are about to communicate to our readers of Gen. Harrison will be to them quite as acceptable as any intelligence, with which we can occupy our columns. Particularly will they be gratified to know, and we have great pleasure in certifying them of the fact, that "the man of the people," towards whom are directed so many anxious expectations, is in the enjoyment of perfect health and, in a green old age, still thinks and speaks and acts with the promptitude and vigor and power which have distinguished every epoch of his eventful life. The writer never has seen one of General Harrison's years, more free from the infirmities incident to age. The candle of intellect with him, as with the Republican Chief of other days, promises to "burn bright to the socket," and his physical energies seem almost unimpaired.

Gen. Harrison left Cincinnati on Thursday—he arrived here—a distance of 120 miles—at 5 o'clock P. M. on Friday. He was on his feet, receiving the calls and congratulations of our citizens for hours after his arrival. In the evening he repaired by invitation to the Log Cabin, where additional hundreds had congregated to meet this beloved and venerable patriot. Here, with the hardness and unreservedness which have marked his character through life, did he mingle for two hours with the "Log Cabin boys" of the Capitol. Long before the sun—and our youth was astir—the General was, on the morning of the morrow, up and out. Having breakfasted with a friend at a remote part of the city, he was soon again surrounded by the multitude of our people who refused to be satisfied without seeing and communing with him. The period of his departure was at hand, the crowd increased, it was impossible that in the brief interval every one could be presented individually to the General, and all were anxious to see and hear him. At the instance of a friend, who noticed the popular solicitude, the General, from the platform of the door of the National Hotel, addressed the people for an hour or more. We wish that every man in America had heard that speech. How would the defamers of this great and good man dwindle in their estimation into merited insignificance! How would the slanderers who impute to him motives which never actuated him, and opinions which he never held, and designs which he never entertained, and who infamously ascribe to him *indecency and decrepitude and cowardice*, how would these slanderers been rebuked indignantly rebuked by the righteous judgment of an honest and insulted people! But as they did not and could not hear—we will endeavor to possess them of its substance. We took no notes—Neither Gen. Harrison nor any other person thought of making a public address two minutes before he commenced it. It arose out of the circumstances which surrounded him at the moment, and signally illustrated a quality of his character to which we have before alluded—the

ability always to say and to do exactly what is proper to be said and done. The reader will bear in mind, therefore, that we profess to give him the subject matter, not the style and expression of

### GEN. HARRISON'S REMARKS.

GEN. HARRISON said he was greatly indebted to his fellow citizens of Columbus and Franklin county, the most cordial hospitalities had at all times been accorded to him by them. So long as the time when he was honored with the command of the "North Western Army," and held his Headquarters at Franklinton, on the other side of the river, it was his fortune to find in the people of Franklin county, not only good citizens, but patriots and soldiers. Their unvarying kindness to him had laid his under many previous obligations, and their generous attentions on the present occasion he cheerfully and gratefully acknowledged.

He said he had no intention to detain his friends by making a speech—and he did so in obedience to what he understood to be the desire of those whom he addressed. He was not surprised that public curiosity was awakened in reference to some things which had been lately published concerning him, nor was he unwilling to satisfy the feelings of his fellow citizens by such proper explanations as became him, in his present position before the country. He confessed that he had suffered deep mortification, since he had been placed before the people for the highest honor in their gift, nay, the most exalted station in the world, that any portion of his countrymen should think it necessary or expedient to abuse, slander and vilify him. His sorrow arose not so much from personal, dear as was to him the humble reputation he had earned, as from public considerations. He might draw consolation, under this species of injury, from the revelations of history, which showed that the best of men, who had devoted their lives to the public service had been the victims of traduction. But virtue and truth are the foundations of our Republican system, when these are disregarded our free institutions must fall, he looked, therefore, at symptoms of demoralization with sincere regret, as betokening danger to public liberty. A part of the political press, supporting the existing administration, and certain partisans of Mr. Van Buren, also a candidate for that high office to which some of those whom he addressed desired to elevate him had invented and propagated many calumnies against him, but he proposes on the present occasion to speak of one only of the numerous perversions and slanders which filled the columns of the newspapers and misrepresented his character and conduct. He alluded to the story of his famous "Confidential Committee" as they called it. "The story goes," said Gen. Harrison "that I have not only a committee of conscience keepers, but that they put me in a cage fastened with iron bars, and keep me in that." (To one who looked at his bright and speaking eye, the light which beamed in its rich expression, the smile which played upon his countenance, blending the lineaments of benevolence and firmness, who remembered also that he was listening to the voice of a son of old Gov. Harrison, one of "the signers" the pupil of old "Mad Anthony," the hero of Tippecanoe, the defender of Fort Meigs, the conqueror of Proctor—the idea of W. H. Harrison in a cage! was irresistibly ludicrous.) When the laughter had subsided the General proceeded. "I have no committee, fellow citizens; confidential as others. It is true that I employed my friend Major Gwynne to aid me in returning replies to some of the numerous questions propounded to me by letters. But to such only as any one man could answer one as well as another. There is scarcely a question of a political nature now agitating the public mind, on which I have long since promulgated my opinions, by speech public letters, or official acts. A large majority of letters addressed to me purport to seek my views of Abolition, U. States Bank, and other matters concerning which my views were already in possession of the public. The most suitable answer to these, and to well-intentioned persons the most satisfactory—was a reference to the documents in which my opinions already expressed were to be found. Such answers I entrust to my well tried and faithful friend Major Gwynne. Letters requiring more particular attention I answer myself. Every body who knows Major Gwynne knows that he is not one whom I would employ to write a political letter. He is a self-made man—a soldier and a gentleman, but neither a politician or a scholar. I asked the service of him because he was my friend, and I confided in him; and it was plain and simple. My habit is to receive, open and read my letters myself. Such as may be easily answered by another, I hand to my friend, with an endorsement indicating where the information sought may be found, as thus, 'refer the writer to a speech at Vincennes,' or, 'the answer is