

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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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, at 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 order is 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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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 citron color or 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, if taken at the commencement of this disease, will check it, and by continuing the use of the medicine a few weeks, a perfect cure can 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 laborious excitement. There is no medicine 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 health and vigor in enfeebled and dyspeptic constitutions, have gained the implicit confidence of the most eminent physicians, and unprecedented public testimony. Remember Dr. Harlich's Compound Tonic Strengthening Pills, they are put up in small packets with full directions.

Principal office for the United States, is No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia, where all communications must be addressed, &c.

Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, 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 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 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.



POETRY.

THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

BY MARY HEWITT.

She is buried in that part of the court yard facing the sea, close by the ramparts—no stone marks her grave: it is not even raised above the level of the yard; and were it not for the few recently placed bricks, it would be difficult to find the spot.—Journal of Capt. Herapath.

I come to thee a stranger,
O England!—Fatherland!
There's a cypress garland o'er the lyre
I am holding in my hand;
And I will strike to thee to-night,
The mighty chords of soul,
Till the swelling tide of long pent thought
Triumphantly shall roll!

There is joy in all your palaces,
There is feasting in your halls,
Where the noble and the beautiful
Are gathered 'mid the walls;
And ever on the midnight air
Glad music pours along,
Where the hundred harps of England
Lift high the voice of song.

Mid festive lamps and garlands,
I wander sad and slow,
And I list in vain the lay I loved,
In the days of long ago;
While eye upon laurel'd lyre
Seems mournfully to swell,
Moans low beneath its veiling leaves
Like the wailing ocean shell.

I have flung off the myrtle,
There's a flush upon my cheek,
There are burning words upon my lip,
And thoughts I fain would speak;
I tear the mournful cypress
That enwraths thee, O my lyre!
And I strike to England's maiden bard
The glowing chords of fire!

Oh! listen! harp of England!
There's a dower that to thee clings,
And a fadeless wreath of laurel
Entwining all thy strings;
And woman's hand hath smote thy chord
With a stroke all bold and free,
Till the mighty flood of English song
Hath gone o'er every sea!

Long in your noble minstrels,
With your dust of heroes kept;
Neath sculptured urn and cenotaph,
Your nameless dead have slept;
While she who could'd fresh beds of song,
Your ancient crown to grace,
Rests coldly shrined in stranger earth,
No stone to mark the place!

Far o'er the dark blue waters,
With their measured onward sweep,
Hymned by the dirge-like voices
Of the melancholy deep;
Trod 'neath the passing footsteps
Of the felon, and the slave,
There by the sea-bent ramparts lies
Her lone, unhallowed grave!

Oh! wreathe ye fadeless chaplets
For the earth that shrouds her breast,
And raise the enduring marble
Above her place of rest,
And lift for aye the harp of praise
High o'er her laurel'd head,
Till e'en the Ethiope honor thee,
In thine illustrious dead!

A clever trick was played by a Yankee pedlar upon one of the captains of the steamboats running from New York to Albany, on the Hudson river. The Yankee was fully aware of the custom of putting people on shore who attempted to gain a passage for nothing, and his destination was to a place called Poughkeepsie, about half way between New York and Albany. He therefore waited very quietly until he was within a mile or two of Poughkeepsie, and then went up to the captain. "Well, Captain, I like to do things on the square, that's a fact; I might have said nothing to you, and run up all the way to Albany—and to Albany I must go on particular business—that's a fact; but I thought it more honorable like to tell you at once, I haven't got a cent in my pocket; I've been unfortunate; but by the 'arnal, I'll pay you my passage money as soon as I get it. You see I tell you now, that you mayn't say that I cheat you; for pay you I will, as soon as I can, that's a fact." The Captain, indignant, as usual, at being tricked, called him certain names, swore a small quantity, and as soon as he arrived at Poughkeepsie, as a punishment, put him ashore at the very place the keen Yankee wished to be landed.

A Cow re-tailed & cur-tailed.

A TALE OF A TAIL.

A cut and shuffle fellow, who had been regularly educated to the profession of card playing, a close student, who at the midnight taper had spent many a silent hour studying out the mysteries of furo, brag, poker, seven up' and of 'stocking,' and 'putting up' cards, lately, after an unfortunate game of seven up, found himself hard up in a western city. His shuffle began to be understood wherever he made his appearance, and the consequence was he seldom shuffled long in any place, before he was obliged to cut. On the present occasion he had concluded to make a "sudden and mysterious disappearance" in the night, and having in vain searched about for some trifling tokens by which to remember the friends with whom he was obliged to part so unceremoniously, he took his departure at midnight, unincumbered with baggage, and without a sixpence in his pocket.

It happened that some few miles lay between him and the ferry which he meant to cross in the morning, and while jogging along in the moonlight, studying how to swindle the ferryman and secure a breakfast on the other side, he discovered a cow, a poor inoffensive beast, which, by some misfortune, had lost its tail, lying right in the path before him. Feeling somewhat lonely, he thought it would afford him company and amusement to drive the cow before him to the ferry, and accordingly he aroused the ruminating quadruped with a stick, and using such persuasions as were likely to be understood, he went forward with his design. The cow seemed to prefer the fields and bushes each side of the road to the road itself, and this occasioned great delay and inconvenience, so that daylight rose and found the cow and her new proprietor still far distant from the ferry.

With the daylight came also another discovery, which was by no means agreeable; the cow had no tail! here was a tale unfolded. The cow with no tail would be very apt to prove a tell-tale, and thereby subject the cow hider to a cow hide.—What was to be done? To tell a false tale was easy, but to tie on a false tail required genius of another kind. Fortune favored our hero, however, and passing a country slaughter-house he observed the hide of an ox, tail and all, hanging on the fence. His bowknieving soon whipped off the tail, and driving the cow into the bushes where he would not be observed, he managed to make the dead tail hang to the live stump in a manner very dubious and uncertain. It had to do, however, and fifteen minutes more found the re-tailed cow on board the ferry boat along with the tail-or who had provided her with a new tail.

Success now seemed certain, when a man appeared riding in hot haste to the ferry, mounted upon an old horse that seemed to have been urged nearly to his last gasp. The man dismounted and hurried on board the boat. He marched right up to the cow, and his lips were already open for an exclamation of triumph, when his eye fell upon the tail. A strange mystery now seemed to take possession of him. He walked round and round the cow, looked at its legs, its horns, its eyes, its head, and then he would give a mysterious and bewildered glance at the tail.—He lifted his hat carefully off his head, and holding it in his left hand, with the five digits of his right he commenced a sort of phenological friction of his perieranium.

Now, the ox's tail was such a miserable deception, and so awkwardly managed at best, that discovery of the trick seemed inevitable, and the state of perplexity and fear in which our professor of 'High, Low, Jack and the Game' was placed, may be imagined. His alarm was high, his hopes low, he had missed his trick in endeavoring to turn up a Jack, and the game was up with him. He had a dash of impudence, however, always ready at a pinch, and now with admirable assumption of open hearted honesty and independence, he walked up to the man who was examining the cow.

"Neighbor, I reckon there aint a better cow than that in these parts?" said he, in such a manner as to give his remark the meaning of an interrogatory.

"Well, I don't know, stranger," replied the man, and he still continued his examination of the cow, seeming to grow more puzzled every moment.

"That 'ere is the finest critter, neighbor, that was ever milked. I say, you seem to fancy the animal, maybe you'd like to buy her?"

"Buy her?" exclaimed the man, opening his eyes with a strange glare of perplexed astonishment, "why, look here, stranger, if that cow had no tail, I'd swear she was mine!"

"You'd what?"

"I'd swear she was mine!"

A capital idea now flashed upon the professor. He was in a momentary dread of the ox's tail dropping off, and a way to remove his alarm and the tail together occurred to him.

"Look here, neighbor," said he, calling a flush of blood to his face, and pretending to be highly incensed, "are you in earnest? I should jest like to hear you say that again!"

"Say it again! To be sure I will. I never saw such a resemblance in my life. If that cow had no tail, I'd swear she was mine!"

"Well, now, let's see you swear," said the professor, and he jerked out his kuit, whipped off the tail, taking care to hit the old stump and make it bleed, and flinging the evidence of his roguery as far as his strength would send it into the stream, he exclaimed, seemingly in a tower of passion, "Now, stranger, let's see you swear!"

The owner of the cow was fairly beaten. He took another look at her, gave a glance after the tail, stared for a moment at the professor, and then walked ashore and mounted his horse. He turned again to look at the cow, and as the boat put off, he thus soliloquized aloud:—"Well, of all the most extraordinary resemblances I ever did see! That's my cow's head—there's her old broken horn—I'll swear to her fore legs—I'll swear to her hind legs—I'll swear—d—n me, I'll swear to every inch about her but her tail!"—Picayune.

A HARD CASE.—A lady in the south of England made a practice of collecting all the little boys of the parish once a year upon her lawn, and stuffing them with beef and plum-pudding. One time towards the close of the entertainment, when she was walking round to see how all went on, and to ask how they were satisfied with her bounty, she found the greater part full and also content. But at last she came to a little fellow upon whose plate there was a large lump of the third helping of pudding, and he was blabbering and crying as piteously as tho' he had not had a meal for four-and-twenty hours. "What is the matter with you my little man?" asked the lady; "has any one dared to ill-use you in my presence?" The urchin blubbered more desperately than before, and at length faltered out, "I can eat no more pudding!" and he cried more bitterly than before. The lady parted him on the head, saying, "Do not cry, my good little man, for if you are not able to eat your pudding, you can put it in your pocket." A more violent burst followed this kindly advice, and at the end of it came out the words "But my pockets are both full already."

Letter From Jack Downing.

LOG CABIN, NORTH BEND, }
July 2, 1840. }

To the Editors of the Express—
I have just got your Letter telling me that you had received from Ohio a big arm chair for me made out of the rale "buck-eye"—and that the folks who sent it tell you if I have got one, when I am there to put it into one of the "Log Cabins" in N. York. If I had time I would write them a Letter of thanks—but I haint got time enuff to shave myself more than once a week, being so busy lending Gen. Harrison a hand in copying Letters and taking care of folks calling here in droves to see him, for if he did it all himself his farm would pretty soon be all in weeds.

I suppose the good folks who sent that arm chair think the time aint far off when I can sit down in it at my ease—but they are mistaken—the General and I will have our hands full after the 4th of March next, when we take possession of the White House—for if I aint mistaken it will take full a year after that to 'clean House.' Howsoever I am mightily tickled with the compliment—and will take that chair from the Log Cabin at New York to the Cabinet Chamber at Washington, and folks will have more on't afore I have done with it.

You began I suppose to think I was dried up ink horn and all—by not hearing any thing from me since the hog chase Story I tell'd you a spell ago—but I haint been idle—tho' the General seemed to think it wasn't best for me to write Letters from his Cabin as folk might think I was electioneering for him, and so I kept at work-aiding him in keeping his own matters snug and lending him a hand in doing up Chores and getting all things ready for a move on the 4th of March next.

We got here a few days ago a letter signed Andrew Jackson, telling folks that he goes for Mr. Van Buren, and again Gen Harrison and calling on every body to do the same. When I read this letter I turn'd as red as a beet—for I was raly downright ashamed on't. And I thought when Old Tip come to read it he would fly right off the handle—but it warn't so, for as soon as he read it, says he, "Major, who in the world has been foolish enuf to write this letter and sign it Andrew Jackson, did they suppose folks foolish enuf to believe it come from that gallant old soldier?" "No, no," says he, that won't

do; and now, says he, do you sit down and present my respects to my old brother in arms—and tell him that whatever other folks may think on't, that I never can believe that one old soldier is capable of writing such a letter against another old soldier, who like him, did his best to serve his country, at a time when rougher works than writing Electioneering Letters was demanded by the country." Well, thinks I if that aint putting pepper and salt on a scraped skin, I'm mistaken; but I wrote the letter, and if it raly does turn out that General Jackson's letter is genuine, it will set him hoppin' mad, but if it turns out that the letter is a counterfeit, as I raly believe it is, I pity the man who first printed it.

There is one thing tickles me here considerable, and that is in seeing the old soldiers calling upon their old General, and talking over old times and battles. And when they go off home the General says, "well I suppose there are some folks who count up the killed and wounded of the battles we were in and say, this and that, after all was a small fight, and the Commanding General must be a small Hero, when if the list of killed and wounded was large, they would say that was a glorious fight and the commander was a great Hero." Now the fact is if I had been fighting for my own glory and my men were "food for powder." I had numerous chances for such fights, but as every man under my command had a life as valuable to him as mine was to me, and we were fighting against £17s 6d men with no coats, and poor deluded Indians, my plan was to keep them in check till I work'd them in corners and then took them all prisoners with the least loss possible of my men, who I wanted to preserve and to be able to return to their own Log Cabins, and to enjoy with me thereafter the pleasures we now enjoy. And that is just my notion of the difference between the fights for the glory of a commander of an army of his own neighbors and friends and that of a military chieftan who says, that by the loss of ten thousand men I may put a feather in my cap."

It would tickle you most desperately to hear some of those log cabin soldiers who have rough'd it through the wars under Old Tip, read and laugh over the stories set afloat that Old Tip was a coward. I would like to see a committee from some of your Locofoco meetings come here to report resolutions to that end.

I don't know much what is going on on your side of the Allegheny mountains, all I know is that on his side there is no mistake. The cry is that the times are out of joint, and must be put straight, that the country is brought to the brink of ruin by bad men and they must quit; that the people are entitled to the services of the best men of the land, and won't have any other, that whenever the present men in power succeed by a majority of votes, it must be by the use and abuse of Executive patronage; and that can't and won't be submitted to no how and now way in the world; that a change of men and measures must be effected any how, and that is about the upshot of the matter. Now this is about the talk of folks who I mix with; they don't say so to Old Tip, for all he says in matter is, "your powder and shot, and bagnets and knives, are all in the ballot boxes; there is your arsenal; speak your unbiased and uncontrolled will there, and you draw your power and strength. If you succeed, then demand that the best talent be call'd to fill every office; pint each man in office to the Constitution, and tell them to obey it and the laws under it, or look out; let there be no division of spoils; no party in power claim the fat cuts and giving the gizzard to others; give each honest man his share and no more; no rewarding friends and punishing enemies—E Pluribus Unum is now the motto—"Sine Qua non"—and that is good Latin and sound doctrine too.

Your friend,
J. DOWNING, Major.
&c. &c. &c.

Love.—"If women do snarl up a feller's heart strings, they keep him out of other scrapes, any body will tell you that. A man that is in love a leetle is not always a running into rum holes, and other such places. He don't go a gambin', and isn't sneakin' round of nights."

A traveller stopped at an inn to break fast, and having drunk a cup of what was given him, the servant asked, what will you have, tea or coffee? To which the traveller answered: "That depends upon circumstances. If what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee. If it was coffee, I want tea—I want a change."

"The times are harder and harder," says a western editor. "We have not heard of a single steamboat explosion in two weeks."

From the Baltimore American.

The Sub treasury.

The Washington Globe, in an article on the passage of the sub-treasury bill, speaks thus—

"But if there be one man who is peculiarly entitled to feel honest pride at the result, it is the President. Best with the very threshold of his administration, he had the sagacity to discern, and the patriotism to recommend, the true remedy.—Deserted by treacherous friends, and forsaken, for a time, by whole communities, he had courage to persist, calmly but firmly in what he deemed the right. He was not alarmed by the raging of enemies, nor discouraged by the lukewarmness for disaffection of pretended friends.—Imbued from childhood with an abiding faith in the virtue and intelligence of the people, he calmly awaited their 'sober second thought.' He was not steady unbiased patriotism would ultimately sustain his patriotic course. He was not deceived.—The voice of reason has prevailed over the clamors and delusion of faction."

We have no disposition to take from the President aught pertaining to the authorship of the Sub-Treasury project. It is his own device—so purely and individually his that the "sober second thought" or any other kind of thought of the people has had little to do with its adoption. In consonance with his peculiar system of policy, which throughout whole public life has been a system of management, mystery and art the end, being to secure power to himself without open responsibility, and to exercise it, without disclosing its secret springs—the sub-treasury has worked its way thro' all opposition and now stands established—though we trust, but temporarily. It is an attainment long looked forward to and to which many preliminaries tended during Gen. Jackson's administration. That it was started from the first end, that it is now adopted upon any great general principle of policy conscientiously adhered to for the public good, and without reference to the individual interests of Mr. Van Buren, few who know anything of the President's mode of political action can be made really to believe. Nor we apprehend, will it be believed that the general wish of the people would have brought the project into existence if party management had not been used together with the influence of official patronage in urging it through Congress—and that too in a man more direct and decided than has ever been witnessed before since the establishment of the Government.

The New York Star concludes an article on this subject with those words—

What next they may give the President may be easily imagined—any thing he may have the courage to ask; if there is time enough, they may pass the standing army bill, and thus consummate the treasonable union of the purse and sword. There is yet "balm in Gilead." If the people are true to themselves and to their institution, they will change their rulers; if they fail in this the government will be changed; it passes in effect to a monarchy—money is power, and with money in the hands of unscrupulous men, any change can be effected. There is no disguising the result. At this time, gloomy ruined and bankrupted, all the prosperity and enterprise of the county gone—at this time, the people almost in despair, Congress passes the sub-treasury, and by that act puts chains upon the people. It is folly to think that it can work well—it is a measure that can work nothing but ill—it fetters industry and enterprise, and make every thing subservient to the government—it is literally what has frequently said of it, a separation between the Government and the People.

Capital.

We learn from the New Hampshire Sentinel, that Mr. Hale, president of a V. Buren convention held in Concord on the 9th July, and some of the orators of the day, were deeply mortified at being deserted in the midst of their most brilliant speaking. The proceedings were in the open air, and the moving cause of the mortification was a raggish Yankee pedlar, who stopped his cart just at a 'convenient distance' from the forum of the Van Burenites, and swinging his chapeau, commenced singing the song—"I hain't this old hat was new,"—in fine style, and in a few moments the orator was deserted. When he finished, he put up his wares, and sold quick at high prices. Wasn't this 'disgraceful'?

Wanted by Uncle Sam.

A HOUSE-KEEPER, thoroughly acquainted with domestic economy, and accustomed to manage an extensive establishment. A Western Granny would be preferred.