

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, two dollars and a half. Every person who subscribes, 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 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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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 trouble 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 will be performed. These pills 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 softening 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, sed.

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 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 on using the medicine the third day the pain disappeared and his strength increasing fast, and in three weeks was able to attend to his business, which he had not done for 18 months; for the benefit of others afflicted, he wishes those lines published that they may be relieved, and again enjoy the pleasures of a healthy life.

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

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



POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.
THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MISS SARAH DALE.

'Woman should be allowed to stand in the sacred desk, and in the halls of science, and advocate the cause of intelligence, of humanity, and of religion.—Amasa Walker.

Woman! arise! assume thy rights!
Bid lordly man reverse!
Step boldly up to nobler heights,
And fill the wider sphere!

Secluded, mute, no longer dwell,
Thy 'talents' buried quite!
Escape from custom's cruel spell,
And send abroad thy light!

Thy province wide as man's extends,
The 'friends of woman' say;
But from such advocates and friends,
'Spare us! oh, spare!' we pray!

To thee, indeed, no narrow bound
Has God or man assigned;
Duties within thy home are found,
Worthy the noblest mind.

Who that has marked that quiet spot,
And, marking, pondered well,
Would ask for thee a happier lot,
Than where thy loved ones dwell?

'Tis thine the path for infant feet
In lines of love to trace,
And deep impress those counsels sweet,
Which years shall ne'er efface.

'Tis thine to soothe, and then to cheer,
Ere yet from life withdrawn,
The evening hour of those most dear,
Who watched thy early dawn.

And who, when the cold world annoys,
Can hush a brother's sigh,
Beguile his woes, enhance his joys,
Like some fond sister nigh?

But if on thee no duty falls,
As sister, daughter, wife,
Still enter not the noisy halls
Of fierce debate and strife.

'Tis thine the right, be thine the choice,
To plead with modest pen,
But think not with the bolder's voice
To sway the minds of men.

Nor let that high and holier place
We consecrate to prayer,
E'er witness the unblushing face
Of woman speaking there!

Mercy and wisdom sweetly blend
In the bestest divine,
Which bids the priest God's altar tend,
Excluding aid of thine.

Ne'er as man's rival seek to shine,
His laurels to divine,
Till thou canst cheerfully resign
Protection at his side.

Still, still fulfil the glorious plan,
So full of love to thee,
Which gives the commonwealth to man,
Home's empire thine to be!

From the N. York Courier and Enquirer.

GEN. BROWN'S VINDICATION.

Our readers are aware that there has been no inconsiderable discussion of late in the newspapers, in regard to the "position" of General Brown of Michigan. This gentleman has been hitherto a supporter of Mr. V. Buren, and was recently appointed one of the visitors of the Military Academy at West Point. When it was asserted that he had come out for General Harrison, the fact was positively denied by the Albany Argus and the Washington Globe. It was admitted that he might have attended the recent celebration at Fort Meigs, but any further commitment to General Harrison was considered quite impossible. We have now, fortunately, more satisfactory evidence of the General's views, than the mere assertions of his friends, or the denials of the administration press—the following letter from the General himself, which we find in the Detroit Advertiser of Wednesday last, defines his position with a distinctness which leaves no further room for cavil. We commend it to the especial attention of those old friends of General Jackson, who have been disgusted with the follies and vices of the ascendant dynasty in the Republic. It will not lie in the mouth of Van Burenism

to disparage a gentleman whom they thought worth conciliating by a highly complimentary and honorable appointment. The character of the writer and his high standing in Michigan, give a weight and importance to the following letter, independent of its intrinsic merits. Let it be read and pondered. There are many former friends of the administration who feel with General Brown, and who we doubt, not, will ultimately act with him. Our accounts from Michigan are in the highest degree encouraging. The Harrison majority in that State will not be less than two thousand votes. We annex the General's letter, and invite for it especial attention—

TROUSERS, June 28, 1840.

Mr Editor—I regret extremely the necessity of this appeal to my fellow citizens. It is the first time in an active life of more than forty-five years that I have been compelled to defend myself from the false charges made against me by a corrupt and venal press. The Federal Loco Foco papers have heaped upon my devoted head all the hard names to be found in their vocabulary; and they continue to repeat them from one to the other, for fear their readers might forget there is such a man in the State. In the organ of the party, the Detroit Free Press, I observed three several articles devoted to myself; and yet in nearly all their articles that I have seen, I am represented as "a man without influence in society"—that I "never could command more than one vote."

Let me ask what has been my great offence. I am a private citizen in the humble walks of life. I do not hold, and have never held, an official station from Mr. Van Buren or any of his minions; neither do I admit that I am under any political or personal obligations to him. I had not written one word against him or his friends, when this newspaper war was commenced, nor had I, or have I, revealed the secrets of "the party." I did, to be sure, do what until now I had supposed a free American citizen had a right to do, whether high or low, rich or poor. I attended a Whig meeting, and lent my aid to the friends of General Harrison in preparing to attend the Fort Meigs celebration. At that meeting I declared my preference for him over Mr. Van Buren; that I should decline the appointment as one of the visitors at West Point, and would attend the Fort Meigs celebration in honor of General Harrison.

This is a plain detail of facts. I did not then, nor do I now, profess to belong to the Whig party in this State, or the U. States. I simply gave my preference for the man of my choice. I had long known both of the candidates, and supposed I had the right, common to every citizen of our beloved country, to vote for whom I pleased, without calling down upon my head the anathemas of a corrupt and hireling press. There would have been some excuse for this exterminating warfare, if I had made use of any part of the information, which I possess, of the corruptions of "the party." Having so long acted with them, I am well informed on many points that would not read well in history.

Now I would ask if any man of common sense can believe, for a moment, that I am the sole object my Loco Foco friends have in view. By no means. If I supposed so, I should not trouble you with this communication. Their game is higher. They begin to see their position. Hundreds are leaving them daily. The popularity of General Harrison is spreading far and wide over the land, and "the cry is, still they come." It has come down upon this corrupt and venal faction like an avalanche, and unless it can be arrested before the ides of November, they will be crushed to atoms. This is plain to the observation of any man who dares to look at his position, and that of the country, in their true light. "The Party" says that this must not be done. Kien in the eyes of Van Buren, Kendall & Co., are mere machines, to be used for party purposes. When they say that "State Banks are all sufficient for the wants of the government and people, that the public funds are safe with them, and that they can regulate foreign and domestic exchanges"—so must the party also say. But when Mr. Van Buren says the State Banks are corrupt, down with them, and give all the money of the State to this honest administration, which has the good of the dear people so much at heart, then the watch word is the sub-treasury. And if an independent voter, who has gone with them thus far, as I have done, presumes to doubt and question the policy, the cry is, "shoot him, shoot the deserter," or what is far worse to a man of any sensibility, blacken his character, destroy his reputation and whip others of less nerves back into the ranks by the dread of a similar fate.

This is the true interpretation of my case. But all this will not do. The time

has gone by when party names and the cry of "Democracy" can save the party in power. They are at war with all the great interests of the country. Mr. Van Buren has been weighed, and the people find nothing. The contrast is daily made between him and the Farmer of North Bend, and what a contrast! The former has spent his whole life in office; the people's money has been lavished upon him; at all times, he has been well fed and well lodged at the public expense. He has received honor and wealth at the people's hand, been elevated by them to the highest office in the gift of man—and yet what has he done for the nation? It is a question often asked, but never answered. The only things that he can boast of, are the unenviable ones, that he "would follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," and that he is "a Northern man with Southern principles." These high and chivalrous qualifications, great as they may be, can hardly give him a satisfactory claim to the Presidency, especially when, as a set off of the nation, by his means, has been reduced from the highest state of prosperity, to bankruptcy, without even been allowed the benefit of that alternative, and when her honor has been disgraced by his vacillating and pusillanimous course on the North Eastern Boundary. He has been chief magistrate for more than three years over the first nation on the Globe, with powers practically unlimited with a cabinet subject to his nod, a decided majority in both branches of Congress, and forty thousand office holders ready to laud all his acts, whatever they might be. And now I ask again, what has he done for the nation? I defy his most devoted partisans to point me to the first act. Should he die to-morrow, he would leave a blank in the pages of his country's history. Such is the character of Martin Van Buren. God forbid that he should again have in his keeping the destinies of his country.

Turn for one moment to the people's choice. It appears like sacrifice even to write the name of Harrison with the same pen. Trace him from the time he entered the army a boy, under Wayne, leaving all the endearments of civilized life, and willing to toil for his country in an inhospitable wilderness, deprived of every comfort, where life was in hourly danger, not only from the Indian rifle, but from the privations and hardships of an Indian war. Then follow him in after life, as commander-in-chief of the north-western army. What language can describe his sufferings and agony, as he saw his brave companions in arms deprived of every comfort, with sickness and death on every breeze, constantly watched by a superior and Indian foe. His noble deeds are written on the brightest page of every true American. See him at Tippecanoe, Fort Meigs, and the Thames. See him in Congress, always on the side of virtue and the true interest of his country and in every station of life the poor man's friend. This is the man whom the British Loco Foco party would stigmatize as a "petticoat chieftain," a supporter of the "black rockade" party; his battles underrated and ridiculed.

How true is it, that "whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." If there is any marked and prominent feature over all others in the American character, it is a love of country, a high and chivalrous regard for her defenders in arms. That man who has been willing to offer his life for her honor and happiness has never been forgotten by a grateful people. And to who shall we go to learn the true character of General Harrison? Shall we go to the men of yesterday, the hireling demagogue of the Loco-foco party, who like their master, never made the first sacrifice for their country? Or shall we go to the Braves of our land, who fought and bled for her honor, and jeopardized their lives for her glory? We offer in evidence the recorded testimony of such men as Shelby, Gans, Johnson, Cass, Brady, Todd, Stockton, Fitzgerald, and a host of others.

I have endeavored to condense my defence as much as possible, but have been compelled to go far beyond my intentions. He who writes on this subject, ends only with the administration. Yours, &c.
J. W. BROWN.

New Jersey Forever.

The Whigs of East Jersey had a meeting at New Brunswick last Thursday, to receive home the true representatives of the State. Among the many eloquent addresses on that occasion, we notice that of Capt. Stockton, of the Navy, formerly a leading Jackson man. We copy it for the benefit of our readers.—U. S. Gaz.

The meeting was addressed by Capt. Stockton, of the Navy. He would hail those who were before him as their friends—friends in one common cause—that they were common in dishonor, and that had made them friends. He was bound by

the strongest ties to the State of New Jersey, ties of early association and deathless affection, and wherever it had been his lot to roam, although his march had been upon the mountain wave, whether he had travelled through the snows of Russia, or the burning sands of Africa, there had never ceased from his bosom one fervent aspiration, and that was for blessings on his native state. That state had been dishonored—dishonored and disgraced; dishonored by acts of madness which power alone in its worst frenzy would inflict, and whatever might be the course of those who were before him, he for one was determined to wipe out the foul blot. Next to being born of Christian parents and educated in a Christian community, next to having had a grandfather and an uncle the signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence, it was his honor and pride to see a Jerseyman. He loved that state over in her degradation, and he was determined, whatever should be the issue, to see her righted; wherever and whenever the struggle should be, her name must and should be respected.

He was no political metaphysician. He would leave the discussion of the cause of the depression and disaster which had come upon the country to learned men. He was a plain man, and it was enough for him to know that there was distress. He individually believed that that distress had arisen from a very simple cause—a great expansion of the currency, and then an immediate contraction. The government had suddenly expanded the currency for the purpose of stimulating speculation, and then as suddenly contracted it. These, he believed, were the origin of the distress now upon the country. Those, for instance, who were connected with agricultural pursuits—farmers and others—had probably, many of them, borrowed of the banks, ten or twelve thousand dollars, and they had received that amount in the notes of the banks. Then comes the demand that the banks should pay in specie. How could they redeem in specie, notes for which they had not received the value in specie? Here he thought was the origin of the whole calamity. He feared that there was often a great mistake made in not discerning sufficiently between the effect and the cause; we had not looked enough to principles. What had been the whole course pursued by the General Government? A series of acts to outrage, oppress, and afflict the people, until they had consummated their infamy by this last attack on the rights and interests, the blood-bought privileges of the freemen of New Jersey. There was their Indian war—a war from the first begun in inquiry, as it had been conducted in speculation and stupidity.

What was their Sub-treasury act? He would ask! A power which they had found of locking up the treasures of the people—of securing in chests or in a room in the treasury the money of the people, and giving the key to a set of freebooters. They had by their daring incursions, on the rights of the people and on the constitution, by the reckless exercise of ill-gotten power, spread havoc and distress from one part of the Union to the other. Where had not distress penetrated? and where was not the influence of their mis-government felt? They had taken from the poor man his means of subsistence—him who toiled the live-long day for his food—whose labor was his only wealth. They had taken from him the very means by which he was to live.—They had swelled the coffers of the rich, and ransacked the cottages of the poor. They had made the rich richer, and the poor poorer.

When asked for bread they had given a stone; when asked for relief, they had shaken the ill-gotten gold at the White House before the faces of the people, and denied the existence of distress; but they had yet to learn a mightier lesson. They had yet to hear a voice from New Jersey; aye, from the whole people roused in their might. A disgrace and dishonor must rest not on the State which owns the soil of Trenton and Monmouth, and the day was fast coming for her to disenthral herself from the yoke. He would have the story of her wrongs familiar as a household word; he would have it taught from husbands to their wives, and from mothers to their children; he would have it proclaimed from the hill top and on the plain, and her victory would be as glorious as her wrongs have been deep.

The Viper biting against a File.

The following correspondence between the great bandit and mendicant of Administration, and a Virginia Post Master, will explain itself. It is one of the best things of the kind we have ever seen:

Letter from Amos Kendall to the Post Master at Goodwinsville, Va.

My Dear Sir—I take the liberty to enclose to you an Address and Prospectus for the Extra Globe, hoping that it may

be compatible with your inclination and sense of duty to use them for the purpose of procuring and returning subscribers. If in that hope I shall be disappointed, I solicit of you the personal favor to hand it over to some friend of the Administration who may be inclined to use it for that purpose.

With great respect, your friend,
AMOS KENDALL.

Mr. Editor's Reply.

GOODWINSVILLE, Va.

Mr. Amos Kendall—Sir—Your letter and circular came safely by mail, free of postage—and that I may not be censured, I have concluded to return you your circular, that you may have an opportunity of sending it by mail, and of course free, to some other man, who possibly may consider it an honor to join in lauding and traducing, for individual gain, the private character of William Henry Harrison, who only captured a British army to entitle him (in your elegant language) to the appellation of a *muck hero*. You state that the slanders of your children are disturbed by the firing of Whig guns. I believe that the same thing happened once or twice before. The enemies of America have always had a peculiar dread of Whig guns. But, Sir, I take great pleasure to inform you, and through you, Mr. Van Buren, that he may take his rest as far as regards my children. They are not so easily frightened by gunpowder, though they feel very indignant at Mr. Poinsett's militia scheme, which His Excellency recommended, though he never saw it. The commission which I hold, if Mr. Van Buren thinks it a security of my vote, I herewith inform him, though you, is at his call; and it gives me more pleasure to offer it than the honor of retaining it could confer. I have come to the conclusion that America does not entirely depend upon the election of any one man as President, though I am not so very certain that your pension is so free from its dependence upon the re-election of Mr. Van Buren.

You state that General Harrison, is, in your classical language, a tongueless candidate. I have never seen the gentleman—therefore you and Mr. Van Buren know more of him than I do. I wish you to get Mr. Van Buren, who has a tongue, to answer the following questions: Did you not vote to instruct Rufus King to oppose the admission of slavery into Missouri?—Did you not vote against James Madison in 1812? Did you never see or hear of Mr. Poinsett's army project until it was called for by a resolution of Congress?—And if you will not endeavor to have that project carried into effect, if you are re-elected? Did you not sanction the admission of negro testimony in Lieut. Geo. M. Howe's trial before a naval court martial? I hope, my dear Sir, that you and the President, whom I take to be one and the same in fact, will loosen your tongues, and inform your friend, as you style me in your letter. You know that the people are not quite ready for a Monarch, and a little decency is still necessary to be used, in order to reconcile them to their lots. Some, I suppose, would feel highly honored to be appointed cradle-minders for your dear children! Sweet babes! lie still and slumber! Democrats guard thy heads, and Treasury psp, without number, fall thickly around thy beds! I am at a loss to name a person in this county who is willing to act as cradle nurse for your nervous offspring. Tell Dr. Niles that I owe him an apology; but as he is solely dependent on you for his bread, and permit me to add, office, (that whenever you have selected by successor, I am ready to resign.

With something short of respect,
I subscribe myself,
JOHN B. EDWARDS, P. M.,
At Goodwinsville, Va.

From the Portland Daily Advertiser.

J. S. Paine vs. James Monroe.

We understand Mr. John S. Paine, of Sanford, made a speech at the Conycation at Alford on the 4th of July, and denied that Gen. Harrison was in the battle of the Thames. He must be very ignorant of what is a matter of history, or very reckless as to his own character for truth. On the 23d of March, 1819, Mr. Dickerson, late Secretary of the Navy, under Gen. Jackson, introduced a resolution of thanks in the House of Representatives of the U. States, awarding a gold medal to Gen. Harrison for his gallantry on that occasion; which was adopted unanimously, and a gold Medal was prepared, and President Monroe presented it to Gen. Jessup, to be presented by him to Gen. Harrison. On this occasion, President Monroe made the following address:

"Gen. Jasser.—In compliance with a resolution of Congress, I present you, for Gen. Harrison, this Medal, in testimony of the high sense entertained of his gallantry and good conduct at the battle of the Thames, in Upper Canada, on