

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS OF THE

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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 inserted, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS.

The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, *Orbitonia*; David Blair, *Esq. Shade Gap*; Benjamin Lease, *Shirleysburg*; Elisha Smith, *Esq. Chichester*; Jas. Buttrick, jr., *Coffee Run*; Hugh Madden, *Esq. Springfield*; Dr. S. S. Dewey, *Birmingham*; James Morrow, *Union Furnace*; John Siler, *Warrior Mark*; James Davis, *Esq. West township*; D. H. Moore, *Esq. Frankstown*; Eph. Galbreath, *Esq. Hollidaysburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Aaron Burns, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, *Esq. Morris township*; Simon Hamer, *Esq. Mill*; James Byers, *Esq. Mouth Spring Creek*; Wm. Murray, *Esq. Grayville*; John Crum, *Manor Hill*; Jas. E. Stewart, *Sinking Valley*; L. C. Kessler, *Mill Creek*.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obtuse pain and weight in the right side under the short ribs; attended with heat, tenderness 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. Thousands can testify to this fact.

Certificates of many persons may daily be seen of the efficacy of this valuable 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.

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 increased all ways towards evening, attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at a time not able to move his limbs on account of the pain being so great; he being advised by a friend of his to procure Dr. Harlich's pill of which he sent to the agent in West Chester and proceeded to use; 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.

TIPPECANOE RALLY.

TUNE—"Old Rosin the bow."

Ye jolly young Whigs of the nation,
And all ye sick Vancrofts too,
Come out from among the foul party,
And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

CHORUS

And vote for Old Tippecanoe!
And vote for Old Tippecanoe!
Come out from among the foul party,
And vote for Old Tippecanoe!

Old Tip is the man who can beat them,
And beat them so easily too;
They see that we'll surely defeat them,
Like the Indians at Tippecanoe.

He'll run the United States over,
And then on to Washington go,
For the White house is ready and open,
For the Hero of Tippecanoe.

They say that he lives in a "cabin,"
And that he drinks "hard cider" too;
But their's one thing of which we are certain
He's the Hero of Tippecanoe.

They call the old veteran "granny,"
Which they may quite easily do,
For he "delivered" the prophet of many,
At the battle of Tippecanoe!

And at Meigs and the Thames he was ready
His skill as a "granny" to show,
For the British then found him as steady,
As the Indians, at Tippecanoe.

The country now needs a good "granny"
To "deliver" her safely you know,
And there's none who can do it so easy,
As the Hero of Tippecanoe.

Then let us hurrah for the soldier,
Who has fought for us all brave and true,
You can't find a wiser or bolder,
Than the Hero of Tippecanoe.

NEW COMIC SONG.

TUNE—"Hey, come along, Josey"

Cum listen to me and I'll sing you a song,
Which I promise you shall not be long,
And I know you'll say it's a fast-rate thing
And dis is the tune dat I will sing:
Hey, cum along, jim along, Josey.
Hey, cum along, jim along Jo.

I spose you know de Whigs next fall
Are gwoin to stop de Loko ball;
Gin'rawl Har'sin he too strong for Martin,
And the lexshun will beat him sartin:
Hey, cum along, jim along, Josey.
Hey cum along, jim along jo.

De spilers say dey will no hab him
Kase how he lib in a log cabin;
But de people say dey do not kere,
He shall hab de white house 'fore a year:
Hey, cum along, &c.

De Lokos say he drink hard cider,
But dey only spread his shame de wider;
And dey may ober dere shampane
Make fua ob him, but it's all in wane:
Hey cum along &c.

Yes, let um laf and call him granny,
But it's well for you my little Vanney,
Dat he draw de Injans and British far
While you were talking 'gainst de war:
Hey, cum along &c.

And as de enemy den flew
At Meigs, at Tames, at Tippecanoe,
So he will make de hirelings run
When he is sent to Washington:
Hey cum along, &c.

Dr fox will den wid a sheepish look
Sneak back to de hole in Kinderhook;
And de leg-treasurers will make tracks,
As if de debbil was at dere backs:
Hey, cum along, &c.

And he who at 'Cumsey pull de trigger,
Whos wife was cousin to dis nigger;
Ehen dat wout save him, for the nashun
Say dey not for amalgamation.
Hey, cum along, &c.

"White man, white man werry unsartin,"
"How you off for sope," my darlin Martin;
Next March de log cabin boys will shout,
"Does your anxious mammy know your out?"
Hey, cum along, &c.

And now gentlefolks I bid you good-bye,
Dont let de Lokos trok chalk in your eye;
And when to de city de Gin'rawl you bring,
Dis nigger will be dere all ready for to sing,
Hey, cum along, &c.

Col Johnson's Opinion of Gen Harrison after the War.

IN CAMP AT ST. MARY'S, Oct. 6, 1812

"SIR,—In behalf of the officers and soldiers of the first battalion of mounted riflemen from Kentucky, now honorably dismissed from the public service, by your order, after having served the time required by the proclamation of the Executive of that State, I am requested to state we cannot leave the army under your command, without expressing the confidence we feel in your exertions in your country's cause—and having again, (by serving the period for which we enrolled ourselves,) become citizens, we feel a satisfaction in expressing our high approbation of your conduct as a man, and your unremitting exertions as the commander-in-chief of the North western army. Next to having obeyed the call of duty and honor, in serving our much injured country, we feel the highest satisfaction in having obeyed the orders of a commander who knows his duty, and who has capacity and firmness to execute it. Whatever may have been our confidence heretofore, in your military arrangements as a friend of your country, we never should have known the value of your services, had we not been eye witnesses to them. Discharged by your order, and about to return to our friends, we have but a few moments to express the regret with which we take leave of you and the patriotic army under your command. That regret is however lessened, upon a conviction that you have at this time sufficient forces to effect the great object of your appointment, and the crisis which demand the mounted riflemen have been met by their exertions; without which considerations, we could not have left the army, although our horses are worn down with fatigue; in fact, many of them lost to us forever. May the army under your command continue their march to glory, to honor, to fame, to victory. May their arms and their valor, avenge the blood and wounds of their injured country. May they immortalize themselves by showing that they are worthy of defending the cause of their country, of independence, and of freedom. And may you, sir, continue in their confidence as expressed by them, and administer to their wants as you have done. And may you survive the glorious conflict in which you are engaged, to behold the rights of a Republic firmly maintained in war and in peace; and to receive the plaudit of your country in having been one of the distinguished warriors in their support.

"Your friend and servant,
R. M. JOHNSON."
To Gen Wm. H. Harrison.
From the *Madisonian*

Economy of Mr. V. Buren's Administration.

During the night on which the discussion of the Sub-treasury bill was brought to a close in the Committee of the whole, Mr. Profit of Indiana, made a speech of great ability and effect, which we hope will be given to the public at length. There was one passage that presented, in a most striking manner, the unparalleled extravagance of this Federal administration, and the hollowness of all its professions of economy. We now publish this part of the speech, and call the attention of our readers to its statements. They may be startling, but they are true.

Mr. Profit said that the honorable gentleman, from Georgia, Mr. Cooper, had spoken of Mr. Van Buren's recommendations of economy. Mr. P. said that he was willing to allow that the President had made professions of economy, but the question here was, has he *practised* on those professions? Mr. P. said he would read a statement of expenditures made by Mr. V. Buren, which statement he (Mr. P.) had placed in the hands of the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; previous to that gentlemen addressing the committee, with a special request that he would refute the statement, if it was erroneous. This, the chairman had neglected to do, and, therefore, Mr. P. felt it his duty to read it. Sir, said Mr. Profit, I charge upon Mr. Van Buren, that he has expended over and above all the accruing revenue of the Government, since he came into power. Twenty-seven Millions Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, and has run the Government in debt five millions more, and now I will prove it.

The act providing for the distribution of the surplus revenue directed that on the 1st day of January, 1837, it should be distributed, retaining in the Treasury \$5,000,000.

There was, in fact, retained upwards of \$6,000,000, but I place it merely at \$5,000,000 Bonds given by Bank of United States for U. S. stock owned in said bank

three of which bonds have been collected by Mr. V. Buren, 6,000,000

The fourth instalment of surplus revenue directed to be distributed to the States, and withheld by act of Congress in October, 1837, which money was in the Treasury, upwards of 9,300,000

Bonds for duties due before 1837, and which were extended on account of the great fire in New York, and which fell into the receipts after Mr. Van Buren came into office, about 6,000,000

If we regard the \$2,000,000 Treasury notes as paid, which were outstanding at the opening of Congress, and which have not yet been called in, then we must charge Mr. Van Buren with the lately authorized issue of Treasury notes 5,000,000

\$32,300,000

Mr. Van Buren, then, has expended over and above all the accruing revenue, the sum of twenty-seven millions three hundred thousand dollars, and run in debt five millions more, making the amount of expenditure beyond the income of the Government, \$32,300,000.

Now, suppose, sir, said Mr. P., the public coffers had been empty when Mr. V. Buren came into office, and could he have laid his hands on nothing but the regular income of the Government from imports and public lands, what would have been our present condition? *Thirty two millions in debt.* How long, sir, could we stand this without direct taxation?

Mr. V. Buren has been in office a little more than three years, and has expended \$32,300,000 of capital besides our regular income. Should he be re-elected, he will in eight years; at the same rate, have expended over and above the accruing revenue, upwards of SEVENTY ONE MILLIONS. This, sir, is economy, beautiful praiseworthy economy!!!

The force of Character.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

About the year 1820, a family made its appearance in an interior town, among the hills of upper Georgia, consisting of a newly married couple from New England, whose characteristics soon awakened a deep interest in their welfare, and a desire of their society, in the hospitable, social, and educated community, among whom its lot had fallen. The gentleman had gallantly honored his country's flag and commission during the then recent war with Great Britain, and at its close, consummated a cherished attachment by marrying a young lady whose fortune had been quite peculiar. The young officer's father was a retired clergyman; his mother one of the best in heart, and most happy in the ancient region where all had originated. The lady had been born under her father-in-law's ministry, but with drawn by domestic misfortunes to a residence in a neighboring city. Here she had, by personal manual industry, helped to comfort a pious but disconsolate father; and by cultivating her taste for music, vocal and instrumental, acquired many friends, some distinction, and incidental advantages.

The profession pursued by our young emigrant, in his new location, levied upon all his energies and time. The enjoyment of the many proffered attentions of their neighbors was necessarily devolved upon his young and lovely wife. She had too bland a heart to be indifferent to such friendship on the part of strangers; and her musical taste was extensively devoted to the gratification of these warm-hearted neighbors. From twenty miles around, the carriages of the opulent farmers were sent for the use of the interesting new housekeeper; and many a planter's family will long remember the jocund circles attracted to their residence during the visits of the lovely wife of the gallant New England soldier.

Ten or a dozen years thus rolled away, and our beloved friends found themselves surrounded by some six or eight fine children, the eldest of whom were daughters. Meantime, pecuniary losses, excessive labors, and corroding cares, had worn deeply upon the health of him, who had better endured the activity and exposure of spirit-exciting military campaigns.—His venerable father, left in New England, had been bereft one after another of his sons, till this one was all he had to rely on, for the solace of his old age. Beloved sisters, an accomplished step-mother, and many early friends and endeared connections, all concurred in the desire to induce the return of the sojourners from their distant settlement, and a change

of climate had come to be deemed indispensable to the recovery of our friend's health.

To those who had not visited or seen this interesting family, or the gentleman and lady, since they left, in the bloom of youth, the land of their fathers, it was an imposing scene presented on their return, surrounded by half a dozen or more children, who had been born and raised amid the warm sun of Georgia, and under the influence of her social institutions.—The oldest daughter might have been ten years old—several others under that age. To the household of the venerable divine, the return was an occasion of joy and gratulation. The first glad greetings thus passed, a preparation for business resumed the thoughts of the son. He hastily availed of an offer which promised suitable remuneration of his efforts, but which could only be secured by giving an endorser on his paper. To this his father readily affixed his signature, which never, during a long and varied life, had been doubted or dishonored. A debt of some fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars was thus incurred, of which all the family felt that their common homestead was pledged to the payment. The business embarked in was prosecuted with vigor. Every energy was tasked to ensure its success. But events soon proved that our friend had been too sanguine, probably too credulous; and a total loss of all his labor and capital involved three generations in irretrievable pecuniary ruin.

This was a change in the condition and prospects of our friend's and his father's family, for which previous events had not prepared them; but its effects were more dreadful to the sensibilities of the proud-spirited officer than to him and them, who had more accustomed their minds to the contemplation of religion. He who had never shrunk from the blaze of an enemy's artillery, sank in the feebleness of debilitated health before the prospect of losses, so disastrous not only to himself, and his own dear wife and children, but to a father and mother of three-score and ten, and to several fond and affectionate sisters. The idea of breaking, becoming bankrupt, compounding with his creditors, never entered his mind; his notions of honor and religion would have scouted the proposition. *The debt must be paid*—and the venerable sire would have it to discharge.

Of course, much consultation was held, to devise the ways and means. In all this, the firm and resolute tone of the young *mother* shone conspicuously. She was not to be daunted nor discouraged. She had a plan to propose, by which herself and her daughters, little girls of eight to a dozen years old, could stay the encroachment of a sheriff. "Father should not pay their debt!" They could work; and labor could earn money.

Six miles from their residence was one of the most flourishing manufacturing towns in New England. Her proposition was that they would remove thither; she would go into one of the corporation dwellings and provide for boarders; the children should go to work in the factory; the husband should obtain employment as a journeyman at the trade of his early youth. No remonstrance of sensibility, no misgivings of delicacy, no suggestions of honorable pride could dissuade her from her effort. The spirit in which the resolution was conceived, and the energy with which it was proclaimed, awed into silence those who had the more natural right to select the course to be pursued; and from thenceforth our fair friend was to become the heroine, if not the head, of the whole family, and all its enterprises.

A removal was effected—a dwelling was obtained—boarders were secured.—The tender and delicate Georgia misses commenced their labors as "factory girls." The father found employment for his hands, which served, in some degree, to relieve the anguish of his heart. The mother was every where—in spirit if not in person—directing, cheering, invigorating all the operations of the family.—When the deep toned factory bell sent forth its first peal, she and her household were on the wing; and at once from her doors issued forth the throng of sprightly females to superintend, for another long day, the clattering operations of the cotton-mill machinery. When the hour for a meal arrived, its measured moments of participation were not diminished to her hurried guests; but quantity, quality, and punctuality, were all attended with a cheerful and jocund deportment. At night, when the juvenile family retired from their respective labors, and returned home to their crowded rooms—supper passed, and books, music, or a visit to some lecture hall, occupied the remainder of their evening.

A year or two had thus passed away, when the writer of this narrative addressed a letter to this family to learn their position and prospects. The reply, conjointly written by husband and wife, stated in dollars and cents the earnings of each member of the family, and its ag-

gregate result, together with the amount of the debt already liquidated, and a calculation of the time it would take to emancipate themselves, parents and children, from their pecuniary embarrassments. It was an epistle worthy a Neckar, a Morris, or a Franklin! When subsequently, he for the first time in his life visited the residents of a corporation boarding house, he was equally surprised and gladdened to find its tables and shelves stocked with books; and not the daughters only, but some of their industrious associates, employing most of their pittance of leisure in choicely selected reading. The tolling of the factory bell, awakening him in the morning, had saddened his spirit, as if it had been the knell of an execution; and the rustling under the window of his hotel, of those slender juveniles, as they hurried away to their diurnal drudgery, aroused all the sympathy and sensibility of his nature. But when during the following day and evening, he was permitted to contemplate the quiet, patient industry of these children of his friends and countrymen—contrasting with the outbreaks of discontent, and clamor of idleness, elsewhere beheld—and especially when at even tide he sat at the supper table, or conversed at the fireside with these contented, modest, and intelligent young females, he surrendered forever his prejudices against a species of industry which, till then, he had not deemed consistent with republican virtues or American liberty. Religious, moral, and intellectual cultivation, domestic comfort, and progressive thrift, were all visible in this family; and the numerous school houses, lecture rooms, and churches, about the whole town, proclaimed their enjoyment by its whole community.

A recent visit to this interesting family has furnished the writer an opportunity of beholding the results of their integrity, courage, fortitude, self-denial, industry, and perseverance; and of contemplating a lesson of *virtue* which he prays may never be lost on himself, and deems to be worthy of recommendation to all the children of misfortune. The father is well established in a substantial business, every appearance of which has been paid for in part by the labor of his children. A son has become old enough to have contributed his share towards the common prosperity, and now to be enjoying the instructions of one of those best ornaments of a New England city or village, a first rate public school. The eldest daughter, after years of toil in a factory, has attained a thorough education in all that is usually taught in our best female seminaries; and is now acquiring those ornamental accomplishments which will soon fit her to become useful at the head of some academic institution, or to confer, like her mother, refinement on some favored social circle. Three other sisters, each of whom has contributed years of labor in the cotton mill—consequently, or alternately at work and at school—are now also enjoying the best instruction in all that can fit them for the best circles of society. *The debt has been paid.* Their residence is well furnished. And when, a short time since, a new and first rate piano was wanted, the money to pay for it was worked for and earned—by these examples of a gone by generation of females. Nothing is bought which cannot be paid for—nothing sought, which will not be substantially useful. Several little juveniles, too young to work, are kept at school. The boarding house is not yet surrendered—but is still carried on, as if to perpetuate lessons of economy to its young inmates—and of virtue and courage to a numerous circle of acquaintance. The incomparable *mother*, whose unrivalled energy laid the foundation of this revived prosperity, she, too, lives—in the enjoyment of the affection and respect of all her household, offspring, and acquaintance. Occasionally she indulges her old friends with a brief visit—or revives their happiest recollections by those sweet strains of melody, vocal and instrumental, which a more modern taste may be well content to equal, but to the lovers of "old lang syne," will never be able to excel. Would delicacy permit the recital, incidents could be supplied to this brief narrative, further and more eloquently illustrative of this heroic family.

AN ART REPLY.—In one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present, the Englishman makes anxious about the future; is not the French man the wiser?" "He may be the wiser," said Fox; "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope?"

"What you please," means, I expect much more than I can in reason ask for.