

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 not paid within six months, two dollars and a half.

Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS.

The Huntingdon Journal.

Daniel Teague, Orbisonia; David Blair, Esq. Shade Gap; Benjamin Lease, Shirkysburg; Eitel Smith, Esq. Chilcotestown; Jas. Enriken, 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; E. G. Galt, Esq. Hollidaysburg; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Burns, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wm. Reed, Esq. Morris township; Solomon Hamer, Neff's Mill; James Dysart, Mouth Spruce Creek; Wm. Murray, Esq. Graysville; John Crum, Manor Hill; Jas. E. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Kessler, Mill Creek.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Cured by the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills Mr. Wm. Richard, Pittsburg, Pa. entirely cured of the above distressing disease: His symptoms were, pain and weight in the left side, loss of appetite, vomiting, acrid cructations, a distention of the stomach, sick headache, furred tongue, countenance changed to a citron color, difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with a cough, great debility, with other symptoms indicating great derangement of the functions of the liver. Mr. Richard had the advice of several physicians, but received no relief, until using Dr. Harlich's medicine, which terminated in effecting a perfect cure.

Principal office, 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. [don pa For sale at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!

More proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Harlich's Medicines.

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Summerville, Pa. entirely cured of the above disease, which he was afflicted with for six years. His symptoms were a sense of distension and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, loss of appetite, sickness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acrid cructations, sometimes vomiting, and pain in the right side, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, faintness, and not able to pursue his business without causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. Hartman is happy to state to the public and is willing to give any information to the afflicted, respecting the wonderful benefit he received from the use of Dr. Harlich Compound Strengthening and German aperient pills. Principal office No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

SYMPTOMS.

Dyspepsia may be described from a want of appetite or an unnatural and voracious one, nausea, sometimes bilious vomiting, sudden, and transient distensions of the stomach after eating, acid and putrescent eructations, water brash, pains in the region of the stomach, costiveness of the bowels, giddiness and dimness of sight, disturbed rest, tremors, mental despondency, flatulency, nervous irritability, chilliness, salowness of complexion, oppressing after eating, general languor and debility; this disease will also very often produce the sick headache, as proved by the experience of those who have suffered of it.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obtuse pain and weight in the right side under the short ribs; 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 will be performed. Those who 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 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 matter 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 unprejudiced 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 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 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.

CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.

This disease often originates from a habit of overloading or distending the stomach by excessive eating or drinking, or very protracted periods of fasting, an indolent or sedentary life, in which no exercise is afforded to the muscular fibres or mental faculties, fear, grief, and deep anxiety, taken too frequently by straining purgatives, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and spasmodic affections of the stomach and bowels; the most common of the latter causes are late hours and the too frequent use of spirituous liquors.

From the Boston Chronicle, Jan. 10 We see by an advertisement in another column that Messrs. Comstock & Co. the American Agents for Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, have deputies to sell that article in Boston and elsewhere. He know a lady of this city whose hair was so nearly gone as to expose entirely her phrenological developments, which, considering that they betokened a most amiable disposition, was not in reality very unfortunate. Nevertheless she mourned the loss of locks that she had worn, and after a year's fruitless resort to mis-called restoratives, purchased; some months ago, a bottle or two of Oldridge's Balm, and she has now ringlets in rich profusion, glossy, and of raven blackness. We are not puffing, none of the commodity has been sent to us, and indeed, we do not want any, for though we were obliged to wear a wig a year ago, we have now, though its virtue, hair enough, and of a passable quality, of our own.

To the Bald Headed.—This is to certify, that I have been bald about twenty years, and by the use of the genuine Balm of Columbia, my head is now covered with hair. I shall be happy to convince any one of the fact that will call and see me Delhi village. The above article I bought at Griswold, Case & Co's store, who had it from Comstock & Co.

JOHN JAQUISH, Jr.

DARING FRUITS

The Balm of Columbia has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it has the name of L. M. Comstock, or the signature of Comstock & Co. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test which will secure the public from deception.

Address Comstock & Co. Wholesale Druggists, New-York, No 2 Fletcher-street.

Sept. 23, 1840.—3m

I. Fisher & A. K. Cornyn.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WILL carefully attend to all business committed to their care in the Courts of Huntingdon & Mifflin counties. Mr. Cornyn may be found at his office, in Market St., opposite the Store of Mr. Dorris, in the borough of Huntingdon.

Hunt. Sep. 9, 1840.



POETRY.

From the Rural Repository.

It is said Queen Elizabeth exclaimed on her death bed, "Millions, millions for one inch of time."

ELIZABETH was laid Upon a bed of pain, Sadly she mourned the moments fled That might not come again; Vain was the pomp and power— The diadem and throne— Could they recall one wasted hour, Or one brief moment flown?

Thus spake the dying one— "Must I thus pass away! Have ye no spell the soul to bind Unto this dying clay! Oh! must I—must I go Thus darkly stained with crime! Millions of gold, or millions now, For but one inch of time!"

Alas! thou hapless one, Vain is thy bitter cry, Vain thy regret, for moments gone, No treasure, life can buy. Sad—sad it is to pass, Thus from the earth away; To yield the parting breath at last, In such deep misery.

Tears from the languid eye, Full oft and quick did start; And many a deep and bitter sigh, Broke from that fearful heart; Pale was that marble brow, Cold was the trembling hand, And sadly thus she passed away, Unto the spirit land.

Oh! who would wear a crown, Thus to lie down and die! Wee to the throne, the scepter'd one, When the pale king is nigh, If no bright angel band On wings of love are there, To bear her to the spirit land, The peace of Heaven to share.

From the London Friendships Offering.

The Doctor's Two Patients.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

The doctor had made a long round; he was tired to death, and the worst of the matter was that all these foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary fantastical complaints of the rich, who are ill because they have leisure, but the positive substantial maladies of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogues of ills that flesh is heir to, and as our young doctor was very foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, he felt himself unable to miss them, or forget them, or cut them altogether; and as one disagreeable consequence generally comes pretty on the heels of another it of course came to pass that as all his patients were poor, the doctor himself was not so very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to resort to that primitive mode of conveying himself about, the fashion of which was first set by Adam; we mean that the doctor not being able to afford a carriage or a cab, or a stanhope, or a tilbury was obliged to carry himself.

Now on the morning in question, the doctor had carried himself, until he was thoroughly tired of his burden, and he came home weary and worn, and though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients, sir, that want you directly," said the doctor's assistant.

"Will not to-morrow morning do?" asked the young doctor, as he looked at his own arm-chair by the fire, and the fire a good one, his slippers most invitingly ready for his feet, the table spread for his dinner—"Will not to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, sir—they seemed urgent."

"But if people only scratch a finger, or happen to sneeze, the doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter?"

"The lady has a fever sir, and the man—"

"The lady and the man—oh, then the lady is a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah! I understand they are of different conditions."

"You could leave the man till to-morrow, sir."

"Could I—and suppose he should die to-night?"

Now, though our doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which we have spoken as forming one of his component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boot, or plunge into the easy chair; so breaking off a crust, and giving one last, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured forth into the rain and mud.

The doctor made his nearest patient his first; it happened to be the lady.

The evening was darkening, and the gas growing brighter, when the doctor lifted the knocker of a short of shabby genteel house in one of those ambiguous streets of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration, the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins and being in fact the worst of the best, and the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, except the inhabitants, and they can give a positive opinion because they know that the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor square. Our doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The inside of the house was in exact keeping with its external countenance, the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility, and our hero saw at a glance, that it was "Lodgings to Let."

The apartment into which he was ushered, looked sufficiently uncomfortable; there were marks in the fire place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago, for any symptoms which appeared to the contrary—Our doctor felt the gloom of the place, but when he was shown into the adjoining room, the scene was still more desolate. A faint untrimmed lamp burning low in the socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment, just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with a fever, and raving with delirium, laying on a bed, and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed, and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort, and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as if they had been syllabled by an angel. "You are not alone?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the girl with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"It is not fit that you should continue so. Had you not better send for some friend to share your vigils?"

Fresh tears came into the young girl's eyes as she answered. "We have no friends—at least none in this great town—if anywhere."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connections in town?"

"No, Mamma came on law business"

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, alone in the world.

"The people of the house—"

"Are afraid of coming near us. They dread infection—it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The doctor felt rather than saw that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to endure much more fatigue," and the doctor looked on her flushed cheeks, her blood shot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can endure anything; you have given me new hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you—it is not right that you should be left unsupported."

"You know that she will die!" exclaimed the girl, and in a paroxysm of frantic grief, she threw herself upon her knees by the bed-side, hiding her face in its folds, and clutching handfuls of drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you said the doctor, 'that I do not know it, that I do not even think it; but certainly something better than the indulgence of a childish sorrow is imperatively called for.'"

The girl rose up again with an offended air notwithstanding her grief, "I shall do all that I can do."

"And I shall do the same," replied the doctor.

Our doctor went from that shabby genteel house to one of much less doubtful aspect, it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable, that no one in his senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was now quite dark; the streets were like the Black Sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud. Not a light glimmered in the obscure court into which our doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon,

and the other to the mud; and as the moon happened to be absent on other duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr. Kendrick's part to steer himself into the farther extremity of the court, and up three pair of stairs into a back attic, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! alas! these bodies of ours should be the avenues of such misery. Not a nerve of this corporeal frame but opens a channel to suffering—not an atom that may not vibrate with agony! Very dreary and desolate was that miserable chamber—the fitting scene for human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a deal table, a chair with broken spindles and a worn-out rush bottom, and a trundle bed were all its furniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our doctor drew his rickety chair close to him, and sat down. A wretched rushlight made the darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was calaverous and attenuated, his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; a pair of wild but faded eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering slaggy eyebrows, a bald forehead and a few white locks on either side, completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust and fear and fretfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, starting fiercely, as the doctor took his station by the bedside; "Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the doctor, in soothing tones.

"Good! no! nobody can do me any good."

"You must not be too sure of that.—It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes, I am sure! I suppose you are a doctor. I want no doctors! they kill more than they cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasted if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away—go away—I hate your whole tribe! Leechers! Bloodsuckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way—a doctor may be so too in his way," replied Mr. Kendrick good naturedly.

"Better out of the way," grumbled the impatient patient.

"Have you tried them?" asked the doctor.

"No, nor intend it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, sir," exclaimed the sick man, raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though what he was about to say were quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, sir; the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look round this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all that it contains?"

"Probably not," replied Mr. Kendrick.

"Ha! ha!—and where do you think the money is to come from to pay your long bills? No, no; go away, go away. You would never get paid; you know you would never get paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die."

"But if you never get paid, what does it matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you, or known of your existence—nothing; but having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can do for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient, "without getting paid?"

"That does not affect my responsibility. I think I can do you some good—it is my duty to try—it is yours to let me."

"Try, then," grumbled the sick man.

The Doctor went home, but not to the enjoyment of his dinner, his easy chair, his slippers, or his good fire; it was only to make preparations for the care of his two new patients.

Another hour had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of affairs. Mr. Kendrick had managed, in that time, to surround his poor patient with a few comforts; had sent him a blanket, procured him the cheering advantages of a fire, had given him medicine, and what was equally necessary, nutritious food.

Neither had he been less careful of his other patient. There he had himself administered medicine, himself smoothed the sick pillow, and seen all that was needful duly done.

And never was kindness and support more craved for, than in that sick chamber. The girl, totally unused to depend upon herself, and in a situation that would have tried the strongest fortitude, sat by the bedside of her mother, who was raving with delirium, almost paralysed with terror. They were evidently strangers, unacquainted and unknown. There was not a relative or friend to share her toil, or to cheer or sustain her under it. Our

doctor, however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse and comforter, and by that immutable law, which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her oracle, her strength.

Three days—three days of unspeakable anxiety and terror to poor Esther, followed. Alas! the heavy weight of moments, that seemed hours—of hours, that seemed days—of days, that seemed years. Poor Esther's bloodshot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage still sustained her. By a gentle, but a firm compulsion, he made her at intervals, take an hour's rest upon the sofa in the adjoining room, whilst he assumed her station by the bedside. In his calm, kind, and authoritative voice, he ordered her to take needful food, and she had obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic, he reproved; when she despaired, he consoled. Oh! profession, too noble for man—office rather of an angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from the grasp of death, of giving to the mother the child, to the husband the wife, the loved one to the loving, shame that thy offices should ever be filled with a sordid priesthood!

We have said that the three days of the bitterest anxiety had passed; the fourth brought with it better hopes. The delirium had abated, the fever was allayed, and Mrs. Heathcote lay weak and motionless, but memory and comprehension had resumed their functions.

But memory and comprehension, they served to reassure poor Esther's spirits, by seeming to give her back the identity of her living parent, brought with them but little solace to the sufferer, for with them came the remembrance of those anxieties which had been in fact the occasion of her maladies, and our doctor found, what he had before more than suspected, that his own bill was not quite as "safe as the Bank of England."

The doctor's other patient lay with his head half raised from his pillow, supported by his hand, striving to catch the first echo of his footsteps on the stairs.

"Another half hour gone, and not here yet," said the poor patient, his glistening eyes fastened to the door—"another half hour. Has he forgotten me, or has something happened?"

The clock of a neighboring church struck the hour. "One—two—three, and not here yet! Hark! that is the street door! No, pshaw! what a fool I am to expect him thus—and yet his is the only kind voice that has sounded in my ears these last twenty years. Who was ever so kind to me since the day my mother wept over, and kissed me, and—died!"

Who ever saw any thing in me since the day that her love left me, but a miserable, ungainly miserably clad?" and the old man wiped from his glistening eyes a tear.—"While he was yet speaking, our doctor entered his lowly chamber, with so light a step, that the patient was not at first aware of his presence.

"Well, old friend," said the doctor, cheerily, "how are you to-day?—nay, what is this?" as the old man's eyes, suffused with their unwonted moisture, met his own. "What is this? what has gone wrong? what has happened?"

"It was a tear," replied the old man, "a tear to the memory of my mother.—She alone, of all the millions of beings in this wide world, ever loved me, and a sudden remembrance (I often think of her in the unquiet night), brought the tears in my eyes."

"A mother's love is an unfathomable well," replied the doctor with a sigh,— "but I never knew it."

"Then you have never known the dearest love on earth," replied the sick man, fixing his eyes commiseratingly upon him.

The doctor shook off his sentiment, and with a slight laugh said, "Oh, the dearest say you—are you sure of that?"

The patient fixed his eyes searchingly upon him. "So, then, you are thinking of marrying. That will quite ruin you—quite spoil you."

"No, no," replied the doctor, with another slight laugh, but this time it was a constrained one. "No, no, I must make my fortune first, I am too poor to marry."

"But you are not poor; you are not poor!" reiterated the sick man.

"And not very likely ever to be rich," replied the doctor.

"Not if you are so extravagant," answered the sick man; "you have torn that good piece of white paper all to pieces."

"It was only what your medicine was wrapped in," responded the doctor as he extracted the cork from the bottle, and presented its contents to his patient.

"It would have done for another bottle if you had not destroyed it," replied the careful man; "there now you have thrown the cork into the fire,—that is sheer waste—and pray, while I think of it, do you want the bottles back again?"