

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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[WHOLE No. 257.]

TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, paid IN ADVANCE, and if 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, *Oriskany*; David Blair, Esq. *Shade Gap*; Benjamin Lease, *Shirleysburg*; Elisha Smith, Esq. *Chillicothe*; Jas. Entiken, jr. *Coffee Run*; Hugh Madden, Esq. *Springfield*; Dr. S. S. Dewey, *Birmingham*; James Morrow, *Union Furnace*; John Siskler, *Warrior Mark*; James Davis, Esq. *West town*; D. H. Moore, Esq. *Hollidayburg*; Henry Neff, *Alexandria*; Aaron Burns, *Williamsburg*; A. J. Stewart, *Water Street*; Wm. Reed, Esq. *Richmond*; Solomon H. Meyer, *Jeff's Mill*; James Dyer, *South Spruce Creek*; Wm. Murray, Esq. *Graysville*; John Crum, *Major Hill*; Jas. E. Stewart, *Sinking Valley*; L. C. Kessler, *Mill Creek*.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Cared 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, acid eructations, 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 enlargement 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. James Hartman, of Sunnyside, 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, giddiness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acid eructations, 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's 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, sometimes bilious vomiting, sudden and transient distensions of the stomach attended with acid and putrescent eructations, water-brash, pains in the region of the stomach, costiveness palpitation of the heart, dizziness and dimness of sight, disturbed rest, tremors, mental despondency, flatulency, spasms, nervous irritability, chilliness, salivaceous complexion, oppression 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; 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 affected 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. "Thou sands 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, 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 digestive organs and invigorate the system generally, no medicine has ever been so promptly 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 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.

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. We know a lady of this city whose hair was so nearly gone as to expose entirely her phenological 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 miscellanea 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 FLUID

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 that will secure the public from deception.

Address Comstock & Co.

Wholesale Druggists, New-York,

No 2 Fletcher-street.

Sept. 23, 1840.-3m

STAGNATION OF THE BLOOD.—The repeated changes in the atmosphere, by acting as they do upon the consistence and quality of the blood, give occasion for the most fatal and malignant disorders. The blood from a state of health becomes stagnant and is plunged into a state of corruption.

Thus it loses its purity; its circulation is impeded; the channels of life are clogged; the bowels become costive, and it not an immediate attack of some malignant fever, headache, nausea, loss of appetite, and a general debility of the whole frame are sure to follow.

It requires the tempest and the tornado to bring about a state of purity in the ocean, when its waters become stagnant; and it will require repeated evacuations by the bowels before the blood can be relieved of its accumulated impurity.



POETRY.

A BALLAD.

In the following beautiful ballad, there is a union of sense and sound rarely to be met with:

A baron had a daughter fair,
But sixteen summers had she seen,
Her heart was light, no grief was there,
And love'd by all was she I ween;
But love hath wiles for beauty's smiles—
An Alpine hunter young and bold,
Of sought her bow'r at evening hour,
And many a tale of rapture told,
"Fly to the mountain," whispered he,
"Fly to the mountain, love, with me."

But she, the young betrothed, was claim'd
By Ulrich's lord, the proud and old;
The day was fix'd, the dower nam'd,
And 'twas to end in shining gold.
The halls were bright that nuptial night,
And gladness through the castle rung;
But there was one who stood alone,
And softly to the maiden sung—
"Fly to the mountain—fly with me,
Maiden of love! I wait for thee!"

A steed stood at the castle gate,
And dark and lowering was the night;
Soon on his back the lovers sat,
And swift and silent was their flight.
Now, joy beside the hunter's bride,
Who gave a heart no gold could buy;
Long may she roam her mountain home,
And sing the Alpine melody:
"Life in the mountain wilds for me!
Life in the valley, love, with thee."

MISCELLANY.

The Poor Printer,

AND THE EXCLUSIVES.

On the fourth of July, 18—, Harriet Lee might have been seen sitting on the sofa in her neat little parlor, in a house situated in P-street, New York. The metropolis was alive with men, women and children, of every color, class and creed—old men, whose heads were whitened with the snow of age—young men in the meridian of manhood, unitedly and unanimously agreed to "drive dull care away," and join the jubilee to celebrate the birth day of American Independence. Ever and anon the bursting thunder of artillery seemed to shake the island of Manhattan; the carved eagle sat perched upon a pole of liberty, and our star spangled banner became the plaything of the balmy wind.

Whilst every American heart was brim full of joy and gratitude, there were two generous-hearted, noble minded individuals bowed down with sorrow so pungent and disappointment so bitter, that the soul stirring proceedings of the ever-to-be remembered fourth could not rise their drooping spirits. The persons alluded to are Harriet and her suitor, William Malcolm. When the agent and high minded William entered Harriet's apartment, he was disappointed and surprised to see the object of his love bathed in tears. "Why do you weep my dear Harriet?" enquired William, in a voice rich as music; at the same time grasping affectionately her snowy tapering fingers, which were ornamented with three costly rings, the offerings which friendship and respect had laid upon the altar of her fairy hand. Harriet gently and gracefully raised her head, while the warm tears of grief flowed free and fast from her dark hazel eyes, and fell upon her fair cheek like dew drops from a rose leaf. "What can I do," continued William, "to tear away the dark drapery which seems to mantle your tender feelings in gloomy sorrow on this high and happy day?" Harriet's feelings were too big for utterance; she could not vent her thoughts in words, so violent was the temper of excitement occasioned by one who had broken up the great deep of her heart. Soon after she was able to speak, she said she had just returned from a visit to her aunt R—, having paid her a visit for the purpose of inviting her to attend the anticipated wedding which would probably take place in a few days. She described the interview she had with her aunt, it was as follows:

When she had made known her errand her aunt observed—
"Is it possible that you, Harriet, have assumed the responsibility of pledging heart and hand to a man without soliciting my advice?"

Harriet replied, "When I first became acquainted with the man of my choice, I sought the advice of my mother, who happened to be in the city at the time: upon

inquiry she discovered that my friend was an honest and honorable man; and had no objection to my associating with him; our friendship has ripened into love; we are pledged to each other and the wedding day is appointed."

"What is the gentleman's name, Harriet?"

"His name is William Malcolm."

"Is he a Physician, or a Lawyer, or a Merchant or a Minister—what is he?"

"He is a journeyman printer," replied Harriet.

"A journeyman Printer!" exclaimed the aunt, with great emphasis. "Do you intend to disgrace your connections by marrying a man who picks up type for a living? You must be foolish, and your mother must be mad to sanction your folly; you need not imagine, Miss, that I shall condescend to mingle in the society of mechanics, you lack common sense or you would not thus throw yourself away."

Harriet again replied:

"William is a respectable, industrious, and economical man, and loves me."

"It make me think of casting pearls before swine," continued the old aristocrat.

"You are a beautiful girl, your accomplishments are superior to the attainments of most girls of your age—how can you so lower yourself as to marry an illiterate mechanic?"

"My dear aunt, do you know that a printing office is an Academy, where lessons of useful knowledge are continually before the mind?—William is not an illiterate man; he is a self taught classical scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the estimation of all who know him."

"I will pay the expense of your wedding and give you a splendid set of furniture, if you will try to forget him, and take my advice; there is Squire—, he thinks a great deal of you;—would you not like to have him, or Doct.—, or Mr.—, the Merchant? You can, I have no doubt, marry either of these gentlemen, and thus keep up the dignity of your family?"

"Pa, is a mechanic, and I am not too proud to marry a mechanic," replied Harriet.

"Your father is my youngest brother; he is an extensive land holder; how can you call him a mechanic?"

"I have frequently heard him say," replied Harriet, "that he earned his farm by diligently using the saw, the broadaxe, and the jackplane; furthermore, I have heard him say, that you, in your younger days, used to pound putty, and prime sashes, when Uncle R— could not afford to hire help; you have not forgotten that my dear uncle is a sash maker, it is but a few years since he relinquished that business."

"Impudent creature, how dare you insult me in my own house?—your uncle is President of the Bank of—; and one of the richest men in this wealthy metropolis."

"Aunt, I don't intend to insult you nor injure the feelings of my uncle; you know better than I do, that he shaved wood before he commenced shaving notes—your stands the old frame building which was once his humble residence."

"Harriet, you must quit my house immediately, and never dare to darken my door again."

Poor Harriet's feelings were wrought up to the pitch of excitement; when her proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespectfully of William, she introduced the sarcastic remarks which mortified the old woman's pride. Until that morning she always respected her aunt, but her tyranny completely changed her feelings.

On the 9th day of July, Mr. R—, Harriet's uncle, whilst perusing one of the daily papers, discovered the following, and read it aloud to his wife.

"MARRIED, in this city, on the 8th inst by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr WILLIAM MALCOLM, to Miss HARRIET LEE, both of this city." On the opposite page he saw a long editorial article respecting the wedding, the following is an extract:

"Last evening, in conformity with a polite invitation, we attended a wedding party; every thing went off with great éclat; the cake, coffee and wine, were excellent; the bride looked more like an angel than a human being, her hair was smooth and dark as raven's wings, her mouth like blooming tulips. The groom we are well acquainted with; he is a clever fellow; the wealth of intellect shone on his superb forehead, and a great soul looked through his calm blue eyes; he is the talented author of several splendid articles which have appeared in our most popular periodicals. We understand he is about to assume the management of a periodical in this city. 'May the sunlight of success beam upon his exertions.'"

"Patient reader, allow the author to digress a few moments, in order to lay before you a brief history of the two professional men, and the merchant who was selected by Harriet's aunt, as a suitable companion for a young lady, occupying

such a conspicuous stand in society as she did. The physician was an interior looking man, rather ill formed and dwarfish. He was round shouldered, small twinkling eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and mouth indicative of eloquence. Notwithstanding his personal appearance, he was esteemed and respected by a large acquaintance—he was a natural dwarf but an intellectual giant—he was an ordinary looking man, but his attainments were rich and rare, his brilliant talents won for him an imperishable name on the page of immortality—by marriage he connected himself with a poor but honest family—he has obtained a princely fortune since the sacred band was rivited, and still lives to enjoy it with his amiable companion and beautiful children.

The lawyer was a tall graceful man, he had an eye like an eagle, was straight as a pine, and strong as Hercules; a large pair of brown whiskers fringed his expressive countenance; no artist ever chiselled a better looking mouth than his—a heavy mass of rich brown hair hung in clustering curls over his fine forehead. He arose to eminence in his profession, the siren song of flattery was perpetually sung in his ear—one praised him because of his eloquence, another alluded to his benevolence. At the age of twenty-five he married the daughter of a rich merchant.

Let us leap over a period of ten years. In yonder white frame house in Centre street, New York, may be seen the wreck of a ruined man, his eyes are bloodshot his teeth yellow, his hand trembles, his face is as red as the rising sun—he is a victim to intemperance—if, reader, you choose to look into this dwelling house you will find it neatly furnished, and clean as a new pin; a pale female playing that little polished lance, the needle attracts your attention—she has seen better days; but now she earns a subsistence for herself, her unfortunate husband and three little ones. She is the wife of the talented lawyer, we spoke of a few seconds since; the bewildering voice of flattery spoiled him, he mingled much in society, was a public pet. His friends deemed it an honor to drink a social glass with him; thus he engendered an artificial appetite which like a serpent imprisoned him in his folds; his business was neglected, his time misimproved, his property worse than wasted, his intellect blunted, and his health destroyed.

The merchant was a hungry speculator, greedily after dollars and cents, wealth rolled in its golden tide around him, the more music there was in his purse the more friends he won; he was too stingy to get married, determined to get rich in a hurry, he leaped into the dark, he committed forgery; in Auburn prison may be seen the man who was selected for Harriet by her aunt; fortunately he has no wife nor children to mourn his fate.

We will now resume the narrative of the poor printer's history. 'Twas on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May, that one of the splendid steamers which play between New York and Albany, was crowded with beauty and fashion—the passengers were amusing themselves by gazing on the romantic scenery which nature had spread with lavish hands on both sides of the Hudson. At noon the bell rung to inform the passengers that dinner was ready; a rush was made to the table, which was loaded with the richest luxuries the market afforded; at the head of the table sat a man somewhat advanced in life, the hand of time had scattered a few grey hairs upon his head; the next seat to him was occupied by his wife, with an air of affected dignity she looked towards the door, which at that moment was opened by the Captain who politely requested the gentleman and lady at the head of the table to give up their seats to the Hon. William Malcolm and his lady! It a voice from Heaven, in a tone of thunder had spoken, they could not have been more surprised, than was Harriet's uncle and aunt when they in the presence of more than one hundred persons, were obliged to make room for the plebeians they refused to associate with ten years previous to that event, to this proud pair of aristocrats, the scene was extremely humiliating—after all, it was an honor to sit by the side of this great self-made man; after the cloth was removed, a great many apologies were made by the old couple. They invited the honorable Wm. M. and his lady to call and see them; they did so; and the old hypocrites strained every nerve to please the once poor printer and his beautiful wife.

William assumed the management of the periodical spoken of in the commencement of this article; his labors were crowned with success; at the close of the year he removed to the South, the same success attended his footsteps; he rose in spite of the obstacles in his way to the honorable eminence he now occupies.

A MAN WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BE MARRIED.—In Scotland, some time ago, a young man had the bands of marriage betwixt him and a young woman regularly proclaimed. The wedding night was appointed, and the marriage supper provided. The hour arrived, the company assembled, but they looked in vain for the "bonnie bride." After waiting in anxious suspense for more than an hour, the bridegroom stated that they were not to be baulked of their supper in consequence of the absence of the bride. The supper was discussed, a few bowls of toddy were drunk, and some jokes were made at the bride's expense, which the bridegroom took in good part. There were a few unmarried females present, one of whom gave the favorite song, "I'm over young to marry yet." When it was approaching midnight, it was proposed that the company should break up. To this the bridegroom replied—"There's nae hurry, for I am determined to be married before we part." This announcement created no small surprise—and the unmarried females simpered and laughed. The bridegroom, however, declared that it was no joke, and that he would marry any of them that would accept his offer. To this, one of them replied, "the offer has been fairly made, and will be as fairly accepted. I have known you for a number of years as a well behaved, industrious young man, and I begin to think that 'I'm not too young to marry yet.'" If the company were rather dull before, they now broke into uproarious mirth, and after drinking the health of the new bride, in a flowing bumper, the marriage was consummated, "a la Gretna Green," and the stocking was thrown amid loud cheers and laughter.

CONSUMPTION.—The editor of the N. H. Telegraph, in an article relating to the frequency of this disease among us, and its character, says:—
"If there be a disease in this world of ills, which seems in a peculiar manner to fit its victim for the fate which human skill cannot avert, that disease is consumption. To one who is full of life, and hope, and joy, the first conviction that it has fastened its death grasp upon him, the fearful certainty of its end, will flash through him with a thrill of terror—more, doubtless, than that of most other diseases. Struggling it must be, indeed, to feel for the first time that there is a worm gnawing at one's vitals, whose greedy teeth no human skill can stay—startling to feel the certainty of disease within, whose end is surely death. But how soon does the spirit grow calm, and as he feels the disease tugging at his heart strings, and his strength wasted away before it, how calmly then does the soul plume itself for its upward flight—how trustfully then does it lean upon the bosom of its God—and when flesh and heart grow faint, and fail, how sweetly sinks to its final rest, the victim of consumption."

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

A HINT TO THE GIRLS.—We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take pains to impress us with an idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace, or weaving a net to encase their delicate hands. Ladies, by some kind of a locus pocus, have got into their heads, that the best way of catching a husband is to shew him how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the King's French, may be good for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that small kind usually found in very shallow waters. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which make a good wife.

SAILOR'S YARN.—A sailor was once telling of a country where the sun was so hot that the inhabitants used no fire.
"How do they *bile* their rattles then?" said an elderly lady.
"Why you see," said Jack, "a big glass is rigged in the tops of the chimneys which brings the sun in a focus, right into the kettle."

"La me, what a *curia* world," said the old lady, as she replaced her spectacles on her nose.

A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like. She should be like a town's clock, keep time and regularity; she should not be like a town's clock, speak so loud, that all the town may hear.
She should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to; she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.
She should be like a snail, keep within her own house; she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back.