

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

AGENTS.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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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 APERTIVE 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. A member 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.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Cured by the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Apertive 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 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 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.]

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—This medicine is acknowledged to be one of the most valuable ever discovered, as a purifier of the blood and fluids. It is superior to Sarsaparilla whether as a sudorific or alterative, and stands infinitely before all the preparations and combinations of Mercury. Its purgative properties are alone of incalculable value, for these pills may be taken daily for any period, and instead of weakening by the cathartic effect, they add strength by taking away the cause of weakness. They have none of the miserable effects of that deadly specific Mercury. The teeth are not injured—the bones and limbs are not paralyzed—no; but instead of these distressing symptoms, new life and consequent animation is evident in every movement of the body.

Brandreth's Pills are indeed a universal remedy; because they cleanse and purify the blood. Five years this medicine has been before the public in the United States wherever it has been introduced, it has superseded all other remedies.

Dr. B. Brandreth, No. 8 North 8th St Philadelphia, Pa. Purchase them in HUNTINGDON, of WM. STEWART, and only in the county, of agents published in another part of this paper. Remember every agent has a certificate of agency, dated within the last twelve months. If of an earlier date do not purchase.

PAIN OR WEAKNESS.

In all cases of pain and weakness, whether it be chronic or recent—whether it be deafness, or pain in the side—whether it arise from constitutional, or from some immediate cause—whether it be from internal or external injury, it will be cured by persevering in the use of **Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills**—because, purging with these Pills those humors from the body, is the true cure for all these complaints and every other form of disease. This is no mere assertion, it is a demonstrable truth, and each day it is extending itself far and wide—it is becoming known and more and more appreciated.

When constant exercise cannot be used, from any cause, the occasional use of opening medicines, such as one as **Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills**, is absolutely required. Thus the conduits of the blood, the fountain of life, are kept free from those impurities which would prevent its steady current ministering to health. Thus morbid humors are prevented from becoming mixed with it. It is nature which is thus assisted through the means and outlets which she has provided for herself.

RHEUMATISM.

Entirely cured by the use of Dr. O. P. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Apertive 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 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 those afflicted, he wishes those lines published that they may be relieved, and as in enjoy the pleasures of a healthy life.

Principle office, 19th North 8th Street, Philadelphia. ALSO—For sale at the Store of J. cob Miller, Huntingdon, Pa.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obdurate 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 distention—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, attended with 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 apertive 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 is agent for Huntingdon County.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSEPSIA!!

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

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Summertown, Pa. entirely cured of the above disease, which he was afflicted with for six years. His symptoms were a sense of distention and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, loss of appetite, sickness 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 Compound Strengthening and German apertive pills. Principal office No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

CAUSE OF DYSEPSIA.

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 strong purging medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and syssmotic affections of the stomach and bowels; the common of the latter causes are late hour and the too frequent use of spirituous liquor.

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. H. unt. Sep. 9, 1840.



POETRY.

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger. WINTER.

BY MRS. CATHARINE H. ESLING.

A sigh for the leafless trees,
A sigh for the lonely wood,
And a swift career to the passing breeze,
And its stormy breath so rude.

Thou art come like a warrior brave,
To a battle just begun,
And for trophies thou hast bro't the grave,
And a cold and chilling sun.

See the stricken leaves look down
From the topmost branch to thee,
And they wither at thy angry frown,
For it is their destiny.

Like a monarch in his might,
Or a conqueror in the field,
Thou hast put the conquered ranks to flight,
And hast made the vassals yield.

And how proudly o'er the slain
Do thy giant footsteps tread,
But vaunt not thou, for thy tyrant reign,
Is over the feeble dead.

Away on the wings of pride,
Thou hoary, and aged king,
For thy white locks may not long abide
Where thou now art journeying.

Then sigh for the leafless trees,
And sigh for the lonely wood,
And a swift career to the passing breeze,
With its stormy breath so rude.

A MOTHER.

There's music in a mother's voice
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still e'er flowing;
And care for those she calls her own,
That's her e'er e'er growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh! who can half the fervor tell,
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother! how her tender arts,
Can soothe the breath of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when, like evening's star,
Her course has ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

Slowly from Alhambra's gate,
Vanquish'd King Boabdil came;
Dark and gloomy is his fate—
Dim the lustre of his name.

Spaniards fill his princely halls,
Which he fought in vain to save,
Spanish banners o'er his walls
Proudly and triumphant wave.

By the Darro's silver tide,
There a thousand chieftains bled,
Moor and christian side by side,
Sleep in silence with the dead.

Woe is thee! Alhambra, woe!
Hush'd thy strains of minstrelsy,
Thy chrysal fountains cease to flow,
And thy maidens weep for thee.

Woe is thee! Granada, thou
Art fall'n from thy high estate!
Where are all thy glories now?
Where are all thy warriors great?

King Boabdil reins his steed,
Anxious thoughts his bosom swell;
He would for his kingdom bleed,
Ere he takes his last farewell.

He gazes from the mountain's verge,
Upon the home he leaves to die;
And gentle winds with mournful dirge,
Slow bear away the Moor's last sigh.

J. P. M. Washington.

THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

At a short distance from the medicinal waters of Posteny, known, according to the belief of the inhabitants of that neighborhood, since the time of the Romans, rise the ruins of an ancient church said to have formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, in proof of which assertion there still exists fantastic images of some which appear among the ruins like the last accents of by-past wisdom, to arrest the steps of the solitary traveller.

Near the church is a limpid spring which gushing forth a sparkling volume, once slaked the thirst of the Red Cross Warriors when their strength was exhausted by Lattle, and at this fountain they yet meet to wander in the moonlight haunting with their armed and gigantic figures the hour of night, and turning them to terror to weep over the extinction of their illustrious order, abolished to mere worldly interests.

But it is not by phantoms such as these alone—foul shapes "making night hideous," and obscuring with dark shadows the "glances of the moon"—that this fair spring is visited. It has also its sweet oracle for loving hearts. Each year, on the eve of the feast of St. Stephen, the holy bishop king, who with his own pious hand laid the first stone of this now ruined church, and whose blessed shadow yet hovers about the sacred spot, the maidens of the neighborhood walked in procession at midnight to fill their pitchers at the fountain, in full faith that ablution in its waters would double their attractions. Absorbed in fervent prayer, they kneel upon the threshold of the church; for according to ancient rumor, whoever so honors the saint, in pity of heart, will meet on the morrow upon her path the partner of her future life.

Thus, from the earliest times, this ceremony has been observed, and the fair maidens of the hamlet have crowded to the fountain of St. Stephen's eve, to ascertain if the secret wishes of their hearts would come to pass; and we are about to tell a loving legend to which this popular custom owes its origin.

Boritz, the daughter of Bolko, was a rose which opens to the sweet breath of morning, but like that lovely flower, there were thorns about her and around her as if to deter the hand of love from the bright blossom which he would have aspired to wear.

Bolko was rich, and riches bring honor and credit when they are rightly used; but Bolko was a stern man, and cold as the ore with which he filled his coffers. None loved him, for his heart was closed against his kind; and even his fair child, young and beautiful and gentle as she was, wept less at his severity than at his want of tenderness. He cared not for his kind; his soul was his chest; and Boritz was to him merely a something living which he was bound to succor and support—yet she bore even this—not without tears; for sometimes it was luxury to weep but calmly and in silence. A sister of her father's watched over Boritz—the dragon of the Hesperides became the guardian of the young beauty; to her the very name of love was odious—it was a foul blight withering the fair face of nature—the ashes of the Dead Sea—the feast of the Barbecue, full of promise and disappointment. Her youth had passed in coldness and neglect, and her rage re-venge the bitterness of her buried years. Her words were harsh and cruel; and the gentle Boritz suffered so deeply from her restless and jealous tyranny, that a deep veil of sadness fell over her young beauty, which only added another charm to those with which nature had so profusely gifted her, as if to revenge her upon her persecutor.

But Boritz, had a joy which was beyond the grasp even of her tiger aunt. She loved! loved with the earnest, innocent fervor of a heart which pours itself out for the first time, like a rich or shed on a hidden shrine. None knew how well she loved, how tenderly; and he whom she so worshipped was worthy of her affection. It was Emeric; stately as a pine tree on the mountain crest, with eyes black as the night, and hair which, dark and gleaming as the raven's wing, clustered about a brow that might have well besseemed an Apollo or an Antinous.

The love was secret—it was the dearer, the purer, for its mystery; for no idle tongue had linked their names together, and blighted the sacredness of their passion. They met in the leafy woods, amid the sighing of the branches and the whispers of the wind that wandered through them, in the soft moonlight, when the long shadows fell dark upon the earth, and the stars spangled the mantle of night until it shone with regal splendor; and their whispers were lower than those of the summer wind, their sighs gentler than those that wake the summer

woods; their eyes outshone the stars, and their young hearts were purer than the moonlight.

But sorrow came even to this Eden of the soul, whence the foul serpent should have been thrust out. Boritz was loud, and beautiful and young, but Emeric was proud and stern; he loved his son, but ambition was his masterspirit, and he had vowed to Emeric that he should lead no bride to his paternal hearth who could not double his possessions.

And thus Boritz passed her days in tears, or the dear moment of Emeric's arrival beneath her window, when sometimes so closely guarded as to be unable to leave her chamber, she could extend to him through the bars of her narrow casement the small and delicate hand, which he covered with the burning kisses while she talked to him in the low tones in which passion loves to word itself.

One night they were conversing thus painting even their fears in those sweet shadowy form which almost robbed them of their bitterness, and striving to hope against conviction, when the jealous guardian of Boritz stole upon their confidence. The youth was half buried among the flowering branches of an acacia tree that grew against the wall of the chateau, immediately beside the chamber of the maiden; and the hand of the fair girl, extended beyond the grating of her casement rested lovingly among the dark curls which fell upon his shoulders, while she listened to his low whispers with a smile of pensive happiness playing about her lips.

Thus they stood when the storm burst upon them. Invective, threat and insult, were heaped upon the trembling Boritz, and her lover lingering near, unable to avert from her the bitter word or the taunting look. His heart bled, not only for her but for himself; he could not hear it long—and rushing from the garden boldly and without hesitation, he strode into the presence of her father Bolko.

The reception was a stern one. Bolko was as proud as the noble who despised his daughter—his pride was so tangible; he could secure it with locks and bolts, or he could draw it forth and feed upon it and then replace it for a future scrutiny; and what had the lofty count to show which outvalued his beloved gold!—Emeric bore up bravely against the torrent of insult which was his welcome; he supplicated, he implored, and love is eloquent when the heart prompts the words; but Bolko heeded not his agony, and ere they parted he forbade the entry of his dwelling to the soul-stricken Emeric.

The youth turned to depart; there was a struggle in his breast between his love for Boritz and the pride in which he had been nurtured from his youth; but ere he had reached the centre of the hall, he met the maiden, pale, trembling and bowed down by the terrors of the past hour, as the lily is bent by the storm which passes over it. What had he to do with pride as he looked upon her? He forgot all save her! And as she flung herself at the feet of her father, he knelt beside her, and again he strove to awaken feeling where it never dwelt. The sunshine fails to warm the adamant—the storm bursts over it and leaves it cold, and hard, and intact as ever—and Bolko had become as the rock upon which the external influences have no power, and he harshly dismissed the drooping Boritz to her chamber, and motioned Emeric from his presence.

As she moved away, in obedience to the paternal mandate, the maiden passed close beside her lover; and, as their eyes met, he suddenly grasped her hand, and whispered beneath his breath, "at midnight, near the Fountain of the Templars—I will be there, Boritz." The trembling girl answered him only by a look, and then, once more bowing to her infuriated sire, she glided from the apartment.

It was the eve of the festival of St. Stephen, and the avocations which it brought with it to all the inhabitants of the chateau enabled Boritz the more readily to elude observation. The hours wore on, and, as midnight approached, the maiden trembled, even amid all her love for Emeric, at the promise which she had tacitly given, for there arose upon her memory every dark story that she had heard of the spectre knights, who at that solemn hour met beside the spring, to wait over the departed glories of their order, and with their blood stained swords bared in the moonlight, to invoke vengeance on those who had wrought their overthrow. Her pulses throbbled as these tales rushed over her brain; she had been familiar with them from her childhood; and she had heard them with a perfect faith even as they had been told.

The eleventh hour came at length, and then the fond woman shook off the idle tremors of the girl, and thought only of him she loved; she forgot her terrors, and seizing a pitcher, she waited until all was silent throughout the chateau, and with

noiseless steps she stole forth, and hurried to the fountain.

The moon was up, and nearly at the full; the trees cast fantastic shadows on her path, and the leaves whispered in the wind like spirit-voices—but she had neither eyes nor ears save for him who she sought; and he already waited her at the mystic spring. It was a sad meeting, for they met only to part—tears were there, hot and bitter tears, such as are rung from young hearts when they first learn to suffer, which the world mocks without being able to understand, and ends by turning into gall. They vowed to each other fidelity even to the grave—a barren, profitless fidelity, for they were never to meet again; but it was almost happiness to believe that they should at least be wretched for each other's sake. They had a thousand things to say—a thousand things to ask—but they could only weep, and fold their arms fondly each about the other, and vow that from that hour their hearts should never again beat with passion until they were laid cold within the grave.

At length they parted. Ye who have never loved, seek not to dream of such a parting! 'Twere idle, vague, and empty speculation. The enthusiast who, sick with study, and pale with blighted hope, withers his strength and drains his life away in pursuit of the subtle secret by which he is to turn to gold the pebble on his path, is nearer to the goal of his wild search, than ye to comprehend the agony of two young hearts severed like theirs. Smile on, and hug yourself in your cold ignorance—ye have escaped a pang whose memory no after-years can ever wear away!

Emeric had pressed his lips to the lips of his beloved, and then, maddened by misery, he had hurried away, for he dared not say Farewell! Mechanically Boritz plunged her pitcher into the spring, and when she drew it back, rested it on the border of the fountain, into which her tears fell like rain. Suddenly a soft light gleamed about her, a soft and silvery light—it was like nothing that she had ever seen before—day break was more shadowy, sunrise more broad, the moon-rays colder and less equal. Her heart beat quickly, and glancing timidly around, she saw beside her a form that she could not mistake. It was St. Stephen. The crowned mitre was upon his brow, the crozier in his hand, and he was looking towards her with a smile. Her knees bent under her, and her head drooped upon her bosom.

"Fear not, fair girl," said a voice which sounded like a summer wind when it murmurs among flowers, "your innocence guards you from the dangers which your beauty might provoke. Weep no longer; to-morrow's sun will shine brightly to dry your tears, and remember that the first form which crosses your path after that sun has risen, will be the form of him to whom your faith must be pledged for life. Repine not, but obey."

Boritz trembled, and fell prostrate to the earth; and when she ventured once more to raise her head and look around her, she was alone. She murmured a prayer and fled; and although she dared not hope that what she had seen was indeed more than a vision of her excited imagination, she felt happier than she had been for many weeks. She wept, it is true, but her tears had soothing in them; and when she slept she dreamed of Emeric and of the Saint, and awoke only to believe that all must yet go well.

On the morrow at sunrise all the neighborhood was alive with pilgrims to the shrine of St. Stephen, and among the rest went Boritz, walking in silence between her father and her aunt. A shadow was on the path even as the fair girl passed the gates of Bolko's domain; the rising sun painted its outline in distinct and palpable relief—it was Emeric!—Emeric, who sought only a last look of his beloved, ere he fled forever alike his home and his country.

She said but one word to him as she passed the spot where he stood, but that word was "Hope," and then, heedless alike of the angry tones of her father, the shrill invectives of her hateful guardian, and then the passionate questions of her lover, she flew forward, and prostrated herself before the shrine of the Saint.—And the legend goes on to tell that her faith met with its reward, for the noble sire of Emeric was ere long death-stricken, and he had no child save him, and that the avarice of Bolko proved stronger than his pride, when he saw the young Count at the feet of his daughter, and remembered that while his heart was full his hand was not empty, but that broad lands and fair castles were coupled with his love.

And so it came to pass that Boritz and Emeric were united at the altar of St. Stephen; and that, since that period, the maidens of the district, on the eve of his solemn festival, dip their pitchers in the water, and pray for as fair a fate as that of Emeric's beloved, the fond, the good, and innocent Boritz.