

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half.

Every person who 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, Shireburg; Eliel Smith, Esq. Chilcotton; Jas. Watkins, Jr. Coffee Run; Hugh Madden, Esq. Springfield; Dr. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnace; John Sisler, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq. West township; D. H. Moore, Esq. Hollidayburg; Henry Neff, Esq. 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. Grayville; John Crum, Manor Hill; Jas. E. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Keasler, Mill Creek.

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, the 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 unrecorded 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, in 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.

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 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.

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. It is 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 Aperient Pills.
Mr. Solomon Wilson, of Chester co. Pa., afflicted for two years with the above distressing disease, of which he had to use his crutches for 18 months, his symptoms were excruciating pain in all his joints, especially in his hip, shoulders and ankles, pain increasing all ways towards evening attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at one time not able to move his limbs on account of the pain being so great; he being advised by a friend of his to procure Dr. Harlich's pill of which he sent to the agent in West Chester and 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 pills published that they may be relieved, and so 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.

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 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. Thousands 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! DYSPEPSIA!!

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

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Summeytown, 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, acrid 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 aperient pills. Principal office, No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

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 strong purging medicines, 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 spiritous liquor.

A. K. CORNYN

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will carefully attend to all business committed to his 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.
Nebit, Sep. 9, 1840.



POETRY.

From the United States Gazette.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Remember the Poor!
It fearfully smother,
And bitterly bloweth;
Thou couldst not endure
The tempest's wild power
Through night's dreary hour,
Then pity the poor!

Remember the Poor!

The father is lying
In that hovel, dying
With sickness of heart.
No voice cheers his dwelling,
Oh Jesus! love telling,
Ere life shall depart.

Remember the Poor!

The widow is sighing,
The orphans are crying,
Half starving for bread;
With eager speed ye
To succour the needy,
Their helper is dead!

Remember the Poor!

The baby is sleeping,
Its cheeks wet with weeping,
On its mother's breast;
Whose cough deep and hollow
Foretells she'll soon follow
Her husband to rest!

Remember the Poor!

To him who aid lendeth,
Whatever he spendeth,
The Lord will repay;
And sweet tho'ts shall cheer him,
And God's love be near him,
In his dying day!

MISCELLANY.

From the Star & Transcript.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Surrounding a table on which were mingled cups of tea, bottles of liquors, glasses and a bowl of punch, Alfred Couvraud, and some half dozen of his young companions were finishing their evenings entertainment. Their party had been rather a noisy one; all young and gay, the room had resounded with joyous fooleries, mirthful songs and shouts of laughter. But as charge in this world is universal, their merriment wore out of itself, and the conversation took a serio comic turn. It was evident that the liquors were nearly exhausted.

"It must be allowed, gentlemen," said Alfred, placing his empty glass on the table, and with a heightened color, that contrasted greatly with the tone of gravity which he tried to assume, "it must be allowed that the life of a bachelor is very insipid." His companions looked at him with astonishment, and their silence indicated that they were not of his opinion. Alfred continued, "Exertion, without an end; noise and riot without any good result. Days spent in sowing the fruits of prodigality, regret and repentance.—This is the life of a bachelor, which is called the most delightful season of our existence."

"But it is the freedom from care and restraint that forms its charms; you cannot deny that," said Felix Janier, who appeared to have preserved his senses better than the rest.

"I am tired of that freedom," cried Alfred, "wearied with allusion and chimeras that exhaust me while attempting to realize them. I am disgusted with silly amours which fail to interest the heart, while they destroy my sensibility. I must have tranquility—a regular domestic life."

"Are you dreaming of marriage?" asked Felix.

"You have said it; Yes! a beloved wife, with some little images of myself; happiness, assumed and continuous; it is of these I dream."

"Then what prevents you from marrying?"

"Why, my good fellow, I am so idle. I do not like the trouble of seeking a wife; besides, by seeking one not apt to find a suitable person."

"Then I suppose you would like some lady to seek you?"

"And why not?"

"Well I see but one way; place an advertisement in some favorite journal!"

"Fait! I never thought of that!"

"An! you would not have done it, if you had. I was but jesting when I named it."

"But I am positively serious!"

"What, to publish your name in this manner?"

"Yes!"

"And give your address?"

"To be sure!"

"Come, come—that would be too original, and you are not the man to do it."

"But I will do it!"

"And when?"

"To night!"

"I will wager a dinner you do not,"

"I accept the bet."

"Gentlemen," said Felix, rising, "you are witnesses to this wager. You will partake of the dinner to-morrow at the Ice-cream Concert. Of course there was no dissent on voice to this invitation, and the evening being far advanced, the party separated."

The morning of the next day was cold and rainy; one of those gloomy days in which time creeps slowly away, and the atmosphere seems almost to breathe despair. Madame Souville and her friend Lucy were suffering from its influence; they had been silent for more than five minutes, and that was a long time for two young, fortunate and pretty women, one of whom had proved that love may survive marriage, and the other was at two and twenty, the widow of an old man, to whom she had considered herself sacrificed. Seated before a good fire, the two ladies were notwithstanding, devoured by the vapors, when Lucy suddenly paused from mechanically turning over the leaves of the morning's journal. Her attention was arrested by a few lines, which she had not perceived on looking over it, and having read them, she laughed heartily.

"What is it?" said her friend.

"Oh the oddest thing I ever rolled, and most incredible, that you should fancy," answered Lucy.

"Of what nature?"

"An advertisement; I will give you ten minutes—twenty minutes to guess its purport?"

"It is not worth while to try."

"Perhaps not; so listen. A young man twenty eight years of age, dark complexion, good figure, and agreeable countenance, well educated, and possessing qualities which he flatters himself would assure the happiness of any lady who may enjoy an income of not more than eight thousand francs, desires to enter into a state of matrimony as early as possible. Youth and beauty are not of so much value in his estimation as those sterling qualities that form the basis of domestic happiness, yet he would rather that the lady should not exceed his own age, nor would he unite himself to a woman repulsively ugly. Address (between noon and four P. M.) to M. Alfred Couvraud, 11 Rue d'Angouleme."

"Are those really the words?" said Madame Souville, laughing in her turn.

"Read for yourself."

Madame took the paper, and looked over the paragraph, "it is too absurd," said she.

"He is some nunny," said Lucy, "some ignorant stupid lout."

"No! thinks himself an accomplished gentleman," continued Madame.

"It is carrying self conceit rather too far," observed the lively young widow; "such a fellow ought to be punished, he wants a lesson. Suppose we give him one."

"And how?"

"Send for him here and laugh at him. He must be a fit subject for mirth, I assure!"

"Oh, you jest?"

"No, indeed! I do not."

"But what purpose would it answer?"

"Why we are already weary of this gloomy day and it is not yet half gone."

"Well, but reflect, my dear Lucy; observations, you know."

"He must be a person incapable of judging of such matters."

"But what can we say to him?"

"We should not be at a loss on that point, I am quite certain."

"Suppose any thing unpleasant should rise out of such proceeding?"

"I have no fear of that; we shall be two to one, and two women too!"

Madame Souville hesitated a moment, and then said, "You seem so determined, that I suppose I must consent." She then wrote a few lines on pretty paper, folded and sealed it coquetishly, and then rang for her coachman, "Peter," said she, "put the horses to the carriage, and take this note to its address."

The coachman obeyed his orders; and Lucy clapped her hand in ecstasy, anticipating rare sport. The two ladies, like two children, eager for a game of play, waited impatiently for the return of Peter with Mr. Alfred Couvraud.

Madame Souville's carriage had been a quarter of an hour before Alfred's door, yet he had not comprehended the note, which he was reading for the ninth time.

"M. Alfred Couvraud is requested that he will allow himself to be conveyed, in the carriage sent him, to a person who wishes to see him on important business." Suddenly recollecting the wager of the preceding evening, he said to himself—"Ah

this is some trick of those merry fellows; they would fain see if I am willing to follow up the consequences of that insertion.

Well, they shall find that I am not one to recede; and if they think to mystify me, they may see the tables turned pernap's."

And he dressed himself hastily, and descended, but on getting into the carriage, the coachman's livery staggered him a little. He stretched himself, however, quite comfortably on the cushioned seat, and thought, "Bah! the better to succeed, they have borrowed this equipage. Well, let those laugh that win!"

The horses, in a very few moments stopped before the gate of a handsome hotel, which were immediately opened, and Alfred, alighting, was conducted by a domestic, who was evidently waiting for him, up stairs. The young gentleman was somewhat astonished, when the servant having thrown open a pair of folding doors to announce him, he found himself in the presence of two ladies. Though he felt puzzled, he did not lose his presence of mind, and still suspecting some ambush he held himself prepared to act on the defensive.

The surprise of the ladies was equal to his own. Instead of an awkward simpleton, with whom they thought to amuse themselves, they saw a well maner'd, personable young man. His look was gracious, yet polite; and his dress elegant, without being affected. He addressed the lady without embarrassment, and begged to know to what cause he might attribute the invitation which had brought him to their presence. They were confounded and silent for a time, not knowing how to reply.

At length Lucy, summoning confidence, pointed to the journal, and said, "I believe you are the gentleman, whose name appears in that paper?"

"I am, Madam, he replied."

"You will excuse the liberty we have taken," continued Lucy, musing that he should take a seat.

"Ladies," said Alfred, seating himself, "you have only used the privilege which I accorded to any one by that advertisement."

"Perhaps our curiosity has been too great in this matter," added Lucy.

"Not greater than the singularity of the lines that caused it, Madam; the one justifies the other."

These answers were not such as were expected, and she began to feel herself rather awkwardly situated, when her friend came to her assistance. "Of course this insertion is not meant seriously," said Madame Souville.

"It is, I assure you, Madam!"

"And do you think it will answer your purpose?"

"I hope it will."

"Marriage, Sir, is a sacred and important thing, the means you take—"

"Are certainly not the most prudent, Madam, but they have the merit of candor. It is better to be known before marriage, than to be studied afterwards and for my part I look for something more solid than a love based on illusion, and the hypothetical happiness of mere promise."

"You are positive, Sir?"

"I think I am reasonable."

Madame said no more, and Lucy took up the conversation in a laughing manner. "Then, if I were to offer you my hand, you would accept it without hesitation!"

"Without hesitation—that is, if you answer to the conditions for which I have stipulated," said Alfred, rather staggered by the lady's coming to the point at once.

"What a pity; no doubt you mean a young girl, you would not marry a widow."

"And why not?" replied the young man, unable to perceive how he should get out of the scrape he had advertised himself in to, "I should think my chance for happiness greater with a widow than a young girl. Girls have such golden dreams, and invest the men their choice with imaginary perfection. And I know that I am not perfect."

"This difficulty being removed, I see no other," added Lucy, laughing heartily. Alfred felt rather strange; he thought some jest was to be played off, but he could not guess how, or for what purpose. He resolved, however, to have all his wits about him, and at any rate to come off with the honors of war. "No," continued Lucy, "I see no obstacle. I think I am not very ugly, I know I am not too old; and I suppose if my fortune were double what you name, that would not be a positive objection?"

Alfred breathed more freely; he saw a means of escape and he hastened to say, "indeed, Madam, that would be a great obstacle than you may suppose?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have talents by which I can gain a yearly income of nine or ten thousand francs. I estimate myself at that sum, and no more; and, as I am of opinion that there should be equality on all points between uniting parties to ensure their mutual happiness, I have resolved that I will owe nothing to my wife, nor shall she be indebted to me!"

"And you would refuse a lady from this motive?"

"I would. I am not of an ungrateful disposition, cannot endure the feeling of obligation."

"Then, Sir, there is no more to be said."

"Forget this interview, Madam," and Alfred rising, begged permission to retire. The ladies assented; he bowed and left the room, doubting whether he were in a dream, or had been engaged in a scene, planned by Felix Janier.

"Truly this young man is a singular being," said Lucy to her friend, when the door had closed on Alfred, "it is very well that I magnified my riches, or he might have taken me at my word!"

"I told you," said Madame Souville, "that we might find we had done a foolish thing."

"But who could imagine that we should meet with such an adversary," observed the widow, "really I do not dislike him."

That same evening, Alfred, Felix, and their friends assembled at the appointed place. Felix enacted the Amphitryon, with a rather ill grace; and Alfred, by a few adroit questions, satisfied himself that none of the party had been privy to the adventure of the morning. He tho't it very odd, as he reflected on it, after his return from the dinner. The following day he went to the concert Valentino, and there, by chance, met the two ladies. He bowed to them. A day or two after, Duprez played William Tell, and in the lobby of the opera house, Alfred again, by chance, met Madame Souville and Lucy. They exchanged a few words. The following day was inviting for a walk, and they met in the Tuileries; of course by chance. This time they entered into conversation; something like old acquaintance.

Two months after this, Felix Janier, arriving from an excursion into Normandy, found on his table a letter from Alfred, announcing his approaching marriage, and requesting his friend to be present at the ceremony.

Hereafter let it not be said, that an advertisement is a fruitless experiment, and the money expended for its insertion is like water thrown into the sea.

ISABELL.

THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen haired little girl, used to sit in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich.—Often and often I sat, after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breath ing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over my bosom.—Such was Eliza Huntley, when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow, and said, "Do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived together in Walnut street?" I did not remember it was herself.

She used to be fond, he said, of treating her little circle of friends with romance—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the gay circle of life, under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some, she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however the current, and as we generally believed, well founded report was sufficient to draw around her many admirers; and among the number a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little; but then were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendant, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his presence, but that there was one matter which should be understood before, by giving him a reply, she bound him to his promise.

"Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world, have you labor under a mistake on that point. I am worth eighteen hundred dollars."

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified. "Eighteen hundred dollars!" he repeated in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise, "yes, madam," said he awkwardly. "I did un-