

# 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.

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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 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 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 unappreciated public testimony. Remember Dr. Harlich's Compound Tonic Strengthening Pills, they are put up in small packets with full directions.

Principal office for the United States, is No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia, where all communications must be addressed.

Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller who is agent for Huntingdon County.

## RICHES NOT HEALTH.

Those who enjoy Health, must certainly feel blessed when they compare themselves to those sufferers that have been afflicted for years with various diseases which the human family are all subject to be troubled with. Diseases present themselves in various forms and from various circumstances, which, in the commencement, may all be checked by the use of Dr. O. P. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills, such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Pain in the Side, Rheumatism, General Debility, Female Diseases, and all Diseases to which human nature is subject, where the Stomach is a cetera. Directions for using these Medicines always accompany them. These Medicines can be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate Female, as they are mild in their operation and pleasant in their effects.

Principal Office for the United States, No. 19 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon, Pa.

## 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. [don pa For sale at Jacob Miller's store Huntin

## 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 strong purgative 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 spirituous liquors.

## MISCELLANY.

### The Betrothed One.

A TRUE STORY FROM LIFE.

BY CHARLES HOLDEN.

It was Washington Irving, I think, who termed that fatal disease, Consumption, a syren. It is a most true remark. Consumption is a syren that is frequently triumphant in deception, until the last day of its victim's life. Who has not, in this era and place of the destroyer, had some relative or friend prostrated by its pure? It is the scourge of our land, and its victims are full of the loveliest and most gentle of the earth.

How this insidious disease baffles the skill of the physician, and tampers with the hopes of near relatives and endeared friends! At one time flushing the cheek with the hue of health--anon clothing the brow of its victim with the pallor of death!

I recollect an affecting instance of consumption, that occurred in this city, and within my own observation. The victim was a youth--at the time he was brought down from his pinnacle of hope by the insatiate archer, he was hardly twenty years of age. He was poor--of humble origin--of limited prospects. He had tried one trade, but it did not agree with his poor health--another with the same result. The poor lad seemed marked, from early youth, for trials, and they soon came thick upon him.

His was a consumptive family. It was one of those families that seem to die, one after another, at about equal intervals and of the same disease. The reader mayhap, has observed such. One would think the outbreaking of the first deep grief would become soothed into a quiet melancholy--his vacant place would be come familiar to the eye--the grass would begin to wave luxuriantly over his grave--the headstone would be reared, and could be contemplated with outward composure by the survivors of the broken circle--when anon the hectic spot is on the cheek of one of the mourners; an incautious exposure--a gentle shower--the damping of the feet;--one of these is the ostensible cause; pain in the side ensues, soon the hereditary symptoms become more apparent--the victim rapidly falters--is sick unto death--the earth is removed beside the former grave--another mound appears--the bereaved are again in weeds and tears; and so through a family--running quietly, as though the putting off of this "mortal coil" were but as the change of scene and air to others of a stronger constitution--and all over!

The lad of whom I write was of a consumptive family. Some of them had already passed away. And when he was taken ill, it was a common but unkind remark that was made--he will die of consumption, as have those of his family before him! It was not so with his mother. She upheld his spirits with an unshrinking heart, though severely did the incipient symptoms lacerate her feelings, such a similitude did they bear to those manifested in them that had fallen.

But the most touching observation to the feeling heart; was the "bow of promise" that had been obscured, and was ultimately broken by this fearful disease, between a lad and a young woman to whom he had plighted his faith. They had dreamed of long years of earth and happiness--but as the dreamer awakes to find that the chimeras of his sleeping moments are baseless--so awake they, at length, to the stern realities and destinies of human life.

I had heard something of the ardor and singleness of purpose of woman's heart--where she resigned it in its richness--and how her empire where she reigned pre-eminent, and shone an angel, was a sick chamber. I had seen something of it. In this young woman--such was my situation--I saw it fully developed; and with such beauty and simplicity, that her heart must have been the abode of a deep unquenchable purity and heroism, or she must have faltered and failed amid her trials.

I have a high, a most exalted opinion of woman's patient, inexhaustible endurance of affliction. Take her away from scenes of misery--let her have no cause of anxiety and watching--allot to her only the ordinary duties of life--and it seems to you that a single wave of disquietude would unfit her for usefulness. So feminine--so fragile--how, it occurs to you, can she endure an additional burden! But when the blow does come, who attends the sacrifice with most unshrinking heroism? Man? Proud athletic man? No. Woman! Weak, dependent, tender woman--upon whom it was feared the winds of heaven might blow too roughly--she holds her tireless watch amid the scenes of sorrow--woman is pre-eminent here, here she shows her excellence and endurance. While

man flags and falls asleep with weariness, she glides about, night after night, now refreshing the parched lips of the sufferer with a cooling draught--now smoothing his pillow, that his aching head, if it were possible might rest easier, anon hushing every sound that his unquiet sleep may not be broken! In all this world of selfishness and suffering, what contemplation is more ennobling to female character, than that when she is exerting her holy ministrations about the bed-side of suffering humanity.

And this was the character of the young woman, between whom and the Consumptive there had grown up a warm affection. Balking in the humblest paths of life, she evinced the excellencies of heart which would have ennobled a woman in her proudest estate. It was near two years from the time the youth first became unable to be abroad all day until the curtain fell upon the last scene of the tragedy. As soon as he became so helpless as to need the soothing hand at night, though he was well attended by his mother, the devoted girl was not at ease till she could administer that soothing herself. She must support herself with her own hands; for this is truly one of the simple annals of the poor. During the day she plied her needle for her livelihood; at night she was a tender and careful nurse, if need there was.

As length his disease became more inveterate, and he required constant attention, by night and by day. Then it was that this noble girl, after the application to her task by day, would watch close beside his bed-side during the night, catching at intervals a little rest, and again return, exhausted with sorrow by the observation of his sufferings and by the unremitted vigils, to her daily toil.

My situation was such, I knew much that transpired within the sick chamber of that youth. It was a part of the great drama, and I studied it. It was a picture of what all must come to, and though painful to gaze upon, I would not shrink from it. Man must die, it were well for him to ponder the great truth. Let him look the attendants fall in the face; the sick chamber, the coffin, the hearse, the lifeless clay, and let him listen to the wails of the mourners. It is an important act of the drama, and he is unwise who avoids its representation, and can only look at health, and listen to the voice of pleasure. He will cover when the struggle shall come, as does timid woman before the vivid lightning's flash.

When this youth learned that he must die, for he admitted the fearful truth at length, although it seemed hard, with earth and sky as when he revelled upon and beneath them in the full health of his boyhood, at twenty, to lie down, without a pang at the heart, and acknowledge there was no hope! When these oppressive feelings came upon him, then would this devoted girl throw out all her arts to lift his spirit above the earth. She would talk with him, read to him, when the cloud lay most heavily, she would dispel it by singing plaintive airs to him; and when the hoarse wave of death seemed to break in upon his soul, and in imagination he fancied he heard the earth grate upon his coffin, she would pray with him; until the soothing spirit of religion would subdue the wave of despair that had overwhelmed him.

They were both young; it was therefore the more rare and affecting to hear, sometimes the one and sometimes the other, as they sent up their artless petitions to heaven.

But why lengthen out a sad but true tale! The Consumptive grew gradually but surely worse. He lingered till one hope after another was wrested from his feeble grasp. He lingered on till all hope was gone; till the relentless disease drove him from the pleasant sunshine about his own door step to the window of his room; from that to the easy chair; from that to his bed, never more to rise! But no event save death, could wrest her from his bed side. She wasted to a shadow; still her daily walk was to the place of her labor; her leisure moments at his side. Comforts from her scanty earnings, she procured him with a liberal hand. Who can appraise such devotion and love.

The hour at length came. He died! In the grave-yard yonder you may not distinguish his grave, for it is not marked with the show attendant on the resting place of the rich. But in the hearts of those who loved him while living, and sorrowed for him when dead, his memory is enshrined; and the radiance of their pure affection and devotion still plays around the hearts of those who saw his manifestations. To them it is left to pity, and such affection, such self-denial, such ennobling devotion to suffering humanity is more worthy an imperishable monument, than the most heroic deeds that were ever done by the most chivalric woman of whom fame is clamorous!

## A Melting Story.

No other class of men in any country possess that facetious aptness of inflicting a good-humored revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain boy.-- Impose upon or injure a Vermont, and he will seem the driest and best-natured fellow you ever knew in all your life, until suddenly he pounces upon you with some cunningly-devised offset for your duplicity; and even while he makes his victim smart to the core, there is some opening, and renders it quite impossible that you should hate him, however severe may have been the punishment he dealt out to you. These boys of the Green Mountains seem to possess a natural faculty of extracting fun from every vicissitude and accident that the changing hours can bring; even what are bitter vexations to others, these happy fellows treat in a manner so peculiar as to completely alter their former character, and make them seem to us agreeable, or at least endurable, which was before in the highest degree offensive. Another man will repay an aggravation or an insult by instantly returning injury, cutting the acquaintance and shutting his heart forever against the offender; but a Vermont, with a smile upon his face, will amuse himself while obtaining a far keener revenge, cracking a joke in conclusion, and making his former enemy forgive him and even love him after chastisement.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth!" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his shoes. Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such an e-tar-nal night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place sure enough the store-keeper at length said--

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. "Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I've got a story to tell you, too; sit down, now;" and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it's darn'd hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise. "Set down--don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be agoin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Set down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgetty," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's--here's a Christmas goose--(it was about Christmas time)--here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And Seth, don't you ever use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh

pound butter just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with--come, take your butter--I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to melt, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away, as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Darnation cold night this," said the grocer.

"Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you was warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away!"

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No! I must go; let me go; I ain't well; let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermont, "if you will go;" adding as Seth got out into the road, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a nippence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter!"--New Orleans Picayune.

## BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

### MESSAGE

OF THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

TRANSMITTING

Correspondence in relation to the burning

of the Caroline.

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

I herewith transmit to the House of Representatives a report of the Secretary of State, with accompanying papers, in answer to their resolution of the 21st instant.

M. VAN BUREN.

Washington, Dec. 28, 1840.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }  
Washington, Dec. 28, 1840 }

The Senate to whom has been referred the resolution of the House of Representatives, dated the 21st inst., requesting the President to communicate to the House (if not, in his opinion, incompatible with the public interest) all the correspondence between this Government and that of Great Britain, or the officers or agents of either, or the officers and agents of this Government with the President or any of its departments, which has not heretofore been communicated to that House, on the subject of the outrage of the burning the Caroline on the Niagara frontier; and whether there is any prospect of compensation being made to the owner of said boat for the loss thereof; and also whether any communications have been made to this Government in regard to the arrest of -- McLeod, by the authorities of the State of New York, for being concerned in said outrage; and, if so, that he communicate a copy thereof to that House; has the honor to report to that President, in answer to that resolution, the following papers.

Respectfully submitted:

JOHN FORSYTH.

To the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Stevenson to Mr. Forsyth.

[Extract.]

Legation of the United States,

London, July 2, 1839.

I regret to say that no answer has yet been given to my note in the case of the 'Caroline.' I have not deemed it proper, under the circumstances, to dress the subject, without further instructions from your department. If it is the wish of the Government that I should do so, I pray to be informed of it, and the degree of urgency that I am to adopt.

Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Stevenson.

[Extract.]

Department of State,

Washington, Sept. 11, 1833.

With reference to the closing paragraph of your communication to the department dated the 2d of last, [No. 74.] it is proper to inform you that no instructions are again required for again bringing forward