

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.
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Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.
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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 for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged, if no definite order is given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charge accordingly.

MORE CONCLUSIVE PROOFS

Of the extraordinary efficacy of

Dr. Wm. Evans' CELEBRATED MEDICINES,
IN ALLEVIATING AFFLICTED MANKIND.

CASE OF DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. David Morris, 41 Suffolk street, N. York, had been severely afflicted with dyspepsia for upwards of three years, during which time he seldom experienced any relief. He was troubled with constant vomitings, and on some occasions raised blood on an occasional cough, with pain in the chest and difficulty of breathing, drowsiness, uneasy sleep, loss of appetite, giddiness, unpleasant taste in the mouth, with furred tongue. All these distressing symptoms disappeared, after using Dr. Wm. Evans' celebrated medicines. Mr. M. called a day or two back, and stated the above; also, he is willing to afford any further information regarding the nature and cure of his case to those similarly afflicted. Office No. 19 North eighth st. Philadelphia.

A Case of Tic Doloroux.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic Doloroux, violent pain in the head, vomiting, with burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Evans' medicine, and from that time she began to amend, and feels satisfied if she continues the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs. Johnson's daughter's Store, 339 Grand street, N. Y.
The Pills are for sale at Jacob Miller's Store, Huntingdon, Pa.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1838.

To Dr. Wm. Evans—Dear sir: I am truly happy to write you this in token of thanks for the relief they have given me—I mean the CAMOMILE PILLS. About two years ago I was much troubled with Dyspepsia. My symptoms were very alarming. I was sometimes subject to fainting, great weakness, no rest at night and not able to eat anything, if I did it was sure to be thrown up. I could not keep any nourishment in my body. At last gave up all hope and told my physicians that I could have no use for them—I must die, said I, so there is no use in paying any more doctor's bills. About a month ago, a cousin of mine came to see me; after talking awhile about my sickness I told him I had taken almost every medicine that was spoken of as good for any complaint. He said, "Have you tried Dr. Evans' CAMOMILE PILLS?" I said "No." Well he then gave me a package he had bought the day before for his wife, and said he would get another for her. I commenced taking the pills and am happy to state, that in two weeks I was hearty and well, and able to write this letter, which I could not have done when I was sick, because my hands were nervous. I have written this in pure gratitude to you. I hope you will publish this and let it be known. I would publish it myself, but I am very poor and not able to pay. In publishing it, I think you will gain an advantage, for I am well known among all those of the trade I am in, and too many of them, I fear are now near death's door, for want of some proper medicine to cure Dyspepsia. Any person wishing to see me can call at my house, No. 221 Poplar Lane; or at my shop in Front street, third door above Coates street.

I remain yours, &c.

GEO. C. MARVIN
The above medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.

Case of Inflammatory Rheumatism. Another positive proof of the extraordinary success of Dr. Wm. Evans' practice.

Mr. Munson, at Mrs. Lewis', 21 Bowers, N. Y. was laboring under a violent inflammatory Rheumatism, being completely unable to move in his bed without assistance, with extreme pain in his legs and arms, which were swollen to an enormous size, with great heat, excessive thirst, dryness of skin, and violent pain in the head, &c., all of which he was within forty-eight hours cured by Dr. EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS, and in a few days restored to perfect health.
The Pills are for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cul'd with care."

HE COMES.

BY CATHERINE B. WATERMAN.

Home's holy spells around his heart are cast,
Their gentle music breath has lured him back,
And the soft shadow pictures of the past
Start up again before his homeward track;
My brother comes.

The echoes of loved voices hush'd so long,
Have stolen like spirits through his midnight dreams,
And tones have whisper'd in their fairy song,
Bringing back moments lit by rainbow gleams;
My brother comes.

But oh! the eyes that shone in joy for him,
As his loved footsteps' echo meet the ear;
With their long watching vigils have grown dim,
And beam but sadly at these words of cheer;
My Brother comes.

Blanch'd his dark locks with the world's slow decay,
But each loved lineament again we'll trace;
My Brother comes.

Speed him white sails across the heaving deep;
Change hath not crept into our hearts—
Have been but trusty jailors, sent to keep
Closer those tried affections nurs'd in tears;
My Brother comes.

Home's holy spells around his heart are cast,
Their gentle music breath hath lured him back,
And the soft shadow pictures of the past
Start up again before his homeward track;
My Brother comes.

Select Tale.

From the Saturday Courier.

LUCY RAYMOND: OR THE POOR GIRL.

BY MISS ISIDORE.

How strangely inconsistent is man, in bestowing the homage, the adoration he owes on his fellow man. Not upon deserving man, but upon fools, upon monkeys dressed in the livery of man. It matters not what a man's mind is, or whether he has one at all; if he has more gold than his neighbor, if he outshines him in equipage and show, he is carressed, honored and adored. I have seen real merit pass unnoticed, because its possessor was clothed in a garb of poverty, I have known minds, which if developed might have swayed empires, and governed the fate of men, remain forever obscured, because their dwelling was a poor man's breast. I have known hearts, alive to every feeling of humanity, love and affection, remain through life unpermitted to share the joys and sorrows of others, because the bosom in which they were enshrined were bared by the hand of poverty, and heaving with the sorrows of an isolated, deserted being. And I have known the basest villainy sanctioned by the most unparadiseable ignorance tolerated, and the affections of the coldest hearts sought after, because their possessors had heaped together more of earth's glittering sand than their neighbors.

How prone are we all, to form our opinion of mankind by external appearances; to judge of the inner by the outer man, without remembering that the meanest and most despicable minds may find a dwelling under a beautiful exterior; that the whitest sepulcher may be full of uncleanness.

We search not for an altar-place of worth and virtue; there we find a golden shrine, but we pay our vows of friendship, and sacrifice, perchance, our honor and our peace.

I had gone thus far in my reflections on the world's meanness, when I heard the merry voice of Ellen Loffland exclaim—

"Brother Clement, here are cards for us from our good old friend Anna Hastings she is to have a party this evening, in honor of your return."

"And I suppose," said Clement, "every sweet wild flower in the village will bloom here. There was a merry circle of laughing girls here when I left."

"And you must remember that seven years have changed them to marriageable young ladies," said Ellen; "so don't your sweetest smile, and choose your lady-love to-night. By the way, Irene Hargrave is to be there. You will be captivated by her, I am confident. She is extremely beautiful, and accomplished, and admired by every one; and truly, I should like her well for a sister. So now prepare to surrender your heart, if, as you assume, you have not left it with the dark-eyed maids of Italy."

"The rose that all are praising,
Is not the rose for me,"
said Clement, gaily—"but who is this paragon? Irene Hargrave is an unfamiliar name?"

"Her father is a wealthy merchant of New York, Mr. Horace Hargrave; you have not heard of him? The family are quite the aristocracy, Irene says. As all fashionable people do, they are spending the warm season in the country, and they are a great acquisition to our society, I assure you. They have a great deal of genteel company from the city, and we are fast laying aside our awkward country manners."

"And adopting those not half so engaging, I am afraid," said Clement.

A bright throng of youth and beauty had congregated in Anna Hastings' parlor, and when Clement Loffland was announced, every eye beamed in gladness. He had been absent several years, and the cordial welcome with which all greeted him, was indeed sincere; but all else seemed cold and assumed. There was not the free, gay joviousness, he expected to find in a retired village. Fashion and etiquette seemed to preside there with as much dignity as in a city saloon.

And he was wondering if it was the aristocratic family of Mr. Horace Hargrave that had worked this change, when Ellen whispered in his ear—"keep thy heart with all diligence," and introduced him to the fair Irene. And had the beauty of her mind equalled that of her person, Clement would perhaps have needed the caution. But he saw that in her vein and affected manner, there was nothing to impress his heart.

"Miss Loffland, your brother is noble looking," said Irene Hargrave, "I am perfectly fascinated with his appearance. His foreign air is perfectly irresistible; but did you see how familiarly that poor girl, Lucy Raymond, shook hands with him as if she were his equal. I am perfectly astonished that Miss Hastings should admit such people into her society. I have not been accustomed to associate with poor girls." And she cast a look of scorn upon poor Lucy Raymond, and strode haughtily across the room.

"Well, Clement," said Ellen next morning, "how do you like Irene Hargrave? Is she not a splendid girl? Come now acknowledge that you are perfectly enraptured, and intend to make proposals as soon as etiquette will allow."

"Which I certainly do not intend to do," said Clement. Miss Hargrave is exactly the reverse of my *beau ideal* of a wife. She is indeed beautiful but as proud as she is pretty. Did you not observe how scornfully she treated that beautiful girl, Lucy Raymond?"

"Well, it is really surprising that Ann should invite Lucy to so large a party. I think we ought to be more select in our society. Irene says it is not genteel for rich and poor to associate together; and Lucy, you know, is entirely penniless. But I forgot; it was after you left that the affair occurred."

"What affair?" inquired Clement.

"Why, Mr. Raymond's misfortune.— You remember when you left he was considered quite a wealthy man; but he soon became involved, suffered a succession of losses, and his creditors seized all his property. Such a sudden reverse of fortune produced derangement, and in a few weeks he died. And poor Mrs. Raymond, whose health had always been delicate, now sunk under misfortunes, and in a few months she too died; and Lucy was left a destitute orphan. But her aunt Bernard declared, that as Lucy had been generally brought up, she should never labor for her support, and gave her a home with her, though she was not really able to do it."

"And because she has lost friends and fortune, and most needs your friendship, you have deserted her?"

"I do associate with her," said Ellen, "until Mr. Hargrave's family came here. Irene would not notice her, and wished me not to, and no one invites her now but Anna Hastings, and she is as intimate with her as she used to be."

"And shows herself a noble-minded girl. And I wish, Ellen, you had proved as true a friend. Really, I cannot give you credit for much discernment, if you can find more to love in the proud, haughty Irene Hargrave, than in the amiable Lucy Raymond, as beautiful too, as any of your proud city belles. And I deem her no less lovely, on account of her poverty. Ellen, I have mingled with the noble and the great, and been surrounded with splendor and wealth, but thank God I have not learned to despise real merit, because its dwelling is with the poor."

"Really, Clement, I believe you have fallen in love with the fair orphan, and I will go and inform mamma. She was saying before you returned, she hoped you would form some noble alliance in Europe; but she will probably be proud to receive the portionless Lucy as her daughter-in-law. And with a half vexed, half playful look, Ellen left the room.

Clement was left alone, and sat musing on what had passed. He had never entertained one thought of making Lucy his wife; but now her pale sweet face rose before him, invested with all the purity of youth and innocence; and he felt that it would be a happy task to throw flowers on her darkened pathway.

It was a beautiful evening; the moon was careering her joyous way through the heavens, and the stars were looking in their silvery beauty upon the earth. And beside a placid stream, that moved noiselessly, but sweetly on, sat Lucy Raymond and her friend Anna.

"How surpassingly beautiful," said Lucy, "is such an evening, when all nature is as calm as an angel's face, and the unclouded moon and stars look in their unapproachable beauty on the earth, and mirror themselves in every glassy stream. Our feelings are then too deep for utterance. We seem to be freed from earth's thoughts, and to hold communion with the stars. If false, it is certainly a beautiful idea, that the spirits of departed friends descend from their home in heaven, to watch over and cheer the sorrowing friends of earth. And 'oft in the still night,' while gazing at the bright stars, I have fancied them the home of departed ones, who in the pure deep stillness of the night, descended and kept vigils by the friends of earth. And when the pure air steals in gentle zephyrs amid the green leaves, I almost fancy it is my mother's voice. Methinks I could bear the scoffs and neglect of a proud world, if I only had a mother to love me. Anna, what a curse is poverty. I know that real merit is of more worth than gold, but it is to wealth the proud world bows; and when I see myself neglected and scorned, because of my poverty, it crushes my proud spirit. I have a heart formed for love and companionship with my fellow beings—feelings and sympathies I would gladly share with them; but the world scorns my sympathy, and rejects my love. It makes me sad, very sad; but I have turned from it, resolved to court no more its false and fleeting smiles. And Anna, I have turned to you, and bestowed all my affections. And should you desert me, and cast away my love as a worthless thing, then would the last cord that binds my heart to earth be broken, and I care not how soon the wild winds chant my requiem."

"Fear not, dear Lucy, for if all others desert thee, I will cling the closer. But a truce to these sober musings, my sweet friend; they become not one so young and pretty."

"Ah Anna, I have nothing to make me gay. Sorrow and disappointment have woven with every inch of my destiny. And even when I indulge in hope and joy, the dark clouds I see approaching cast a gloom over my bright hours. But it is not because I wish to anticipate trouble; I do not wish to view the dark pages of life; gladly would I cast away my sorrows, and mingle in the laughing crowd. And even now, I am sometimes stupefied enough to laugh at sorrow, and build fresh hopes on the frail fabric I know will totter."

"Lucy," said Anna, "you are in a sad mood to-night; but come, away with this melancholy; for believe me, your star will ere long change its aspect. I have had bright dreams of thee of late."

"And Anna, I too have had bright dreams; bright and beautiful as you stars; and they encircle me with a halo of joy; kind friends smile upon me; and sweet music thrills in my ears. But as change ever comes over the spirit of my dreams. In the midst of dazzling happiness, the tragedy of gloom is thrown around me, and thus do my bright imaginings all perish."

"Well, Lucy, my dream was as bright as thine, and no change comes over it.— Will you hear it? I dreamed that your days of sorrow had all passed away, you had thrown aside that sad look of thine, and donned the smiles of joy. And I dreamed that you had bestowed your love on one of earth's noblest sons, a being

iffed with the noblest attributes of our nature. It was Clement Loffland. What think you of my dream, Lucy?"

"That it was but the wayward fancy of a dreamer's brain; wild and vain as my own hopes."

"But I believe," said Anna, "that 'tis something more than an idle dream, for it is blended with my waking as well as my sleeping visions; and I have taken a fancy that your future destiny will be woven in the same web with Clement Loffland's."

"No, Anna, never. The proud and gifted Clement Loffland will never wed a portionless orphan."

"But Clement Loffland, proud and gifted as he is, deems you no less lovely on account of your poverty. He is noble minded and generous, and would rather win the rich affection of a humble heart, than the mock love of an ambitious girl. So doff thy lengthened visage, sweet Lucy, and clad thy face with smiles, for believe me, I am no false prophetess."

"For truth, Anna, by thy wise look, one would think you deeply read in the sybil's mystic leaves. But remember, I shall give you no credit for your gift of prophecy."

"Until all things be fulfilled, you mean," said Anna. "But it is growing late and we must return, or the 'weird sisters' themselves will pay us a visit. Irene Hargrave is to have a party tomorrow evening, and I suppose she will be trying to win our village knight though I have heard her repeatedly declare she would never marry an American. But she is not the one for Clement Loffland."

Mr. Horace Hargrave was a wealthy merchant in New York, who when young had been wild and reckless, and committed a thousand follies, one of which was wedding a girl totally deficient in every quality necessary in a wife and mother. And the fair Irene was suffered to grow up her very counterpart, proud, simple and vain. Claiming a remote descent from an English lord, Irene was taught to believe that pure blood flowed in her veins that mantled the cheeks of American girls. And she regarded all beneath her rank with haughtiness and contempt.

Ostentatious and extravagant, Mr. Hargrave had delighted the gay circles of New York with his splendid parties and entertainments, and Irene had been courted, and flattered, and spoiled. She had smiled most condescendingly, on the village belles of S—, because as she wrote to an acquaintance in the city, it was prodigiously amusing to see how delighted they were with her attentions.—"To Ellen Loffland, she had been particularly gracious she had a brother making the tour of Europe, which in her eyes very much enhanced his excellence.

Of that brother's heart she was now resolved to make a conquest, not because she desired his love, for she was not capable of such an emotion herself, and could not therefore appreciate the value of another's. But she would fain honor the name of Clement Loffland by enrolling it among the list of her rejected suitors.

It was Irene's birthday, and she had resolved to give a party. Some friends from the city were with her, and cards were sent to a select number of the elite of our village, among whom were Clement and Ellen Loffland.

With a smile that was intended to bewitch, Irene greeted Clement Loffland, and invited him to sit by her. "It is so long," said she "since I have seen a person that I could converse with, that I have almost had the horrors, and I told papa to-day, that I should surely die of ennui if we did not return to New York soon. Country people are so annoying. There is no one here except your sister, that I can talk to. She is a sweet girl, and I intend to persuade her to return with me to New York. She will be much admired there. I should think, Mr. Loffland, that these country people would be past endurance, after mingling with the nobility of Europe. Are they not?"

"Why, I have not found them at all annoying. I like their open hearted manners."

"Oh, every thing in the country is so vulgar, where people are not select in their society, but rich and poor associate together. Don't you think it has a very demoralizing influence on society?"

"I do not consider wealth the test of worth. Nature has given to many a mind far better than his birth, and I believe we generally find as pure morals among the poor as the rich. And I think if any person is well bred and respectable, he ought not on account of his poverty be excluded from good society."

"Well, perhaps my views are different from having always moved in the refined circles of New York, and I confess I like an aristocracy, and have been teasing papa to remove to England. Our ancestors were among the nobility of that country. We have a portrait of one of them who was a countess, and I have been told that I very strikingly resemble her. Oh, I delight to live in England, the scenery

there is so splendid. 'Tis very beautiful, but I think does not exceed American scenery," said Clement.

"Oh I do not believe I should think so. The scenery here is so contrived, I never could admire it. But in England there are castles and drawbridges, and abbeys. I should delight to ramble among them. Did you ever visit the field of Waterloo?"

"I did," said Clement. "Oh, I should delight to visit it. I always felt sorry that Bonaparte was conquered there. It seemed so cruel that he should be banished to St. Helena; though I have heard too that his parentage was rather obscure. But speaking of Waterloo reminds me of an amusing incident in my life. I had heard a great deal about Bunker's Hill, and a gentleman told me it made him feel patriotic to visit it. And last summer while on an excursion to Boston, I persuaded papa to go with me and visit it; and judge of my surprise, when papa pointed to a common country hill, and said that was Bunker's Hill. I positively laughed outright."

If the fair Irene contemplated the conquest of Clement's heart, her hopes had now begun to dwindle; and after exerting her conversational powers another half hour in the attempt, without any apparent success, she concluded that Clement Loffland was the strangest being she had ever seen, and left him to seek a spirit kindred with her own. And as she moved away, "simple girl," thought Clement. And the mild intelligent face, and pure and sensible converse of Lucy Raymond rose in contrast. And how strange the contrast! In one was the proud, haughty spirit of a silly girl, with nothing to admire or love. Yet the world bowed before that shrine, for she was rich. In the other, was the mild, subdued spirit of a humble heart, in whom was blended all that is bright and beautiful in our imaginations, whose heart was the home of kind affections and holy aspirations, and the world had shut her out from its presence, for she was poor. "How strange," thought Clement, "that sensible men will regard with such delight the exterior of man, without looking to that which is within. Rather would I go to my grave unknown and unknown, than to be chased through life by an admiring, deceitful crowd, and followed to my grave by a train of mock mourners."

"Why, brother, how sage you look," exclaimed Ellen. "What strange problem are you endeavoring to solve?"

"The mystery of human actions," said Clement.

"Well, let alone thy musings to a fitter time, and come with me and listen to sweet music. Irene is playing a new and fashionable song."

Clement listened awhile to the soft notes and fine voice, but he remembered a sweeter voice, and after conversing a while with Anna Hastings, he bent his steps to listen to it.

Lucy felt that it was very kind in Clement Loffland to leave the gay circle and cheer her loneliness. She was a frank, confiding girl. The world's flattery and deceit had not poisoned the native purity of her mind. Her conversation free, and easy, and tinged with a shape of melancholy, strangely affected the heart of Clement. And as he gazed upon her lovely face where goodness sat enthroned, he thought at that shrine he could pay his vows of constancy and love, careless of the voice of the world.

Bright and beautiful dreams hovered round Lucy's pillow that night, and when she awoke she was half inclined to believe Anna's prediction true. "But no, the high-born Clement Loffland would never wed one so lowly and neglected; his heart was a shrine where the loveliest and best of earth's daughters might delight to pay her vows of adoration." Still, ever as she banished the wild thought, it would again return, reminding her of expressions in which Clement had unconsciously betrayed his feelings.

Oh! how a word, a look, a smile, will conjure up a thousand hopes, making a thrill of joy dance round the heart, and encircling the future with a halo of undimmed happiness.

Wild hopes clustered round the heart of Lucy Raymond, and she fancied she could see a golden thread blending with the dark web of her destiny.

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it comes to us mid darkness and the storm, and sings its sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone heart is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been tearing away.

Lucy's heart was formed for love, and she had ever wished for something on which to lavish her rich affections; something to love and be loved again in return, but she would never bestow her love unmasked. She felt, that were she permitted, she could return the love of Clement with the purest affections of her nature; but until those affections were