"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1839.

TERMS

WHOLE No. 196.]

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 torwards price of subscription, shall be farmshed with a sixth copy gratuitiously for one year.

farmshed with a sagin copy of the second sec

stended to. Advertisments not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar for every subsequent insertion, 25 ficents per square will be charged — if no detinite orderd are given as to the *time* an adverisment is to be continued, it will be kept in till orderd out, and charge accordingly.

To the Public.

THE public are hereby informed, that IACOB MILLER has been appointed agent for Huntington county, for the sale of Dr. Evans' Camomile and family aperient pills, where all those that need medicine, can be supplied as he intends always to have a sup-tive mband

Evans' Camoonile and family specient pills, there all those that need medicine, can be upplied as he intends always to have a supply on hand.
The event of the supplied as he intends always to have a supplied as he intends always to have a supplied as he intends to any the supplied as a supplied at the supplied as he intends to any the supplied as he intends to any the supplied as a supplied at the supplied as the supplied as a supplication of the supplied as a supplication of the supplied as the supplied as a supplication of the supplicatio

dicted mankind. The above medicine is for sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon' DR. Swavne's Compound Syfup of pru nus of Virginiana or wild Cherry. This syrup is highly beneficial in all pecto in which the lungs do not perform their proper office from want of due nervous energy: such as asthmas, pulmonary con-sumption, recent or chronic coughs, hoarse ness, wheoping cough, wheezing and dif-ficulty of breathing, croup and spitting of blood, dc. How timary sufferers do we day behold approaching to an untimely grave, wrested in the bloom of youth from their dear relatives and friends, afflicted with that common and destructive rava-grave, wrested in the bloom of youth from their dear relatives and friends, afflicted wight that common and destructive rava-gre, called consumption, while soon masts the miserable sufferer until they become bound, the power of human skill; it such sufferers would enly make a trial of Dr. Swayne's invaluable medicine, they would soon find themselves benefited; than by gulphing the various ineffective certain rabend. This syrup immediately begins to heal the ulcerated lungs, stopping pro-tiving the sweats, mittigating the distres-sing cough at the same time inducing a liewing the streas of breath and pain in the chest, which harrass the sufferer on the dightest exercise, and finally the heer-ing the abortness of breath and pain in the chest, which harrass the sufferer will soon begin to vanish, and the sufferer will soon begin to vanish, and the sufferer will also begin to vanish, and the sufferer will also begin to vanish, and the sufferer will as a the all cace Miller's store Hunt. **BEAD** THIS: Dr. SWAYNE'S COM-

BEAD THIS!: DR. SWAYNE'S COM-FOUND SYRUP of PRUNES VIR GINIANA, or WILD CHERRY: This is de cidedly one of the best remedies for Coughs and Colds now in use: it allays irritation of the Lungs, lo sens the cough, causing the plegm to raise free and easy in Asthma, Palmonary Consumption, Recent or Chron-ic Coughs, Wheezing & Choking of Philegm Hoarseness, Difficulty of breathing, Croup, Spitting of Blood, &c. This Syrup is war-ranted to effect a permanent cure, it taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale only at Jacob Miller's stors Hundingdon.



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

THE DRUNKARD.

I had a fither—the grave is his bed: I had a fither—the grave is his bed: I had a mother—she sleeps with the dead; Freely I wept when they left me alone— But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone; I planted a willow—I planted a yew, And left them to sleen till the last trumpet And left them to sleep till the last trumpet

blew! Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car-Pleasure from virtue had beekoned me far; Onward I went, like an avalanche down, And the sunshine of fortune was changed to

a frown. . . .

Fortune was gone, and I took to my side, A young, and lovely, and beautiful bride! Her I soon treated with coldness and scorn, Tarrying back till the break of the morn; Slighting her kindness & mocking her fears Casting a blight on her tenderest years; Sad and neglected and weary I left her— Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her— Till like a star, when it falls from its pride, She sunk on the bosom of misery and died!

I had a child, and it grew like a vine

Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine: Fair-as I watched o'er her innocent youth, As an angel from heaven would watch over truth.

truth. She grew like her mother, in feature & form; Her blue eye was languid, her cheek too was

Her blue eye was languid, her cheek (b) was warm: Seventeen summers had shoke on her brow; The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low! Yonder they sleep in their graves, side by side, A father-a mother-a daughter-a bride!

man-Hated by man, and detested by woman-Bankrupt in fortune, and runed in name-Onward I kept in the pathway of shame! And till this hour since my father went

down, My brow has but known a continual frown.

Go to your children and tell them the tale; Tell them his check, too, was lividly pale; Tell them his eye was all blood-shot & cold; Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold; Tell them he passed through the world they

are in; The victim of sorrow, and misery; and sin; Tell them when life's shameful conflicts

were past; li horror and anguish he perished at last.

Select Cale:

From the Southern Literary Messenger. The Lover's Talisman; or, the Spirit Bride.

DY MNS. SERA SMITH. "Anna" said the young collegian, "you are a noble girl—no die away airs, because your lover is so long absent; no making all the rest of your admirers feel, that they are just the last persons in the world that you care any thing about—no, no; you are not so selfish as that, Anna." A shadow passed over the face of the fair girl, and the smile died away upon her lips. "Indeed, cousin, this *might* bo a cutting reproach; but you do not intend it as such—I know you do not." "Newr," said the youth passionately; "I meant only to commend my cousin's sweetness of temper—her constancy Is" Anna raised her finger.

<page-header><page-header><page-header><page-header><page-header><page-header><page-header><page-header><page-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>