# IUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

[ Vol. IV, No. 44.1

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1839.

WHOLE No. 200.

### TERMS

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.
The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday moraing, at two dollars a year if paid IN ADVANCE, and if net paid within six months, two dollars and a half.
Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscribers and forwards price of subscribers and forwards with a sixth copy gratuitiously for one year.

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## THE GARLAND.



From various gardens cull'd with care,"

### A GEM.

The Democratic Review, some time since, alluded to George D. Prentice, as entitled to the front rank among American poets. The Reviewer instanced some lines, written at the age of 14, as particularly remarkable, and breathing the very soul of sorrow.—
They will be found below, and are indeed beautiful. We are indeed for them to the Loubstille Heaven News Letters. Louisville Literary News Letter.

WRITTEN A'T MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
on the shutting flowers—like souls at 1est
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me, is blest,

Mother-I love thy grave!-e violet, with its blossoms blue e violet, with its blossoms blue and ibid.
Waves o'er thy head--when shall it wave
Above thy child!

'Tis a sweet flower-yet must Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow— Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust Is on thy brow!-

And I could love to die--leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie;
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here stain the plumage of my sinless years, And mourn the hopes to childhood de With bitter tears!

Ay-must I linger here, onely branch upon a blasted tree; Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere, Went down with thee!

Oft from life's withered bower In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the Evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wa
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?—
aze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

-whilst here I press My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild And thrilling tones of tenderness, Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child, d o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine Oh give his spirit undefiled To blend with thine.

# DOUBT.

DOUBT.
Doubt, when radiant smiles are shining,
Doubt, when clasping hands are twining,
Doubt, when honied words are flowing,
Doubt, when blushes warm are glowing,
But never doubt that truth sincere
That glistens in a woman's tear.

Doubt, when mirthful tone invite thee, Doubt, when gayest hopes delight thee, Doubt, whate'er is fondest, farest, Doubt, whate'er is brightest, rarest, But oh, believe that truth can live, In hearts that suffer and forgive.

HORSE LOGIC.
The steed that bit his master,
How came it to pass?
He heard the old pastor
Say, "all flesh is GRASS,"

HUNTINGDON, FENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 98, 1829.

SELECT EXIL.

To BROWN ALL MAY NOT WELL AND A SELECT STATES AND A SELECT STATES.

The We will be able to be not the contact hald and perceive and the contact hald and perceived and perceive

read regarded them. The rank of wholly and weight, it was better at two and and the regarded them. The district of the street, it was district to the plant of the street, and the regarded them to the control them to the plant of the street, and the stree

through the streets, and scrutinized each

through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavouring to gain her bread in quite elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth, and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways, and in brickfields—any where, where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a deunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sunk on a doorstep faint and ill. The permature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home—a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and so distinct they were thathe could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were freed upon him once more; vecces long since hushed in death sounded in his cars like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and colt and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

In hadn't got the precise direction. But that aim tstrange, for I don't think he know dit here is a faint strange, for I don't think he know dit here. The two men exchanged glances. "No he didn't" replied the father. The two men exchanged glances. "There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," Framon'd blaft. Free a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," Framon'd blaft. Free a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," Framon'd blaft. But it was only for an instant the first speaker, and in fer think was it it's paid for. It's lucky we met you."

"Yery," said the second.

"Capital luck," sand the first with wink to his companion.

"Another glass here; quick"—said the first speaker. And in fire minutes more, the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands. It slowly and heavily the time draged along as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding-place listened in anxious suspense to the slightestsound. At length a heavy footstep was heard upon the stair; at a approached nearor; it reached the landing; and the father staggered into the register of the stage of