[WHOLE No. 310.

TERMS

PARTY TO THE WAR STANDARD THE RESERVE

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year, a paid in ADV ANCE, and if not paid with a six months, two dollars and a half. Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be traished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

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17 All communications must be addressed that Blior, post Pain, or they will not extended to.

or attended to.
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for The Muslington Fourmal.

The Ministry on Journal.

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E. Stewart, Sinking Valley; L. C. Kessler
Mill Creek.

ORPHANS'COURT SALE

phans' Court of Huntingdon and Bedford counties, on the premises, in Dublin township, on Wednesday the 15th day of December, A. D. 1841, a certain tract of land situated on either side of the county line between Huntingdon and Bedford counties, containing about

500 Acres,

more or less, about 90 acres cleared, and under fence; and about 12 acres of which is meadow, and about 40 acres can be made excellent meadow. Thereon erected two log houses, two stories led; and also two apple orchards. There is also agood water power on the Augh wick creek, which runs through the tract; and the woodland is heavily timbered with white pine. There is a never lailing spring and spring house ocar the dwelling. The whole land is tillable except 8 or 10 acres. All the buildings are situated in Bedford county, within a half mile of the State road leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and within 15 miles of the turnpike leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and within 15 miles of the turnpike leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburg.

The terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale. Any persons wishing to means the same acres.

delphia to Pittsburg.

The terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale. Any persons wishing to purchase, can see the land or ascertain the terms at any time previous to sale, by calling on either of the undersigned, HENRY MATHIAS, Bears, of Philip JOHN MATHIAS, Muthias, dec'd.

Nov. 10, 1841.

Auditor's Notice.

DESCRIPTION AND THE PROPERTY OF THE UNITED TO STATE THE UNITED TO STATE AND THE UNITED TO STATE AND THE UNITED THE UNITED

THOMAS FISHER, Auditor. Nov. 24, 1841.

Notice.

To the heirs of Mcrgarct Messencope, late of Hopewell Township, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, deceased, or their alienees, notice is hereby given:

That in pursuance of a writ or order issued by the Orphans' Court of said county, an Inquest will be held on the premises on Wednesday the 22d December next, to part and divide amongst the heirs of said deceased or their alinees, or to value and approise the real estate of said deceased, consisting of a tract of land situate in Hopewell township aforesaid containing one hundred and fifty acres, with a small house and barn thereon erected.

JOHN SHAVER, Sh'ff.

Huntingdon Noy. 23d 1841.

OUCKS PANACEA, just received and for sale at the Drug Store of T. K. SIMONTON, Agent.
Huntingdon, Dec. 1, 1841.

TEMPERANCE SONGS.

AIR-"Rosin the Bow."

ome, join in our Temperance army;
And put on the Washington badge;
m sure that it never will harm you,
To give in your name to the pledge!

We've done with our days of carcusing, Our nights to not frolik some glee; For now with our sober minds choosing, We've pledged ourselves never to spree!

Not even to handle the evil,
Not even to taste the old bowl;
Not even to look at that devil,
That ruins both body and soul.

They call us old broken down topers;
And they may say just what they will;
But once we were very good loafers,
When our money went into their till!
But we've broken the charm of their glass
And mended the joys of our home;
Our wives and our little ones' faces
Wear a gladness instead of a gloom.

Our garments are sound now and decent; Our pockets with money are lia'd! our friends when they meet us are please And even the LADIES look kind!

We've launch'd out a Cold Water Frigate, And call'd it the Temperance Ship; nd invite you to help us to rig it, AAnd join in our tetotal trip?

She's fully ensur'd in her cruising, From piracy, shidwreck and fire; And you may be sure of not losing Yor wages or character by her.

Wor wages or character by her.

Her crew are men honest and hearty;
Her cargo is plenty and pence,
Come join then our tectoral party,
And all your old sorrows will cease.

We're bound for a haven of gladness,
And all the world's joining our crew,
I'm sure then 'tis folly and madness,
If yea'll not embark with us too!

Hurrah for the Washington banner,
That floats o'er our Temperance ship!
Come on then ye Harties, and man her,
And take a long tetotal trip!!

AND ARE YOU SURE THE NEWS.

AND ARE YOU SURE THE NEWS

IS TRUE.

Tune—'There's nae luck about the house.'
And are you sure the news is true?
And are you sure he's signed?
I cant believe the jorful tele
And leave my friends behind.
If John has signed and drinks no more
The happiest wife am I
That ever swept a cottage hearth,
Or sung a lullaby.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a'
And gane's the comfort o' the house
Since he to drink did fa.'
Whose eve so kind, whose hand so strong

Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong, Whose love so true will shine? If he has bent his heart and hand The total pledge to sign.
But what puts breaking in my head? I trust he'll taste no more, Be still, be still, my breaking heart, Hark! hark! he's at the door!

For there's nae luck about the house, &c

For there's nae luck about the house, &c
And blessings on the helping hands
That sent him back to me,
Haste, haste, ye little ones and run
Your father's face to see.
And are you sure my John you've signed?
And are you sure 'its past!
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home,
On temperpnce shores at last.
There's been nae luck about the house.
And now 'tis comfort a,'
And heaven preserve my aiu good man
That he may never fa.

Tone—"Bounaparte crossing the Rhins."

PROM the cold northern lakes
To the fair Southern clime,
Our standard is lifted
O'er sorrow and crime.
From the broad ocean plains
To the far Western hills,
The loud voice of freemen
The patriot-heart thrills.

'Tis the out bursting joys
Of the thousands released,
From the pains of their bond
To freedom and peace.
'Tis the herald of victory— Crying "make room"
For the day-star that
Pierces "the darkness and gloom!"

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