

## Huntingdon Journal.

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## The Muses' Bower.

An Old Man's Dream.

BY OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES.

Oh for an hour of youthful joy!

Give back my twentieth spring!

I'd rather gain a gray-haired boy

Than reign a bright-haired king.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age;

Away with learning's crown;

Tear out life's wisdom written page,

And cast its trophies down.

One moment let my life be young stream

From boyhood's fountain of fame;

Give me one giddy, reeling dream

Of life, and love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,

And calmly smiled and said,

"If I but touch thy silvered hair,

Thy hasty wish had sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track

To bid thee fondly stay,

While the swift seasons hurry back

To find the wished for day?"

Ah, traist soul of woman kind!

Without thee what were life?

One bliss I cannot leave behind—

I'll take my precious wife!

The angle took a sapphire pen,

And wrote in rainbow hue;

"The man who wishes to be again,

And be a husband too!"

Is there nothing yet unaid

Before thy change appears?

Remember all their gifts have fled

With those dissolving years!

"Why, yes, I would one favor more—

My fond paternal joys—

I could not bear to lose them all;

I'll take my girls and boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen—

His wish will never do;

The man would be a boy again,

And be a father too!

And so I laughed—my laughter woke

The household with its noise,

And I wrote my dream when morning broke

To please my fair-haired boys.

## The Story-Teller.

Robert Maxwell's Temptation.

ROBERT MAXWELL let down the bars

for the third time, with which he had been

ploughing all day, to go through them and

seek on the cool hillside their night's pas-

ture. They turned their heads and

looked at him with their great mournful

eyes, as if expecting a word, for they were

used to his voice, the slow, patient crea-

tures, and liked it, as such dumb brutes

always do the voice of a kind master. But

to-night he had no voice for any of them.

He put up the bars again, and they had

gone through, and leaned heavily against

them. A May sunset was flushing earth

and sky; the new spring grass looked

fresh and green; a light, feathery leafage

was on all the trees, and a few of them,

poor and cherry trees, had put on white

blossoms. The western sun was piled high

with crimson clouds, with close to the

horizon, a bar of gold. A reflected bright-

ness flushed the east with a soft roseate

hue, which spread up to the zenith. All

was still as the birth of a new world. A

sense of wonderful beauty and mystery

thrilled through Robert Maxwell's unedu-

cated perception. He had no words for

such a scene, no clearly defined thoughts

about it even; but he moistened his eyes, and

quickened his pulses, and seemed to flood

his life with a rush of dreams and longings.

How beautiful the world was. There were

some men he heard who had painted such

scenes as these—others who wrote poetry

about them—others who set them to music,

like the songs of birds, or the soft splash

of the waves; and what his part of all this?

ploughing to-day, planting to-morrow! Was

that all life held in his hand? There must be

some other meaning, if he could only

grasp it. If he had no part or lot in

all this beauty, why did it move him so?

Just then he heard the sound of horses'

feet, and looked in the distance whence it

came.

Maud Du Pays was sweeping down the

hill, with a gay gallant before her. How

like a part of the sunset beauty she looked,

with its rose upon her cheek, its raiment

in her eyes and hair, her long blue habit

falling low, and swinging to the motion of

her milk-white pony, her white plume

streaming back on the wind, her little

hands, with the dainty gauntlets on them

—so much youth, and grace and beauty.

And the "city chap," as Robert Maxwell

called him, by her side, did not mar her

picture. A handsome, cavalierish looking

man, there was no denying that he showed

well beside Maud; but what was he here

## An Item for Every Man to Read.

We have all of us, probably, met with

instances in which a word heedlessly spoken

against the reputation of a woman,

has been magnified by malicious minds,

until the cloud has been dark enough to

overshadow her whole existence. To those

who are accustomed—not necessarily from

bad motives, but from more thoughtless-

ness—to speak lightly of ladies, we com-

mend these "hints" as worthy of your con-

sideration:

Never use a lady's name in an improper

or in mixed company. Never make

assertions about her that you she herself

untrue, or allusions that you she herself

would blush to hear. When you meet with

men who do not scruple to make use of a

woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled

manner, shun them, for they are the worst

members of the community—men lost to

every feeling of humanity. Many a good

and worthy woman's character has been

forever ruined, and her heart broken by a

word uttered by some villain, and re-

peated where it should not have been, and

in the presence of those whose little judg-

ment could not deter them from circula-

ting the foul and bragging report. A

slander is so contagious, and the small-

est thing derogatory of a woman's charac-

ter will fly on the wings of the wind, and

magnify as it circulates until its monstrous

weight crushes the poor unconscious vic-

tim. Respect the name of a woman, and

as you would have her fair name unem-

bittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue,

heed the ill that your own words may

bring upon the mother, sister, or wife of

your fellow creature.

"Too Good Company for Me."

One evening last summer a lady who

belonged to the editorial staff of one of the

leading dailies of New York, had been de-

termined by office duties until rather a late

hour. Living on the heights of Fulton

Ferry it was not much of a venture to go

home without an escort, and so she started.

On the boat standing outside enjoying

the refreshing breeze after a day's toil she

perceived a gentleman (?) leaning over the

guards but making nothing.

"Are you alone?" said he, as the boat

neared the slip.

"No, sir," said the lady, and without

trifling interruption when the boat touch-

ed she stepped off.

"If I thought you were not alone," said

the fellow stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?"

"God Almighty and the angels, sir. I

am never alone!"

"You keep too good company for me,

madam; good night," and he shot for a

Fulton Avenue car, then nearly a block

away.

But this is not all. The act of 1868

fixed the compensation of all these officers,

and enacted that under no circumstances

should they be permitted to draw more

for pay or receive any extra allowance. This

wholesome provision of law was totally dis-

regarded by these Democratic retrenchers.

The pay of nearly all the officers is fixed

by that law at \$600 each; but the 49 offi-

cers employed by the Democratic Senate

before the late election had been paid an

average of nearly a thousand dollars each.

Look, people of Pennsylvania, at these

figures. The pay of the officers of the

Republican Senate of 1870 was \$26,466 65,

and the total cost of the session was \$92,-

260 35. The pay of the officers of the

Democratic Senate of 1871 was \$47,904 50,

nearly double that of the previous session,

and the total expense of the session was

for pay \$140,757 68. As there are

probably over \$10,000 of claims under this

head yet unpaid, it is perfectly safe to put

down the total cost of the late Democratic

Senate at \$150,757 68—an increase over

the expenses of the previous Republican

Senate of \$58,497 33.

This is a fair illustration of Democratic

precept and practice. That party is pro-

found in economical professions, when out

of power; but invarially, when in power,

plunges into extravagance. Witness New

York and the Democratic Senate of 1871

## Miscellaneous.

The world is full of liars. There are

the business liars, the buying liar and

the selling liar. The buyer unduly deprecia-

ting the goods, and the seller unduly ex-

celling, are in this class. Scoldon caught

them at it in his way.

"It is naught!" said the buyer; but

when he is gone his way, then he

boasteth." Even in this day