VOL. 48.

The Muses' Bower.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee, that has so much to bear: A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair. Perhaps you do nat heed the velvet touch Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours se

tight; You do not prize this blessing over much, You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FERUARY 5, 1873.

The Huntingdon Journal

NO.6.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

Around the Fireside.

Pay the printer. To understand truth, one must live it. All things are but altered, nothing dies. The table of interest is the dinner-table. Portland, Oregon, has a new opera house. Twins, like mirfortunes, never come figure. Sweet fern leaves sell at \$12 per ton in the West. There is no death; what seems so is transition. Anger makes dull men witty, but keeps them poor. The table of interest is the dinner table. Authough every school boy and girl in the land have read of the "soven wonders of the world." and every person of any in-telligence has either reador heard of them, the New York Star thinks that ninety-hease the question could not name them. They are the Pyramids—the mys-ent—and the enduring for the future ages of this world. The temple, the walls and hanging gardens of Bablyon, the mosi-telebrated city of Assyria, and the resi-dence of the kings of that country after the destruction of Ninereh. The Cart Mill and the <u>cuttry future</u> There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love. There are the method have in the singers are the agent the cuttry of the past-the original of the pres-ten moor. There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love. There are the method ness passing the street; There are the method ness passing the street; There are the method ness passing the street; There are tempted and poor I must meet ;

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> The earth does not bring forth but un-ter the plow which rends it. God never would have required the sac-ifier of Isaac from a mother. When the heart is cleft to the eore, there is no speech nor language. A Chicago German advertises a "hase-ment to rent on the third story." Youth is the smile of the future before an unknown being, which is itself. A natograph lettor of Henry Clay was sold in Terre Haute for fifty cents. A natograph lettor of Henry Clay was sold in Terre Haute for fifty cents. A new Peoria paper starts under the burden of "Hijnotion" for a name. To the contemplative soul there is no mother; they are but thee workmen of na ter. The sting of a bee carries conviction the who cheerfully commits the uni-terse to God has nothing in the universi to fear. M thens, Ga., prosperously began the h mew year with a surplus of one cent in the treasury. Mitenens, Ga., prosperously began the treasury. Mitenens, Ga., prosperously began the treasury. Mathematical devices and a surplus of one cent in the treasury. Mathematical devices and a surplus of one cent in the treasury. Mathematical devices and a surplus of one cent in the treasury. Mathematical devices and a surplus of one cent in the mean surplus of one cent in the market. Mathematical devices and a a believer at the mean year with a surplus of one cent in the treasury. Mathematical devices and a based on how you do it. Mathematical devices and a surplus of one cent in the Mathematical devices and a based on how you do it. Mathematical devices and a based on how you do it. Mathematical devices and a based when here and the started the data with him about his soul. At sight of the mean year with a surplus of one cent in the treasury. Mathematical devices and a based there is now a conner in the market the mathematical devices and a based the surplus of one cent in the market and the data with a surplus of one cent in the market and the data with a surplus of one cent in the market and the data with him abo

"You needn't talk to me about my soul. Faith, is to walk through the darkest clouds, though there be no silver lining to show that day is breaking.
We may see, if we do but look, the shuttle of life flying to and fro in the time timest mores of life flying stuff. member of a church fifteen years ago, and you can't tell me anything about God that I don't know." "Very well, sir, but you have not an-

"I'm not hurt, thank ye," said Pat, "but I'm not well. I'll take myself off.

who wore a neat calico dress and white apron, and had plainly come down to milk the cows.

You are almost too the year ago I did not see it as I do to day— We are so dull and thankless, and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away. And now it seems surpassing strange to me, That, while I wore the badge of motherhood, I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly, The little child that brought me only good. And if, some night when you sit down to rest, You miss the elbow from your tired knee; This restless, curling head from off your breast This lisping tongue that chatters constantly; If from your own the dimple hands had slip-

ped, And në'er would nestle in your palmagain; If the white feet into their grave had tripped, I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children elinging to their gown; Or that the footprints, when the days are wet Are ever black enough to make them frown If I could find a little muddy boot, Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor; If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot, And hear its patter in my home once more

And near its patter in it y nome once more I could mend a broken cart to-day. To morrow make a kite to reach the sky-There is no woman in God's world could asy She was more bissfully content than I. But ah! the daiaty pillow next my own Is aerer rampled by a shining head; My singing birdling from its next has flown, The little boy I used to kiss is dead !

American A-ris-toc-ra-cie.

American "A-ris-toc-ra-cie" is rather a pitiful sight to see, As it siruggles to ape the grand; Ah ! many a one, if he'd only look back Upon old Time's well beaten track, Would find that his ancestor carried a pack Well filled with many a nice gimerack, Laces and bodkins, and various "traps." Penkaires, suspenders, and razor straps. Penknives, suspenders, and razor straps, Which he sold to every one, white and blac As he traveled all over the land.

There's many a "snobby"-yes, many a one Too good for the breezes to blow upon. There's many a "snobby"—yes, many a or Too good for the breezes to blow upon. Who rides in a coach-of-four, Who (if she would take the pains to see. And examine with care the "Family-Tree, Would probably find that her "An ces-try" Began with some cobbler of low degree. Obliged to battle with porerty, To frighten the wolves from his door.

There's many a flirt with a turned-up nos At every poor creature that by her goes, As if they infected the air 1 Who brags and boasts of her *royal* blood,

And always dealt henest and square. From this time forward let none of us be So vain as to boast of our heraldry, Or brag of our ancient "Family-Tree," Struggling to ape the s-x-o-no-n-x-c-r. When all of us, as it's plain to see, Whether of high or low degree, Have vory little to boast! Let the cobbler apply his *awl* and *last*, The chandler to his shop stick fast, Banish the high-falutin "ton," And each ridiculous notion shun, (For there's nanght so pliftle to see As your "codfish A-ris-toc-racie,") And let honesty rule the roast.

Let the susage-man and the baker agree To labor together in harmony, The lawyer and doetor strire for a fee, The farmer his horses wos ! and gee, And the tailor attend to his stitches ! And overy body right friendly be-Let every one of us, he and she, Advance the good of society, Drop every nonsensical vagary,

JENNIE BRIEN

HOW PATRICK FOUND HIS WIFE.

one of Pat, as he was on the eve of leaving

Dating from Noah, who 'scaped the flood, Or Adam—(in Eden first formed of hud), Who, if the positive truth was told, Sprang from some tallow-chandler old, Who earned his living by "dip" and "hou Ihrough heat of summer, and winter cold, And always dealt heaest and square.

Drop every nonsensical vagary, Such as parentage, blood and *pedigree*, To the devil pitch "A ris-tec-ra-cie," And don't get too big for our breeches

The Story-Teller.

-OR -

"WHERE are you going ?" asked every

liberty to use them, and I shall even be Seward-Napoleon--A Chapter in the History of the Rebellion. Reading for the Million. rateful to see them widely disseminated o they may do as much good as possible was young and foolish when I challenged

ing. "Besides," added Pat, "they say ye make "Besides," added Fat, ency make the in as much the day there as ye make the in year in Ballayhofay, and it's the place for interprise." With which young men of interprise." With which Pat would flourish his shillaleh and strut away to meet other questioners and an-

Soon Pat was on the ocean. Finally he

until he was at last cast adrift in the great city of New York, his "chist" gone, also his purse—"one crown piece," like "Ja-mie's," his "only store," and no prespect of making the crown a pound. His first hought was of his cousin, the councilman. Alas! that relative having shaken off the last bit of Irish bog from his feet, with the purchase of a new brown his facet, with the purchase of a new brown

stone front, and naturally considered him, self one of the aristocracy, had no desire to renew the long dropped acquaintance. He presented Pat with five dollars, and And she said: "Who is here that re-

intimated that his official business en-grossed him to the exclusion of every thing else, and that really he had "no time for receiving calls." Pat threw the money bis for second that really he had "no time thing else, and that really he had "no time for receiving calls." Pat threw the money bis for second the three three

in his face, and trudged away to try "in-terprise" by himself, now that his influen-tial friend had forsaken him. He was not a hashful man and he had strong arms and and here I am. I'm a well-todo farmer, He was of a disposition to invite confidence

where the first in the solution of th

"As least Pfl see the spot where she was the Green Isle. "Where would I but to Ameriky, where "Where would I but to Ameriky, which to Pat's mind was very little less than a king. "Seedice" added Pat "there say washes

the crafts upop it, and see not far from him ye make the she milked that day. have tor if the crafts upop it, and see not far from him sake the she milked that day. "It seems almost as if she'd come," he hought, "as if she know'd I wanted her." So thinking he watched the sun go down and the twilight gather, and never thought of going—alonging so strong that it seemed of going-a longing so strong that it seemed a power which might draw her to him,

Soon Pat was on the ocean. Finally he is power which might draw her to min. Just at this moment a little burd, no landed at Gastle Garden, was imprisoned, burding his soul; when suddenly—and larger than a sparrow, flew by and lit on a sparrow by and lite and the sparrow by and lite and t

Steve said with some indifference

"Oh, no great distance. About thirty

"Well-yes. He can do it about-well

or some other city, and into some of the nent, to represent the wickedness, danger, + Faith, is to walk through the darkest endless lists of rules, it does not follow that gilded palaces of sin, where good looking and folly of foreign interference. In less clouds, though there be no silver lining to gilded palaces of sin, where good-looking ountry girls are at a premium, and where, parents, as she soon becomes to shame and and all the finer feelings of her woman nature. It is a welkknown fact that it is nature. It is a welkknown fact that it is nater — [Mason and Slidel] had just been seized—England was in a white heat of girls from country towns, whose first *faux* strangers, and listoning to their honeyed strangers, and listoning to their interpret.

thirsty as I was. Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by and lit on a burth burt blirth pages may and may into stereotyped rhapsodies over their beauty and accomplishments, and swear they are fit to adorn a mansion in the city;

gave you life, and command the respect that every woman has within her reach, treat every stranger you meet in an irreg-ular way as a *Roue*, a Libertine. *Gentle-men* do not seek to form the acquaintance "My man-Twain." "The mischief he did : Can he do that depend upon it.-Exchange.

The Way to Succeed. Fortune, success, position are never

"How did that homely girl ever conwho travel on their cards, and dine, when at home, with Jay Cooke, Drexel, &c., who, according to their own words, are her husband regards as the apple of his who, according to their own words, are the goldea apples of society at home and would rather die than do. a dishonorable act. Beware of such, we repeat, girls, and if you would save your good name, your peace of mind, the happiness of those who of loveliness are of the fact that flowers

Homely Girls.

of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt in many cases at the

Fortune, success, position are never gained but by piously, determinedly, brave-ly striking, growing, living to a thing. In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything, no matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society and the thousand yearly gratifica-tions of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through Baliaro the friend had borsaken min. It was not a bashful man and her lad strong arms and here I am. I'm a well-to-do farmer, Jennie, and I'm come to marry you if these years I've kept of rudy Irishmen any where. The pense of rudy Irishmen any where. The pense of rudy I ishmen any where. The pense of rudy I ishmen any where. The pense of rudy I ishmen any where is maged and followed, and still there is no work to be found. Pat betook himself to the hospital very low, and I left it yester. The suburbs of New York are green and t themselves out to produce an agreeable

the generally get better husbands than fall to the men who offenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry gen-erally have to do things twice over. THE most beautiful may be the most

Only just to be back to old Ireland again and die there." "And year are post of the men who oftenest succeed in the "And what are ye talkin' of dyin' for ?" Said a voice, "is it hurt ye are ?" And Pat looked up to see a girl bending over him—a buxom servant girl, with ne called, and the heart of her heard some-how; and the heart of h

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

would recommend the works of Murdock A great deal of what is called hypocrisy and Monrae.

arises from the delicacy one has in ing the feelings of another.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

A California widow, just before con mitting suicide wrote to a friend that "it nearly killed her to leave her children." The last sensation in Chicago is a trunk hich can be converted into a bath-tubor coffin. The last peculiarity renders it very appropriate for railroad travel.

An Indiana paterfamilias, whose spouse

The mass meeting called at Dover, Del., for the purpose of organizing a "white man's party" resulted last week in the harmonious assemblage of one individual, who, after passing several resolutions, ad-journed himself sine die.

work on elecution with which I am ac-quainted ; while for a manual of lung gym-nastics, and vocal drill and discipline, I swered my question yet; what are you going to do for the salvation of your soul? Is your peace made with Ged?" His eyes filled with tears. The strong

ed himself and wept, and in a few man bo minutes, with a trembling voice, confessed that he was in the wrong. Said he :

be accurately committed to memory, with-out the variation of a syllable, so that in delivery no effort will be required to recall it. The pupil must have time to practice by himself, and as one author expresses it, "There is no use in trying to brave it out any longer. I have been a very wicked man. I know my peace is not made with God. Won't you pray for me? I kneeled down head here the start of the start of the start for the start of t It must be impressed upon his mind that down beside him and prayed for him, and "It must be impressed upon his mind that down beside him and prayed for him, and he must practice, practice, practice, "He i rising up preached Christ. When I was must be made to understand that the re-petition of a piece three or four times is no adequate preparation, and that he must hold a prayer-meeting at his house on the go over with it twenty, thirty, or *fifty* times, if he would excel. In learning to back and a super meeting at his house on the ance a pupil must pay attention to the sage, saying that he had hurt his foot and motions of his limbs; but when practice could not come, but that he would bethere of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off has filled his quiver with twelve sons and has filled his quiver with twelve sons and has filled his quiver with twelve sons and his guiver with twelve sons and his withdrawn from them. They then be come natural. So with the student of her silver, crystal and tin weddings, which bads (divorced) have received invitations but persensel deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable is with and some wore all get is be received on the following Subbath. There has filled his quiver with twelve sons and his withdrawn from them. They then be come natural. So with the student of her silver, crystal and tin weddings, which her silver, crystal and tin weddings. The mass meeting called at Dover, Del, for the purpose of organizing a "white themselves out to produce an agreeable. The mass meeting called last week in the matter--the thoughts and feelings to wards me, and seemed to recognize me. I asked him if he knew me.

asked him if he knew me "Oh, yes," said he, "you are Mr. ---the minister.

"Are you prepared to die ?" "No, I am not !"

I urged him to preparation, but his only

esponse was : "It is too late ; I have been a wicked man; I ought to have attended to the hings long ago." I held up Christ as well as I could be-

fore the dying man, but his reply was: "It is too late; there is no hope for me." I prayed for him, and rising from my knees besought him to look to Christ, but alas! it was too late. Never, while memory performs its accastomed duty, can I forget the terrible look of despair, and the agony of his countenance, as with clench-ed teach he gave utterance to these words: "It is too late! I am going to hell! I am going to be damned, and I

He died with these words upon his

lips. Reader, make your peace with God Now -United Presbuter

LOVE those who hate you.

In teaching declamation the piece should

