

# The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 48.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1873.

NO. 19.

## The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid for to six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

Table with 2 columns: Insertions per week and Price. Rates range from 3¢ for 1 insertion to 10¢ for 12 insertions.

## Printing.

### TO ADVERTISERS:

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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### THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts., HUNTINGDON, PA.

LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES will be charged to the party having them inserted.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

Local notices will be charged at FIFTY CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or unlimited terms, and all notices of marriages, divorces, and notices of deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged FIVE CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these rates.

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## The Muses' Power.

(For the JOURNAL.)

When are the Weary Blest?

BY L. L. NEICK.

When are the weary blest? When are their trials o'er? Do they ever find a rest? O'er this earthly sphere?

Do they ever find a home? Far from the noisy street? Do they ever cease to roam? And rest their weary feet?

Do they ever find repose? To ease the aching head? Happy indeed are those Who find it with the dead!

Does sunshine fill their hearts? With singing birds and flowers, And every joy that starts In spring's reviving hours?

Or are their hearts too sad And sick with hope deferred For summer light and glad And bud and singing bird?

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## Bending for the Million.

Triumphs of Science.

Discoveries of the Last Twenty Years—Thomson on "Depths of the Sea."

This generation—allowing thirty-three years to the scientific "assistant" at five primary scientific discoveries.

I. Julius Robert Mayer, of Heilbronn, Germany, calculated in 1842—about thirty and a half years ago—"the mechanical equivalent of heat"—an equivalent subsequently and independently deduced through seven years, by Dr. James P. Joule, of Manchester, England.

Mayer's work proved that forces were never destroyed, but only transformed, when to our untrained faculties they appeared to be entirely lost.

The principle of the conservation and transformation of forces is the most general physical truth obtained by man since the great chemical discovery that matter was not lost but transformed, when from the visible solid or liquid state it became an invisible gas.

It is almost paradoxically the very discovery of the conservation of energy, which has given rise to the greatest scientific revolutions of the age.

Mayer's discovery was made in 1842, and he was born in 1814, and he died in 1882, and he was buried in the cemetery of Heilbronn.

It is natural, but I feel angry, that the name of Mayer is not more widely known than it is.

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## Outwitting his Neighbor.

Not a great while ago, an Irishman was employed by a village where he was well known, to dig a well *pro bono publico*.

The contract was that he was to be paid a certain sum per foot, and warrant a free supply of water.

At it he went with a will, and his daily progress was intently watched by interested parties.

Early and late he delved down faithfully deep down into the earth, full of confidence in the speedy completion of his labor.

He had reached the depth of about twenty-five feet, and soon to strike water.

Early on morning Pat repaired to the scene of his labor, and, horrible to tell, it had caved in and was nearly full.

He gazed with rueful visage upon the wreck, and thought of the additional labor the accident would cause him.

After a moment's reflection he looked earnestly around, and saw that no one was stirring; then, quickly diverting himself of hat and coat he carefully hung them on the windlass, and speedily made tracks for a neighboring eminence which overlooked the village.

Here, hiding amid the undergrowth, he quietly awaited the progress of events.

As the morning wore on, the inhabitants began to arouse and stir out.

Several were successively carried on at a depth of more than 2,500 fathoms about three miles. Nothing tells more forcibly the great place occupied by science in the popular regard than that Carpenter, Thomson, and Jeffreys determined to make a report to the public, as well as reports to the Royal Society and the Admiralty.

The difficulties in the way of a joint work were found insuperable, and the duty of acting as "reporter" fell upon Prof. Thomson, whose graphic account was made public in England just before his sailing in the Challenger.