

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington streets.

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 \$2.50 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at twelve and a-half cents per line for the first insertion, and at seven and a-half cents for the second, and at five cents per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

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Hand-bills, Blankets, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Office: No. 113 Third Street. aug21, 1872.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 223 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 2, 72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Wood & Williamson. [ap19, 71.]

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office No. 523 Washington street, no door, east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Oct. 4, 71.]

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G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 529, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12, 71.]

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The Muses' Bower.

From the Daily Graphic.

"Der Raven." Vonce upon a midnight dreary, as I come home purty berry, Und laid me down under der sofa, and purty soon began to snore;

I thought I heard some boobies talking und a daisie like some von walking On der new laid "Nicholas Bafement," on der outside of my door.

On der wooden "Nicholas Bafement," on der outside of my door, Only dis und something more.

Yes, fourthly I remember, id vas der ninety-fourth of October, Und each "Nicholas Bafement member" had pught a week outside my door;

I hoped dey'd pe away to-morrow, but I thought I'd dey und borrow Two or tree five dollar Williams, 'cause I didn't had no more;

But dey all said dey vas busted, so I didn't get some more, Only dis und something more.

"Sir," I said, "you vill excoose me, und I know you've got 't abuse me, But it vill no much amuse me, ov you told me please some more;

Vy you come to-night, ahem! ven id's drevle 'clock, P. M. 'Cause der neighbors you vill vake dem knocking at my up-shairs door, I took der light und pulled der knob, und opened out my up-shairs door,

Only noting und noting more.

Und I thought dot awful funny, und again I cried out, "Sonny, Or you haf got 't benty money, come inside und close der door,"

But effering vas just so quiet, und I came back mid der light, Und sat on der sofa by id, und heard der same noise like before;

Heard some fatter knocking vildly on der outside of my door, Und I vat up shairs vonce more.

Den der door I opened vildly, ven some man rushed in quite vildly In a way I didn't think polite, und ov my outside door;

Und I said id's some puffer dufer, vat for gotten tight must suffer, Und der very strict polices to catch him by my door,

He eubred Mattell's shrit bolice on der outside of der door, Only dis und something more,

Soon I hit another lighd, cause I vant to be bolice, But hoped he wouldn't shay all night, sitting on mine harbor door,

Ven all or a suddenly I bethought me, und mine insatints quickly taught me, Or shink, vat I had pought me, vat would shtrand him of my door,

Or a lictle bickery glub shtick, vat would shtrand him of my door, Only dis und something more.

But I thought before I'd use him, before I shtrand to abuse him, But my eyes they shouldn't lose him I vouldn't shapke to him some more;

To see if he had blayed some game, so I neared to him came, Und I told him 'vat's your name? so ve can converse some more,

Tell me vat is on der door-bolice on der inside of your door?"

Und he answered, "Nefermore."

Den I thought der air grew thicker, shmeld ov id's bad dre out, Und I said, den me fink sicker; id vas now 'bound haf-paf'ed me,

Und I said, den me fink sicker, id vas now 'bound haf-paf'ed me, But would bence him from behind outside of der door,

Dot I'd take him vrom der neck, und put him outside of my door, But something sang, "Nefermore."

"Come look at me und take mine varning, for dis old shink your life your varning, Somewhere vas a shred head in der morning, but you got a shred some more;

Got up, I said, got up shout free; got up I say, und led me to der door, Or I'll make murder by der second degree, und der't all right by der new law;

"You are a white-headed old lubber," said Wren, to the first mate; "how would you like to be struck in that way, yourself," pointing at the lad's bruised and swollen lip.

"It's none of your business," screamed Barkton. "Yes it is: it is the business of every humane man to prevent a lad's being struck by any person except by his own father."

"And so you—an officer here, yourself, wish to uphold the little scamp above me!" As he spoke he paced the deck, furiously. When the captain came up a moment later, Barkton told him that his son had interfered between him and his duty.

"How is that, Bill?" said the captain. "Bill at once explained. 'I would not have blamed the lad,' he added, 'had he picked up a hand-spike, and retaliated by striking the mate over the head with it.'"

"You wouldn't, eh?" screamed Barkton. "Just hear that, captain!" "You go too far, Bill," said the skipper.

"I will go yet farther," answered Bill, and say that the captain, having a mind to chastise him for it."

The mate was now unable to contain himself. He shook his clenched fists at Wren, declaring that he would kill him, if he ever laid hands on his person.

Wren laughed. "The captain here interposed. 'Come men,' said he, 'don't let us have any more of this. We are not here to fight among ourselves, but to fight whales.'"

Wren, for his father's sake, said no more. He and the first mate, however, felt that at that moment, that they were enemies.

Miss Temple soon heard of what had occurred. One evening she was by her lover's side on the quarter deck, looking very pretty in her thick fur coat, round velvet hat, and red feather.

In the east the moon was just rising, throwing a flood of silver light over the smooth water and flooding the numerous bergs floating by with an almost unearthly radiance.

"William," said Marian, gently, "I feel very uneasy about it, and would much rather you would no longer act as boat-steerer on the first mate."

"And why not?" "I don't know, but, somehow, I feel very uneasy about it, and would much rather you belonged to some other boat."

"I have seen Barkton, ever since your difficulty with him, look at him in a way that shows that he would injure you if he could."

"Use he mistaken. The man has his faults, but I don't think he would hold a grudge in that way. 'It's hard to tell," said Marian, shaking her pretty head. "Promise me that you will get removed to some other boat."

"I cannot promise you that," he answered. "I have given my word to act as harpooner for the first mate, and it would not, therefore, be right for me to do otherwise."

Marian sighed, but said no more. Somehow she was unable to sleep that night.

Next morning the cry of "There blows!" proclaimed that the whales were sighted. In a moment all was hurry and excitement aboard. A school of bowhead whales were seen about three miles off.

"Call all hands! Clear away the boats!" screamed the captain. Marian had come on deck. Pale as a lily she stood watching the boats as they descended, splashing into the water.

"Lookout for yourself," she said, in a low tone to Wren, as he went past her to get into the leeward boat.

The young man merely smiled. The next moment the boats were putting away from the ship, which lay with her main yard hauled aback, as is usual in such cases.

The boats pulled until they were out of sight of the vessel, which by this time, the wind having died away, was becalmed. Hours passed, and still no sign of them was seen.

Marian was pale with anxiety. Even the captain, who on this occasion had not lowered, walked his quarter-deck uneasily.

"What can have become of them," said Marian, walking over to the captain and laying a hand on his arm. "I don't know, it really does look strange."

Another hour passed. Still no sign of the boats. The sun was now low in the horizon, evening was throwing long-pointed shadows upon the sea from the numerous bergs floating past the vessel. Upon some of these bergs the shining seal crawling would lift its uneasy eyes to Marian's face, as if in sympathy with her feelings.

Tears were now gathering in her brown eyes. Her bosom heaved, and she could scarcely repress her sobs.

"Heaven help him wherever he may be," she muttered. "Time passed; gloomy shadows gathered; the stars came out—the moon rose—a cold, clear night!"

Sill the captain paced his quarter-deck with sharp look-outs posted all over the vessel, and still poor Marian, stifling her sobs, leaned over the quarter-rail. Suddenly she fancied she saw a black speck upon the water through a vista among the icebergs.

She notified the captain, who soon had his night-glass leveled. "For Heaven's sake!" gasped Marian, "what do you see?" "A boat with one man in it!" "Only one?" "Ay, ay, niece, that is all!" The ship was headed for the boat, which soon came alongside.

some troublesome thought, and he kept pouring the rum down his throat. "For Heaven's sake, stop," said the captain, "or you will be as drunk as a fiddler."

He pulled the bottle from the mate's hand. "You are afraid of your liquor. You begrudge it!" screamed the mate. "I must have more."

"Let that be my answer," cried the captain, throwing the bottle overboard. "But what ails you, man? You look pale, and how you tremble!"

"Where is he? Where is William Wren?" asked Marian, her eyes burning on the mate like coals of fire. "Ah, and all the rest of your crew?"

"I will tell you," said the mate. "I will tell you," said the mate. "I will tell you," said the mate. "I will tell you," said the mate.

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Cuttle had been frightened—when the whale came up, and while the mate was trying to kill it—to a degree which had caused him to disobey orders. This encouraged Barkton that he flung a harpoon at the youth, who, seeing it aimed at him, fell upon the whale. The harpoon struck him while he was in this position, passing through his body and pinning him to the leeward side of the whale.

We have to add that Barkton was hung for his crime. Marian and her husband now live happily in a little stone cottage near Star Harbor. Years have passed since the events recorded, but the husband and wife often think, with a shudder, of that terrible spectacle of the harpooned body fast to a whale.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night at a public house by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest.

"I will go to them and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated with him. He went. His words were reproved full apparently harmless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him rather sharply:

"What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," he said patiently and soon fell asleep.

Yes a soft pillow is the reward of fidelity, the companion of clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of all other rewards. And one knows more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke and properly restrain them by their christian department and religious counsels can sleep quietly in the day of trial.