The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - J. A. NASH,

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington stre

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Professional Cards.

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

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST,

No. 223 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, '72.

CALDWELL, Attorney -at-Law, by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12, 71. DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community.

Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,71.

E J. GREENE, Dentist. Office re-

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brewn's new building, No. 520, Hill St., [ap12,'71. Pa. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. -, Hill street, Huntingdon [ap.19,71.

FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-

The Muses' Bower.

The New Church Organ.

BY WILL. M. CARLETON. They've got a bran new organ, Sue, For all their fuss and search; For all their fuss and search;
They've done just what they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
And tried with all my might;
Fut though my voice is good and strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they were high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise.

An' also contrawise; in' I too fast, or they too slow, To ' mansions in the skies." An' after every verse, you know, They play a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But ob, alas! I found that I

Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told:
But I had done my best,
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kept it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kept her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

It een a most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and the
And laid it on the seat.
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise,
But drawed his red bandanner out
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.
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Around the Fireside.

The Shadow of the Rock.

BY HENRY G. SPAULDING.

Through open fields and smiling lawns
My noontide pathway led,
Along the cliffs, whose clinging weeds
By ocean's tides are fed.

Like feathered arrows flew the foam Across the breaking waves,
While low murmuring sounds I heard
Within the seaside caves.

The sun, like ball of glowing fire, Shed down on sea and plain Its dazzling rays, till every sense Was overcome with pain.

Then looking down the slanting ledge, A quiet, cool retreat pied, from rising billows safe, A shade from light and heat.

Of shelving rock its roof was framed, Its floor with pebbles laid, And in the wall the waves of yore A seat of stone had made.

Long hours I sat—0, musings sweet! 0, day-dreams by the sea! Till evening's shadows crept upon The weary world and me. Giver of sunshine and of shade, From Thee the dazzling rays Of life descend; from Thee the heat And burden of our days.

But ever by our path we find Some calm retreat of prayer, Where tides of love divine flow in,— A shelter sweet from care.

The "Shadow of the Rock" art Thou; From Thee the murmurmings come Of far-off seas that wash the shores Of our eternal home.

Death. Each day calls to remembrance the fact that death cannot be far from any of us; but do not let the thought sadden you.— As God planned the time of our birth, so year. She finds new admirers and makes new dupes every month.

With Sanborn at the Internal Revenue books and Jayne gnawing at the Custom House entries, the mercantile community became convinced of the truth of Shylock's statement that "there be land rats and water rats."

A Michigan paper.

became convinced of the truth of Shylock's statement that "there be land rats and water rats."

A Michigan paper intimates that Miss than Dickinson is upwards of 300 years old. We certainly never should have sust pected her, from her comparatively youth ful appearance, of being over fifty-five or sixty at most.

Minister Bancroft occasionally seeks relief from the perplexities of diplomacy by appearing on skates at the Thiergarten Pond, in Berlin. With becoming pride of country, he did the "eagle" with the highest skatorial success.

The sultan Abdul Aziz, it is said, was most graceful in his bearing toward the Empress Eugenie during her stay at Constantinople, his habitual brusqueness giving place to an untoward amiability. After her departure he actually moped.

It does not appear to be the fate of the gallant Sheridaa to meander through this vale of tears soothed and sustained by the companionship of a loving wife, but he enjoys the next best thing, in having had a cooking stove named after him.

The Lowell Courier says that the Hon-Frederick Smyth, lately Governor of New Hone Proderick Smyth, lately Governor of New Hone Prederick Smyth, lately Governor of New Hone Prederick Smyth, lately Governor of New Hone Proderick Smyth, lately Governor of New Hone Prod