

# The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 40.

HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1876.

NO. 14.

## The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday 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 \$3.10 not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

Not a paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transit advertisements will be inserted at THREE 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.

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertising is published.

JOBS PRINTING OF every kind, Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Headings, Booklets, Cards, Pamphlets, etc., of every variety and style, printed in the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing Line will be executed in the most artistic manner, and at the lowest rates.

### Professional Cards.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law,  
No. 111, 3d Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,71.]

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 223 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.]

GEO. B. ORLANDY, Attorney-at-Law,  
405 Penn Street, [ap12,71.]

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street Huntingdon. [Jan. 4, 71.]

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

H. W. BUCHANAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 228, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 17, 71.]

HUGH NEAL, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,  
Cor. Southfield, Street and Eighth Avenue PITTSBURGH, PA.  
Second Floor City Bank. Feb. 17, 71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law,  
Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. From Attorney-at-Law to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [Dec. 4, 72.]

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L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office out door East of R. M. Spear's office. [Feb. 17, 71.]

R. A. ORRISON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, 221 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 31, 71.]

E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., Office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [ap12,71.]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 2, Hill street. [ap12,71.]

### Hotels.

JUNIATA HOUSE, JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PENNA.  
This well-known house has recently been leased by the undersigned, who, having had the experience of a number of years in keeping a first-class hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Special attention will be given to transient boarders.

Arrangements will be made by which persons can have meals at all hours.

Boarding \$1.50 per day.

Boards taken by the day, week, month or year. [ap12,71.] MARY J. RIFFLE.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.  
April 5, 1871-ly. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

### Miscellaneous.

TOYS AND GAMES OF ALL KINDS  
Just received at the JOURNAL Store.

ALSO, WRITING DESKS,  
WORK BOXES,  
ALBUMS, &c.

CRANDALL'S BUILDING BLOCKS,  
MENAGERIE and GYMNASTS,  
PARLOR CROQUET, &c.,

KNOX FRUIT FARM  
AND  
NURSERIES,  
FRUITS, FLOWERS and SEEDS  
FOR EVERYBODY.

Handsome Catalogue of Fruits and Flowers, and Handmade Catalogue of Seeds now ready. Mailed free on all applications.

KNOX FRUIT FARM CO.,  
BOX 115, PITTSBURGH, PA.

J. F. GRIMES, Supt.  
J. G. SIMMONS, Business Manager.

SEED STORE 131 FIFTH AVENUE,  
Feb. 11-21.

### HUNTINGDON Academy and Seminary.

For particulars address or apply to the Principal,  
Rev. W. W. CAMPBELL, Principal,  
Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 71.]

## Printing.

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## The Huntingdon Journal,

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

— 18 —

THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

— 00 —

### TERMS:

\$2.00 per annum in advance; \$2.50  
within six months, and \$3.00 if  
not paid within the year.

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

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Meetings and Balls, exceeding five lines, will be charged ten cents per line.

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Rev. W. W. CAMPBELL, Principal,  
Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 71.]

## The Muses' Bower.

For the JOURNAL.

### What Have You Learned at College?

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

BY A FRESHMAN.

I've learned to know that I'm a fool,  
Yet no exception to the rule,  
Of all who think a course through college,  
The surest way to acquire knowledge—

Study more to enhance their looks,  
Than to comprehend what's in their books;  
Apply their thoughts at the looking-glass  
More strictly than they do in class;

Talk much about their "fraternal havanas,"  
Slight at billiards, accomplished manners,  
The angles of their studied bows,  
Their mighty deeds, escapes from rows,

The liberties some will flirt about,  
Relate with pride, unspiced lewdness,  
Escapes from justice by their shrewdness;  
And to them it seems a mystery,  
How we can relax history.

Or poetry, and not delight  
In *Day's Doin's* or *Saturday Night!*  
Then, when they come to recitations,  
Bully without hesitation.

They read what they have interlined,  
From "pony" or an honest mind,  
And thus maintain a "good" merit,  
Which, like fortunes they inherit,

Merely promote their self conceit  
And render scanty intelligence  
Where the mental diagnosis  
Is understood, and proper doses  
Daily administered with care,  
The mind develops unaware

Of how, or when, or by what means;  
And knowledge gently increases  
Amid its labor and its toils,  
Nay, even rouses and excites  
It more of Wisdom's wealth to claim,  
And thus impels us to the same.

And this I've learned at college,  
When these sophisticated sages  
Insist upon full twenty pages  
Of "Webster's History—Universal"—  
Or "Folk's Ancient Classics" for rehearsal,  
In connection with a page of Greek,  
Or Latin which you must speak  
Like a Homer or a Romulus.

Or else in class create a fuss—  
A page or two in *Elocution*,  
Niss but a sound, a revolution  
Rises like a dark thunder cloud;  
The Professor stamps and roars aloud,  
In a feeble tone that almost drives  
Some timid souls to quaking fears, fair,  
And keeps their quaking hearts alert.

I'm pleased to add, there's no one hurt—  
But like an Indian rubber ball,  
Hurled forcibly against a wall,  
Rebounding quickly with a crack,  
It justly strikes the burier back.

*Rhetoric*, too, the same routine,  
Precisely, too, the charming scene:  
And in *German*, which we love so well,  
Three pages of *Willie Tell*;  
In *Geometry* and *Latin Prose*,  
Pages enough, "dear only knows."

Besides, with mental recreations  
In composition and dramatics,  
We're burdened, too, and seem to me  
That nothing but a deep snarl,  
Or, at least, an intricate confusion  
Of principles, from such profusion  
Of themes, can never be attained,  
No matter how the mind is strained.

Nor is this all; but still they hammer,  
In *German*, *Greek* and *Latin* grammar,  
Declension, conjugation and construction,  
Idioms and differences, till fell destruction  
Stares in the face the earnest student,  
Who is so modestly impatient.

And gulps at once this mingled potion,  
With a vague, infatuated notion,  
That a Professor rather than a peer,  
And rather than his wrath incur,  
Bows 'neath his lordship's dignity,  
And suffers its malignity.

And this I've learned at college,  
"A sound mind in a sound body."  
They've reiterated, till like a shoddy,  
I could wax maxim, turn to shreds,  
In every ring in our heads.

"Recreation in the open air," they teach,  
But how to practice what they preach,  
I never could do at all.  
With this poor, narrow mind of mine;  
For to our books we're so enthralled,  
That not a moment may be stolen.

Our own; From morn till night,  
We can only study and recite;  
And, whilst others rest from weary toil,  
We, by our burning "midnight oil,"  
Must sit and hold our fevered heads,  
And even when we reach our beds,  
Our minds in constant action pressed,  
Excited and estranged from sleep,  
Perplexed with some wild theorem,  
Or trying to recall some item,  
Sighing and exclaiming (twelvehundred)

Which on the morrow must be known—  
And when we sleep our very dreams  
Are fraught with mingled themes;  
And waking with the early dawn,  
And scarcely taking time to yawn,  
Striving and toiling till in vain  
To reach the goal so much desired,  
By accomplishing what is required,  
That we may favorably pass  
With credit to ourselves in class.

Where these Solomon's grins as sharks,  
Sit and coil our merit marks;  
Seldom offering us suggestions  
But educating by their quizzing,  
And then berate us for our errors  
Until we think the "king of terrors"  
Has broken loose within our walls,  
And tyrants of the fiercest stamp,  
Whose harshness need create no fears,  
Proceed from *Neop's* protruding ears,  
Like those of *Aesop's* fabled name,  
The lion, then, is quick to demand.

And this I've learned at college,  
Some men are humble, meek and mild,  
And gentle as a lamb or child,  
When faced with superiors;  
Who, when placed 'er inferiors,  
Impulse them that argue the point,  
Their meekness soon begins to cramp,  
And dominant superiority  
Soon follows their authority;  
And prove the meager empty brain  
By thus becoming proud and vain.

Their eyes bedimmed with selfishness,  
Cannot discern the facilities,  
So obvious in their affectation,  
Neither the useful detestation,  
Nor justly upon themselves reared,  
By their minds not so much as heard.

But in themselves they find a shrine,  
To which they bow as though divine;  
And all who will not worship there,  
With them, must their thrones share;  
And that displeasure—what a spite!  
It burns with unrelenting spite,  
And flashes with promiscuous aim—  
As kicks a brute, I will not name.

And, though they strike with wondrous force,  
We only need regard the source;  
The impulse then that urged the arm,  
Most plainly indicates the fact.  
That men who rank with high degree  
Are oft not what they claim to be.

And this I've learned at college,  
I've learned to know what wealth is worth,  
Though never enjoyed it. From my birth,  
I have been in contact with money.  
I have known it, because I'm poor.  
I find it a common rule,  
In city, country, and in school,  
That wealth contains the darkest faults,  
Wherein to hide its owner's faults,  
And crimes that would the poor condemn  
Merely as "tricks" are charged to them.

Who'er they students, face meet,  
Their guilt, and unjustly bear,  
The rancor which outsiders feel  
Who uncharitably say—"They steal,"  
Who'er they students, face meet,  
In public hall, or on the street,  
And this I've learned at college.

## Kind Providence wisely ordains

That some have wealth and others brains,  
But seldom are the two combined,  
For wealth's a robber of the mind,  
And school this fact impresses plain.

For here these nabobs, proud and vain,  
Care more for broadcloth, kids and canes,  
Pine hats, pearl studs, and satin slippers,  
Fine rooms wherein to late suppers;

Downy and soft their morning beds,  
Which correspond well with their heads,  
Than to comprehend what's in their books;  
Apply their thoughts at the looking-glass

More strictly than they do in class;  
Talk much about their "fraternal havanas,"  
Slight at billiards, accomplished manners,  
The angles of their studied bows,  
Their mighty deeds, escapes from rows,

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Where the mental diagnosis  
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Amid its labor and its toils,  
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Who uncharitably say—"They steal,"  
Who'er they students, face meet,  
In public hall, or on the street,  
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## short-eaks in the kitchen.

Just then she came to the door, and motioned with her mouth to me.

"Do let him stay, Auntie," and if I hadn't sense, I might, but I knew better than a child of sixteen.

"Go away with you," I said louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

He gave a kind of groan, and took to his hand from the latch, and went clump, clump, through the frozen snow again, and I thought him gone, when there was once, hardly with a knock at all—a faint thump like a child's no.

And when I opened the door he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes larger than ever. "Well, of all impudent!" said I. He looked at me and said:

"Ma'am I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," I replied; and just then it came to my mind, that I hope my son Charles, who had been a soldier—an officer he had got to be, mind you—wanted to see his, and would, soon.