The Huntingdon Journal.

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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 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 in 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.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

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	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
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JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.—Hand-bills, Blanks, 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, Huntingdon, Pa. OFFICE: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY.
BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 2d door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan.7,71.

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN,
DENTIST,
No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
July 3, '72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied 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 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. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney at Law. Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1y

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.
LOVELL & MUSSER, *Attorneys-at-Law,* HUNTINGDON, PA. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,'72

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'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. 229, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE.
FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop.
Nov12,'73-6m.

MORRISON HOUSE,
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT
HUNTINGDON, PA.
J. H. CLOVER, Prop.
April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Leister's Building (second floor,) Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,72.

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on handand for sale. [ap19,'71-6m

HOFFMAN & SKEESE, Manufacturers of all kinds of CHAIRS, and dealers in PARLOR and KITCHEN FURNITURE, corner of Fifth and Washington streets, Huntingdon, Pa. All articles will be sold cheap Particular and prompt attention given to repairing. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. [jan.15,'73y

WM. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &C., HUNTINGDON, PA. PLASTER PARIS CORNICES, MOULDINGS. &C. ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, '71.

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FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

—:o:—

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

—:o:—

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

CIRCULATION 1700.

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POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,
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WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,
BALL TICKETS,
PROGRAMMES,
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ORDER BOOKS,
SEGAR LABELS,
RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,
BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
PAMPHLETS
PAPER BOOKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

—:o:—

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed,

J. R. DURBORROW & CO,

The Muses' Bower.

The Bondage of Drink.

You think I love it? If this nerveless hand
Could gain immortal strength this very hour
I'd sweep the whole hellish traffic from the land,
And crush its blighting, maddening, nightmare power.
Yea, now, with my latest, dying breath,
I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death.

Love it? I loathe it! Yet I drink and drink,
And hate my bondage with a loathing hate,
And hate myself as through the town I link.
The pledge? No, no! Too late—too late!
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of breath!
Too late! There's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink; but not to drink
Doth such a train of ghastly horrors wake
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think.
Ah, keep away, ye fiends, for pity's sake!
The very thought of them effects my brain,
My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum? I'd love to hold my head up high
And breathe God's air a free and fearless man
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,
With steady nerve to do and head to plan;
I'd love to grapple trials as they come
In manly fashion, brave and strong. Love rum?

If only I could come into some land
Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
I'd fight these dreadful torments of the damned
That clutch the scul of him who would be free!
But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe
To fall again as twice before? No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be
In those old college days so wild and gay,
When first I drank in youthful revelry!
How easy then to put the cup away!
A mother's hope and joy I was till then;
Now see me trembling—ah! Those eyes again!

Back, fiery eyes, to hell, where you belong,
I'll drink you down—what blood? Drink blood?
Help! Help! They come, a hideous, devilish throng!
Back, get ye back! They'll toss me in the flood!
Long, crooked hands are crawling in my hair!
Is this the end! Ha, ha! Too late for prayer.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

HOW HE DONE IT.

BY W. H. W.

There are many courtships worth narrating, while a greater majority are conducted in such a business-like way as to be void of all romance—so unlike human nature that a recital would not be pleasing. The one we are about to disclose is of the romantic order, and will amuse the young folks generally.

A party consisting of six individuals, men of wealth and leisure, had gone out for a boat-ride on one of the Western rivers. The evening was mild and sunny. The boat was one of grace and beauty, and would carry twice as many as were on board beside the men who did the rowing. It had a neat little deck above the rowers, with cushioned seats, upon which the six men were reclining, and seeming to be very happy. Two of the party were married, one of whom was John Foster, a jolly young fellow. John had been singing songs and telling stories, to the great pleasure of the boys. At length one of the party addressed him thus:

"See here, John, I have heard your courtship and marriage spoken of as being a romantic affair, but never heard the particulars. Come, old fellow a little more fun at your expense willl make things lively."

"Well, boys, I often laugh over my experience, and think no man ever drew a longer breath than I did after the minister pronounced us man and wife. My father-in-law, Mr. Hamlin, was a widower, and thought very handsome by the ladies. He resided some three miles from my father's farm, on one of his own. He had not lived here long, however, and when I came home from school, I heard all the boys talking of "pretty Nellie Hamlin." Mr. Hamlin came to see us very often, and never failed inviting me to see him. At length I decided on going over, more to see 'pretty Nellie" than any one else. I was treated in the most hospitable manner each time I called, and began to feel interested in Nellie. I think he noticed this. I supposed it would please him, but on the contrary he began to be more reserved and treated me coolly. It was not long until I was in love with his daughter, and had gotten up a little courtship, when he told me to "please cease calling." I became angry and told him he should do the same. He did not come to our house any more, and I did not go over to see Nellie for about two weeks. But who can fight against a love that is stronger than the love of life? I wrote her a note to meet me, when we decided to meet once every week, clandestinely, of course, at her house or in a neighboring grove. This worked well for a long time, as Mr. Hamlin was in the habit of spending Saturday evening from home, and I made it suit to see Nellie in his absence. She could not ascertain where her father went, but was glad to see him leave home on that evening. I would conceal myself about the barn till Mr. Hamlin would leave, when Nellie and I would have the house to ourselves. I'll tell you, boys, I never had such a happy time. At last I discovered where Mr. Hamlin was spending his evenings, and in a way I didn't like too well. You see I went over a little too early. It is natural for lovers to be on time, and often ahead of time. I had to remain hidden until Mr. H. would be gone, so I took shelter in a carriage, a double-seated affair. The curtains were all closed down, and it seemed just the place. Soon after I heard him talking to his "Billy horse," and I expected him to be off in a few moments, but fate worked against me this time. My heart ran up into my throat when I saw Mr. H. hitching "Billy" to the carriage. What to do I could not tell. I had to confess to myself that I was afraid of him. He sprang upon the seat and started off at a fearful rate. I felt a good deal like praying, for I knew I would fare badly if he saw me there. He would laugh to himself, and then give Billy a cut with the whip. I began to think he was going to see some lady—but who was it? He might possibly drive me twenty miles from home, and allow me the pleasure of walking back. I passed the time in watching him, and planning how I would get out, when he turned short into a lane which led to the back part of our farm. I now began to fear that he knew I was in the carriage, and was driving me back to what we called "dark hollow," to hang me, or do something to terrify me, but what was my surprise when he stopped at the end of a lane which led into our house, and I saw a lady coming toward us. Almost paralyzed, I recognized the voice of my sister Anna. She was soon by his side, and I'll fall into the water this moment and drown myself, if he didn't put his arms around her and kiss her. I felt like dying from shame and indignation. *He* who had forbidden me his house, to meet and kiss beautiful sister Anna thus! And she who had ever protested against the practice of kissing, as being altogether wrong and unlady-like, to permit him, a *widower*, to kiss her. I was *so angry*, and was nearly drawn double with my cramped condition, but there I had to stay and watch them much against my will. I had never asked Nellie to allow me to kiss her, just because this sister, who was older than me, taught me it was wrong, and now to see her allow this man that privilege, was too much for me. I never had had such a ride in my life, and prayed I might never have another. You need not laugh, boys, but I would rather have been where Nellie was. I could see that "Billy" had been here before, for he did not more than move, and often stopped and nipped at the bushes by the way side. I can tell you that "Billy" had to be his own driver. Mr. Hamlin talked love till I grew sick, but Anna smiled as I had never seen her do, while I was boiling over with rage. True, I was engaged to Nellie, and should respect her father more, but I could not. If I had not been afraid of him, I would have yelled out from anger till he would have jumped over Billy, and thought the last day was at hand, and the trumpet was sounding to resurrect him from the love into which he had fallen. But understand I had to keep quiet. This state of things continued much longer than I have dignity to own. Here we wandered up and down the road, while Billy looked up at the trees, and stopped to listen occasionally at what was going on around him. I never felt more silly, and if it had been my grandmother acting so, I should not have felt worse. I closed my eyes to shut out the sight, but no use; the kissing went on, and I had to hear if not see it. Mr. Hamlin was now as hideous to me as an owl. I heard the promise to meet again next Saturday evening, and saw my sister trip off up the lane. I began to fear it would get daylight, and I would be seen. We had not gone far till I saw Mr. H's. head drop, and knew he was sleeping. I opened the side door quietly and sprang out. I could scarcely walk, but made my way home, thinking I would introduce the kissing subject at the breakfast table. My younger sisters always joined me when teasing Anna I began the next morning by saying,

"Anna, you should of had some loved one to kiss you awake, this morning, as you are late to breakfast."

"Brother," she said, you should not talk so before your sisters, and you know very well there is no man who would do that."

"O yes," I said, "there are enough who would do it.'

"Yes, but I mean I would not think of allowing it. It seems to me you don't think of anything else."

"I doubt, Anna, if you think of anything else," I said.

"No, John, that will do after marriage, not before." I began to fear she was married, and dropped the question. I was now very anxious to see and tell Nellie of my ride. When I told her I omitted the kissing, for I was ashamed of my sister's conduct. She laughed till I began to think it was not so serious a matter after all.—When I told her of their promise to meet the following Saturday evening she said at once,

"We must go with father."

"No," I said.

"Yes, we will, Johnnie, you must let me have my own way in this, dear."

I said no more, but felt very nervous over it all week.

According to promise I was in the carriage at the appointed time, and was soon joined by Nellie. She trembled a good deal when she came, but soon whispered more calmly. The night was even darker than before, and we were soon flying across the country. I was again to see enacted what had made me sick just one week past. If Nellie had known the fate awaiting her she would not have been in that carriage. Mr. H. took the same road, and was soon joined by Anna, whom he addressed as his "darling." I felt Nellie twitch a little, and knew she blushed when her father acted as if he was going to devour my sister. When I saw him acting thus I felt like having revenge in some way. I began to realize that I had a kissable being by my side. I knew it was mean in me to act so, for Nellie dare not make a fuss, and if I was cruel enough to take advantage of her situation, she could not help herself. So, for every kiss he gave my sister I gave his daughter two. I was trying to get even with him on the first ride.

At last the awful moment came. He put his arms around my sister, (mine were around Nellie,) and said:

"My darling, you know how much I love you; at least you try to know, but cannot tell. It surpasses any demonstration I can make; without you I shall be miserable, but with you the happiest man on earth. Anna, will you be my darling wife?"

The answer came so low I could not hear it, but a lover's ear could, and he "thanked heaven," and everything else he could think of, then kissed her. (I kissed somebody twice.)

"Now, my dear," said Anna, "you have not been treating brother John as you should. I hear you do not allow him to see Nellie."

"Oh, yes, he may go to see Nellie."

"Yes, but you promised me once before, and I have heard since then that you still prevent him."

"Noble sister," I thought.

"No, I don't; he may go as often as he wishes. And we will be married in six weeks, pet."

The time was set, and a kiss to seal the bargain. (I took two.) My heart rolled about like a big potato, and I thought it had turned into a drummer boy, when Nellie said:

"Thank you, father, for allowing John to visit me."

Anna screamed, and Mr. H. was out upon the dash of the carriage ready to run away like a man and leave his precious charge.

"Who, or what is it?"

"O! it is John and I. We thought we would take a little ride with you, and since you and Anna are to be married in six weeks, and you have learned to like John so well, you will allow us to get married at the same time. Won't you, father, dear?"

What could he say but "y-e-s?"

From that moment I loved Mr. H. We all live very happy. I still tease Anna about the propriety of kissing, and ask Nellie if she has any liking for the back seat of a carriage. Our young wives fuss a good deal as to which baby is the prettiest, but no matter about that, but I would like to know what relationship those babies sustain to each other.

Reading for the Million.

J. Howard Payne.

A newspaper correspondent in one of his letters from Washington, gives the following brief sketch of one whose name is as little known to the world, as a single emanation of his genius is widely appreciated:

As I sit in my garret here (in Washington) watching the course of great men and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne—author of "Sweet Home." I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—Consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poor man subjected to the humiliation of office seeking. Of evenings we would walk along the streets, looking into lighted parlors as we passed. Once and a while we saw some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would both stop—and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings—his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to put my head. The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet, I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office—and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread."

Thus would he complain of his hopeless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers and sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad. "Have you got your Consulate?" said I.

"Yes—and I leave in a week for Tunis—I shall never return."

This last expression was not a poetical faith.—Far from it. Poor Payne—his wish was realized. He died at Tunis.—Whether his remains have been brought to his native country I know not. They should be, and if none others will do it let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for the monument to Payne. I knew him and will give him my penny, and for an inscription the following:

HERE LIES J. HOWARD PAYNE.
Author of "Sweet Home."
A wanderer in life—he whose song was sung in every tongue, and found echo in every heart—
NEVER HAD A HOME!
He died in a foreign land!

It is a singular fact that very few persons in America know that the author of "Sweet Home" was an American. You ask nine persons out of ten, even among those who have any knowledge of musical history, they will tell you Sir Henry Bishop or some such person must have the credit. The truth is, this song is almost the only thing that Payne ever d'd which is entitled to remembrance. The author was a maker of melo-dramas and musical plays. "Home, Sweet Home," was a song in one of them. Payne did not remain in the country to see the piece performed, and the first time he ever heard his own song was in the streets of a great European city. Its pathetic appeal to a sentiment which exists in every human bosom gives an immediate echo over the whole world, which has not nor never will die away.

Acheen and the Acheenese.

Many people having read frequent dispatches in the papers about the Acheenese, will be glad to learn where they live. Acheen forms the northwestern portion of Sumatra. It covers an area of 800 geographical square miles, and has 2,000,000 inhabitants belonging to the Maylayan race. The Acheenese are tall, strongly built and of a violent and haughty temperament, though they are much more intelligent and skillful than most of the other inhabitants of Sumatra. They are mostly Mohammedans. The capital has about 8,000 houses and 36,000 inhabitants. The country generally is mountainous, but exceedingly fertile; pepper, coffee, cotton, tobacco and vegetables grow freely and produce abundant crops. Gold and precious stones are also found in great quantities. Although part of Sumatra is under the equator, the climate is very moderate. The air is healthy in the mountain districts, but not on the plains or on the coast. Acheen abounds with wild animals—there are elephants, tigers, buffaloes, rhinoceroses and orang-outangs. The latter are never killed by the natives, as they believe the souls of their ancestors have passed into these animals. Among the allies of the Acheenese are the Battas, a cheerful people, who are cannibals, and always take salt and lemon juice when they go to war, so as to be able to regale themselves on the flesh of their dead enemies.

Short Sermons.

Paradise is at the feet of mothers.—*Mahomet.*

Corn is cleaned with the wind, and the soul with chastening.—*George Herbert.*

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.—*Rochefoucauld.*

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.—*Cotton.*

How many persons fancy they have experience simply because they have grown old.—*Stanislaus.*

Always rise from the table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.—*William Penn.*

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgment.—*Grattan.*

I am no herald to proclaim men's pedigrees; it is sufficient for me to know their virtues.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

Old friends are like old boots. We never realize how perfectly they were fitted to us till they are cast aside, and others, finer and more stylish, perhaps, but cramping and pinching in every corner, are substituted.

AS THE Lord's mercies are new every morning, so those to whom they come have a perpetual freshness of life untouched by the burden and heat of the day.

Go to the JOURNAL Stationery Store for bargains.

Up a Tree.

One night, recently, young Mullen, of New Castle, who feared that the lady he loved was entertaining an admirer, determined to climb a tree in the yard, from which he could see into the sitting-room in the second story, where the young woman was supposed to be. Just as he got himself fixed in a comfortable position commanding the window, some one upon the inside pulled the curtain down. Then Mullen made up his mind to descend. It was very dark, but just as he began to slide down the trunk, Mullen heard a dog barking furiously beneath, and, looking down, he saw a huge animal capering about, apparently very eager to nip Mr. Mullen's legs. Then Mullen suddenly climbed up the tree again, and endeavored to drive the dog off, but the more he spoke to the brute, the more it danced around and barked. Then Mullen came down as low as he dared, and tried to coax the animal, but this only made him hop about and howl more furiously than ever. So it became apparent that Mullen would have to spend the night in the tree. He fixed himself as comfortably as he could in a crotch of the limbs, and kicked his legs, and moved his arms, to keep himself from freezing to death. Several times, when he thought the dog was asleep, he attempted to descend, but each time the brute awoke, and began to caper about. By the time daylight arrived, Mullen was so benumbed with cold that he could hardly use his hands; but, as the sky grew brighter, he leaned over to examine his persecutor, and, to his amazement, he found that it was his own dog, which, unknown to him, had followed him to the tree, and had barked and capered only to express his delight at the prospect of Mullen coming down and going home. The suddenness with which Mullen reached the ground is said to have been remarkable, and the language used by him bad. He has some of the rheumatism which he got on that night in his bones yet.

Forestry.

Few persons have any idea of the immense extent of land required to grow trees for building and other purposes. In Europe alone 500,000,000 acres of land are devoted to woodland. Norway and Sweden have about 80,000,000 of acres covered with trees. Indigenous to the country are the Norway spruce, fir, maple, Scotch pine and beach. The introduction of foreign trees has been attended with success, and the oak, pine and walnut are reported as growing to very fair dimensions. Spain and Portugal, though their woods are little known in commerce, set apart about 6,000,000 acres for tree-growing. Germany has taken better care of her forests than other nations, and has replenished her woodlands with fresh stock. In the 50,000,000 acres of timber-growing land, she possesses nearly all the important varieties of wood which are found. To Italy we are indebted for very excellent walnut, but her 5,000,000 acres also produce fir, pine, oak and poplar. Neither Turkey nor Greece are of much importance as wood-producing countries, but that they might be is gathered from the fact that they have 10,000,000 acres under forest cultivation. Denmark, producing oak, Norway spruce, fir, etc., has 500 000 acres of woodland. Although Russia has no system of forestry, she has 300,000,000 acres devoted to timber cultivation. As to British North America, no one can form anything like an accurate estimate of its enormous wealth of timber.—It is roughly computed that there are 900,000,000 acres occupied by timber, or an extent equal to the whole of England a dozen times told. In the large forests of British Columbia are found firs reaching 300 feet in height. The United States possess 569,000,000 acres of forest land.—The great influx of population has led to wanton waste, and the time is not remote when the loss will be severely felt.

First Cost of a Man or Woman.

An economic journal enters into strangely curious calculations as to the "actual cost, in dollars and cents, which a man or woman would be to the world and society by the time he or she got old enough to begin to pay expenses," or to return back to the country what thus far had been expended in rearing their population.

Every baby, it is fair to assume, when properly brought up, costs its parents at least fifty dollars a year, an expense which increases largely as food, clothing, the shelter of a warm home, education, and spending money are required for the growing child. The acturl cost, up to the fifteenth year, of each child in this Republic, is certainly not less than one thousand dollars. At that age its labor would be worth its subsistence. Not till it reaches the age of eighteen (and a great many not even then) does it really begin to be productive. For every 100,000 children the nation has to produce six or eight millions of dollars consumed without adding at all to production. To rear that number of children to a productive age certainly costs a hundred millions of dollars, without any profit whatever in return. Herein is the great value of immigration. This great Republic receives into its broad and glorious bosom every day not less than one thousand immigrants from the Old World. Of course two-thirds, perhaps seven-eighths, are adults, ready grown for us by Europe at her cost up to the productive point, when they come to our shores to give us the benefit of their toil. Annually does Europe labor industriously to produce and raise for our Republic, free of cost, more than 300,000 persons, with whom we could not have furnished ourselves at an expense of $300,000. No wonder that we grow rich and prosperous, for the loss of the world is our gain, and all the countries are nursing mothers for ours.

SPECIMEN of heavy writing on the *Danbury News:* "Thursday evening of last week was a spring evening. Forty thousand screaming demons rode the winds that surged through the streets, crumbling up the hard snow and frozen mud, and blinding pedestrians with the powder. All night long the demons howled, shutters rattled, signs creaked, branches groaned, and shed-doors slammed. All night long the beautiful birds of spring hung their heads and hushed their carols, and all night long the sweet flowers of the gladsome springtime shrank within their petals, and smothered their fragrance in their palpitating bosoms, and boarders screamed for more quilts."

A HINT TO WIVES.—A lady administered a severe beating to her husband the other night over the banisters, with a broom. She made him believe that she took him for a burglar.

GREAT bargains in School Stationery at the JOURNAL Building.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

The proposition to introduce ladies as railroad conductors is frowned upon in view of the fact that their trains are always behind.

A Wyoming paper delicately announces that its charges for marriage notices is "just what the ecstasy of the brdegroom may prompt."

A singer in Vienna is said to have a curiously abnormal formation of the vocal organs, by which he is able to sing two notes simultaneously.

It is said that the essential oil in onions is so powerful that if a man were to die shortly after eating one, his brain would exhale the odor of the vegetable.

It is said that counterfeit half dollars, bearing the date of 1871, are circulating in Sacramento, and bogus quarters, dated 1844, are very numerous in San Francisco.

Persia is said to be the land of roses, but recently an order was received in England for some of the finest varieties of English roses, to be planted in the Shah's gardens.

A complaint is made that the New York undertakers are in such a hurry to put bodies on ice, that in the case of persons who are not dead, they must inevitably be frozen to death.

A quicksilver fever is said to be exciting the mercurial temperaments of the people of Sonoma county, California. The hills in the vicinity are reported to be "black with prospectors."

A curiosity is shortly to be placed in the Ordnance Museum at Washington, consisting of a Federal and Confederate bullet impacked in the air, which was picked up before Petersburg in 1864.

The excursion season has commenced in New York. Two boats recently went from thence to the fishing Banks, and the five hundred people who composed the party succeeded in catching one porgie.

A spelling contest, open to all children attending the public schools, took place in Washington last week. There were 221 contestants, about one-half of whom were girls. The prizes consisted of medals.

A mediæval galley has been found in the excavation of the port of Savona. It is full of blocks of stone, and was one of two which the famous Genoese Admiral, Andrea Dorta, sank to construct the entrance.

The island of Bermuda is reported to be having a very dry season, and its vegetable crop will not be more than half the average. Many of the early vegetables which reach American markets are from Bermuda.

According to all accounts, those Mennoites who are coming from Southern Russia to settle in our Western Territories, are an industrious and thrifty people, just the kind to make the wilderness blossom like the rose.

The corner-stone of a Roman Catholic college will be laid at Macon, Ga., on Sunday, Bishop Gross officiating. Catholic and Irish societies from Savannah, Atlanta, Augusta and Columbus will take part in the ceremonies.

A female cat, says the Lebanon *Courier*, belonging to Mr. David Aughbaugh, at Sheridan, gave birth, last week, to six kittens, all attached to each other at the stomach by a ligature at that place. This beats the Siamese Twins all to pieces.

The Boston Flower Mission, established four or five years ago, has begun work in the hospitals, prisons, &c., for the season, places having been designated where contributions are to be sent every Monday and Thursday, the flowers to be distributed by young ladies.

The Steel Works Company from Pittsburgh who have been prospecting for a site to locate for some time past, have lately secured a tract of land in Beaver Falls, a short distance from the saw works, where they will soon commence the erection of the necessary buildings.

According to the Wilmington *Gazette*, there is a woman living in Pencader Hundred, New Castle county, Del., who has been married twenty-four years, and who last week gave birth to her twenty-third child, which makes her record one child per year since her marriage.

An English chemist, officially employed to detect adulterations, reported forty faulty samples out of a hundred and seventy. Arrow root was mixed in starch, coffee with chickory, milk with water, mustard with flour tumeric, vinegar with sulphuric acid and oil of vitriol.

Miss Grace: "Why, cook, I declare! here comes the long-lost tortoise Uncle Philip gave us last year! And out of the coal cellar, of all places in the world!" "Lor, Miss Grace, is that the tortoise? Why, I've been a usin' of 'im all through the winter to break the coals with."

At Davenport, Ia, recently, a boy five years old found a cup of whisky, the contents of which he drank, and shortly after died in great agony. The child's birthday had been celebrated the previous evening, and the whisky had been left over with other remains of the festivities.

A luckless undergraduate on being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned on the things he knew. The examiner tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it toward him desired him to write upon it all he knew.

In the Perry county Court last week Judge Junkin sentenced a fiend incarnate named John Baker, who was convicted of committing a rape upon the person of a little girl named Alice Robinson, aged eleven years, to separate and solitary confinement at hard labor in the Eastern penitentiary for a period of ten years.

The Southwest Pennsylvania Railway will be extended this season from Connelsville to Mt. Braddock, a distance of about seven miles. The completion of this road to Mt. Braddock will put the Pennsylvania Railroad in direct competition with the Pittsburgh, Washington and Baltimore Railroad, for the coke trade of the Fayette branch.

The graduates of the Washington seminary are making arrangements for a reunion in the hall of the institution on Thursday, June 25th, with a view of extending a farewell offering to Mrs. Hanna upon her retirement from the active management. The matter is in the hands of a committee consitsing of Miss Martha Grayson, Mrs. R. B. Gamble, Mrs. C. Lemoyne Wills, Miss Jenette B. Lourie and Miss Jane W. Baird.

[By Request.]

The Gypsy's Warning.

Trust him not, oh gentle lady;
Though his voice be low and sweet.
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Softly pleading at thy feet.
Now thy life is in its morning;
Cloud not this, thy happy lot;
Listen to the Gypsy's warning;
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Young and pure, and like thee, fair,
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,
Thrilled her gentle heart with care.
Then he heeded not her weeping,
He cared not her life to save;
Soon she perished—now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Lady, turn not from me so coldly,
For I have only told the truth;
From a stern and withering sorrow,
Lady, I would shield thy youth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Shield thee from the Tempter's snare,
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned thee—now beware.

Take your gold, I do not want it,
Lady, I have prayed for this.
For the hour that I might foil him,
And rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder,
At my look so fierce and wild,
Lady, in the church-yard yonder,
Sleeps the Gypsy's only child.

Personal.

Mr. Brooks, of Arkansas, was formerly a Methodist minister.

Gen. Schenck has made arrangements to return to England, on the 20th, inst. He is now in Washington.

The Rev. William R. Alger will be one of the speakers at the demonstration of the Boston workingmen, on Monday.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, is affectionately termed "Our Bob" by the religious daily, the Chicago *Times*.

Providence, R. I., has an old citizen named John Williams, who recently celebrated his one hundred and sixth birthday.

Mrs. Belva A. Harris has been admitted to practice before the Court of Claims in Washington, beginning with a $100,000 suit.

Mr. J, C. Hall, an official in the Indian Political Department, lately became insane and murdered two natives near Ormutt India.

Miss J. Edgar Thompson has her dresses made in Paris. On a recent invoice this lady paid $600 customs duties, and it was only a trunk full.

The Rev. Adriondack Murray is credited with having laid out $60,000 on his Guilford, Connecticut, stock farm within the past five years.

A great affliction has befallen Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith") in the death of his only son. His little daughter is also in very poor health.

A Southern paper says that General Forrest, "the brilliant Confederate cavalry leader," is now engaged in hauling wood to Memphis, driving the team himself.

It is reported that Judge Hoar has determined to retire from public life at the end of the present term of Congress, and devote himself to his large law practice.

A king of Babylon ordered cremation for his subjects and built for that purpose the first furnace, but Messrs. Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego wouldn't cremate.

Brigham Young has begun to be made a grandfather-in-law. In a few years it will be necessary to calculate the Prophet's family connections by geometric progression.

The Sumner family, which gave Massachusetts Colony a Governor, and was represented in our time by Senator and General Sumner, migrated in 1604 from Bicester, in Oxfordshire, England.

The wife of ex-Governor McCook, of Colorado, died in Washington, on Tuesday, of typhoid pneumonia. She had been in the capital several months with her husband, who is awaiting the result of his nomination to the Senate for Governor of Colorado.

Late investigations have completely disproved the formerly-received genealogy of the Washingtons, which derived them from the north of England baronets of the name, and the Father of his Country is as entirely without a pedigree as the obscurest Democrats among us.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* has a special court correspondent in England. The latest intelligence he sends to that journal is that "Queen Victoria allows the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to board at her house while the Clarence House is being whitewashed; but she makes them pay up in advance every Saturday night."

The instruments used by Dr. Livingstone, in his last journey, a sextant, thermometer, and chronometer, are still exhibited in the map-room of the Royal Geographical Society, of London, together with some of his maps made in 1856–7. The maps are said to be executed with great care and neatness, and to contain a vast amount of information.

Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said, "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The deuce a note, sir." "Do you play by ear, then?" "Niver an ear, yer honor." "How do you play, then?" "Be main strength, be jabers."

Mrs. Captain W. H. Wilson sailed from New York for Liverpool, Saturday, on the Republic. She is well known for her heroism in having some years ago brought her husband's vessel safely into port, when he had been so disabled as to be entirely unfit to manage the ship. The English Government gave her a gold locket as a memorial.

The Vienna journals announce that, according to an ancient custom still observed at the Court of Vienna, the Emperor and Empress of Austria washed the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women, on Good Friday, one old woman being 107 years old. The ceremony was performed with great solemnity in the presence of the Court dignitaries, and each old person received thirty pieces of silver.

Prof. Loomis, of Yale College, like ex-President Caswell, of Brown University, has been