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.

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.

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

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	35 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	⅔ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN 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 figures.

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

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.

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.

H. W. BUCHANAN, D. D. S. | W. T. GEORGEN, M. R. C. P., D. D. S.

BUCHANAN & GEORGEN,
SURGEON DENTISTS,
mch.17,'75.] 228 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa.

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.

EDEBURN & COOPER, Civil, Hydraulic and Mining Engineers, Surveys, Plans and estimates for the construction of Water Works, Railroads and Bridges, Surveys and Plans of Mines for working, Ventilation, Drainage, &c.
Parties contemplating work of the above nature are requested to communicate with us. Office 269 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Feb.17-3mo.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law. Over Wharton's and Chaney's Hardware store, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap17-tf.

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.

HUGH NEAL,
ENGINEER AND SURVFYOR,
Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Second Floor City Bank. feb.17-1y.

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. 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 doo East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1

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, Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

S. 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. Aug.5,'74-6mos.

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. 29, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

DICKSON HOUSE,
(Formerly Farmer's Hotel,)
North-east corner of Fourth and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
SAMUEL DICKSON, - - Proprietor.
Having lately taken charge of the Dickson House, (formerly Farmer's Hotel,) I am now prepared to entertain strangers and travelers in the most satisfactory manner. The house and stable have both undergone thorough repair. My table will be filled with the best the market can afford, and the stable will be attended by careful hostlers. May 5, 1875–y

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
Corner of Seventh and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
LEWIS RICHTER, - - PROPRIETOR.
Permanent or transient boarders will be taken at this house on the following terms: Single meals 25 cents; regular boarders $18 per month. Aug. 12, 1874

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

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Mifflin street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,72.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL
PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.
Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St
HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
IN
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$2.00 per annum in advance. $2 50 within six months. $3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING:
ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE
WITH
NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,
AND IN THE
LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE,
SUCH AS
POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,
CIRCULARS,
BUSINESS CARDS
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,
BALL TICKETS,
PROGRAMMES,
CONCERT TICKETS,
ORDER BOOKS,
SEGAR LABELS,
RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,
BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
PAMPHLETS
PAPER BOOKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

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,

ON THE WING.

A Hasty Trip Through Maryland, Virginia, East Tennessee, Georgia, Florida and the Carolinas.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company having provided transportation for me, in the shape of one of their numerous Excursion tickets, to the sunny land of Florida, where Winter and Summer so intermingle and neutralize each other that Old Sol has but a small task in keeping up the temperature to a comfortable figure when Winter's icy hand is laid upon this fair domain of ours, I thought another such an opportunity might not again occur, and packing my valise I hastened, ere the Summer's heat might become so intense as to make the journey uncomfortable, to look in upon those places which I have long desired to visit. Before leaving home, a number of my friends requested me to give, on my return, the result of my observations. To comply with this request, I made rough notes of what I saw and heard, and I here present them to my readers. They are not as full, perhaps, as they might be, but they present objects and opinions just as they were presented to me. If I have, through a want of proper knowledge, done injustice to any person, place or thing, I beg pardon, and only ask an opportunity to make the proper correction. I now take up my note-book:

May 16, 1875. Left Huntingdon on the Pacific Express, at 8:55 A. M., George Young, Esq., one of the Pennsylvania Railroad's cleverest employees, Conductor. Hon. Simon Cameron occupied a seat in the car. The air was raw and biting. The blossoms were just bursting on the apple, peach and other trees. The buds were just beginning to give a green shade to the forests, while some of the earlier varieties of trees had pushed their foliage into half-grown leaves. As we pass through Jack's Narrows, below Lewistown, the trees at the base of the mountain are full of incipient leaves, while at the summit they are barely discernable. At Mifflin, Wm. M. Allison, one of the late editors of the Mifflintown *Republican*, and now connected with the Custom House, at Philadelphia, entered the car, and gave us his views in regard to the State Ring and the Local Rings of Philadelphia. He claims, as I have heard many others claim in Philadelphia, that Col. McClure was legally elected Mayor, but counted out. He thinks if the State Ring succeeds in nominating a tool for State Treasurer that Gov. Hartranft cannot be re-elected. It is astonishing how universal this sentiment is among the Republican masses. I hope that the Ring will have discretion enough not to insist upon such a suicidal policy.

Arrived at Harrisburg, at 12:05 P. M., and was surprised to learn that there was no train for Baltimore until 4:10 P. M.—a delay of four hours. This was not encouraging. Took dinner at the old "United States," and whiled away the afternoon, until train time, walking about the city and in the Capitol grounds. Harrisburg, like all inland towns, is dull on Sunday. At two o'clock, however, thousands passed through the streets on their way to Sunday School. There are a number of very handsome church edifices here. Almost millions of dollars have been invested in this kind of property. Sometimes, when I am not in the most reverential mood, I think much more real benevolence could be accomplished by investing this money at six per centum for the benefit of the indigent and unfortunate, and for the dissemination of living truths, but, then, I may be wrong. These huge piles may accomplish more than real charity. If they do, all right; if not, it is none of my business. I believe in a religion of Charity. Harrisburg has many fine residences, and it would be a great gratification to strangers, if persons occupying these magnificent palaces were to post up, in some conspicuous place, the name of the lucky owner. Who does not want to know the name of the occupant of a fine mansion? And how is he to learn when there is no one to whom he can apply for the necessary information? But he should not be compelled to seek this information. The owner should put up his name—John Smith—in sufficiently large letters to enable the most short-sighted man to read it. Every man throughout city or country should do this. It would be a great gratification, and, in many instances, save much valuable time. Every resident owes this much to the public.

I write this while sitting upon a rustic seat in the Capitol grounds. The wind is a little too high and sharp for pleasure.—The Capitol buildings of Pennsylvania are not creditable to a great State like ours; in fact, they are not equal in design to many ordinary county buildings. Why this is so I can hardly imagine. As a general thing the State and National Governments erect buildings of elaborate design and superior architecture, but the State Capitol is an exception that is rather discreditable than otherwise. It is a perfect piece of patch-work and the patches are not the neatest in the world. At ten minutes past four I took the Northern Central cars. The Conductor or brakeman motioned me into a low, dingy smoking car, but I failed to realize that that car was run especially for me when I took into consideration the fact that I do not smoke. Why is it that car officials will so frequently point travellers to the worst accommodations they have when they have whole cars or nearly so unoccupied? The rule ought to be that those who come first should receive the best accommodations, unless there is some special reason for a suspension of the rule. We "backed out" of Harrisburg uncermoniously, and dashed down the opposite bank of the noble Susquehanna, in full view of the many thrifty villages and hamlets which line the other side. It was a splendid panorama. At last our engineer, after running a race for fifteen minutes, with a train on the opposite side, and leaving it away behind, dashed off to the South, leaving the magnificent sheet of water in the rear. The air was extremely raw and cold. Soon the appalling whiteness, superinduced by an extravagant application of whitewash, appeared on either hand.—The farmers of York county make things look very neat and trim about their premises. The grain does not present the most encouraging appearance. It looks sickly and thin. The yield will scarcely exceed half a crop from present appearances.—Strange to say down here on the line of Pennsylvania and Maryland the foliage does not appear to be as far advanced as at Huntingdon. The heavy oak forests are just beginning to put forth their living green. The green is just apparent—nothing more.

As we entered Maryland I was entertained by two travellers, who kept up a constant chatter. The one was a Baltimorean and the other a merchant from Bourbon Kentucky. The Baltimorean claimed, what has long since been conceded, that Baltimore has extremely handsome ladies, but said he: "Yet she contains some of the ugliest I have ever seen." He alleged that great injustice had been done to Baltimore; that the impression had gone abroad that she was not a quiet and orderly city. That her bad repute grew out of the old "Know Nothing" days, but that that spirit of lawlessness had entirely subsided now and that there was no more quiet and orderly city in the Union. He expressed himself proud of her enterprise and go-ahead-ativeness. The Kentuckian said his State, too, had been misrepresented. That one-half of the people North almost believed them to be cannibals. He alleged that his State was as law-abiding and as orderly as any other State. He stated that good order prevailed universally. He spoke at length upon their whiskey drinking reputation, and denied that they were more intemperate than the generality of other communities. Approaching Baltimore a considerable number of negroes were visible along the railroad who appeared to rejoice the hearts of these good men. One of them remarked—the Baltimorean I think—"Ah! they know where they were bred and born and they stay.—They don't want them up North."

At the Union depot passengers for Washington were requested to change cars. On getting out of the Baltimore car I inquired for the Washington cars and was requested to step back into the rear car of our train, which was switched off and sent over the Baltimore and Potomac R. R. to Washington. Reader, when next you go from Harrisburg to Washington, inquire for the Washington car, at Harrisburg, and you will be taken through without change. The cars pass through a succession of four tunnels. The second and third are of considerable length. These tunnels leave the city far in the rear and soon the low, flat, loamy soil of "Maryland, My Maryland," presents itself. The streams are flat, the bridges are squatty, the fences are only three and four rails high, the houses, more or less, shabby, and the shrubbery short and indifferent, but as we approach Washington the country becomes more undulating. At last the tedious ride is ended and at 9:20 P. M., I take the "bus" for the Tremont House. I hurry off to my room and give orders to arouse me in time to take the 7:15 A. M., train for Lynchburg. After taking a good wash I retired. The bed was not provided with sufficient covering for the temperature, and the room not being supplied with a bell pull, I was in for it. I slept unsoundly for about five hours, but arose, however, considerably refreshed.

Washington, D. C., May 17, 1875. One of the first objects, which met my gaze, upon coming down stairs this morning, was one of the huge Sioux Chiefs in the act of performing his ablusions in the barber shop. He was enough to make a man start with an involuntary "Ugh!" Left the Tremont House at 6:45, A. M., passed down Pennsylvania Avenue and turned off into the grand Depot of the B. & P.—Washington is truly a splendid city. At this season of the year it is truly grand, but I cannot stop to describe it. It would take a week's stay to do it justice and I have only a few minutes. At 7:30 I take the O. & A. car for Alexandria. "Orange and Alexandria!" Who does not remember these names so familiar during the late war? A few minutes ride brought us to the fine railroad bridge across the Potomac. A fine view of the Potomac, with a few vessels lying upon its placid breast, is to be had as we approach the bridge.—We cross and strike the "Sacred Soil," of Old Virginia, which, by the way, *here* is a very poor one. The land is low and marshy and the undergrowth small and uninviting. A few minutes brought us to the Alexandria Depot. Here we were detained twenty minutes for breakfast. The car is not full but there are evidently a number of very intelligent persons on board. In fifteen or twenty minutes we were hooked to the train of the W. C. V. M. & G. S. R. R., and away we roll for the historic grounds. The first ten or fifteen miles out the prospect is a dreary and uninviting one. The soil is thin and worn out, the forest trees mere scrubs, nor does this change until we near Manassas Junction. We stop at Burke's, Fairfax, Manassas, names that a few years ago were big with fate. To-day they are less important yet their association will long make them of great interest to the American people. Here two mighty armies, for months, lie facing each other; here great battles were fought, to say nothing of the minor little affairs, which, in proportion, were as destructive to human life; here the nation first realized the magnitude of the task which was involved in the suppression of the rebellion; here great genius and mediocrity, with great pomp and circumstance, paraded themselves before the country, and here we learned that to succeed slavery must be eradicated.—But I must write of other things now.—Manassas Junction is quite a brisk place. It really looks altogether northern. There are plenty of negroes on every hand. A few of the redoubts thrown up in the days when the Republic was in peril are still visible. We cross the Rhappahannock and hail Culpepper. Ah! this is a garden spot! There is no prettier country to be seen anywhere, and if the farms were cut up it would be most densely populated. Here the general government has located a National Cemetery which looks very interesting from the railroad. The grain and vegetation generally looks splendidly. Within a few miles of Culpepper I saw the first growing corn of this year.

We passed on to Orange. Here we took on a trio of most enthusiastic and accomplished young ladies. They were handsome and witty. They were accompanied by several young gentlemen, and amongst their luggage was a large basket, which was filled to overflowing. This could be readily discerned by the protruding bumps elevating the covering. The basket was carefully placed on the parallel seat in the front of the car. We heard several witty allusions to eggs. The ladies were exceedingly vivacious and facetious. Wit and good nature prevailed. The cars rolled on, and roughly, as cars will. Then, in a moment, there was a "Ker-chuck!" and bottles, cups, saucers, chow-chow, and about a dozen of eggs, went spinning about the floor. Such little creams, such delicate blushes and such vivacious laughter in turn, it has seldom been our pleasure to witness. The eggs, of course, were only fit for scrambling.—Many were the witty allusions to this *eggs*-traordinary performance, which was *eggs*-tremely awkward for the ladies, but altogether *eggs*-temporoneous.

The trouble with the average Virginian, I think, and I have no doubt this is the case throughout the entire South, is, he has too much land. The more he has the poorer he seems to be. Of course, there are exceptions to this as a rule, but in the main it is correct. I write this at Gardonsville. The country residences, many of which are very fine, and tastefully enclosed, are generally built on prominent elevations, where they have a commanding view of the entire estate and surrounding territory. All traces of the war, save the absence of fences, are in a great measure obliterated. Here and there the ruins of a mill or factory are yet to be seen, however. The conductor just tells me that the fine residences which we passed in that second garden spot, the Rapid Ann region, were built before the war. Charlottesville is another splendid center. There is a magnificent country surrounding it. Lands cannot be bought here for less than $50 to $75 per acre. Thousands of acres of what I have seen this morning can be bought at from $5 to $12. If our Pennsylvania farmers desire lands for their sons near home, and which, in a few years, they can make pay them fully as well as lands in Pennsylvania, here they can buy them, and save the expense of a trip to the Rocky Mountains. Land companies, with good, reliable men at their head, have been organized for the purpose of bringing these lands before the public, and thousands of acres have already been sold.

Since leaving Charlottesville the country has become extremely hilly, but it is pronounced a most excellent fruit district.—The Albemarle Pippin here comes to perfection. Other fruits are raised in large quantities. Grapes are grown extensively and vineyards are to be seen on every hand. Lands are worth from eight to ten dollars per acre. The labor is principally performed by negroes. They are well-behaved and well-dressed. This is a holiday in this region. The dust has been simply frightful to-day. Many Northern men have located along the line of this road already, and if Virginians would agree to cut up their estates, many of which exceed 2,000 and 3,000 acres, many more would locate here. Those that are here spend money freely in adorning their residences and improving their lands.

As we approach Lynchburg the foliage is considerably advanced. Oranges appear to grow dearer as we go South. Twenty-five cents only purchased four medium sized ones. Richmond papers of this morning reached us by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. The last thirty or forty miles, nearing Lynchburg, we pass through some extremely hilly country, and yet the land produces, I am told, excellent wheat. The farming is not as well done here as it is in Pennsylvania. Some fine churches and school buildings are to be seen along the way. For much of the information here imparted I am indebted to the Conductor. There was a large crowd at Lynchburg of both whites and blacks, and I engaged a berth, in a Pullman palace car, to avoid standing. This is really the only comfortable way to travel at present, in view of the terrible dust. The country about Lynchburg is entirely monopolized for the production of tobacco. I am now moving over the Atlantic, Mississippi & Ohio railroad, and will pass through some extremely rough country. I have been surprised at the pronunciation of the educated people. You scarcely hear a particle of negro accentuation—rather Yankee than otherwise.

For the last two hours we have been passing through Bedford county, and much of the land is of an excellent quality. All the good lands that I have seen in Virginia are red. Much of the timber is pine—half growth as compared with our own full grown timber. On our left the twin peaks of Otter, two blue cones, pointing high up into the heavens, from the Blue Ridge, stand out in bold relief. Mr. King worked these up in an article in Harper's *Monthly* sometime ago. They are about seven miles by stage from Liberty. It is astonishing to learn what a large number of persons have been keeping holiday to-day. The colored people are almost universally observing it in Southern Virginia. The A. M. & O., so far, has a better road-bed than the W. C. V. M. & G. S. R. R. We cross the Blue Ridge and Allegheny to-night.—There is some very fine scenery but I will miss it.

South of Bristol, East Tennessee, May 18, 1875. I write while the Pullman is in motion. I awoke this morning as we approached Bristol at ten minutes past five, after a most refreshing sleep. I have just completed my toilet and partaken of a little lunch. During the night we raised to the height of 2700 feet, as high as the summit of the Alleghenies at Galitzin, passed through the Big Tunnel and crossed the Blue Ridge, the Allegheny, and several spurs of the latter. I should have enjoyed this scenery, but night shut it all out. As we approached the base of the Blue Ridge last evening, before darkness set in, we passed the Blue Ridge Springs, a very handsome watering place. The country is very abrupt as you approach the mountains, but after passing the Blue Ridge the valley lying between it and the Allegheny is limestone, (the first I have seen since leaving York county, Pennsylvania,) and extremely fertile. Since leaving Bristol the country is in a splendid state of cultivation. Fine farms that remind me of Morrison's Cove. The timber is heavy and just putting forth foliage.—The improvements, however, are not like the improvements we passed yesterday. The houses are principally log and the barns are decidedly primitive. This land is fully as good as Shaver's Creek Valley, I should think. The brakeman informs me that it can be bought at from thirty to forty dollars per acre. Here they are already plowing corn. The climate must be much milder here than it is in Central Pennsylvania. I cannot help admiring the forests—they are truly splendid. The negroes do not appear to be as numerous here as in Virginia, but every now and then we pass a small hut filled with them. The lands are about as much undulating as good lands in Huntingdon county. In fact they look so much like Pennsylvania that if a Pennsylvanian were to wake up here he would be entirely dumb-founded to hear that he was in East Tennessee. The grain and Spring crops look splendidly. The brakeman, who, by the way, is not the most intelligent "cuss" in the world, informs me that farmers do not generally own more than a thousand acres of land. The farming appears to be better down here than in Virginia, but it is very evident that they are far behind our people. I have not seen a neat and comfortable residence in an hour's ride. I have just passed a field where they are hoeing corn. This would be a novelty in Pennsylvania, and yet, they say that labor is so cheap here, that it can be done cheaper than our farmers could do it with the plow in the Keystone. The country appears to be remarkably well watered. The region between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies is a great grass region. Manufactories appear to be very scarce and far between. I saw some fine black walnut a few miles back. Everything is built in a measure of logs, which is indicative of the heavy growth of timber. Fruit trees look thrifty, and limestone is very abundant, cropping out frequently. Up to this time I have heard very little of the war. Nobody cares to talk about it. People on the cars express no bitterness in their conversations. They appear very kind and hospitable. I noticed some frost this morning, but not enough to do any injury, I should think. The women and men, so far, in East Tennessee, do not prepossess me with their beauty. Perhaps I have not seen them under favorable circumstances. We are now running over the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad. On Pullman cars you learn but little of the changes from one road to another. The forests here are remarkably free from underbrush. I have seen or heard very few, if any, birds in comparison with what we have in Pennsylvania. I wonder why this magnificent country has not more of them? Is it owing to want of protection? In both Virginia and East Tennessee the streams are protected by leaving the timber stand on the margins or banks. This ought to be done in Pennsylvania. Whether designedly, in every case, I do not know, because I notice a great many fences protected in a like manner.

The breakfast place this morning is Rodgersville Junction. It is an old-looking place. The "Austin House" is not equal, in point of accommodations, to the Grand Central or Continental. The passengers generally took a wash in front of the building from tin wash basins supported on very rickety benches. It is a regular old tumble-down place. Here you begin to see the typical Southerner that you occasionally see in Harper from the pencil of Nast. We are just passing through Morristown. It has pretty fair buildings, but they are much scattered. Some of the residences have very handsome surroundings. We are now within 30 or 40 miles of Knoxville.

11:30 A. M. We have just left Knoxville. It appears to be a smart business place, but in my estimation it does not contain more inhabitants than Huntingdon. This is a mistake, however. I am told that it contains about 8,000. The town, like all other towns in this region, covers a large amount of ground. It has many new and handsome buildings. There appears to be considerable enterprise here. We have just crossed the Sweetwater. Here the roses are in full bloom and the peas to the top of the sticks. The air has been raw and cold all day, but for the last hour or two it has been moderating. We have been passing through a reasonably good country ever since we left Knoxville.—There are some very good buildings to be seen—built after the style of the Virginians, on an eminence in the middle of a large field and reached by a winding path. Here corn is so large that it can be seen all over the field. The valley of the Sweetwater, along which we are now passing, is extremely fertile. It is the finest region I have seen since leaving home. We have just passed a wrecked engine, which was, owing to the weakness of a bridge, made so by high water, precipitated through it. We are just passing a field of wheat, 25 miles north of Cleveland, that is in heads. It is very good. A great part of the field labor here is performed by the colored women. I have seen them plowing, hoeing and doing other field labor. I have now passed through about 230 miles of East Tennessee, and I think it a paradise in comparison with many of the sterile lands of Pennsylvania.

We have just hooked to the Western and Atlantic train at Cleveland, Tenn. Cleveland is rather an aged place. It has some very fine buildings and some grand old forests surrounding it. It is located in the center of a very fertile region. The sun is becoming quite hot. Vegetation is quite far advanced. The only additional passenger in the Pullman, a Mrs. Christian, with two children, from Lynchburg, has just taken the Chattanoogo train on her way to Memphis. Her children have been very troublesome, but she has endured it good naturedly. The other train has just pulled out and in moment more we dash off towards Dalton. The whistle sounds—we are off! We have just stopped and the Conductor informs me that one end of the car is in Georgia and the other in Tennessee;—so good-bye, Tennessee! I have seated myself in the car again, after a half hour's wait at Dalton. It is something of a railroad station and remarkable for offering a supper for fifty cents, but it ain't very much of a business place. Most of the buildings are substantially built, but it don't amount to one-third of Huntingdon. There are a great many idle people loafing about. This does not speak well for the place. But then, this is the case in all the Southern cities at this time.

For the last ten or fifteen miles we have pulled through some very poor country—Georgia pine lands. They are not remarkable for anything. So far Georgia does not compare favorably with Tennessee. I am afraid I will miss much of Georgia to-night. The foliage is almost as far advanced here as it will be with us one month later. There are a great many colored people, and they seem to do pretty near all the labor as far as I can see. The primitive ox team is a familiar sight here. Oxen, mules and negroes are the peculiar institutions. Everybody appears kind and well-disposed. Of course the greater part of the day has been consumed in riding through loyal East Tennessee, which I have fallen in love with. East Tennessee has a very small colored population. The train hands are very kind and take pleasure in keeping you posted. The sleeping car conductor, Mr. Johnson, who runs at present from Lynchburg to Atlanta, is a very good fellow and obliging officer. He says that they do not admit negroes into the Pullman cars, and that Mr. Pullman has refused to issue an order to this effect.—He says that the admission of negroes would ruin the reputation of the car and that it would not be patronized. This seems to me to be the sublimest absurdity. The porter of the car is invariably a black man, he makes up the beds, attends to the wants of passengers, and, in fact, does everything which devolves upon a person attending upon a car. He talks, gives information, takes instructions, in short he occupies the same relation that a white would if employed in the same occupation, and this is perfectly legitimate—it meets with the approbation of everybody. Now, why in the wide world, could not a colored passenger be treated as cordially?—What makes the difference? If both are clean I cannot see why such a distinction should be made. Is it not the merest prejudice in the world? What makes the difference between the porter and the passenger? It seems to me that it is the merest folly imaginable to make a distinction between the laborer *off* duty and the laborer *on* duty. If the porter were not a porter why should he not be treated with the same cordiality? It can only be prejudice, and prejudice not born of good common sense.

They name their locomotives down here after their late chieftains. The engine "Stonewall" has just gone by. We are now passing through a fine country, and the conductor informs me that it will continue so for 75 miles. To the right of us they raise large quantities of sugar. Some 20 miles further on towards Atlanta cotton comes in. The planter here lives in a one story house elevated by means of brick pillars about two feet from the ground. This style is very popular in some sections.

Macon, Ga., May 19, 1875. Got into Atlanta, one of the most thrifty cities of the South, at 10:30 last night, and left in a few minutes for this place. My view of Atlanta was a very limited one, by moonlight. I am sorry for this, as it is by far the most important city I have visited in the South so far. The distance from Atlanta to Macon is 103 miles, and it took us from 10:30 last night until 5:45 this morning to reach here. I have very little idea of the country after leaving Atlanta. It is astonishing what an amount of timber is still standing in Georgia. It really seems as if only half the country were under cultivation. I have just taken a tour of an hour about the town. It is the largest Southern city which I have visited, save Atlanta. It is laid out with extremely broad streets and much *scattered* as are other Southern towns. The principal places of business are low and squatty, with flat roofs. The people look thriftless and the business appears to be done in a thriftless sort of a way. Perhaps I do the business men of the place injustice but this was my impression. There is considerable business done here. The most energetic people I have seen here are the Jews. They are, no doubt, ready to sell you cheap.

At the time I write, 7:30 A. M., you see three or four negroes for every white person, but this is not the proportion of the population. The white people, in the main, are idle and lack energy. Of course, there are exceptions, and very many, but the traveller who is brought in contact with the negro ten times when he is once with a white person cannot help coming to this conclusion. The negroes are extremely business-like and gentlemanly. They give you all information you desire and take especial pleasure in accommodating you. They discharge their duties with ease and, I have no doubt, with fidelity.—Many of them are quite intelligent. The white people are always gentlemanly and agreeable. You hear very little criticism upon the existing state of affairs. I have heard a few complaints, but, I have no doubt, they are well founded. In the 700 miles, that I have travelled, my ears have not been offended by any improper language, nor my senses outraged by a drunken man. Of course, much of this travel was in a select coach, but as I have mingled with the people at stations I have had a pretty fair opportunity of testing the quality of the people. I will be able to tell more about this matter by the time I reach Baltimore. There are many very fine buildings in Macon—many neat and comfortable residences—but they are not as elaborate in design as our Northern homes. There certainly must be a great lack of public enterprise or the streets and public grounds, which are all cut up with great gullies—rain washes—would not be permitted to remain in this way to the discredit of the place. This gives the city, as it would give any city, a certain air of decay. There is said to be considerabe rivalry between this place and Atlanta but the latter is going far ahead. Northern capital, I have no doubt, has much to do with the prospects of the latter, and there is room now for plenty more with a good return on the investment. The conductor of my car kept telling me, as we approached Atlanta, that it would be very warm, but on reaching there last night it was cold enough for an overcoat and it was quite cold at Macon this morning. They say the season is very backward but I saw corn here this morning fully eighteen to twenty-four inches in height. It will be quite warm to-day as we run off towards the coast. In a few minutes I will leave for Jesup, where I expect to connect directly for Jacksonville, Florida, the place of my destination. The Confederate uniform is occasionally to be seen and the negroes occasionally carry an old haversack and other trophies of the late conflict. For the last twenty minutes we have been running through a dense forest—a regular thicket, I should say, and this only a few miles from Macon. Trains on Southern railroads stop from three to five minutes at all stations. This is not in accordance with our Northern notions of things but what can't be cured must be endured.—The negresses here carry as much on their heads as an average Northern man wheels on a wheel-barrow. Our train stopped back a few miles for ten minutes, I think, waiting on a woman to make up her mind whether she would take the train or not, at last she decided not to go and the train moved on. I am not so sure of this, however. Cotton and corn appear to be the principal products in this region. The station we are now stopping at is called "Buzzard's Roost." It is appropriately named, I have no doubt. The forests for ten or fifteen miles this morning were very dense. You could not observe an object twenty feet from you. The lands were low and marshy. The cultivated portion was loam. Many acres are worn out and turned out to waste. There is a great disposition to bring new lands under tillage. The negro and the inevitable mule are to be seen at any time where farming is carried on. The buildings here are very inferior and without taste. The negro huts are the merest sheds. There are a few more birds here than I noticed at any place along the way from Washington to Macon. The principal fowl is the guinea. These are quite numerous. I just hear the first mosquito buzz about my ear. He is a stranger and a most unwelcome visitor. The blue jay has just uttered his well known shrill notes in the thicket. You occasionally see a most voluptuous colored woman, who looks as if she were the mother of all black mankind. For the last half hour we have been running through a most splendid pine forest. The pine timber is superior to any I have ever seen and is enough to feed several greedy steam saw mills for years. From great thickets the pine trees stand hundreds to the acre many of them 60 to 75 feet to the first limb without a particle of underbrush. The scene is certainly a very interesting one. Thousands of cattle could graze here throughout the year. Lumber is delivered at the railroad at ten dollars per 1,000 feet. The price is so low that many of the mills have stopped. Formerly they got $18. Much of the pine is scored for turpentine. Thousands of trees are thus bled, and along the line of the road there are a number of turpentine distilleries.—I am told many planters would pay a premium to have the pine removed from their lands. At the last station back a lady passenger put in an appearance. Women do not appear to travel much in Georgia at least on the line of the Macon and Brunswick. We have just stopped in front of a turpentine distillery and while I write a number of the passengers have gone to interview the men at work and several came out with tar on their heels. We have passed six or eight steam saw mills and what frightful holes they cut into a pine forest but there is abundance of it here. A cart with the driver astride of the horse or mule and two or three females in the vehicle is not an infrequent sight. The weather has been very pleasant to-day, while there has been an absence of the usual amount of dust.—The common house fly is becoming very numerous and sociable, and he has an evident desire to get into my valise. Most splendid ties are hewn out of pine timber and put into this road. They are far superior to anything of the kind I have ever seen. We have just passed a rude dwelling at which some fine taste for flowers, put up in ugly boxes, is displayed. People in the South show a great taste for the rarer and finer flowers. We are now at a station where there are an immense number of shingles for shipment. At some three or four places, as we passed along, to-day, the pinery was on fire, adding much to the variety. It is the fire sweeping through these immense forests that keeps them so clean. It has no effect upon the large timber, but burns up the underbrush. We have now run eighty miles through the pines; verily I have been "Among the Pines" to-day and am not out of the woods yet. As we pass little openings in the forest—holes in the walls of timber—the negresses come running, with bare heads and limbs, to look at the train. A few miles back we passed a field of poor, very poor, oats—almost ready to cut—and now one of the passengers calls my attention to the first sugar cane. He tells me that on the St. John's, in Florida, corn was in tassel three weeks ago and that there are roasting ears at present. At last we have reached Jesup, a small town, the capital of Wayne county, Georgia, after a ride of 130 miles through the most magnificent pine forests this side of Wisconsin. Just think of it! 130 miles through pines that will cut, on an average, 40 and perhaps 50 feet! It was the most monotonous ride I ever participated in, but it afforded me an opportunity to mingle with the Georgia people and to learn what their sentiments are in regard to existing issues from their stand-point. Before leaving this pinery I wish to say that the road from Macon to Jesup, 106 miles, is almost direct and keeps on the high ground for the double purpose of avoiding the streams and heavy damages. I am told that I have missed the fertile regions of Georgia, owing to these circumstances. True it is that I have missed a great part of the cotton growing districts, but I do not regret that as yet. I am told that the best farm lands in Georgia can be bought for from $12 to $20 per acre. The people are really very hospitable to strangers. They are extremely anxious to favorably impress Northern men. They contend, and I believe them, that perfect order exists throughout every part of the State. They pray devoutly for more northern capital. They say they are bankrupt, and that the thousands of acres which they have heretofore owned have only made them the poorer. They claim that when they throw down their arms, and the war closed, that they fully accepted the results, and, so far as they were concerned, there was an end to the matter. A large number of them claim that they opposed Secession bitterly, but the majority decided against them, and they submitted to its will. They say they predicted the overthrow of slavery, but having been forced into accepting the popular verdict, they acted the part of men and did everything within their power for the success of the cause. They say that many of the demagogues, who brought about Secession