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 Friday 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.

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JOB PRINTING of every kind, Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at 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, 3rd 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. [jan4,71

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl28, 76.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,75

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12.71

H. W. BUCHANAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 228, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [mch17,75

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No.—, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,71

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Penn Street, corner of Court House Square. [dec4,72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan4,71

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 Penn Street. [jan4,71

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 the JOURNAL building.

J. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 239 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,71

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Patents Obtained. Office, 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [my31,71

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in *Monitor* building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [aug5,74-6mos

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. 406 Penn Street. [ap19,71

Miscellaneous.

HEALTH AND ITS PLEASURES,

— OR —

DISEASE AND ITS AGONIES:

CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excitable or nervous in a small degree is most destressing, for where can a remedy be found? There is one:—drink but little wine, beer, or spirits, or far better, none; take no coffee,—weak tea being preferable; get all the fresh air you can; take three or four Pills every night: eat plenty of solids, avoiding the use of slops; and if these golden rules are followed, you will be happy in mind and strong in body, and forget you have any nerves.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

If there is one thing more than another for which these Pills are so famous, it is their purifying properties, especially their power of cleansing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suspended secretions. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always brings about what is required.

SICK HEADACHES AND WANT OF APPETITE.

These feelings which so sadden us, most frequently arise from annoyance or trouble, from obstructed prespiration, or from eating and drinking what is unfit for us, thus disordering the liver and stomach. These organs must be regulated if you wish to be well. The Pills, if taken according to the printed instructions, will quickly restore a healthy action to both liver and stomach, whence follow, as a natural consequence, a good appetite and a clear head. In the East and West Indies scarcely any other medicine is ever used for these disorders.

HOW TO BE STRONG.

Never let the bowels be confined or unduly acted upon. It may appear singular that Holloway's Pills should be recommended for a run upon the bowels, many persons supposing that they would increase relaxation. This is a great mistake, however; for these Pills will immediately correct the liver and stop every kind of bowel complaint. In warm climates thousands of lives have been saved by the use of this medicine, which in all cases gives tone and vigor to the whole organic system, however deranged,—by health and strength following as a matter of course. The appetite, too, is wonderfully increased by the use of these Pills, combined in the use of solid in preference to fluid diet. Animal food is better than broths and stews. By removing acrid, fermented, or other impure humors from the liver, stomach, or blood, the cause of dysentery, diarrhœa, and other bowel complaints is expelled. The result is, that the disturbance is arrested, and the action of the bowels becomes regular. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the bowels so quickly as this fine correcting medicine.

DISORDERS OF THE KIDNEYS.

In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment, should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bedtime. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

FOR STOMACHS OUT OF ORDER.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these pills; they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

Ague,	Fevers of all kinds,	Sore Throats,
Asthma,	Fits,	Stone and Gravel,
Bilious Complaints	Gout,	Secondary Symptoms,
Blotches on the Skin,	Headache,	Tic-Douloureux,
Bowel Complaints,	Indigestion,	Tumors,
Colics,	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Constipation of the Bowels,	Jaundice,	Venereal Affections
Consumption,	Liver Complaints,	Worms of all kinds
Debility,	Lumbago,	Weakness from any cause, &c.
Dropsy,	Piles,	
Dysentery,	Rheumatism,	
Erysipelas,	Retention of Urine,	
Female Irregularities,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,	

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the signature of J. Haydock, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

*** Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

apr. 28, 1876-eow-1y.

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Is the place to buy all kinds of

SCHOOL BOOKS

AT HARD PAN PRICES.

Printing.

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

The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—IN—

THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

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$2 00 per annum, in advance; $2.50 within six months, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

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5000 READERS WEEKLY.

The JOURNAL is one of the best printed papers in the Juniata Valley, and is read by the best citizens in the county. It finds its way into *1800* homes weekly, and is read by at least **5000** persons, thus making it the BEST advertising medium in Central Pennsylvania. Those who patronize its columns are sure of getting a rich return for their investment. Advertisements, both local and foreign, solicited, and inserted at reasonable rates. Give us an order.

—:o:—

JOB DEPARTMENT:

With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the equipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, 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 prices are as low as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an *apple butter stand* to be done in our Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

— COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. —

—:o:—

☞ All business letters should be addressed to

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,
Huntingdon, Pa.

Original Poetry.

Winter Winds.

BY AL. R. THOMPSON.

Howl on, ye fierce, cold, wintry winds,
In fury o'er the hills and plains,
Till e'en the lofty pine tree bends
Before thy wild, unyielding strains.
Pierce to the core yon sturdy oak,
Which, in defiance, without a cloak,
Dares thee to chill his naked trunk
Or rend the fibres of his heart—
A heart that ne'er from tempests shrunk,
Though oft it felt its rootlets start.

Shriek through these maples, 'reft of leaves,
And whip to death each gentle twig—
For well it seems thy spirit grieves
To find live buds on every sprig.
Thou wintry fiend, rage on, rage on;
Thou'rt ne'er so welcome as when gone:
Go then, thy way, thy force increase
Thy fury waste where'er you will,
But I demand thee now to cease
Thy raging on Ursinus hill.

O, disobedient element!
Thou mockest at a mortal's sway—
A sway that lightning's powers prevent,
Must shrink from thee in wild dismay!
Go then, thou harbinger of death,
And with thy quick congealing breath,
Bind up the brooks and larger streams
With mirrors of unyielding ice,—
And with the breath of him who dreams,
Trace on his panes some weird device.

Go, pierce the polished marble halls,
Where Opulence in comfort lies,
Submerged in down and deaf to calls
Of Poverty's heart-rending cries;
There penetrate his genial couch,
And cause him closer yet to crouch,
Shivering from thy chilling blight,
Beneath his pond'rous lair of clothes;
And there maintain thy frosty fight,
Till thou hast left him almost froze.

Thus to his morbid sense reveal,
The keenness of thy icy dart,
Then, if thou canst not make him feel
Within his mammon-coated heart,
That he is flesh, and nothing more,
Nor better than the suff'ring poor,
Who yield beneath thy stiffening breath,
For lack of what he has not need:
Then chill him to the seat of death
And hie him to his proper meed.

Then let him plead thy chilling blast,
To cool the sea of melted gold
In which he wallows, fettered fast
As it was griped by him of old:
Howl o'er his head in horrid moans,
Commingled with the painful groans
Of dying mortals—sons of earth—
Who lacked the surplus of his clothes
And food; whilst he, in wanton mirth
Heard not their cries nor felt their woes.

Haste on, ye winds, stop not to tell
Of horrors that we can't endure!
Go, go; alas! we know too well,
Thy cruel dealings with the poor!
Oh, couldst thou but thy spirit ease,
And gently as an autumn breeze,
Pass o'er the souls by want distressed:
Thou, as a fiend, wouldst not be loathed,
As thou art now, with death possessed,
For all who are not housed and clothed!

Blow on; blow on; Eternal hands
Do guide thee with All-Powerful reins,
He will preserve his tender lambs
In spite of all thy piercing pains:
And at his edict: "Peace be still"
Thy fury must obey his will.
Then, howl, ye winds, in fiercest form
Till he thy raging fury calms;
For he will temper well the storm
To be endured by his shorn lambs.

HUNTINGDON, Pa. Dec. 30, 1876.

The Story-Teller.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

For five and forty years I had borne the name of Peter Smith. Though you have never heard of me, I flatter myself that my family name will be familiar to you. I am quiet in my habits, and I believe, not disposed to interfere with the rights of other men; yet even this did not avail to save me some ten years since from becoming involved in an affair of honor.—Let me tell you how it happened.

At the time of which I speak I was an inmate of Mrs. Jones' family. I use the word advisedly, since it was well known that Mrs. Jones never took boarders. In fact, she expressly gave me to understand that her only inducement in taking me was the pleasure she expected to derive from my society; that she was far above mercenary considerations. Of course I felt flattered by the compliment thus insinuated, though I confess I was somewhat surprised, since all mercenary considerations were disclaimed, to be charged a higher rate for board than I ever paid.—Still I did not demur, feeling certain that I had at length found a home.

Let me describe Mrs. Jones, my hostess. Physically speaking, she came of a great family, her proportions being most aristocratic. In her demeanor towards me she was always very gracious and condescending for which I felt properly grateful. She always came to the table arrayed in a stiff satin; the very rustle of which betrayed her consequence, and impressed me with my comparative insignificance.

Mrs. Jones has a daughter, by name Sophronia. In external appearance she was quite unlike her parent, being exceedingly tall and slender, while the other was short and dumpy. In a copy of verses which she was kind enough to show me, some enthusiastic young man had the temerity to call her a sylph. I do not know much about sylphs, never having seen one to my knowledge; but I question much whether sylphs have red hair, or noses with an upward tendency. I have my doubts also as to whether sylphs squint. Still I am far from denying that Miss Sophronia Jones was a sylph, since that belief evidently afforded her satisfaction.

Mrs. Jones' table was admirably adapted for a valetudinarian. There he would find no dishes of unwholesome richness—nothing indeed that was calculated to induce excessive eating. If, as some physicians have declared, health is best preserved by rising from the table with an appetite, I was never in a fairer way to secure its blessings than when enjoying the genteel insufficiency of Mrs. Jones' hospitality.

About a month after my arrival conversation turned at the dinner table, upon a concert which was to be given the same evening by Signora Falfalini. I have a poor memory for Italian names, but this is the name, to the best of my recollection.

"I wish I could go, ma," said the fair Sophronia.

"So you could, my dear," replied Mrs. Jones, "if you had a gentleman protector."

Thereupon she began to disclaim against the customs of society which preclude a lady's attending a place of amusement without a gentleman, lamenting that Sophronia had on this account been more than once debarred from gratifying her exquisite taste in music.

Of course I could not in politeness refrain from offering my escort, although I should thereby be prevented from attending the weekly meeting of the club of which I was a member.

Sophronia was in great confusion and she could not think of troubling me.

I began to hope that she would not, but the mother quickly silenced all scruples by saying that she was a silly girl—thirty-five if she's a day—and that she must not think of refusing.

Sophronia made no other objections and I had the pleasure of paying a high price for a couple of tickets.

Nature not having bestowed on me a musical ear, I could enter but indifferently into the rapture of my companion who pronounced Signora Falfalini's singing divine, although she considered her quite devoid of personal attractions. The signora being built after the same model as Sophronia, I quite agreed with her in this bit of criticism.

"Do you know," simpered my companion, confidingly, "I have myself thought at times that I was designed for a prima donna or an opera singer like Signora Falfalini."

"Then why do you not become one?" I inquired.

"Because ma has such an objection to anything of a public character. She felt that I should be demeaned by so doing, and advised me to content myself with contributing to the gratification of my friends at home. You have never heard me sing, I think?"

I had at times heard a shrill voice, in a very high key, as I sat in my room, which had struck me as far from agreeable. I thought it best, however, without mentioning this, to utter a simple negative.

"You must not expect much," continued Sophronia; "my voice is rough and uncultivated. Ma is always telling me that I ought to devote more attention to it; but I can never sing except when inspiration seizes me. If you will come in tomorrow evening I will sing to you, if you would like."

I expressed my thanks for this disinterested kindness, and, as the concert was finished, proceeded to escort the lady home.

As we were making our way through the crowd, it chanced that some one, accidentally or otherwise jostled my companion.

She immediately seized my arm convulsively, and informed me that she had been insulted.

"Who did it?" stammered I; for I confess my courage is not of the highest order.

In reply Sophronia pointed out a small gentleman with a fierce moustache, who was standing at a little distance.

Mentally deciding that it might not be prudent to have an altercation with such a person, I hastened to assure my companion that it might have been an accident.

"No," said she, very decidedly. "It was not an accident. It was intentional. I wish you to demand an apology in my name."

"Don't you think it would be better," said I, in great embarrassment, to treat it with silent contempt?"

Sophronia was by no means of this opinion. Accordingly I approached the gentleman, who appeared still more formidable on a nearer view, and asked in what was intended to be a resolute tone, "what he meant by insulting the lady under my charge?"

"Sir-r-r!" he ejaculated, wheeling sharply around.

I repeated my request in a fainter tone, and suggested that I trusted it was accidental on his part.

Stroking his moustache very fiercely, he informed me that he had no explanation to make; that if I wished to hear from him at any time, I should have an opportunity, and forthwith presented his card. Without stopping to look at it, I slunk away in the crowd and soon reached home.

My companion intimated that she supposed I should seek satisfaction in the usual way.

I said something indistinctly—I am not sure exactly what—and very thankfully took leave of the fair Sophronia in the entry.

Reaching my chamber I examined the card which had been placed in my hand and found inscribed thereon the name of Captain Archilles Brown, Astor house.—Very probably he was distinguished by the same qualities which characterized his great namesake, and it made me shiver even to think of a conflict with him. Resolving that I would at least take every possible means to avoid it, I went to bed and sank into a slumber disturbed by frightful dreams, in which I fancied myself shot through the heart by the terrible Archilles Brown.

Early next morning, while in the momentary expectation of hearing the breakfast bell, I was startled by a knock at the door. Immediately afterward entered a tall man, "bearded like a pard." He introduced himself to me as a cousin of Sophronia, and intimated that, having heard of my difficulty of the previous evening, he had come to offer his services as my second.

Thanking him for his kindness, I said that I had not as yet decided to call out the gentleman in question.

"Not yet decided?" repeated my visitor, springing to his feet, causing me thereby to recede two paces in some personal apprehension; "not yet decided! But perhaps I do not understand you."

I intimated rather uncomfortably, that I had conscientious scruples against the practice of the duello.

"Conscientious fiddlesticks," interrupted my visitor. "Sir, you must fight. There is no alternative. A lady has been insulted while under your protection. The lady is my cousin. Unless you take notice of it, I must.

"But you have no quarrel with Captain Brown," I said.

"You misunderstand me," said he, gravely. "Unless you challenge Captain Brown, I shall understand it as a personal disrespect to my cousin, and shall challenge you. Choose which of us you will fight."

"This was said so resolutely that I succumbed at once. I reflected that, while there was equal danger to be incurred in a duel with my visitor, there would be less credit.

"Shall I write the missive?" inquired my companion, who called himself Lieut. Eustace.

"Yes," said I, frankly.

He sat down at my desk, and in a few minutes produced the following:

"SIR: You grossly insulted a young lady, while under my protection, last evening. As a man of honor, I call upon you for an ample apology, or for the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send this by Lieutenant Eustace, who is authorized to act as my friend.

Yours, etc., PETER SMITH.

"Captain Archilles Brown."

Having signed this with some misgivings, I inquired as to the character of Captain Brown.

"I don't know much about him," said my friend, "but I suppose he is a regular fire-eater."

This was satisfactory—very.

"Suppose," said I, in a tremulous voice, "you erase the word 'ample' before 'apology.' I consider apology sufficient."

"But I shall not," was the lieutenant's emphatic reply.

There was no more to be said. He departed with his missive; and I was left in no very enviable frame of mind. On his return, "Has he apologized?" I inquired eagerly.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply; he vows that he will shed the last drop of his blood first."

"What a sanguinary monster he must be," was my internal reflection.

"The meeting is appointed for to-morrow morning, an hour before sunrise," resumed the lieutenant. It is to take place at Hoboken; weapons, pistols; distance, fifteen paces."

"Isn't that rather near?" I ventured to remark.

"Near? Of course you want it near. You will be more likely to hit your man."

"And he will be more likely to hit me," I replied.

"Of course," was the reply. "You must take your chance of that."

I could not help wondering whether he would be so cool about it if he were the principal, and I the second. In fact, I have always observed that seconds are much more scrupulous about the honor of their principals than they are disposed to be about their own. I think it altogether likely that I should make a fierce second.

"I suppose you are used to pistols?" remarked my friend.

Used to pistols! I remember once having fired one as a boy, to the imminent danger of my little sister's life. Since then I had not had one in my hands.

As I strolled out into the streets in an unhappy frame of mind, a newsboy thrust into my hand a daily paper, which I mechanically bought. Glancing over the columns, I observed that a boat was advertised as about to start that day for Havana. The hour of departure was four in the afternoon. A sudden thought struck me. Would it not be much better to embark for Cuba than to remain behind to be shot?—a result which the state of my nerves and my want of practice with the pistol rendered altogether probable.

With new-born alacrity, I immediately repaired to the boat, and demanded to see the agent. He informed me that the boat would positively start at the hour indicated.

I asked to see the list of passengers.

Running my eyes casually down the list, my heart beat quickly as they fell upon the last name. Could it be possible that my opponent, Captain Archilles Brown, had secured passage? What could be his motive?

"When did this gentleman book his name as a passenger?" I inquired.

"Not half an hour since."

"Did he understand that the boat started to day?"

"Yes, he made particular inquiries on that point."

"Will you describe him to me? Is he tall?"

"Yes, quite so."

"And has a black moustache?"

"Yes."

"A dark complexion and wears a large cloak?"

"Precisely. You know him then?"

"Very slightly," said I carelessly. "By the way, I don't think I shall be able to get away for a week. I won't engage today."

"We would give you good accommodations."

"No doubt of that. On the whole, you need not mention to Captain Brown that any one inquired for him."

My heart bounded with exultation, as with some difficulty I realized that my opponent, whom I had dreaded so much was about to leave the country from fear of encountering me.

"What a joke that was! I laughed all the way home, though I endeavored to preserve my gravity. On the way home I purchased a brace of pistols, which I ostentatiously displayed on reaching my boarding house.

"To think you should risk your life for me," simpered the fair Sophronia.

"Miss Sophronia," said I, with suitable fierceness, "no one with impunity shall insult a lady while under my protection.

During a portion of the afternoon I practiced shooting at a mark, and was never more lively than at the tea-table. Lieutenant Eustace, who was present, seemed considerably surprised at the change in my demeanor, and was evidently puzzled to account for it.

After tea I invited the company to witness my will, which I had drawn up for the sake of producing an impression. It proved a master stroke. I noticed that Lieutenant Eustace treated me with increasing respect while Sophronia repeated several times under her breath, but loud enough for me to hear "Brave man!"

All this I enjoyed, and took the opportunity to severely discourse upon the sacredness of honor, in defence of which I asserted that any man ought to be willing to lay down his life.

In the course of the afternoon I had the pleasure of witnessing the sailing of the Ariel, with Captain Brown on board. Whether this circumstance had anything to do with inspiring in me these elevated sentiments, I leave the reader to judge.

The next morning, at an early hour, I proceeded to the field with my second.

Captain Archilles Brown was nowhere to be seen!

I professed a great deal of disappointment, and insisted on waiting three hours to allow him to appear. Of course it was in vain. All, however, testified to the remarkable courage which I displayed under the circumstances, and I was tendered their congratulations. The affair found its way into the papers, and I found myself all at once elevated into a hero. I could not walk Broadway without being furtively pointed out as the celebrated duelist.—Among the ladies, particularly, I became an object of great attraction—a circumstance that may well excite surprise when it is considered that my only claims to their regard lay in my having been implicated in an affair which the moral sense of the community condemns.

Soon afterward I left my boarding place, to the great regret of the fair Sophronia. I afterward learned that, had I shown the white feather, it was arranged that Lieutenant Eustace should force me into a marriage with his cousin, on pain of a duel with himself. The extraordinary show of courage which I exhibited imposed upon him to such an extent that he did not think it advisable to offer the alternative lest I should accept the duel.

I have heard nothing of Capt. Archilles Brown since the memorable day on which he did me the service to sail for Cuba.—Had he possessed a little more courage, I shudder to think what might have been the result.

Select Miscellany.

Victoria's Crown Jewels.

The Imperial crown of the Queen of England, which she wears on state occasions, is perhaps the costliest head dress worn by any sovereign in the world. It comprises in jewels four large rubies, one of immense size, irregularly shaped and polished; one large brooch spread sapphire, and fifteen smaller ones; eleven emeralds, thirteen hundred and sixty three brilliant diamonds, twelve hundred and seventy three rose diamonds, one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds, four large pear-shaped pearls, and two hundred and seventy-three round pearls, in all, three thousand and ninety-one jewels. This crown was made by the command of Queen Victoria, in 1838, by Rundell & Bridge of London, with jewels taken in part from old crowns, and others furnished by her Majesty. It is thus described by Professor Tennant, the present mineralogist to the Queen:

"It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold. It has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is thirty-nine ounces, five pennyweights troy. The lower part of the band above the ermine border consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of one hundred and twelve pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size and six other sapphires, (three on each side,) between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds are one hundred and twenty eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of one hundred and forty diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby, said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales—son of Edward III., called the Black Prince—by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Victoria, A. D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415. It is pierced quite through after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are seventy five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and forty-two, and one hundred and thirty-three brilliant diamonds. Between the Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of French *fleur de lis*, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns. The leaves contain seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table and brilliant diamonds. Thirty-two pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is: one hundred and sixteen table diamonds, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large, pendant pear shaped pearls, with rose-diamond cups containing twelve rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants and in the upper hemisphere two hundred and twenty four brilliants—the zone and arch being composed of thirty-three rose-diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants."

Two Fast Trotters in Collision.

THE SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON SATURDAY NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE.

A special dispatch from Poughkeepsie says: The shocking accident to two trotting horses on South avenue, yesterday afternoon, has scarce a parallel in the annals of fast driving accidents. During the entire sleighing this winter South avenue, from the Soldier's Fountain to a point a mile beyond, has been the accepted trotting ground of the city, and every fine afternoon hundreds of people have assembled there to witness the trials of speed. The trotters Silas Rich, Joe Petit, Pondietta, Alida, and others, composing the private stock of the city, have appeared there almost daily for sharp contests. The course has, at times, been so much crowded with trotting horses that the frequent narrow escapes from collisions have made the drivers reckless, and such an accident as that of yesterday has been predicted for weeks. The day's sport was nearly over, and forty or fifty trotters were making their last "spurts" at about 5 P. M. Both sides of the avenue were lined with people watching the sport, when suddenly the cry of "There they come!" was heard, and, looking up the avenue, the trotting horse Silas Rich, driven by M. Cunningham, a fast trotter driven by Leason Holdridge, a crockery merchant of this city, and a third trotter driven by Richard Titus, were seen coming down neck and neck at terrific speed, each striving to get the lead. They cleared the level along Eastman Park like whirlwind, and with safety; but as they attempted to turn the slight curve opposite the late Judge Dean's place, they met another trotter coming along at a rattling gait, and driven by Charles Phelps his owner. A terrific collision was imminent between the Phelps and Holdridge horses, and, seeing that it could not be avoided, the bystanders turned their heads from the sight with a thrill of horror. The "come together" was awful. As quick as lightning the end of the thill of Mr. Holbridge's sleigh entered the breast of Mr. Phelps' horse to the depth of ten inches, and the poor animal died without a groan, for the shaft had pierced his heart. At the same time the end of the thill of Mr. Phelp's sleigh penetrated the flank and breast of Mr. Holdridge's horse, and that animal, bleeding frightfully, died in two minutes. By the force of the collision Mr. Holdridge was hurled out of his sleigh on his horse. Mr. Holdridge's animal was valued at $1,500, and Mr. Phelps' horse, formerly known as the "West horse," at $1,000. This ended the trotting for the day on the avenue, and most likely for the season.

A MAIN man has sued a paper for slander for calling him an indefatigable genius, and a local paper says a jury has awarded him $212 damages.

The Birds and the Lighthouse.

April and October witness a great destruction of migrating birds that, flying at night, are dashed to death against the heavy plate glass lanterns of the lighthouses on our Atlantic coast. Well authenticated facts seem to render it probable that this destruction of bird life is far greater than most people have supposed. In April the havoc is among the returning birds, along our northern coast, from Cape May to the shores of Maine. On the southern coast, and especially along the shores of Florida, the destruction is greatest among the southward flying birds, in October. The number and variety of these misguided night travelers is surprising.—The keeper of the new and lofty light on Anastasia island, at St. Augustine, Florida, informed the writer that there is scarcely any dark night in the year that does not witness the destruction of numbers of birds that dash themselves against the light, and that often the number found in the morning ranges from twenty to fifty. Ducks, however, are the most notable victims.—These heavy birds are noted for the velocity of their flight. The keeper found it impossible to protect the lantern from the shattering shock of their onset, and had to appeal to the Government Lighthouse Board to erect an iron network around the light. Even this fails to prevent mischief; for the ducks strike against the iron netting with such force as to break through it and break the heavy outer plate glass of the lantern. It is not improbable that the destruction of birds by this cause is tenfold greater than any one who has not made the subject an especial study has ever suspected. At each one of the forty or fifty most prominent lights along the Atlantic coast of the United States, the number of birds thus slaughtered must amount to 100,000 a year. In all shows at least (what was already understood by those who have given their attention to the subject) that the flight of our migrating birds is accomplished in the night.

The First President.

The opinion that Washington was our first President is a very prevalent one; and yet it is by no means the literal truth. Undeniably he was the first President under our present Constitution; but he had fourteen predecessors under the revolutionary government and confederation. The first of these was Peyton Randolph of Virginia, who was chosen September 5th, 1774, and who died in office shortly afterward—October 22, 1774. He was succeeded by Henry Middleton of South Carolina, who remained in office until May 24, 1775, at which time John Hancock of Massachusetts was elected. The latter served until November 1st, 1777, when Henry Laurens of South Carolina succeeded him. Next came John Gay of New York, who was appointed December 10th, 1778. In 1779—September 28th—Samuel Huntington of Connecticut entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office. His term continued until July 10, 1781, when Thomas Kean of Delaware was appointed. His successor was John Hanson of Maryland, who was chosen November 5th, 1781. Next in order was Elias Boudinot of New Jersey who was elected Nov. 4th, 1782. Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania was appointed November 3d, 1783. Next came Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, November 30th, 1784; Nathaniel Gorman of Massachusetts, June 6th, 1786; Arthur St. Clair of Pennsylvania, February 2d, 1787; and Cyrus Griffin of Virginia, January 22d, 1788—who was succeeded by George Washington, first President under the Federal Constitution, April 30th, 1789.

The Land of the Missing.

In one of William Black's novels he makes one of his people vaguely describe a land which lies across the sea, to which had fled all who were numbered among the missing, who there lived untrammeled by the follies or misfortunes of the past. But the land of the missing does not always care for its children. Sad wrecks go down to the surging seas which surrounded it. One case, saddest of all in the compass of memory, presents itself. A boy, an only child, the idol of wealthy and cultured parents, started for school one morning with his mother's good bye kiss warm upon his lips and his books in his hands, and never returned. He was only eight years old, was as handsome as a cherub, and was known everywhere among his acquaintances as a good boy. He was effeminate in nature, and never, ordinarily ventured upon boyish escapades. He was to have a rabbit for dinner, and he asked, as a favor that it might be "stewed with a heap of gravy." The dinner was prepared, but he never came to eat it. There had been nothing to make him dissatisfied with his surroundings and encourage that idea that he had run away. He was timid and shrinking, and as everybody believed too good and too cowardly to run away. Sixteen years later his father and mother met him on a Mississippi river steamboat, a bloated, drunken, profane, brutal gambler. Death would have kept him a beautiful, and loveable child; but the land of the missing sent him back a ruined soul.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

Be Useful.

"A man that is too well born for a trade is very well born for the gallows." There is a deal too much disrespect for honest labor for the healthful maintenance of either morals or government. These obtain a notion among a great class of people that when a person is relieved by the possession of property from a necessity of arduous toil, it becomes a degration for him to labor at all. If the habit of work is so fixed that the moneyed man can not remain idle, he apologizes for it as a sort of vice, and refers to "habit" as much as he would to addiction to opium or rum, as something to be ashamed of, but which, unfortunately had got the better of him. His children are carefully educated to "sink the shop" and turn up their noses at those who work for a living. In seeking matrimonial alliances for them he looks for wealth rather than industry and chooses as a husband for his daughter the man who has inheritance in bank, no matter how unfitted he may be to cope with his misfortune, rather than the man who has a fortune in his brain, and will win his own way. Idleness and extravagance are curses worse than the plagues of Egypt to us, they breed sorrow, wretchedness, crime and misery; send sons into drunkards' graves and felons' cells, and put daughters on the streets, into mad houses and garrets of poverty.—Every boy, rich or poor, should be taught that idleness is a crime—and girls should be taught it no less than boys. Every child should be taught some trade.

For the Journal.

The Reason.

Reply to a friend who asked me why I did not give my fancy wider range.

BY A. W. WELCH.

Can'st tell me why the rightless mule,
Continues ever to borrow,
Beneath the daisies in the field,
Where "Jockey" turns his furrow?

Or why the ever-busy bee,
Seeks not on sky-lark's pinions,
To penetrate the inner courts,
Of aerial dominions?

The glow worm o'er the dewy vale,
Its feeble light diffuses;
E'en so my lowly pen would court,
The power of the muses.

Oh! seek not in my humble lines,
The fire of a Byron;
As well expect to gather gold,
By melting scraps of iron.

Tis vain to search for gems skin,
To those of Moore or Hemans,
Amid my tumbled uncouth thoughts,—
The glow worm's fitful gleamings.

The voice that bids the god of day
Pour forth his beams diurnal,
Commands the starlets tiny ray
To grace His works supernal.

ANTHAMOS, Dec. 16th, 1876.

An Open Pacific Highway.

The unanimous report of the committee of Congress, in favor of the passage of the modified bill, providing for the certain and speedy completion of the Texas Pacific Railway as an open highway to the Pacific, is one of the most hopeful signs we have of an early and substantial impetus to the industrial interests of the country. In the new bill, its provisions are so