

A. SPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, \$2 per year in advance

VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1870.

NUMBER 8.

1870. SPRING. 1870.
I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
IRON SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
This consists in part of every variety of
Tin Sheet-Iron,
COPPER AND BRASS WARES,
ENAMELED AND PLAIN
SAFETY-PANS, BOILERS &c.
SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL
LANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARD-
WARE OF EVERY KIND.
Special attention given to
Spent's Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELLENT COOKING STOVES,
**TRUMPET AND PARLOR COOK-
ING STOVES,**
Any Cooking Stove desired I will get
ordered at manufacturer's prices.—
I have on hand for the Stores I sell; for
be ordered when wanted. Particular
attention given to
Valleys and Conductors,
which will be made out of best mate-
rial and put up by competent workmen.
Wick Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
I will call particular attention to the Light
Burning, with Glass Cover, for giving
the light than any other in use. Also, the
Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.
SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.
Special attention given to
Shipping in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,
at lowest possible rates.
WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS
ready, and will be sent on application
by mail or in person.
I hope to see all my old customers and
my new ones this Spring. I return my
sincere thanks for the very liberal pa-
trons I have already received, and will
be glad to please all who may call, whether
buy or not.
FRANCIS W. HAY,
Ebensburg, March 7, 1867.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
TO CASH BUYERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.
I have respectfully informed the
public that I have made a great reduction in
price on all my goods. My stock will
be sold at a great discount. I have
of every description, of my own man-
ufacture. Hardware of all kind, such as
Saws, Axes, Hammers, Table Hinges,
Nails, Putty, Table Knives and Forks,
Saw Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters,
Pliers, Pen and Pocket Knives in
all varieties, Scissors, Razors and
Safety Razors, Axes, Hammers, Boring
Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Com-
pound Saws, Files, Taps, Anvils, Vices,
Screw Drivers, and Cross-Cut Saws,
of all kinds. Stoves, Spindles, Scales,
Scales, Bakes, Forks, Slighs, Bells,
Lasts, Pops, Wax Brushes, Clothes
Brushes, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses
and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse
Shoes, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot
Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Pow-
der, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates,
and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern
Pumps, and all kinds of Hardware and
Saddlery of all kind; Wooden and Willow Ware
of every description; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps,
of all kinds; Linseed Oil, Lubricating
Oil, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnish,
Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.
FAMILY GROCERIES,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syr-
up, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples,
Raisins, Crackers, Rice and Pearl
Rice, Soap, Candles, TOBACCO and
PAPERS, Paint, White Wash, Scrub, Horse
Dusting, Varnish, Store Clothes and
all kinds of Groceries, all kinds and sizes; Bed
steads and Mattresses, and many other
goods at the lowest rates for CASH.
I have Spouting made, painted and put
up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount
to country dealers buying Tinware
&c.
GEO. HUNTLEY
Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.—tf.
GEORGE W. YEAGER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HEATING AND COOK STOVES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,
GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING
and all other work in his line.
Caroline Street,
ALTOONA, PA.
Dealer in the city having the right to
sell "BARLEY SHEAF"
CIGARETTES, the most perfect
and satisfactory
Store ever introduced
into the country.
IMMENSE - PRICES LOW.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
WOOD BETTER BEST.—The best
and cheapest Tobacco and Cigars in town
L. L. Outman's. Go and see.

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK,
No. 63 Fourth Avenue,
Adjoining new Merchants' and Manufacturers'
National Bank,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1862.
ISAAC JONES, President.
W. H. SMITH, Vice President.
S. S. CARRIER, Sec. and Treas.
Harvey Childs, Wm. H. Smith,
B. C. PARKER, Accountant.
E. B. TODD, Solicitor.
TRUSTEES:
Hon. Thos. M. Howe, Jacob Painter,
Hon. J. K. Moorhead, C. G. Hussey,
Isaac Jones, D. W. C. Bidwell,
Nicholas Voegtly, Jr.
Statement of October 30, 1869.
ASSETS.
Bonds and Mortgages being first
liens on Real Estate, \$509,957 09
U. S. 1861 Bonds, at par, 25,000 00
U. S. 10 40 Bonds, at par, 25,000 00
Real Estate, 2,720 47
Office Furniture, 418 60
Cash, 51,400 32
Total, \$607,496 39
LIABILITIES.
Amount due Depositors, \$550,103 71
Interest, 43,364 89
Nov. 1, 1869, 14,027 79
Contingent Fund, 43,364 89
Total, \$607,496 39
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS,
SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM, payable to
Depositors in May and November, which, if
not drawn, will be added to the principal, and
compounded.
Open for Deposit from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.,
daily; also on Saturday Evenings, from 6 to
9 o'clock.
Money loaned on Bond and Mortgage
only. Ships for the use of depositors who can-
not visit the city, and copies of Charter and
By-laws furnished by mail.
S. S. CARRIER,
Secretary and Treasurer,
No. 63 Fourth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.
November 25, 1869. 5m.

The Poet's Department.
IMPERISHABLE.
The pure, the bright, the beautiful
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a worldly prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry;
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.
The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proved a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.
The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and faith,
Those hands have clasped, these lips have
met,
These things shall never die.
The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilly want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfulfilled record kept—
These things can never die.
Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.
A NOCTURNAL MYSTERY.
It is a good many years since, having
returned from the West Indies with my
regiment, I was stationed at what was
called the Royal Arsenal, down the river,
near the Plumstead Marshes. The Arsen-
al consisted of a number of out-houses
full of government stores. The Thames
flowed on one side of it, a canal running
inland for a distance of eight hundred
yards on another. On the remaining
sides, the Arsenal was accessible from the
marshes. It was always guarded day
and night by the military stationed there,
and this formed the chief part of our duty.
One cold, raw night in November, I
was on what was called the marsh guard,
which consisted of seven men besides my-
self. We had two sentries, one stationed
at the guard-room door and one down at
the lock-gates of the canal. The weather
was very trying, with its rawness and
dampness, to us who had so recently come
back from the West Indies, and the re-
mainder of the guard sat round the fire
in the guard room, entertaining one an-
other with tales of their exploits and ad-
ventures. The conversation turned upon
sharks, I remember, and a good many
stories were told, most of them deriving
their main interest, in the eyes of the nar-
rator, from his being the hero of what he
had to relate.
"Talking of sharks," said one of the
guard—"I recall his words as nearly as I
can—"reminds me of what I saw when
I was in Jamaica. Who has not heard
of Port Royal? This was the largest
shark that had ever been seen in Port
Royal, and the stories about him would
fill a book. He used to swim round the
men-of-war lying there, and woe betide
the unlucky wretch who attempted to de-
sert from his ship by swimming ashore;
he never lived to reach it, for Port Royal
Tom was sure to swallow him. Well, I
had made up my mind to go shark fishing
along with three more. We hired a boat,
took proper fishing tackle, and everything
needed for a day's amusement. Leaving
the shore, we went about a mile out in
the harbor, and over went the hook, after
lying about for fifteen minutes, a sharp
tug was felt, and we found we had got a
large fish on. We tried to pull it in, but
couldn't get him up to the surface. Here
was a fix, and no mistake. With great
effort we got up the anchor, took the oars
and tried to row to the land; but what
was our astonishment to find the shark
towing us out to sea!"
"What was to be done now?" was
the question raised in the boat.
"Let him tow us out," was suggested;
"he will soon tire of it, and then we can
take him ashore."
"This was easier said than done.—
Master shark had been pulling us for about
two hours, and we were still going out to
sea. Getting desperate, we took to the
oars again, and rowed back to the town;
but what a tugging match it was, with
this ugly customer straining his utmost in
the opposite direction! After pulling, in
the hot sun, for several hours, we began
to make headway for the shore, master
shark being determined that he would not
go that way, and we being as determined
that he should. However, a few minutes
before the evening gun fired, we got him
to the jetty, and got him safe landed on
the pier by means of a crane, made him
secure, after a good deal of resistance,
and left him for the night. His length, I
may mention, was twelve feet or there-
abouts.
"Early next morning we went down to

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.
A MYSTERIOUS AND STARTLING STORY.
The following communication has been
handed us:
An extract from a new work entitled
"Henry J. Raymond and the New York
Press," is now extensively republished
throughout the country. The extract
purports to be a narration of certain facts
concerning the rivalry between the
Herald and Times newspapers in regard
to obtaining the first authentic intelligence
concerning the loss of the Collins steamer
"Arctic," on her homeward voyage from
Liverpool in October, 1854. The read-
ing of it has recalled to my mind another
story far more startling, and belonging to
the same terrible disaster, which, up to
the present time, has never found its way
into print. The steamer after the Arctic
was lost, the writer visited New York,
and at the Astor House in that city was
called upon by an old friend and school-
mate who resided for several years at Al-
ton, Ill., and is pleasantly remembered by
many of the older residents of that place.
This gentleman lives in Chicago, and holds
a responsible position in one of the leading
railways of the Northwest. At the time
the events occurred which I am about to
narrate, Mr. — was a private secretary
or foreign correspondent for E. K. Col-
lins, the manager of the noble but most
unfortunate line of steamers bearing his
name, and an inmate of his office. Mr.
— was then, and is now, unless time
and trial have sadly changed him, a jolly,
good-hearted, clever fellow, afraid of nothing,
believing not much in anything, and
certainly the last person likely to be at all
tinctured with superstition. His veracity
is unquestionable. After a long conver-
sation about our boyhood days, and the
companions whom we had both known
and loved in that happy era, I naturally
made some inquiries relative to the Ar-
ctic, knowing that Mr. —, from his situa-
tion, would be likely to give some incidents
that perhaps had never been made public.
To my surprise, when the subject was
brought, his face assumed a serious cast,
his voice softened to a subdued, half whis-
pering tone, and he remarked: "There
was a mystery about that affair which
has always puzzled me and which I do
not like to think of. To my knowledge
it has never before been spoken of outside
Mr. Collins' office, or his immediate fam-
ily circle. I will, however, tell it to you,
but can give only the facts as they fell
under my own observation, without at-
tempting explanation."
Mr. —'s story was substantially as fol-
lows, barring the inaccuracies which must
necessarily accompany the effort to re-
member a conversation transpiring fifteen
years ago:
"I was," said he, "as you know, a
clerk in Mr. Collins' office, and I believe
rather a favorite with him. At any rate
he allowed me more liberties than most
of the other employees, and frequently
conversed about his own personal matters
in a semi-confidential manner, which was
very gratifying to one of my age.
Mr. Collins' wife and two children, a
boy and a girl, went to Europe in the
summer of 1854, and made quite an ex-
tended tour on the continent. While ab-
sent, telling the places through which they
passed, the date of their visit to each
locality, and a brief description of the
various objects of interest. The journal,
in detached fragments, was regu-
larly transmitted to him, and he naturally
perused it with great pleasure. At that
time spiritualism was creating quite an
excitement in New York, and some of the
clairvoyants, or trance mediums, had
gained considerable notoriety. One even-
ing Mr. Collins thought he would give the
phenomena a personal investigation, or at
least submit the question to a sharp and
satisfactory test. He accordingly dis-
guised himself, and went alone to the house
of a celebrated female medium in a remote
part of the city. Sending up a fictitious
name, he was ushered into the presence of
the woman. He stated to her that he
desired to know the whereabouts of a
middle-aged lady, a young lady and a
boy, and described as nearly as possible
the appearance of his wife and children.
The medium, after the usual preliminaries,
lapsed into the trance state," said she
saw the party distinctly; that they were in
an old town, she did not know the name,
and just at that time visiting an old church.
Of this church she gave a sufficiently min-
ute description, which Mr. Collins noted
down, together with the date of the in-
terview, and departed. In due course
of mail, several weeks after, the journal ar-
rived, and an examination verified exactly
the particulars furnished by the clair-
voyant. Of course, Mr. Collins was
surprised at the curious revelation, but
the press of business soon drove it from
his mind, and forgot it altogether. Mean-
while the summer passed and September
came. Mrs. Collins and her two children
were to return on the Arctic, according to
a previous arrangement, and sailed accord-
ingly. This steamer was noted for the
quickness and regularity of her voyages,
and was due at New York, if I remember
rightly, on Saturday evening. Mr. Col-
lins resided out of town; that night, how-
ever, he remained at his brother's in the
city, but the Arctic did not arrive. He
came down to breakfast next morning,
and looking sad and thoughtful, was ral-
lied by his brother on account of his

gloomy countenance, and asked if he slept
well. He replied that he did not, that
his sleep had been broken by bad dreams,
and that he had dreamed the Arctic was
in trouble. He was laughed at for per-
mitting such a thing to disturb him, but
Sunday went by, and still no Arctic, and
when he reached the office Monday morn-
ing, he related the dream to me. I
urged him to think no more of it; that
the steamer would probably get in that
day or next, and he ought not to allow
himself to be worried by the vision of an
anxious brain. But the steamer did not
come, neither were any tidings heard from
her, and the alarm became general. In
this emergency, Mr. Collins bought him-
self of the clairvoyant, and paid her a
visit, taking the same precaution as on his
previous call. He again asked if she
could see the lady and children, and the
medium again subsided into a trance.
But this time she seemed disturbed and
perplexed, and said that she could not see
clearly, for everything appeared to be
enveloped in a mist or fog. (The
collision which sunk the Arctic, it will
be remembered, occurred in a thick fog
off Cape Race.) At last she exclaimed
that she saw them; that the lady and two
children were standing on the quarter deck
of a steamer, that the vessel was appar-
ently in distress, sailors and passengers
were running to and fro, and the whole
scene indicated impending disaster. Here
ended the vision—the woman could dis-
cover nothing more, and Mr. Collins left
her with a heavy heart. Perhaps it was
the next day, or the second one after this
interview, about noon, when we were
all sitting in the office, a dozen or twenty
of us, engaged in writing or other business,
that a well dressed gentleman rushed into
the front part of the room from Broad-
way, bareheaded and evidently in a state
of the wildest excitement. He asked for
no one, but throwing his hands over his
head exclaimed in a loud voice, "The
Arctic is lost off Cape Race; only —
passengers are saved, and my brother is
among the lost!" He gave the exact
number of passengers, but I cannot now
recall the figures. The man was instan-
taneously surrounded by the attaches of the office,
demanding to know who he was and
where he got his information, but he paid
no attention to their interrogatories, and
after repeating the same words with the
same gesticulation three times, he broke
away, dashed into the crowded streets and
was seen no more. Not until three days
after this did the first installment of sur-
vivors from the Arctic land on our shores.
When the accident was made known in
all its awful details, and the interest had
partially abated, a reward was offered
through the daily papers for the mysteri-
ous stranger, and he was besought to
appear and reveal the source whence he
derived the intelligence communicated in
the Collins office, but he never came, and
although the entire detective force of New
York was employed to work up the case,
no trace or sight of him was ever discov-
ered.
This is Mr. —'s story and I leave the
public to solve the enigma involved, if
they can.—St. Louis Republican.

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.
The New York Mirror contains an es-
say on the manners and customs fifty
years since, which is full of admonition to
the present generation. Fifty years make
a great change, not only in the condition
of an individual, but in the habits and
principles of society. We make an ex-
tract for the benefit of our readers, male
and female. The writer says:
"When Washington was President, his
wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and
the mother made doughnuts and cakes
between Christmas and New Year's;
now the married ladies are too proud to
make doughnuts, besides they don't know
how, so they even send to Madame Pom-
quador, or some other French cake baker,
and buy sponge cake for three dollars a
pound. In those days, New York was
full of substantial comforts; now it is full
of splendid misery; then there were no
gray-headed spinsters, (unless they were
ugly indeed,) for a man could get married
for a dollar, and begin house-keeping for
twenty, and in washing his clothes and
cooking his victuals, the wife saved more
money than it took to support her.
"Now, I have known a minister to get
five hundred dollars for backing a couple,
then wine, cake and ceteras, five hun-
dred more—wedding clothes and jewelry,
a thousand and—six or seven hundred in
driving to the springs or some deserted
mountains, then a house must be got for
eight hundred dollars per annum, and fur-
nished at an expense of two or three thou-
sand—and when it is all done, his pretty
wife can neither make a cake or put an
apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must
be got at ten dollars per month—cham-
bermaid, a laundress, and seamstress at
seven dollars each, and as the fashionable
folly of the day have banished the mis-
tress from the kitchen—thus lighting the
candle at both ends, it soon burns out.
Poverty comes in at the door and drives
love out at the window. It is this stupid
and expensive nonsense which deters so
many unhappy old bachelors from enter-
ing the state of blessedness; hence you
find more deaths than marriages."

FRANCIS W. HAY,
Ebensburg, March 7, 1867.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
TO CASH BUYERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.
I have respectfully informed the
public that I have made a great reduction in
price on all my goods. My stock will
be sold at a great discount. I have
of every description, of my own man-
ufacture. Hardware of all kind, such as
Saws, Axes, Hammers, Table Hinges,
Nails, Putty, Table Knives and Forks,
Saw Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters,
Pliers, Pen and Pocket Knives in
all varieties, Scissors, Razors and
Safety Razors, Axes, Hammers, Boring
Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Com-
pound Saws, Files, Taps, Anvils, Vices,
Screw Drivers, and Cross-Cut Saws,
of all kinds. Stoves, Spindles, Scales,
Scales, Bakes, Forks, Slighs, Bells,
Lasts, Pops, Wax Brushes, Clothes
Brushes, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses
and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse
Shoes, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot
Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Pow-
der, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates,
and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern
Pumps, and all kinds of Hardware and
Saddlery of all kind; Wooden and Willow Ware
of every description; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps,
of all kinds; Linseed Oil, Lubricating
Oil, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnish,
Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.
FAMILY GROCERIES,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syr-
up, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples,
Raisins, Crackers, Rice and Pearl
Rice, Soap, Candles, TOBACCO and
PAPERS, Paint, White Wash, Scrub, Horse
Dusting, Varnish, Store Clothes and
all kinds of Groceries, all kinds and sizes; Bed
steads and Mattresses, and many other
goods at the lowest rates for CASH.
I have Spouting made, painted and put
up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount
to country dealers buying Tinware
&c.
GEO. HUNTLEY
Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.—tf.
GEORGE W. YEAGER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HEATING AND COOK STOVES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,
GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING
and all other work in his line.
Caroline Street,
ALTOONA, PA.
Dealer in the city having the right to
sell "BARLEY SHEAF"
CIGARETTES, the most perfect
and satisfactory
Store ever introduced
into the country.
IMMENSE - PRICES LOW.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
WOOD BETTER BEST.—The best
and cheapest Tobacco and Cigars in town
L. L. Outman's. Go and see.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY
AGAIN IN FULL BLAST!
NEW FIRM, NEW BUILDINGS, &c.
HAVING purchased the well known EB-
ENSBURG FOUNDRY from Mr. Ed-
ward Glass, and rebuilt and enlarged it almost en-
tirely, besides refitting it with new machinery,
the subscribers are now prepared to furnish
COOK, PARLOR & HEATING STOVES,
of the latest and most approved patterns
**THRASHING MACHINES, MILL GEAR-
ING, ROSS & WATER WHEELS** of every
description, **IRON FENCING, PLOUGHS**
and **PLOUGH CASTINGS,** and in fact all
kinds of articles manufactured in a first class
foundry. Job work of all kind attended to
promptly and done cheaply.
The special attention of Farmers is invited
to two newly patented **PLOUGHS** which we
possess the sole right to manufacture and sell
in this county, and which are admitted to be
the best ever introduced to the public.
Believing ourselves capable of performing
any work in our line in the most satisfactory
manner, and knowing that we can do work at
LOWER PRICES than have been charged in this
community heretofore we confidently hope that
we will be found worthy of liberal patronage.
Fair reductions made to wholesale dealers.
The highest prices paid in cash for old
metal, or castings given in exchange.
OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH OR COUNTRY
PRODUCE. **CONVEY, VINROE & CO.**
Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.
GEO. C. K. ZAHM, JAS. B. ZAHM,
ZAHM & SON,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES
Usually Kept in a Country Store.
WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!
Can be obtained anywhere.
STORE ON MAIN STREET,
Next Door to the Post Office,
June 10, 1869. EBENSBURG, PA.
LOOK WELL TO YOUR
UNDERSTANDINGS!
BOOTS AND SHOES
For Men's and Boys' Wear.
The undersigned respectfully informs his nu-
merous customers and the public generally that
he is prepared to manufacture **BOOTS** and
SHOES of any desired size or quality, from
the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest
brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the short-
est notice, and at moderate prices as like
work can be obtained anywhere.
Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made
at my establishment need no assurance as to
the superior quality of my work. Others can
easily be convinced of the fact if they will only
give me a trial. Try and be convinced.
Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended
to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Thankful for past favors I feel confident that
my work and prices will commend me to a con-
tinuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.
Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Fisher and
Bloodgood Surveys being all patented,
those who own portions of them need not ap-
ply for Patents. Those who have purchased
tracts, or parts of tracts, of other bodies of sur-
veys which have not been patented, can pro-
cure the patents by applying to
SHOEMAKER & OATMAN.
Ebensburg, Nov. 18, 1869. tf.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.
A MYSTERIOUS AND STARTLING STORY.
The following communication has been
handed us:
An extract from a new work entitled
"Henry J. Raymond and the New York
Press," is now extensively republished
throughout the country. The extract
purports to be a narration of certain facts
concerning the rivalry between the
Herald and Times newspapers in regard
to obtaining the first authentic intelligence
concerning the loss of the Collins steamer
"Arctic," on her homeward voyage from
Liverpool in October, 1854. The read-
ing of it has recalled to my mind another
story far more startling, and belonging to
the same terrible disaster, which, up to
the present time, has never found its way
into print. The steamer after the Arctic
was lost, the writer visited New York,
and at the Astor House in that city was
called upon by an old friend and school-
mate who resided for several years at Al-
ton, Ill., and is pleasantly remembered by
many of the older residents of that place.
This gentleman lives in Chicago, and holds
a responsible position in one of the leading
railways of the Northwest. At the time
the events occurred which I am about to
narrate, Mr. — was a private secretary
or foreign correspondent for E. K. Col-
lins, the manager of the noble but most
unfortunate line of steamers bearing his
name, and an inmate of his office. Mr.
— was then, and is now, unless time
and trial have sadly changed him, a jolly,
good-hearted, clever fellow, afraid of nothing,
believing not much in anything, and
certainly the last person likely to be at all
tinctured with superstition. His veracity
is unquestionable. After a long conver-
sation about our boyhood days, and the
companions whom we had both known
and loved in that happy era, I naturally
made some inquiries relative to the Ar-
ctic, knowing that Mr. —, from his situa-
tion, would be likely to give some incidents
that perhaps had never been made public.
To my surprise, when the subject was
brought, his face assumed a serious cast,
his voice softened to a subdued, half whis-
pering tone, and he remarked: "There
was a mystery about that affair which
has always puzzled me and which I do
not like to think of. To my knowledge
it has never before been spoken of outside
Mr. Collins' office, or his immediate fam-
ily circle. I will, however, tell it to you,
but can give only the facts as they fell
under my own observation, without at-
tempting explanation."
Mr. —'s story was substantially as fol-
lows, barring the inaccuracies which must
necessarily accompany the effort to re-
member a conversation transpiring fifteen
years ago:
"I was," said he, "as you know, a
clerk in Mr. Collins' office, and I believe
rather a favorite with him. At any rate
he allowed me more liberties than most
of the other employees, and frequently
conversed about his own personal matters
in a semi-confidential manner, which was
very gratifying to one of my age.
Mr. Collins' wife and two children, a
boy and a girl, went to Europe in the
summer of 1854, and made quite an ex-
tended tour on the continent. While ab-
sent, telling the places through which they
passed, the date of their visit to each
locality, and a brief description of the
various objects of interest. The journal,
in detached fragments, was regu-
larly transmitted to him, and he naturally
perused it with great pleasure. At that
time spiritualism was creating quite an
excitement in New York, and some of the
clairvoyants, or trance mediums, had
gained considerable notoriety. One even-
ing Mr. Collins thought he would give the
phenomena a personal investigation, or at
least submit the question to a sharp and
satisfactory test. He accordingly dis-
guised himself, and went alone to the house
of a celebrated female medium in a remote
part of the city. Sending up a fictitious
name, he was ushered into the presence of
the woman. He stated to her that he
desired to know the whereabouts of a
middle-aged lady, a young lady and a
boy, and described as nearly as possible
the appearance of his wife and children.
The medium, after the usual preliminaries,
lapsed into the trance state," said she
saw the party distinctly; that they were in
an old town, she did not know the name,
and just at that time visiting an old church.
Of this church she gave a sufficiently min-
ute description, which Mr. Collins noted
down, together with the date of the in-
terview, and departed. In due course
of mail, several weeks after, the journal ar-
rived, and an examination verified exactly
the particulars furnished by the clair-
voyant. Of course, Mr. Collins was
surprised at the curious revelation, but
the press of business soon drove it from
his mind, and forgot it altogether. Mean-
while the summer passed and September
came. Mrs. Collins and her two children
were to return on the Arctic, according to
a previous arrangement, and sailed accord-
ingly. This steamer was noted for the
quickness and regularity of her voyages,
and was due at New York, if I remember
rightly, on Saturday evening. Mr. Col-
lins resided out of town; that night, how-
ever, he remained at his brother's in the
city, but the Arctic did not arrive. He
came down to breakfast next morning,
and looking sad and thoughtful, was ral-
lied by his brother on account of his

gloomy countenance, and asked if he slept
well. He replied that he did not, that
his sleep had been broken by bad dreams,
and that he had dreamed the Arctic was
in trouble. He was laughed at for per-
mitting such a thing to disturb him, but
Sunday went by, and still no Arctic, and
when he reached the office Monday morn-
ing, he related the dream to me. I
urged him to think no more of it; that
the steamer would probably get in that
day or next, and he ought not to allow
himself to be worried by the vision of an
anxious brain. But the steamer did not
come, neither were any tidings heard from
her, and the alarm became general. In
this emergency, Mr. Collins bought him-
self of the clairvoyant, and paid her a
visit, taking the same precaution as on his
previous call. He again asked if she
could see the lady and children, and the
medium again subsided into a trance.
But this time she seemed disturbed and
perplexed, and said that she could not see
clearly, for everything appeared to be
enveloped in a mist or fog. (The
collision which sunk the Arctic, it will
be remembered, occurred in a thick fog
off Cape Race.) At last she exclaimed
that she saw them; that the lady and two
children were standing on the quarter deck
of a steamer, that the vessel was appar-
ently in distress, sailors and passengers
were running to and fro, and the whole
scene indicated impending disaster. Here
ended the vision—the woman could dis-
cover nothing more, and Mr. Collins left
her with a heavy heart. Perhaps it was
the next day, or the second one after this
interview, about noon, when we were
all sitting in the office, a dozen or twenty
of us, engaged in writing or other business,
that a well dressed gentleman rushed into
the front part of the room from Broad-
way, bareheaded and evidently in a state
of the wildest excitement. He asked for
no one, but throwing his hands over his
head exclaimed in a loud voice, "The
Arctic is lost off Cape Race; only —
passengers are saved, and my brother is
among the lost!" He gave the exact
number of passengers, but I cannot now
recall the figures. The man was instan-
taneously surrounded by the attaches of the office,
demanding to know who he was and
where he got his information, but he paid
no attention to their interrogatories, and
after repeating the same words with the
same gesticulation three times, he broke
away, dashed into the crowded streets and
was seen no more. Not until three days
after this did the first installment of sur-
vivors from the Arctic land on our shores.
When the accident was made known in
all its awful details, and the interest had
partially abated, a reward was offered
through the daily papers for the mysteri-
ous stranger, and he was besought to
appear and reveal the source whence he
derived the intelligence communicated in
the Collins office, but he never came, and
although the entire detective force of New
York was employed to work up the case,
no trace or sight of him was ever discov-
ered.
This is Mr. —'s story and I leave the
public to solve the enigma involved, if
they can.—St. Louis Republican.

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.
The New York Mirror contains an es-
say on the manners and customs fifty
years since, which is full of admonition to
the present generation. Fifty years make
a great change, not only in the condition
of an individual, but in the habits and
principles of society. We make an ex-
tract for the benefit of our readers, male
and female. The writer says:
"When Washington was President, his
wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and
the mother made doughnuts and cakes
between Christmas and New Year's;
now the married ladies are too proud to
make doughnuts, besides they don't know
how, so they even send to Madame Pom-
quador, or some other French cake baker,
and buy sponge cake for three dollars a
pound. In those days, New York was
full of substantial comforts; now it is full
of splendid misery; then there were no
gray-headed spinsters, (unless they were
ugly indeed,) for a man could get married
for a dollar, and begin house-keeping for
twenty, and in washing his clothes and
cooking his victuals, the wife saved more
money than it took to support her.
"Now, I have known a minister to get
five hundred dollars for backing a couple,
then wine, cake and ceteras, five hun-
dred more—wedding clothes and jewelry,
a thousand and—six or seven hundred in
driving to the springs or some deserted
mountains, then a house must be got for
eight hundred dollars per annum, and fur-
nished at an expense of two or three thou-
sand—and when it is all done, his pretty
wife can neither make a cake or put an
apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must
be got at ten dollars per month—cham-
bermaid, a laundress, and seamstress at
seven dollars each, and as the fashionable
folly of the day have banished the mis-
tress from the kitchen—thus lighting the
candle at both ends, it soon burns out.
Poverty comes in at the door and drives
love out at the window. It is this stupid
and expensive nonsense which deters so
many unhappy old bachelors from enter-
ing the state of blessedness; hence you
find more deaths than marriages."

IMPORTANCE OF LEARNING A TRADE.
Why is it that there is such a repugnance
on the part of parents to putting their sons
to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an in-
dependent man. Go where he will, his
craft will bring him support. He need
ask favors of none. He has, literally,
his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish
parents, ambitious that their sons should
"rise in the world," as they say, are more
willing that they should study for a profes-
sion, with the chances of even moderate
success heavily against them, or run the
risk of spending their manhood in the ig-
norant labor of the accountant's desk,
than learn a trade which would bring them
manly strength, health, and independence.
In point of fact, the method they choose
is the one least likely to achieve the ad-
vancement aimed at; for the supply of
candidates for the positions as "errand
boys," dry-goods clerks, and kindred oc-
cupations, is notoriously overstocked,
while, on the other hand, the demand for
really skilled mechanics, of every descrip-
tion, is as notoriously beyond the supply.
The crying need of this country to-day is
for skilled labor; and that father who
neglects to provide his son with a useful
trade, and sees that he thoroughly masters
it, does him a grievous wrong, and runs the
risk of helping, by so much, to increase
the stock of idle and dependent, if not vic-
tious, members of society.<