The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., April 22,, 1875.

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Now since John Covode is dead, challenges to spell are the order of the day. If John were alive we'd put him against "enny."

There is nothing new in the situation in the coal region. The miners are as stubborn as ever, and the operators as determined as before.

The Lock Haven Republican is against the third term, and calls upon the Republican state convention which meets at Lancaster next month, to repeat its condemnation of the third term in language not to be misconstrued or disregarded. We sympathise with our neighbor, but as Grant and his office holders run the radical party, third-termism will be hard to squelch—Grant will die hard on that question.

And the Gazette and Bulletin, radical of Williamsport, does not relish third-termism. It says:

"The result of the election in Connecticut on Monday, as compared with that in New Hampshire last month, makes it clear that the sooner the Republican party puts its foot on the third-term bugaboo the better."

Good enough—but we expect to see the day when the Gazette will have to swallow this same "bugaboo" and say it is good.

Mackey, the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, has made an affidavit showing that the State is practically bankrupt, as he swears that on March 31, there was but one dollar and seventy-six cents of valuable cash in the Treasury. When the character of the men who have had the handling of the State funds for some years past is borne in mind, the people of Pennsylvania may perhaps think themselves luckey that even that trifling sum is left.

The election of three Democratic Congressmen in Connecticut out of four gives us still another State in the House of Representatives in case, by the throwing out of the votes of Southern States, the election should go into that body. There are thirty-eight states in the Union, Twenty are necessary for a choice, and the Democrats have now twenty-two. They will probably carry California, which will have twenty-three. This is a comfortable margin that will cover all chances of accident.

The treasury of this commonwealth is just about bankrupt—so swears the republican state treasurer, R. W. Mackey. Only one dollar and three levies in the money box! Well that's rather thin, or shallow, and our republican officials must have been wading into the concern too often making a little stick to them at every plunge, until now there is less than two dollars left. Yes this is true, for Mr. Mackey has made oath to the alarming fact, and Pennsylvania will become a public charge, to be let out to the bidder who will find her grub for the lowest price. Our legislators went home, at least many of them, at the close of the late session, without their pay—there were no funds to cash them. Now this should not be under good republican rule. But it may be well, for the treasury being empty, stealing will have to stop for a little spell at least, and the plunderers may have time to stop and think over their past evil ways, and get time to reform.

BISMARCK.

Concerning the wisdom of the penalty which Bismark inflicted on France for letting slip the dogs of war against Prussia, history may have two opinions, but it can hardly have more than one concerning the wisdom of the penalties which Bismark is inflicting on his own fellow-citizens for speaking disrespectfully of himself. According to our Berlin correspondent, during the short month of February last, for example, no less than ninety German citizens were sentenced to a fine and imprisonment for "speaking disrespectfully of Prince Bismarck," to say nothing of some two hundred other cases under the same laws, besides a host of domiciliary visits, banishments, summary arrests, suppressions of schools and clubs, prohibitions of public meetings and so forth. One citizen, a journalist, inquired what would be the penalty for calling Bismarck 'a scamp," intending, probably, to perpetrate the offence if the penalty suited him. The official answer was prompt and explicit. The circumspect inquirer was sentenced to imprisonment for two months! Bismarck certainly is ruling with a rod of iron. Is he mad? Or does he forget that in this era playing the tyrant is playing the fool and the devil at the same time? Whatever may be the explanation, his iron rule, if carried long at this pitch, will be apt to end in blood, as it began. And here we may appropriately recall an incident which is said to have marked its beginning. Towards the close of 1870 Bismarck gave a dinner-party, at which, as was natural and becoming, some of his guests complimented him upon the great fame he had won, assuring him that he would be immortal as the first statesman of this century. Bismarck, it is said, received these congratulations with gravity, and replied: "I am by no means certain of "what you say; I have too long yet to "live; were I as old as Moltke, now, I "should have no fears; he is so old that "he must soon die, and it is not at all "probable that in the short time he has "left to him he will make any blunder "that will rob him of his fame. But I "am still young, and the chances are "ninety-nine to a hundred that before I "die I shall make such a fool of myself "that all the good things I have done "will be forgotten. I am not sure in fact "that the blunder has not been already "made." Comment is unnecessary. Is the prophet fulfilling his own prophecy?—*Times*

The postoffice department is in receipt of information that parties who have secured contracts for a large number of mail routs in the Western States are systematically offering to sublet them, thereby assuming in effect the position of mail-route brokers. One party in Kansas has sent out postal cards inviting bids for sub-letting specific routes, and stating, in a printed postscript, that he has sixty-five routes to dispose of, and will send catalogues on application. The Department has taken steps to break up this sort of business, so far as possible, without delay.

The market value of a legal tender dollar is 86 9-10 cents.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY.

Mrs. Reed, mother-in-law of Governor Bigler, died at her home in Clearfield a short time ago. The venerable lady was once a citizen of our beautiful valley, we copy from the Clearfield Republican some of the incidents in the life of this lady as furnished by a writer in that paper:

"Mrs. Reed," says the writer, "was borne in Cecil county, Maryland, in 1792, from which her parents emigrated to Penn's valley, Centre county, in the year 1795, and from thence to Clearfield county (then Lycoming and Bedford) in 1803, having been preceeded to the latter section by only sixteen families. Clearfield was then known as 'Old Town,' so designated because it had been an Indian town, and this section of Pennsylvania was familiarly called the 'backwoods.'

"Mrs. Reed, in these trying times, whilst modest and diffident in her bearing evinced remarkable forecast and moral courage, and, although quite young, she had a prominent part in the imigration and settlement of the family in their new home in the wilderness. She distinctly remembered in her latter days that imigration was not then as now —by means of elegant coaches or palace cars—but was accomplished by horses and pack-saddles, and on foot; and also that as to domestic comforts, the log house, eighteen by twenty feet, a story and one-half high, was accounted to evidence of special thrift by the pioneers of that day. Mrs. Reed, by reason of her peculiar qualities of mind, was an effective helpmate to her parents, constantly ministering to their comfort and relieving their needs. A single feature in her history will sufficiently reflect her remarkable character. In 1808, when only sixten years of age, she traveled all the way from 'Old Town' to Philadelphia on horseback; thence to Washington, Delaware, and across the country to Fredrick, Maryland, and returned by way of Baltimore and Harrisburg to Clearfield, a distance of nearly 700 miles! Part of this trip she had the company of one of her brothers, and from Baltimore to Penn's valley she was accompanied by Mrs. William Stewart. From Baltimore to Clearfield she carried a set of China cups and saucers in her lap and delivered them to the family residence without a flaw.

"She was of Scotch descent, and her parents had a somewhat prominent part in public matters during and preceeding the Revolutionary war. Two of her great uncles on her mother's side, were members of the Mecklenburg convention.

"In the early days of her married life, she was in the habit of going to church on horseback, traveling from ten to eighteen miles over roads, the condition of which may be imagined by her grandchildren, but not realized."

HIGH JINKS IN WASHINGTON.

It may perhaps still be within the recollection of some among our readers that when those petty parasites of the "Washington Ring" known as the "Legislative Assembly of the District of Columbia" were legislated out of existance by the last Congress, its members on receiving official notification of the fact signalized their hegira from the hall in which they were wont to hold such sweet counsel with Shepherd and his brother by the indiscriminate pillage of all the movable property which admitted an easy deportation. Hastily construing themselves into the residuary legatees of the defunct body-politic which they had previously animated with their lively and enlightened discussions, these municipal Solons incontinently administered on such remains of the Assembly's estate as had escaped the wear and tear of public life at the capital. Desks and ink-stands and water-coolers straightway vanished from sight, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever. One enterprising member, a brother of the colored persuasion in District politics, as if presaging an impending return to mental duties, and apparently realizing with Thomas Jefferson the necessity of "a frequent recurrence to first principles," laid his heavy fingers (we cannot call him "light-fingered" even by a metaphor) upon a stray dust-brush which he chanced to espy as he made his melancholy exodus, and forth he came, grave and sedate as if emerging from the cave of Trophonious, with the feathered part of the familiar domestic implement snugly stowed away under his waistcoat and its handle pendent in the leg of his trousers.

It appears from some recent proceedings in the "Supreme Court of the District of Columbia" that during the flush times of the Washington Ring the members of this same Legislative Assembly were in the habit of stowing away other things than dust-brushes beneath the protecting ægis of their waist bands. Such a roystering crew of trencher-men we have not read of since the days of Friar Tuck and the goodly fellowship of Robin Hood. It seems that in the estimation of these Washington toss-pots they thought it only just that they should be parasites in deed as well as in name. Hence their consumption of creature comforts was something enormous during the period of their wassail in the Federal city. The hall of legislation was little more than an ante-chamber to the restaurant. The only disagreeable incident to so many fugitive pleasures of the municipal palate is the fact that the "horrors of digestion" have come to these bibulous and paunchy legislators in the shape of a vexatious lawsuit, with all the *eclaircees* attendant on such an exposure of Ring practices and Ring moralities under the dynasty of Boss Shepherd and the immediate eye of President Grant.

The legislative henchmen of Shepherd unfortunately forgot in the haste of their involuntary adjournment to make the *et ceteras* of their "Contingent Expenses act" sufficiently comprehensive to embrace in the judgment of an official Author's charity (covering as it does a multitude of sins) all the dinners and lunches and sandwiches and brandy-smashes which in the short space of a few weeks these faithful public epicures contrived to hide away in the private abdomen. So it comes to pass that at this late day the official caterers of Boss Shepherd's trusty lieges are now sueing the Speaker of the late Legislative Assembly, one Peter Campbell, for "the little bill" which he neglected to settle on public account, and which he finds altogether too large for his private purse since the suspension of contracts for concrete and wooden pavements at Washington.

In order that our readers may understand how they managed things at Washington during the hey-day of Shephard and the Mosque of Comus which danced and guzzled in his train, we submit a few specimens of the Apician literature which has been suddenly brought to light by the developements of of the pending suit. As models of terse composition and of pithy condensation they have rarely been surpassed. Take the following examples:

"Godfrey: Pair fried chickens, etc., six bottles of wine, one box of cigars, two bottles of Stag. CAMPBELL.

"May 10, '73."

"Godfrey: Please send me a Stag."

"Godfrey: Please send over one bottle of Stag and one of brandy; also, twenty-five good cigars. CAMPBELL."

Sometimes the legislative mind of Mr. Speaker Campbell seems to have been too much engrossed with his arduous public duties to indite these accusing documents with his own hands. It was then that he gave his orders to the provident Godfrey by proxy. As witness the following:

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1873.

"*Mr. Godfrey.*

Sir: I am directed by the Speaker to request you to furnish a lunch for the members of the House (twenty-two members).

"W. J. DONOHO, Chief Clerk."

"June 22, whiskey and cigars, ordered by Hulse;' 'June 23, whiskey, brandy and six dinners, Herbert;' 'June 25, dinner, wine, whiskey, brandy, cigars;' '26th, five dinners for clerks, Donoho;' 'two bottles whiskey, Donoho;' '26th, to dinner and wine, Urell;' '26th, three suppers and drinks, Seargeant-at-arms;' '26th, drink, M'Knight.'

"Send one dozen sandwiches.

"June 26. W. J. DONOHO."

"Godfrey: Please send over one bottle of whiskey and one box of cigars for the use of the Committee on Appropriations. I will get an order from the Speaker. C. L. HULSE.

"Chairman Committee on Appropriations."

"Godfrey: another bottle of whiskey, and another box of cigars. HULSE."

But among these judicious samplers of Mr. Godfrey's liquors, and these consumers of his provend, "the Committee on Disinfectants" seems to have been the most potent. Its Chairman was one Sidney W. Herbert, a colored brother whose zeal for disinfecting agents to promote the salubrity of the Washington sewers took the following direction:

"*Mr. Godfrey, of the Chesapeake.*

"Sir: You will please send immediately for the Committee on Disinfectants a lunch for seven, to consist of fried chicken, four porterhouse steaks, boiled and fried potatoes, milk toast, one bottle of brandy, two bottles Stag whiskey, four bottles Krug wine and necessary fixings; also one box of cigars. Respectfully,

"S. W. HERBERT.

"P. S.—One of your bottles broke before being abused. Please send another to take its place."

The gentle Herbert when put on the witness-stand to explain these specimens of his hygienic science, was frank to admit that "he had spoken to Mr. Campbell on the subject, and he understood the articles were to be charged to the House of Delegates."

A despatch from Washington to-day announces that the trusting Godfrey has gained his suit and been allowed $850. In justice, however, to Mr. Speaker Campbell, who seems to be a most exemplary Republican as "the party of great moral ideas" now goes, we ought to say that the reason he assigns for ordering all his "Stags" and "brandies," etc., from Godfrey and partner, was that these purveyors to the public punch "made no distinction on account of color" in the dispensation of meats and drinks. It is gratifying to find that these public swindlers, while waisting the substance of the District in riotous living, were so careful to keep their consciences void of offence on the score of miscegenation. Your modern Republican of the ring-streaked and speckeled stripe may steal from the public crib as opportunity offers, and may diddle an unfortunate boniface out of the choicest liquors and platters, but he will be false to his principles *never*.—*World.*

When James Lick of San Francisco in June of last year made a deed conveying property of the value of several millions of dollars to trustees, to be used for the endowment of various public institutions and for the purchase of works of art, the praises that were lavished upon him by the press of California were only equalled in intensity by the opprobrium with which the same newspapers seek to overwhelm him now that he has endeavored to revoke his gift, for the purpose, as he says, of making such a modification of his plans as will enable him to see the work he proposed carried out in his lifetime, and also in order that he may make a more liberal provision for those who have natural claims upon him. Among the things which Mr. Lick had directed his trustees to do were the expenditure of $700,000 for erecting and equipping an astronomical observatory in California; while $400,000 was to be appropriated for the erection of monumental sculptures, and $300,000 for a school of mechanical arts. Thus far the trustees have realized about $800,000 from the sale of property and as they had entered into a contract for the construction of the Lick family monument, and had sent Prof. Newcomb to Europe to make arrangements for the manufacture of a telescope for the observatory, it does not seem as if they had any intention of waiting for the death of the doner before carrying out his expressed purposes. The San Francisco Chronacle says that the real reason for the revocation is that ever since the philanthropic act of Mr. Lick became public, he has been besieged by lawyers employed by his retatives to labor with him on their behalf, and that it is owing to their importunities that he has sought to recover possession of the property. When his request was laid before the trustees, however, they refused to relinquish the property, saying they had not sought to be trustees, but that having accepted the duty, they had faithfully performed their part, and that as private and public institutions, as well as the public at large are interested in the trust, they must continue to discharge it. When this answer was received, Mr. Lick hastened to execute and record a formal deed of revocation; but it is contended by the counsel of the trustees that this is invalid. The result is likely to be a protracted and unpleasant litigation, which, howsoever it may terminate, will probably prove fatal to Mr. Lick's reputation as a philanthropist.

OUR TIMBER CROP.—At present, says the Clearfield Republican, we can say but little about our timber business. One thing is certain, the fall off in the production is at least one-half less than last year. Instead of sending seventeen hundred rafts, or about ten million (10,000,000) feet of lumber to the lower market, as we did last year, only about eight hundred or eight hundred and fifty rafts, or probably five million (5,000,000) feet, will be sent in to market this year. The reduction will be severely felt by us in this county this year, and if the prices fall much below last year the depression will be awful. But there is no use of being discouraged. Let our timber men cut, and our people go to work and raise wheat, corn, potatoes, beef and pork of their own, which is no harder work than timbering, and they need not send what little money they have out of the county for that which they can produce themselves.

SUICIDE IN PRISON.—Lewis Kerstetter committed suicide by hanging himself in the county jail of Snyder county on Saturday a week. He had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment at the December term of Court for the crime of adultery.

GRASSHOPPERS IN NEBRASKA.

A Dismal Forecast of the Future of Farmers in the West.

Salem, Richardson county, Neb., April 1.—We had supposed that winter was over and spring had come at last, but yesterday and last night seem wintry, and considerable snow fell. This must be rather rough on the thousands of young grasshoppers that have hatched in the last few days, for whenever the sun shines warm on the hillsides they hatch as only young grasshoppers can. Many of them were full grown in the egg last fall when the cold weather set in, and people hoped that the severity of the winter would make an end of them but it seems that they are doomed to disappointment.

The prospect of a crop is disheartening, and a good deal of uneasiness is felt; for if the "hoppers" go in, and destroy the crops as they did seven years ago, there will be a big emigration from Nebraska next fall. There has been some suffering in this county among the people, but the live stock have really been the greatest sufferers. But the most pressing trouble with the farmers is now to get seed for planting and sowing. Wheat is the most plentiful and a great deal has been sown, and the farmers are still sowing. The last two failures of corn have deterred a good many from planting it, but the greatest difficulty will be in procuring seed. Money is scarce and it is doubtful whether some farmers will be able to obtain seed at all for "old dog Tray is dead." Hard times, instead of making people more accommodating and more charitable toward their less favored neighbors, seem to make them more unfeeling. Nearly all say that it is as much as they can do to live themselves without helping others.

You will see from this that hard times are on us, sure enough. I have not heard of anybody who has been unable to obtain bread of some sort, but there are many who can get nothing else. A sad prospect is before us for next year if the crops are destroyed, as it threatened.

THE MINING TROUBLES.

Intimidation of Working-Men—Death Notices sent round.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., April 16.—Within a day or two there have been efforts at several of the collieries in this vicinity to prevent the mining of enough coal to keep the engines at work to pump the water out of the mines. The works of Charles Hutchinson, near Kingston, have been idle since the strike was first inaugurated in this valley, but coal sufficient to keep the machinery running was mined. During this week, however, the plan of intimidation practiced in the Hazleton region before the outbreak was begun among Mr Hutchinson's workmen. On Thursday morning the few miners who had been digging the coal to run the engine refused to enter the mines again, through fear of their lives if they did so. David Foster, the mine boss, found this notice tacked on the door of his house this morning:

DAVID FOSTER'S DOOM.
If you don't stop work, look out for the contents of this. [Drawing of a pistol.]
DEATH.

The paper was ornamented with a rough drawing of a coffin. James McCullough, a laborer, found a similar notice nailed to a tree in his yard. Another notice reads:

PETER LOCKHOOT.
If you want to live, you had better stop work until all the men are at work.
DEATH.

This paper also had a sketch of a coffin, a pistol and a box of cartridges.

If the men are thus intimidated any length of time, serious damage to the mines will be the result. These are the first instances of the kind in the Wyoming region during this strike, and if they spread to the other collieries, or are continued, the operators will have to ask for protection for men to mine coal for the engines.

DISASTROUS FLOODS.

Omaha, April 16.—The high water, which for several days past has delayed trains on the Union Pacific road, has finally become so high that travel is entirely suspended between Laramie City, Wyoming; and Ogden, Utah. The water is six feet deep in many places and still rising. It is impossible to predict when travel will be resumed. The canons are reported full of snow and it is well known that the depth of snow that fell last winter is the deepest for many years. The location of the present trouble is Bitter Creek Valley, three hundred miles west of Cheyenne. Passenger trains which left here on the thirteenth fourteenth and fifteenth are laying at Laramie City and Rawling. Those which left Ogden since the thirteenth are lying at points west of Green River. All are in good quarters and well cared for.

The Union Pacific officials advise travelers for Utah and California not to start till notice of the blockade being broken is given.

BATTLE IN FORMOSA.

Hong Kong, March 15. Shanghai, March 17.—Particulars have been received of the fight in Formosa between the Savages and Chinese troops. Two Chinese officers ventured in January last to enter the region of the Botan aborigines and were immediately killed. On February 13th, a body of two hundred troops were sent from the village of Hong Kong to the west coast of Africa to retaliate. They burned one village and put the inhabitants to death, including old men, women and children. On their return they were surrounded and routed, with a loss of ninety killed, among whom was the Chinese leader. The Savages' deaths is estimated at thirty. There is much excitement in China. There are rumors of large forces to be dispatched to the scene

PIUS IX COMPLAINS TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Paris, April 12.—L'Union says the Pope has made representations through the Patriarch of Venice to the Emperor of Austria that the position of the Church is becoming more and more intolerable, and that if the unreasonable demands of Prussia are not resisted by the Catholic powers the latter will lose all their influence and become subject to the German Government, which is endeavoring to bring the whole German nationality under one sceptre.

The Emperor, replying to this through the Austrian ambassador at Rome, deplores the struggle between Church and State, and advises prudence.

THE LAST INDIAN BATTLE.

Chicago, April 12.—A dispatch received at General Sheridan's headquarters, in this city, from Fort Sill, confirms the news of the battle between the Indians and the troops at the Cheyenne agency. The troops lost sixteen killed and wounded. A force has been sent from Port Sill and Cheyenne agencies in pursuit of the redskins, who number 2,000.

NEXT ARISTOCRATIC WEDDING IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, March 31.—Colored society is deeply interested in an aristocratic wedding, to take place at an early day. The maid of Mrs. Jones, the wife of Senator Jones, is to be led to the altar by Gen Butler's cook. Great preparations are making for the happy event, and it is rumored that the mansion of Senator Jones will be thrown open, in order that the favored pair may hold a reception.

The coal miners of the Tyrone and Clearfield bituminous region have struck to sustain the strike in the anthracite region.

The heavy frost that prevailed on Friday night in Tennessee has materially injured the crops in that section of the country.

EXTRAORDINARY BALLOON ASCENT—TWO AERONAUTS SUFFOCATED.

Paris, April 16.—A party of three persons ascended in the balloon Zenith to-day to make scientific observations.

The balloon attained the extraordinary heighth of 8,000 metres (over 26,000 feet). Two of the aeronauts were suffocated to death, and when the balloon reached the ground the third was almost insensible, and has since been so ill that his recovery is doubtful.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

Hartford, Conn., April 17.—Anton Linburg, a Swede, while drunk, fatally stabbed Andre Johnson, in his sick room, at Collinsville, Friday night. John Felton, a German, who entered the room on hearing the trouble, was stabbed four times by Linburg, and died instantly. Felton's wife also received a fearful stab in the hip. Linburg then plunged the knife into his own body, and also cut his throat. He lived but a few moments.

FOUR MEN KILLED.

Cincinnati April 12,—A special dispatch to the Enquirer from Canton says: Early this morning John Sohnhalter, Peter Sohnhalter, George Orr and Peter Adams, while engaged in sinking a coal shaft near Massillon, were killed by the earth caving in on them. Anthony Howell had both legs broken, and was rescued with great difficulty.

Business Houses Destroyed.

Cincinnati, April 12.—A special to the Gazette says a fire on Sunday morning at Effingham, Illinois, destroyed several of the finest business houses in the town, Silevan's hardware store and Burn's grocery and provision store being the two heaviest losses. The amount of damage is not stated.

A DISASTROUS FLOOD.

A New England Mill-Dam Gives Way.

Boston, April 18.—A great flood, with disastrous results, occurred last evening in the towns of Wrentham and Norfolf, by the breacking away of a dam, which restrains the water of Whitin's pond—the source of Mill river. This is a small river, not over twenty-five feet broad at low water, but running with a strong current, mostly through meadow land, and emptying into Charles river at Medway. At this time an immense body of water was confined in the pond by the dam about one hundred feet in length at the Wrentham and Franklin county road. The sudden bursting of the pond through this dam hurled a tremendous flood upon the lands below, sweeping away mills, bridges, country roads and dams in its course, and causing damage to the extent of between $100,000 and $200,000.

ARKANSAS.

Terrible Tornado.

Little Rock, April 9.—The storm last evening prostrated the telegraph wires in all directions. A number of houses were blown down and five persons killed and several wounded. About the same hour a storm struck Texarkana unroofing the public school building and fatally injuring a child and slightly injuring several others. Rain fell in torrents flooding streets throughout the city.

THE PAPAL QUESTION.

It is stated on high authority that the object of the interview of the emperor of Austria and Victor Emanuel, at Venice, is to get Italy to join Austria, Russia and Germany in preventing the election of an infallibist pope in the event of the death of Pius IX.

RESOURCES OF THE NATIONAL BANKS.

Washington, April 7.—It appears from the reports made to the Comptroller of the Currency, up to the close of business on March 1, that the entire resources of all the national banks were $1,869,699,286. They have among their assets $16,968,023 of specie and $78,497,520 of legal-tender notes.

For the Reporter.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 4. 14. 17. 6. 20. is an old woman.
My 15. 13. 12. 3. 6. is a lady's name.
My 10. 5 11. 16. is an accumulation.
My 1. 9. 6. 7. 20. 8. is a hook for cloth.
My 19. 15. 21. 18. 11. 4 20. is a flat roof.
My 2. 9. 14. is a pronoun.
My whole is indispensible to a man's happiness. Answer solicited.

X. Y. Z.

GRAND JURORS—APRIL TERM.

Penn—A Wirt, C W Held.
Spring—M Riddle, Wm Straub, Wm Knup.
Gregg—Thos Docker, Henry Mark.
Miles—J A Miller, Geo Royer.
Benner—P Dale, Jared Roan.
Huston—John Craig.
Harris—C. Dale, Jac Fearer.
Philipsburg—C Munson.
Bellefonte—J A S Mallory, J C Williams.
Howard boro—R Cook, Geo Wistar.
Boggs—B Snyder.
Liberty—D Schenck.
Walker—John Lord.
Milesburg—J F Weaver.
Showshoe—H Stoneroad.

TRAVERSE JURORS—1st Week.

Penn—E Krumrine, G W Foote.
Howard—S B Koons, A Hoher, M Packer.
Liberty—I Gunsalis, H Thompson.
Haines—Jacob Bower, jr Adam Weaver, T Harper.
Miles—Daniel Brumgard, O Wolf, A Ucker.
Rush—A Frank, J Shoop.
Philipsburg—O P Jones, L A Shearer.
Worth—W W M'Kinney.
Bellefonte—J Meese.
Harris—Jacob Shuey, S Garner.
Huston—J Stine, M Alexander.
Benner—A W Wagner, A Koch, R Corl.
Boggs—H B Malone, F S Fletcher, J H Linn.
Milesburg—Wm Adams, Jacob Ryman.
Walker—John Decker.
Potter—J A Grove, Chas Smith, Wm Farner.
Howard boro—A Knoll.
Spring—M P Weaver, Wm Stuart, H Miller, S Lingle.
Rush—D W Holt.
Union—G L Peters.

2nd Week.

Potter—L Murray, Jas Sweetwood.
Benner—D Grove, John Siebert, A J Tate.
Curtin—Jacob Noll.
Penn—Jacob Dutweiler, John Keep.
Union—J C Peters.
Bellefonte—J D Gordon, H F Bartly.
Howard—J B Leathers, E Pletcher.
Miles—J Walker, Wm Walker, J Ocker, Jon Walker, Wm Kreamer.
Gregg—Jno Lang.
Philipsburg—R Hudson, J W Mattern.
Spring—John Sweeny, J G Larrimore, J Flora.
Liberty—J A Quigley.
Unionville—A Alexander.
Taylor—Jacob Fontz.
Patton—Sam'l E Gray, S Homan.
Halfmoon—S T Gray.
Huston—J W Miles.
Haines—J S Homan, L Mench, C G Bright, Dan Smith.
Snowshoe—Wm M'Kinney.

TRIAL LIST—1st Week—April Term.

Wm Harkins Admr's vs C Wasson, et al.
J M Yocum et al vs Wm Lyon et al.
Commonwealth vs H Brockerhoff.
A Reeder vs Wilson & Carr.
B & F D Ligget vs L A Mackey.
Hahn & Wagner vs Wm Poorman.
Harper Bros vs J V Thomas & Co.
Milliken, Hoover & Co vs J Underwood.
J Brutzman vs J W Scott & Co.
Com of Penn vs Alfred Kramer, et al.
" " vs Jonath Kramer.
" " vs Rebecca Musser.
" " vs Wm L Musser.
Hoffer, Bower & Co vs Annie Peters & Co.
John Hoffer vs Budget M'Gill.
O M'Cann vs Penna RR.

TRIAL LIST—2nd Week.

City of Philadelphia vs Smith Rhoads & Smith.
1st Nat Bank Huntingdon vs Jas Green, et al.
J & G Frazier vs Hale & Co.
Cartland & Baugher vs D Z Kline et al.
Com of Penna vs D B Reese, et al.
Todd & Duncan vs B & F D Ligget.
Wm M'Floyd et al vs J S Reed & Co.
John Hoy vs Wm Holt.
Jer M'Alarny vs J J Thompson
Jno Irvin jr vs B Ligget et al.

THE CATHEDRALS OF EUROPE.

A Sermon by Rev. W. R. Alger at the Church of the Messiah.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger preached a sermon at the Church of the Messiah, New York, which he called "An American in the Cathedrals of Europe," drawing the lesson of the great religious piles of the middle ages in contradistinction to the hurrying bustle of to-day. Taking as his text the words, "This is the house of God," Mr. Alger said:

To a soul appreciative of the most solemn and enduring interests of human nature, susceptible to the grandeur and opulence of the world and of our fate in it, there are no other buildings on earth so affecting as those religious structures in which humanity has embodied its aspirations and worship, its spiritual glory and grief. And at the head among these stand the old cathedrals of Europe, overpowering shrines of the awe and love of other days, the faith, sacrifice, pain, and peace of departed generations. Soaring into the sky, rich and wondrous as the inspiration that built them, they seem to the gaze almost as lovely, reverend, and lasting as the realities they typify. When the American, escaping from the storm of care and rivalries that make the atmosphere of life in this land so corrosive, leaving behind him the newness and irreverent eagerness that prevail here, strays to the shores where solemn antiquity broods, and enters these old fabrics, tender and mysterious as the emotions out of which they sprang; as he contemplates the stains and traces so many ages of his race have left there; as his awe-struck eyes follow the long aisles and springing arches, the tremendous vaults, the cloud-rifting and ungilt spires; as he gazes around on the gray monuments of the dead, whose occupants lie figured on them in marble or bronze, while over their slumber a shower of pictures and sculptures image the achievements and shadow forth the secrets of the Christian faith, he becomes the subject of indescribable emotions, holy and sweet even to awfulness. The hallowed peace pervading the place falls on his exasperated and jaded spirit like some divine dew out of the cavering heavens charged to heal his hurts and wash away his guilt, and when in addition to these concreated environments the strains of music loaded with all that is most touching and most sublime in human experience float over altar and tomb, wailing through the crypts and dying off in the dome, not only conjuring up the most powerful associations of human grandeur and grief, but also bringing down the world of supersensual realities, his brain throbs with a wondering excitement, his hearts aches with a blissful pain.

The very essense of all organized religion gathers around the altar—a word which inevitably suggests the idea of sacrifice, something lower offered up to something higher—the annihilation of man before God. Now, no sooner do we cross the threshold of one of the old Gothic cathedrals than all conceit, ambition, sensuality, ostentation, doubt, fear, worry and discontent are struck dumb, and, as it were extinguished, while the qualities of humility, trust, dependence, meekness, reverence, disinterested sympathy, expressive of self-surrender, are powerfully appealed to and called out, so wonderfully do the ideas and sentiments consolidated in the very stones of the sacred buildings breed in the spectator emotions of penitence and adoration. Especially powerful is this appeal upon an American who is so unused to anything of the kind, who comes from a country where everything—except the hills, streams, fields, forests and stars—is new, where a prosaic and garish procession of duties and struggles is ever drifting in the way where the prizes, impartially flung open to all, engender conflict, a morbid ambition and self-assertion, a haggard worldliness. To such an one how surprisingly benign and redemptive are the subduing emotions of tenderness, wonder and awe poured over the spirit as he opens the mediæval door, and for the first time finds himself enveloped in the enigmatical dimness of human life and death. A flood of plaintive wonder and delicious sorrow falls on the soul, like the contents of a baptismal vase dashed on its burning fever, and the weeping worshipper, hardly knowing whether he is on earth or in heaven, yields to the spirit of the place in a blended feeling of self-surrender and divine desire.

The first religious impression made on the visitor to the churches is the profound sense of his own nothingness. Their prodigious magnitude, capable of holding the population of a city, the suggestion of endless in the aspiring lines and vaulted arches, the symbols of infinity in the silence, humble man to the dust, make him feel himself and his fellows to be as insignificant as so many insects creeping across the eternal floors and vanishing while the hoary edifice still reverberates as before the thunders of chant and dirge. The same influences that thus convince man of his personal littleness and helplessness also create in him an irresistible persuasion of the nothingness of his life, the nothingness of the pomp, pride and cares with which he vexes himself. In contrast with these weather-beaten walls, by which the successive waves of humanity for a thousand years have rippled and sunk into the grave, he cannot help feeling that his existence is but a bubble that breaks in a moment on a river that flows forever.

But forcibly as this negative side of the religious influence of the cathedrals is brought to bear in the suppressal of egotistic feeling, it is equalled by the power of the positive side—the enhancement and emphasis it gives to the directly religious feeling. Here we experience the blessedness of escaping beyond the narrow boundaries of ourselves and our insatiable interests, and fusing our souls with the loftiest and most abiding experience of hosts of other souls. Here, if we have natures rich and sensitive enough to be capable of such a height, we experience the sublime ecstasy of self-annihilation in God, the sense of our nothingness in the sense of His infinitude. Despite our evanescence as pilgrims flitting across this slender isthmus of middle state, we reach out each way over the long generations of the past and future and appropriate the divinest elements of their experience, make their grandest inspirations and triumphs our own, dilate and burn with the raptures of their faith, are healed with the consolation they knew and filled with premonitions of the heavenly peace into which they have passed.

The ecclesiastical idea chained the whole epoch from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, rolling wave after wave of its contagious fervor through the Christian nations, and leaving these peerless edifices scattered over half Europe as its trophies. The doctrines and hopes of Christianity were taken into the social imagination of Christendom with such realizing vividness that it took fire under them with creative impulse, and the people began to build. Moved by a common desire to perpetuate their faith in sensible forms, entire populations toiled at the sacred task age after age, lavishing all that they held most precious on the work. The results which they produced were less the products of individual designers than exhalations of the imagination, concretions of the feeling of society, symbolical embodiments of a common faith, and a public inspiration. The great artists in whom this impulse of the age rendered its height, who contrived and oversaw the marvellous erections, are in most instances utterly unknown. This lofty self abnegation, this hiding away of pride and vanity in sacred oblivion, this fusion of private feeling in public feeling, of man in God, is profoundly religious and is most appropriate in a work symbolical of religion, and surely those meek and patient builders have their reward.

Let me now endeavor to enforce the foregoing thoughts by special illustration. The influence of the mere architecture itself of the finest mediæval churches, and of the meaning it mutely struggles to articulate, repeatedly produced an almost entrancingly religious effect. Pausing before the grand perspectives of Salisbury, Rouen, Strasburg, one feels in each instance, while he gazes, as if the aspirations of millions of believing souls had suddenly materialized themselves on their way to heaven and stopped—a cathedral. "The music-like sweetness of some of these structures suggest that they are translations into visible forms of the delicate carolling of some band of celestials. The chords of exquisite lines of small arches that sweep along in successive ranges flow out with effects like audible harmonies. They are successive waves of beauty, which rolled along after one another, till, in the distance, they dissolved into light. When an American, a representative of this young and rash Democracy, confronts the venerable antiquity, the accumulated beliefs and affections and sorrows, the victorious perseverance, the awful authority typified in the old churches of Europe, he experiences a solemn impression in the feeling that although he and his are but momentary vapors, these are things which endure forever. Though he arose but yesterday, and dies to-morrow, there were shadowy ages full of men before, and will be mysterious ages full of man after. I well remember with what vivid energy this truth was taught me as I listened to a chant of the monks in the Church of San Lorenzo at Florence. I leaned against a marble pillar alone, and gave myself up to the sentiment of the place and the music. Melodies, crashes of echo, slowly faded in the distant arches, and were lost in the swallowing dome. Yonder choir are net fleeting men, here to-day, gone to-morrow, who sing transient strains of sadness and exultation. They are an everlasting priesthood, singing the glory and grief of the world. It is humanity herself giving voice to her plans and pliants, and she will still be giving them the same voice when I shall have been in the dust a thousand years.

At Bologna I turned aside one day from the stifling dust and glare of the noon and sat down on the marble steps of a side chapel, in a solemn old church, whose mighty spaces were filled with coolness and shadows brooded over by the spirit of quiet and sanctity. The multitudinous clamor and bustle of the city stole in and rolled fadingly along the dim arches and vaults overhead like an ocean of sighs. Under my feet the worn inscriptions vainly sought to tell the names of those who for many a century had been sleeping there so well. Gradually the heat withdrew from vein and brow, the spirit of feverish care and haste trobbed no longer in heart or brain. I sat entranced; the far still figures of prophets and angels on the dome, depicted so truly that they seemed to live, shed the benediction of their repose on my soul. At that moment from the distant choir broke the low soft hymn of the nuns, gathering pathos and force as it rose and fell, unutterably mingled of the plaintiveness of the mortal and the glory of the immortal. My head sank back against the pillar and the world vanished. Borne aloft on the strains, my soul rose into a region never lighted by sun or stars, but filled with unimaginable revealings. The music ceased, and slowly recovering I wandered out into the street unable to tell whether I had been lingering there an hour or a hundred years, so profound and wonderful had been the experience.

The fittest close for these sketches will be a reminiscence of St. Peter's, the proudest fabric ever reared to the Immortal by the genius, faith, skill and sacrifice of mortals—"the everlasting shrine of the religion of humanity." The first object that fills the vision of the traveller towards Rome, approach from whatever direction will, is this harmonious and gigantic structure, still expanding as he nears it, until the astonished imagination can hardly embrace its vastness. As his eyes labor upward from its mountainous base to its sun-silvered pinnacles or follow the endless sweep of its colonnades, the little differences of sects and countries melt into nothing; his kindled sympathies snatch this universal temple from all partial appropriation, and claim it as man's monumental tribute to God. Its glory was conceived within that element which was the supramortal in man, and it will ever reproduce kindred emotions in him who approaches it. It sets on flame religious sensibility where it exists, and wakens or creates it where it slumbers or is wanting.