

Huntingdon Journal.

URBORROW, Pa., J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

The Corner of Bank and Washington streets.

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every day, by J. R. DENBORROW and J. A. NASH, in full name of J. R. DENBORROW & Co., at 2 annual, 10 ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid a month from date of subscription, and is paid within the year.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line for each of the first four insertions, and 7 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Monthly and yearly advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

Professional Cards.

DENGATE, Surveyor, Warriorsburg, Pa. [ap.12.71.]

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 54 street, Office formerly occupied by Drs. Cooks & Williamson. [ap.12.71.]

R. R. WISTLING, respectfully offers his professional services as a dentist, in connection with the removal of No. 618 1/2 Hill street. (SUNN'S no.) [ap.5.71.]

J. C. FLEMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of Chamberlain's building, on corner of 4th and Washington streets. [ap.12.71.]

D. P. MILLER, Office on Hill street, in the room formerly occupied by McCulloch, Huntingdon, Pa., would refer his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. [Jan.4.71.]

A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community, on Washington street, one door from the Parsonage. [Jan.4.71.]

G. D. ARNOLD, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, offers his services as a physician to the people of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office of Dr. P. Hook, of Lovellsville, Pa. [ap.12.71.]

J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street. [Jan.4.71.]

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 539, Hill street. [ap.12.71.]

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.12.71.]

C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.12.71.]

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, doors west of Smith. [Jan.4.71.]

R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.4.71.]

HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, second floor of R's new building, Hill street. [Jan.4.71.]

R. DENBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the courts of Huntingdon county. Particular notice given to the settlement of estates of decedents in the Journal Building. [Feb.1.71.]

A. POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all of his branches. Will also buy, sell, lease, mortgage and Real Estate of every kind in any part of the United States. [Send circular.] [Jan.4.71.]

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., offers his services to the Government for back bounty, widow's and invalid pensions attendant with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [Jan.4.71.]

ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention to Collectors of all kinds; to the collection of accounts; and all other legal business conducted with fidelity and dispatch. Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton, 9th street. [Jan.4.71.]

The Muses' Bower.

A Second Review of the Grand Army.

BEST HATE.

I read last night of the Grand Review in Washington on the 23rd of May. Two hundred thousand men in blue I think they said was the number. Till I seemed to hear their tramping feet, their shouting, and the drums, and the clatter of hoofs in the stony street, the chiefs of the people who came to greet, and the thousand details that to repeat would only give more encumbers. Till I fell in a reverend sad and sweet, and then to a fitful slumber.

When lo! in a vision I seemed to stand in a lonely camp. On each hand, far stretched the portico, dim and grand. He columns ranged like a martial band Of sheeted spectres, whom some command Hath called to the last reviewing!

Then I held my breath in fear and dread; For in the square with brazen tread There rode a figure whose stately head O'erlooked the review that morning. It never bowed from its firm-set seat When the living column passed its feet, Yet rose to strike the air with sudden gleam To the phantom's bugle warning!

So all night long swept the strange array, So all night long till the morning gray I saw the vision of the grand review, Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line, And I knew that one who is a king in mine Had come, and that the sign that sign Awakened me from my slumber.

So all night long swept the strange array, So all night long till the morning gray I saw the vision of the grand review, Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line, And I knew that one who is a king in mine Had come, and that the sign that sign Awakened me from my slumber.

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The Hour's Seige.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

I was past midnight of the 13th of August (commenced my grandmother), but though the river was in front of us, and the forest stretched for miles behind us, and away to the right and left, I could not catch even the sight of a leaf or the ripple of the water, so sultry and heavy brooded the darkness around us.

I had not been in the best of spirits that day, for it was the time when we dreaded every hour to hear the bombardment of New York; and though in the house of Thomas Oakley, a brother of my father, and such a terror and dread of that day that I could not help fearing lest some evil had happened to my parents, who were still in the city.

As upon the sleepless, all sorts of fancies teased my brain. My room, like all others, was large and furnished in the style that seems so quaint to persons of the present day.

The chimney-piece was filled with porcelain, curiously wrought with illustrations of scripture. The bed and furniture that had been brought from England was tall, dark, stiff and carved, while the walls were hung with family portraits. And as I lay and wished for the tiled figures seemed to move and glower at me in the uncertain light that came through a loophole in my window, while I thought the eyes of the portraits were all and fixed on me with a solemn, warning stare, and so it happened that I heard the old clock strike one, two, three, and was just falling off into a doze, when there came a light step along the hall, and cousin Grace in a strange, hoarse voice, outside the door, said "Helen, Helen!"

I was up in a moment and out to where she stood, looking like a spirit, with her ashly face, and fair hair falling about her; and I remember the thrill of astonishment which, while, spite of my fright, I saw that she was already dressed, and held in her hand a powder-horn.

"Put on your clothes as quick as you can, Nellie," she said in a voice that trembled a little, though she was doing her best to be calm, "Brant's men are coming and father wants us all down stairs."

"Brant's men! It is difficult to make you understand the horror with which that name was pronounced and heard; or to express the terror with which, as I hurried on myself in the hands of these merciless savages. No wonder that she trembled in every limb, and that Thomas Oakley and his five stalwart sons looked pale, as they moved about in the dim morning light.

I don't know as I have spoken to you before of Thomas Oakley, a man over six feet in height, and of a noble presence, with a grand face, that looked as if it might have been chiseled out of marble, and hair as white as snow, which was scarcely past his prime. We have no such men now-a-days. I have his portrait in my little cabinet yonder, and you may see that he looks as he was, a kind and noble gentleman.

As for his sons, they were like him—tall, strong-limbed, fearless, devotedly attached to their steady mother, who was preparing breakfast, while they fastened the iron shutters of the heavy doors.

"It's a shame to rouse you out so early, Nellie," said Mr. Oakley, as he noticed my pale, frightened face; "but if we didn't eat our breakfast now these rascals may not give us a chance to eat it at all, and to my mind, after a good cause, there's nothing like a good breakfast before going into a fight."

"I wish Mark was here," said Grace timidly.

"No doubt, Puss; but I've sent for him. You, yest, the half-witted lad that brought the news, has gone after him and the vol-

Two Decades--Showing the Difference in the Condition of the State for Ten Years under the Democratic Rule, and Ten Years under Republican Management.

The Democrats had an almost unbroken rule in Pennsylvania from 1850 to 1860; and the Republicans have been in power most of the time from 1860 to 1871. The record made by these parties, within those periods, in the management of the finances of the State, is a fair test by which to try them.

The State debt on the 1st of December, 1850, and on the same date of the ten years following, is given in the following table, compiled from the annual reports of the Auditor General:

Year	Debt
Dec. 1, 1850	\$40,775,485 42
" 1851	40,114,236 39
" 1852	41,524,878 57
" 1853	40,506,279 54
" 1854	40,613,160 07
" 1855	40,196,944 22
" 1856	40,117,835 25
" 1857	39,881,733 22
" 1858	39,488,243 67
" 1859	38,639,861 91
" 1860	37,969,847 50

It will be seen from this table that the State debt remained above forty millions—some years increasing and in others decreasing slowly—until 1856, when the Democratic ascendancy began to be shaken. The public works were sold in 1857, in 1858 the Republicans carried the House, in 1859 they carried both House and Senate, and in 1860 they elected the Governor and a majority in both Houses.

During these ten years the ruling party had the benefit of the revenue from the State tax on real and personal estate, and on the tax on tonnage on the Pennsylvania railroad. The revenue from these two sources, during the decade referred to was as follows:

Year	Tonnage Tax	State Tax
1851	\$ 9,514 71	\$1,372,170 37
1852	21,270 66	1,359,636 20
1853	67,227 22	1,381,550 59
1854	118,295 11	1,410,403 39
1855	161,125 23	1,221,114 49
1856	250,947 24	1,682,035 21
1857	204,564 11	1,620,667 34
1858	224,535 62	1,610,229 19
1859	47,582 63	1,388,502 18
1860	31,425 15	1,444,574 93

Total revenue in ten years... \$15,024,984 75
Total revenue in ten years... \$16,101,951 94
And yet, with all this revenue, and \$300,000 additional paid in three installments, 1858, 1859 and 1860, by the Pennsylvania railroad in redemption of its bonds, given in purchase of the public works, the public debt remained almost unchanged for six years, and was finally reduced in the following four years, but a trifle, as the following figures show:

Year	Debt
Dec. 1, 1860	\$40,775,385 42
State debt December 1, 1860	37,969,847 50
Total reduction in ten years	\$2,805,537 92
Average of about \$280,000 a year.	

Shortly after the Republicans came fully into possession of the State government in 1861, they were confronted with the necessity of arming the troops of the State called out to suppress the rebellion and to put the State into condition of defense. Hence the negotiations of the war loan of 1861. They therefore commenced their decade with a debt of over forty millions, as follows:

Year	Debt
State debt December 1, 1860	\$37,969,847 50
War loan of 1861	3,500,000 00
Total	\$41,469,847 50
The tonnage tax was repealed in 1861, and subsequently, in February, 1866, the three mill tax on real estate was repealed, so that these large sources of revenue enjoyed by the Democrats were cut off from their successors, the annual payments into the sinking fund by the Pennsylvania railroad being increased by the repeal of the tonnage tax, from \$100,000 to \$460,000 annually.	

With the tonnage tax repealed since 1861, and the three mill tax abolished since 1865, the Republican administration of the State has still managed to reduce the public debt more than one-fourth. A statement published, officially, by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, shows the public debt, July 1, 1871, to be as follows:

Item	Amount
Debt bearing coin interest	\$4,507,300 00
U. S. Currency	24,782,445 30
Debt on which interest has been stopped	155,976 36
Debt bearing no interest	100,866 05
Total debt, July 1, 1871	\$29,546,587 71

We can thus fairly compare the result of the two decades:

Year	Debt
State debt, December 1, 1850	\$40,775,485 42
Reduction in ten years under Democratic rule	2,805,537 92
State debt, December 1, 1860	\$40,775,385 42
War loan of 1861	3,500,000 00
Reduction in ten years under Republican rule	11,919,260 79
State debt, July 1, 1871	\$29,546,587 71
Total reduction in twenty years	\$11,919,260 79
Annual average reduction under Democratic rule	\$1,191,926 08
Annual average reduction under Republican rule	\$1,191,926 08

And this, be it remembered, has been accomplished with not merely a reduction of taxation, but under a total repeal of all direct taxation upon the property of the people.

We commend these figures to the careful attention of the voters of the State.

Democratic Honesty and Justice.

The Chicago Post says: The Democrats claim that there is urgent need for amnesty to everybody who has ever fought against the Constitution of the United States, and that the mere fact that a man has been a rebel is proof on its face that he is not a rebel now. For instance: Three men, Liber, McKimney and Parnelle, who acted as judges and clerk of election in the Ninth ward of Louisville, at the late Kentucky election, were arrested upon the suit of a colored man for preventing him from voting. The colored man was legally qualified — so the court ruled. The two white judges declared on election day that he was not qualified, and compelled him to leave the polls. Under the law, these judges are amenable to a fine of at least \$500, or imprisonment for one year, or both. Therefore the court decided (1) that the judges had violated the law, and (2) that they should therefore be honorably discharged. They left the court room happy and triumphant; and thus the Democratic vote of Kentucky will be nobly and honestly sustained, though the Democracy shed the last drop of their blood in the effort.

Miscellaneous.

Sowing Wild Oats.

"My dear sir, do you know how your boy is behaving? Do you know that he is playing truant from school, getting into bad company, and learning the ways of wickedness?"

"Oh! well, he is young now. By and by he will have more sense, and quit his foolishness."

And yet to-day myriads of parents are writing until the period of sowing wild oats is passed, and indulging the infatuated hope that wild oats will produce wholesome wheat and corn.

The truth is, this "waiting for sense" is leaving the wayside home empty for occupation by banded ruffians, who, when once established, are not going to be frightened, or driven out by a feeble old man throwing tufts of grass and wads of lamentations.

Did those parents or teachers take those boys into their private rooms, carefully teach them with the open Bible, kneel by their side in earnest prayer, put before them faithful examples, with the use of proper discipline, trust them to the grace of God?

If this is not done in time, it never will be done later. If we cannot or will not when children are very young, we shall have no face or heart to break in with a new routine when they are older, and our reluctance is stereotyped into hardness.

Sometimes we have been tempted to believe that God made a great mistake in putting such tremendous passions into juvenile nature, before reason, reflection, courage, father and mother have their power and influence fully. But it is all right. Passion is simply the locomotive power, and it draws whatever it is hitched on to. The question is, How shall it be linked for character cannot be developed without it. A boy or adult without passion may be a milk-sop, a putty-ball, a nonentity, who cannot stand without leaning up against the sunny side of a house, but he will never make a man, and never carry his mark in this obstinate and wicked world.

Now, we hurry for the boisterous, the tearing, the over-rolling boys. The ablest men are only excited pots of boiling water instead upon wheels; but they carry that suppressed and regulated force which resides in passions governed by principle and courage, rather than mere force. During this formative period, it is given to parents and teachers to instruct, to guide and enforce; and those parents are worse than insane who wait in the idle dream that "sense" will come along by and by and repair the damage caused by their neglect.

Many a young man to-day in prison, or hospital, or eating husks in the prodigal's corner, rather than have their father's terribly guilty laxness and utter want of parental wisdom. Woe to the parents who weakly resign their commissions and shirk those obligations which God has put upon them, and which they had no right to assume unless they meant honestly to fulfill them in the fear of God. Let none of us make this mistake.—S. S. Lockman.

The Young Man and Life.

It is a great thing for a young man, says Rev. J. W. Ware, to find out early that he is of the minimum of importance in the world while it demands of him everything that he can do, it can get on admirably without him. In all its busy, pressing force, he is not missed—bless you, because he has been recognized. Don't forget the mistake made by the fly on the coach-wheel, nor the disaster that overtook the ambition of the frog. Do you can you; sink all selfish thought of self; and compel out of you the best that is in you.

Without morbidity, without moroseness, just this life has said to me—I think it says it early: Trust God and your own right arm. Look to no compensating charity from man. Let your compensation be in the reward of your own soul, and the humble hoping for the benediction of your God.

In nothing is the young man more wont to be lax than the matter of habit. Life says to him that in nothing does he more need constant and anxious care. Habit makes us. What are we in the habit of doing, saying, thinking, deciding the matter of character and the success of life? If we were only a series of independent theatrical acts, were there no moral continuity to it, no dependence of part on part; if nothing were repeated, it would everywhere be a failure. It is repetition that twists the fibre of existence into something permanent, coherent. Otherwise it would be only a rope of sand. And we ought to have a special care about our first doings, because they entail second doings, and second doings entail third doings, and the heaps on heaps rise, as Himalay and Andes grow. Virtue is the habit of good; vice is the habit of bad; that is all. Repetition makes each. Their power, cause of habit. Do good, with God's help, and you can't help being good; keep doing evil and you can't help being evil. Honesty, integrity, truth, aversion, sensuality, theft, are only habits—no way separate, irresistible acts, and are to be reached or avoided by forming or avoiding the habit. Life says to the young man that its secret lies in the habit formed and the habit avoided.

A RURAL youth of eighteen summers recently invested in a banana in the cars on a New York railroad. He carefully removed the peel and put it on the seat by his side; then he broke the fruit up in small bits, eyeing it anxiously as he did so. When this was done he picked up the peel, shook it in his lap, and finally threw the pieces out to breathe his last. He said to himself: "That's the first of the last prize packages I ever bought, and it's the last, you bet."

A LITTLE boy defines snoring as letting off sleep.

DEATH'S CARNIVAL!

THE MASSACHUSETTS HORROR!

A Heavily Loaded Passenger Train, While Stopping at a Station, Telescoped by a Lightning Express—Twenty-four Killed and Many Wounded—The Crushed, Scalded, Burned and Mangled Bodies—The Mangled Head of the Railroad Employees.

BOSTON, August 27.—One of the most appalling railroad horrors ever known in New England occurred on the Eastern Railroad at about 8:15 o'clock last evening, near the Revere Station, a small town about five miles from the city, formerly North Chelsea. A regular train consisting of three passenger cars left here for Beverly and way stations at a quarter past 7, but from some cause or other it was delayed so that it was nearly an hour later before it was ready to move on from Revere. This train was filled with passengers, many of whom were on their way to attend the Methodist camp meeting at Hamilton, intending to remain over only the Sabbath. The cars were filled to repletion; in fact the aisles and platforms were densely packed with human beings. A drizzling blinding rain prevailed at the time.

The train consisted of two engines, a baggage, smoking and three passenger cars, and its regular time for departure from this city was 7:30, but was detained at Everett in consequence of the non-arrival of a branch train on the Sagus road. The Bangor express, or Pullman train left the station on its regular time, 8 o'clock, and went tearing along through the darkness at a rapid rate of speed and on the same track that the notorious Beverly train was standing. When near the Revere Station the engineer to his horror discovered that the Beverly train had not started. He quickly whistled

"DOWN BRAKES,"

but alas, it was too late to avert the approaching calamity which immediately followed. Those on the Beverly train who saw the approaching engine, with horror realized the situation. They leaped from the platform for their lives, and in the last car there was a rush for the door, creating a momentary panic.

Quite a number got off this way. In the meantime the great locomotive coming on until there arrived a moment when the glare became darkness and the rumbling crash followed by the hissing of escaping steam, mingled with yells of the dying, groans of the hurt and shrieks of the frightened.

It was an awful moment. The engine struck the rear car and crushed it as was thought it, throwing men and women with the debris it made, on either side; clear and clean through the rear car it went, reducing it to fragments; but even then it had not lost its powerful momentum. It crashed on into the next car, and did not stop.

IN ITS DEATHLY WAY

until it had gone half its length. Some power seemed to raise up the locomotive like a rearing horse when it struck this car, for it appeared to have entered above the level of the door and run in like a closing telescope. The concussion was of such tremendous force that it threw the other cars of the Beverly train from the track, partially overturning them. The lamps were upset.

THE KEROSENE OIL TOOK FIRE.

There was, of course, a great rush, and the flames were communicated to the clothing of the women. The panic was frightful and many were hurt and badly burned. The kerosene oil lamps were upset and their contents spilled upon the upholstery, and in an instant the smoking car was in a blaze.

ANOTHER HORROR!

Frightful Accident near Westport, Pa.—Two Trains Collide—Large Number of Killed and Wounded.

On Saturday morning about half past eight o'clock an accident of the most frightful character occurred two miles from Westport, on the middle division of the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, the Erie mail north colliding with the Empire freight and badly wrecking three trains, besides killing and wounding a large number of persons. Although we made diligent inquiry in this city of those to whom is generally conveyed the news of railroad accidents we failed to get any particulars of the terrible affair. Neither could we obtain from them the names of any of the victims of the slaughter. What information we publish this morning is derived from other sources—being passed on with responsibility. According to the most reliable authority the conductor and engineer of the Erie mail—E. W. Hyman, of Williamsport, and — M'Corneik—R. C. Brown and a Mr. Winslow, of Lock Haven, Mr. Ward, of Bellefonte, and Mr. Lubright, of St. Marys, Elk county, were killed, and William Killinger, engineer of the Empire freight, was seriously wounded. Another report says that the conductors, engineers and firemen of both trains, as well as the baggage master of the mail, were killed. According to one account seven persons lost their lives and sixteen or eighteen were wounded. Another places the killed at eleven and the wounded at twenty.

MARINE DISASTER.

Wreck of the Steamer Lodona—Twenty Lives Lost.

Reports from St. Augustine, Fla., announcing the foundering of the steamship Lodona, were without doubt, a great dispatch received by C. H. Mallory & Co., the agents of the steamer, is so definite that no hopes are entertained for her safety.—Yesterday many thought that some heartless wretch had perpetrated a hoax, and that, as in the case of the Henry Chauncey, a denial would follow the original report. Such, however, is not the case. The Lodona left her dock at 10 o'clock, on the 21st, East river, bound for New Orleans, with an assortment of merchandise and one passenger, Mrs. Caroline Conway. Her crew must have numbered thirty men, including the officers. Captain W. R. Hovey, her commander and part owner, also took with him his youngest son, a lad thirteen years of age. After leaving port nothing was heard of her until Thursday evening, when the following dispatch was received:

ST. AUGUSTINE, Aug. 23.—The Lodona was wrecked seventy-five miles south of here, without doubt, a great dispatch received by C. H. Mallory & Co., the agents of the steamer, is so definite that no hopes are entertained for her safety.—Yesterday many thought that some heartless wretch had perpetrated a hoax, and that, as in the case of the Henry Chauncey, a denial would follow the original report. Such, however, is not the case. The Lodona left her dock at 10 o'clock, on the 21st, East river, bound for New Orleans, with an assortment of merchandise and one passenger, Mrs. Caroline Conway. Her crew must have numbered thirty men, including the officers. Captain W. R. Hovey, her commander and part owner, also took with him his youngest son, a lad thirteen years of age. After leaving port nothing was heard of her until Thursday evening, when the following dispatch was received:

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