The Huntingdon Journal.

L. 46. HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 25, 1871. NO. 42.

Huntingdon Journal.

BORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
UBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

e Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

NGTON JOURNAL is published every , by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, rm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at nnum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid months from date of subscription, and id within the year.
discontinued, unless at the option of ers, until all arrearages are paid.
TISEMENTS will be inserted at TEN line for each of the first four insertions, ENTS per line for each subsequent inser- an three months.
monthly and yearly advertisements will at the following rates:

6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
4 00	5 00	6 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	36 00	50	65
10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
14 00	20 00	24 00					
18 00	25 00	30 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

notices will be inserted at TWELVE AND TS per line, and local and editorial no- TEEN CENTS per line.
nations of Associations, Communications r individual interest, and notices of Mar- Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be CENTS per line.
l other notices will be charged to the g them inserted.
ng Agents must find their commission hese figures.
tising accounts are due and collectable vertisement is once inserted.
INTING of every kind, in Plain and rs, done with neatness and dispatch.— Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every style, printed at the shortest notice, hing in the Printing line will be execu- ost artistic manner and at the lowest

Professional Cards.

NGATE, Surveyor, Warriors- rk, Pa. [ap12,'71.

ALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

. R. WIESTLING, ectfully offers his professional services ens of Huntingdon and vicinity. oved to No. 618½ Hill street, (SMITH'S [apr.5,'71-1y.

. C. FLEMMING respectfully his professional services to the citizens don and vicinity. Office second floor of m's building, on corner of 4th and Hill may24.

). P. MILLER, Office on Hill et, in the room formerly occupied by 'Culloch, Huntingdon, Pa., would res- ffer his professional services to the citi- ntingdon and vicinity. [jan.4,'71.

. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his fessional services to the community. Washington street, one door east of the rsonage. [jan.4,'71.

GREENE, Dentist. Office re- ved to Leister's new building, Hill street n. [jan.4,'71.

ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. wn's new building, No. 520, Hill St., n, Pa. [ap12,'71.

LAZIER, Notary Public, corner Washington and Smith streets, Hun- n. [jan.12'71.

. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. ffice, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, [ap.19,'71.

LVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at- w, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

PATTON, Druggist and Apoth- ry, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Hun- n. Prescriptions accurately compounded. rs for Medicinal purposes. [nov.23,'70.

ALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, ntingdon, Pa. Office, second floor of ew building, Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

DURBORROW, Attorney-at- w, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the urts of Huntingdon county. Particular iven to the settlement of estates of dece-
he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real tate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend ng in all its branches. Will also buy, t Farms, Houses, and Real Estate of ev- n any part of the United States. Send lar. [jan.4'71.

. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law l General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., laims against the Government for back ty, widows' and invalid pensions attend- great care and promptness. Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention OLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settle- estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business l with fidelity and dispatch. ffice in room lately occupied by R. Milton l. [jan.4,'71.

. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys- -Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to f legal business entrusted to their care. the south side of Hill street, fourth door nith. [jan.4,'71.

. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, ffice, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

TT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY
T, BROWN & BAILEY, At- neys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, aims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against nment will be promptly prosecuted. n Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Hun- ngdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, [jan.4,'71.

LLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney- -Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention ollections, and all other legal business to with care and promptness. Office, No. street. [ap19,'71.

Miscellaneous.

HANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. y 4, 1871.

N MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.
LER & BUCHANAN,
DENTISTS,
S Hill Street,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
, '71-1y.

ES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at- aw, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly al business. Office in Cunningham's new [jan.4,'71.

R THE RAILROAD DEPOT,
WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETT
NITED STATES HOTEL,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
N & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch15-tf

T. KING, Merchant Taylor, 412 ashington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a lib- e of patronage respectfully solicited. 2, 1871.

TISTOWN BOILER WORKS.
NYDER, WEIDNER & CO., Manufac- Locomotive and Stationary Boilers, Tanks, illing-Barrows for Furnaces, and Sheet k of every description. Works on Logan wistown, Pa.
lers promptly attended to. Repairing hort notice. [Apr 5,'71,1y.*

New Advertisements.

TO ADVERTISERS:

———:o:———

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

———:o:———

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

———:o:———

CIRCULATION 1700.

———:o:———

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

———:o:———

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

———:o:———

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

———:o:———

JOB PRINTING:

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

WITH

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

AND IN THE

LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE,

SUCH AS

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,

CIRCULARS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,

BALL TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CONCERT TICKETS,

ORDER BOOKS,

SEGAR LABELS,

RECEIPTS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

PAMPHLETS,

PAPER BOOKS,

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

———:o:———

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed,

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

What Does it Matter.

It matters little where I was born
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow men,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land, or on the sea;
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

The Story-Teller.

MYRTLE,

THE GIPSY GIRL.

BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

I.

AT the extreme end of the village of Dosenheim, in Alsace, a few steps above the sandy footpath which leads to the wood, stands a pretty little house surrounded by fruit trees, its flat roof laden with heavy stones, its gabled front projecting over the valley. Flights of pigeons are whirling about, hens scratching under the hedges; upon the little garden wall is perched a cock whose crow is repeated by the echoes of the Falberg; two branches of a vine cover the front of the house and spread themselves out under the roof; a staircase with wooden railing, on which clothes are hanging out to dry, leads up to the first story. Mount this staircase, and at the end of a short passage you come to the kitchen, with its plates and dishes and fat soup-tureens; open the door on your right, and you enter the large sitting-room, with its old furniture, its ceiling supported by heavy brown beams, its old-fashioned Nuremberg clock ticking the time.

A woman about thirty-five years old, wearing a closely-fitting bodice of black silk and a black velvet cap with wide hanging ribbons, is sitting there spinning.

A man in plush coat and brown cloth breeches, with wide forehead and calm thoughtful expression, is whistling to a fat chubby-faced boy and jumping him on his knee.

Such was the house of Bremer, and such were Bremer, his wife Catharine, and their little boy Fritz in the year of grace 1820. I picture them to myself just as I have described them to you.

Christian Bremer had formerly served in the *chasseurs* of the Imperial Guard.—After the year 1815, he married Catharine, his old love, when she was no longer young, but still blooming and full of charm. With his own property, his house, four or five acros of vineyard, the land which he got with Catharine, Bremer was one of the most well-to-do men in Dosenheim; he might have been mayor or deputy mayor, or municipal councillor, if he liked, but he did not care for these honors, and when he had done his day's work in the fields, his only pleasure was to take down his gun, whistle to his dog Friedland, and go for a turn in the wood.

Now one day, when he came back from shooting, he brought with him in his great game-pouch a little gipsy girl, lively as a squirrel and brown as a berry. He had found her at the foot of a tree, beside a poor gipsy woman, dead from fatigue, and perhaps from hunger.

Catharine cried out and protested against having the child; but Bremer, who was quite the master of his own house, simply announced to his wife that the little one was to be baptized and given the name of Susan Frederica Myrtle, and was to be brought up with little Fritz.

Of course all the gossips in the village came by turns to look at the little gipsy, whose grave and thoughtful face quite astonished them. "She is not like other children," said they. "She is a little heathen!—a regular little heathen!—you can see by her black eyes that she understands everything!—she is listening to us now.—You had better take care, Master Christian, gipsies have hooked fingers. If you rear young weasels, you may find one fine morning that your cock is throttled and your eggs all gone."

"Get along with you!" exclaimed Bremer, "and mind your own business. I have known Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Jews; some had brown skins, some black, some red; some had hooked noses; some snub-noses; and everywhere, yes, amongst all of them, I have found honest, worthy men."

"That might be," said the gossips, "but then all those people lived in houses, whereas gipsies live in the open air."

Bremer would hear no more, so he took the women by their shoulders and pushed them gently enough towards the door, saying as he did so, "Go along, go along; I don't want any of your advice. It is time to attend to the farm, to clean out the stables and wash the floor."

The gossips were not, however, entirely in the wrong, as unhappily was proved twelve years afterwards.

Fritz delighted to feed the cattle, and to take the horses to water, to go with his father to the fields to dig, or sow, or reap, or tie up the sheaves and then bring them in triumph to the village. To Myrtle, on the contrary, it was no pleasure to occupy herself usefully; she had no mind to milk the cows, or churn the butter, or shell the peas, or peel the potatoes. When she heard the girls of Dosenheim, as they were washing clothes of a morning in the stream that ran through the village, call her the "little heathen," she would look at herself complacently in the water, and seeing the reflection of her beautiful black hair, purple lips and white teeth, she would smile and murmur to herself, "They call me the little heathen because I am prettier than the other girls," and bursting into laughter, she would splash about in the water with the tip of her little foot.

Catharine noticed all these things, and complained bitterly.

"Myrtle," she would say, "is of no use for anything—she will do nothing. It is of no good for me to preach to her, or advise or reprove her; she does everything cross-wise. The other day when we were arranging the apples in the fruit-loft, she took it into her head to bite all the finest to see if they were ripe! She likes to gobble up everything she can lay her hands on."

Bremer himself could not but perceive that the child had a touch of the heathen in her, and when he heard his wife calling out from morning till night, "Myrtle, where are you? Oh, the wretched child! Off she has run again to gather blackberries!" he would laugh and say to himself, "Poor Catharine, you are like a hen that has hatched duck's eggs; the little ones are in the water, she flies round and calls to them, but they pay no heed."

Every year, after the harvest was over, Fritz and Myrtle used to spend whole days far away from the farm, looking after the cattle. They sang, they whistled, they made a fire of dry stalks of hemp, and baked potatoes in the ashes, and when evening came, ran home down the stony hill, blowing trumpets made of bark.

These were Myrtle's happiest days.—Seated by the fire, her beautiful brown head resting on her little hand, she would remain motionless for hours, as if lost in profound reveries. Flights of geese and wild ducks crossing the deserted skies seemed to sadden her profoundly. She followed them with a long, long gaze into limitless depths of the skies; then suddenly she would stand up, stretch out her arms and exclaim, "I must run off—I must—oh! I must run away."

Then she would bury her face in her lap and weep. Fritz, standing close beside her, wept too, and said: "Why do you cry, Myrtle? Who has been unkind to you? One of the village boys? Kaspar, or William, or Henry? Tell me. I will punish him. Only tell me!"

"No!"

"What makes you cry?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to run up the Falberg?"

"No, that isn't far enough away."

"Where do you want to go, Myrtle?"

"Over there! Over there!" and she pointed far off beyond the mountains; "where the birds go!"

Fritz opened his eyes and mouth wide with astonishment.

One day they were together at the edge of the wood; the heat was so great, the air so still, that the smoke of their little fire, instead of rising in a grey column, spread itself out like water under the dried-up briars. It was nearly midday. The grasshopper had stopped its monotonous song; there was not the hum of an insect, not the whisper of a leaf, not the chirp of a bird. The oxen and cows, their eyelids closed, were lying in the shade of a large oak tree in the middle of the meadow, and from time to time one of them lowed in a melancholy way, as if complaining.

Fritz had at first occupied himself plaiting the cord of his whip, but he, too, soon stretched himself out on the grass and put his hat over his eyes, and Friedland laid down beside him, yawning to the very ears.

It was only Myrtle who did not seem to feel the overpowering heat. Squatted close to the fire, her arms round her knees, in the full blaze of the sun, there she remained motionless, gazing with her large black eyes into the sombre colonnades of the forest.

Time passed slowly. The distant village clock struck twelve, one, two; still the Gipsy Girl did not move. Those woods, those bare mountain tops, those rocks and fir trees, seemed for her invested with something profound and mysterious.

"Yes," said she to herself, "I have seen that—it is a long time ago—a long time ago!"

All of a sudden, noticing that Fritz was sleeping, she got up quietly and took to flight. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the grass; on she ran, up the hill. Friedland turned his head listlessly, and appeared for a minute to be about to follow her, then stretched himself out afresh as if overwhelmed with weariness.

Tired out, her feet all bruised, her little rod petticoat torn by the brambles, Myrtle sat down at the foot of an oak.

For a long time she remained motionless, staring into space, listening to the moan of the wind among the tall fir trees, happy to feel herself alone in this solitude.

Night was coming on. Myriads of stars sparkled in the sombre depths of the sky; the moon rose, and the few birch trees scattered on the sides of the hill caught its silver rays.

Sleep began to overtake the young gipsy; her head was drooping, when suddenly she was awakened by shouts far off in the woods.

Farther off still she saw the village, the river, the roof of the barn, round which the pigeons were flying, distance making them look as small as swallows; she saw the winding street, and the red petticoats of some peasant women walking in it; she saw the little moss-grown church, in which the good Cure Niklausse had baptised and afterwards confirmed her in the Christian faith. Then turning towards the mountains, she gazed at the numberless spires of the firs, crowded closely together on the slopes of the narrow valleys, like the blades of grass in the fields.

As she contemplated this grand view, the young gipsy felt her chest dilate, her heart beat with an unknown force, and resuming her course, she darted into a crevice carpeted with moss and ferns, in order to reach the herdsman's path across the woods.

Her whole soul, her savage nature, flashed out in her expression in a strange way; she seemed transfigured; with her little hands she clung to the ivy, and with her feet to the fissures of the rocks.

She soon set off again down the other slope of the mountain, running, bounding along, sometimes stopping suddenly and looking at some object—a tree, a ravine, an isolated pool, a patch of sweet-smelling grasses—as if half stupefied.

Although she did not remember having ever seen these thickets, these coppices, these heaths, at each turn of the path she said to herself: "I knew it! the tree was here—the rock there—the torrent below!"

Although a thousand strange remembrances, like dreams, came into her mind, she did not understand them, could not explain them to herself. She had not yet said to herself: "What Fritz and the rest like I don't care for; the village, the meadow, the farm, fruit trees in the orchard, cows to give milk, hens to lay eggs, provisions in the barn and the cellar, and a warm room in winter; these things make them happy, but as for me, I don't want this; for I am a little savage! I was born in the woods, like the squirrel on the oak, the hawk on the rock, the thrush on the fir tree." No, she had never reasoned thus, instinct alone guided her; driven by this strange impulse, at sunset she reached the *plateau* of the Kohle-Platz, which is the place where the gipsies who are going from Alsace to Lorraine usually stop to pass the night, and hang up their pot in the middle of the hearth.

Myrtle now disappeared in the midst of the brambles which skirt the forest. With one jump she cleared the muddy ditch, in which the solitary frog croaked among the rushes. In about twenty minutes she reached the crest of the Hollow Rock which overlooks the country of Alsace and the blue mountain tops of the Vosges.

Then she turned round to look if any one was following her; there was Fritz, his hat over his eyes, still sleeping in the middle of the green meadow. Friedland, too, and the cattle under their tree.

Listening attentively, she recognized the voices; Bremer, Fritz and all the farm people were in pursuit of her.

Without a moment's hesitation, Myrtle darted deeper into the forest, and only stopped running from time to time that she might listen again. At last the shouts grew fainter.

Soon she heard nothing but the rapid beating of her heart, and she slackened her pace. At last, very late, when the moon had set and she was quite worn out with fatigue, she sank down amongst the heather and fell into a deep sleep. She was now twelve miles from Dosenheim, near the source of the Zinsel. She felt sure that Bremer would not extend his search as far as that.

II.

It was broad daylight when Myrtle awoke to find herself alone on the Harberg, under an old fir tree covered with moss. A thrush was singing over her head, another was answering it from a long distance, far off in the valley.

The morning breeze was stirring the leaves, but the air, already warm, was laden with a thousand perfumes of ivy, mosses, and wild honeysuckle. The young gipsy opened her eyes quite amazed; she looked about her, and then remembering that she could not hear Catharine calling out "Myrtle! Myrtle! Where are you, wretched child?" she smiled, and listened to the song of the thrush.

She heard the murmuring of a spring close to her, and found she had only to turn her head to see the fresh water rushing along the rock and spreading itself out on the grass. An arbutus tree, laden with red berries, hung over the rock; beneath it grew a splendid aconite, with violet flowers spotted with white.

Myrle was thirsty, but she felt so lazy and so contented to lie there listening to the sound of the water and the singing of the thrush, that she was disinclined to disturb the harmony, and let her pretty brown head fall back again, and smiling looked up at the sky through her half open eyelids:

"This is how I shall always be," she said to herself. "I am lazy; I know I am. God made me so!"

As she went on dreaming in this way, she pictured to herself the farm, with its cocks and hens, and then thinking of the eggs in the barn, hidden under a few blades of straw, she said to herself: "I wish I had got two eggs now, two hard-boiled ones, like Fritz had in his sack yesterday, and a crust of bread, and salt. But, pshaw! if one hasn't got eggs, blackberries and whortleberries are very good too."

"Ah! I see some there," she exclaimed "I see some."

She was right, there were lots of them on the heath.

In a few minutes she noticed that the thrush had stopped singing, and raising herself on her elbow she saw the bird pecking one of the berries on the arbutus tree. She got up to drink some water out of the hollow of her hand, and noticed plenty of cress growing all about.

Then certain words she had heard from the Cure Nicklausse came into her mind; such a thing had never happened to her before. The words were these:

"Consider the fowls of the air; they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them!

"Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"If then God so feed the birds, and so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more feed and clothe you!

"O men of little faith! Take no thought for these things; for all these things do the heathen and the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that you have need of them."

"Ah," thought Myrtle, "when Mother Catharine used to call me a little heathen, I might well have made answer to her: 'It is you who are heathens, for you sow and reap—and we are good Christians who live as the birds of the air."

She had scarcely ended these wise reflections, when a noise of footsteps among the dry leaves made her lift up her head.

She was about to take to flight, when a gipsy lad of eighteen or twenty years old, tall, slight, with brown skin, curly hair, sparkling eyes, and thick, broad lips, let himself slide down the rock, and, looking at her admiringly, exclaimed,

"Almani?"

"Almani!" replied Myrtle, with emotion.

"To what troop do you belong, Eh? Eh?" asked the young fellow.

"I don't know. I am searching."

Then she told him how Bremer had brought her up, and how she had escaped from his house the day before. Meanwhile the young gipsy stood there smiling and showing his white teeth.

"As for me," said he, throwing out his arm, "I am going to Haz-ach; to-morrow is the day of the great fair, and all our troop will be there. Pfiifer-Karl, Melchior, Fritz, the clarionet player, and Concon-Peter. The women will tell fortunes, and we shall play music. If you like, come with me!"

"I should like very much," said Myrtle, casting down her eyes.

He then kissed her, put his sack upon her back, and taking his stick in both his hands, exclaimed, "Woman, you shall be mine. You shall carry my sack, and I will feed you. Now forward!"

And Myrtle, who had been so lazy at the farm, now stepped forward cheerfully. He followed her, singing and bounding along on his hands and feet, as joyous as he could be.

Since that day nothing has been heard of Myrtle.

Fritz thought he should die if she did not come back, but in a few years he consoled himself for her loss by marrying Gredel Dick, the daughter of the miller.

Catharine appeared quite contented, for Gredel Dick was the richest heiress in the village.

Bremer only was still sad; he had ended by loving Myrtle as if she were his own child.

One winter's day he was looking out of the window, and on seeing a gipsy woman in rags, with a sack on her back, crossing the valley, which was all blocked with snow, he sat down, drawing a deep sigh,

"What is the matter, Bremer?" asked his wife.

As he did not answer she went up to him, and saw that he was dead.

Reading for the Million.

Journalism and Woman Suffrage.

The following article, replete with good sense in that it keenly deplores the immodest desire of a vast crowd of women for public notoriety, was written for *The True Woman*, published in Baltimore, Md., by Mrs. Dahlgren. We desire to say that the female suffrage question is an open one with us. She says:

During a recent visit to some Virginia springs, we were witnesses of that anomalous state of social sentiment, which at once encourages and complains of the present license of the press, by which it assumes an inquisitorial right over the private life and character of respectable people.

No longer may worthy citizens claim exemption on the score of living in dignified retirement, from the displeasing notoriety attached to public mention of their names and record of their actions. Certain papers, known to supply this pabulum to morbid taste, were eagerly looked for, and every copy quickly sold, and instantly scanned. We saw many excellent people, while scarcely glancing at the really able leading articles of these papers, who were very especially interested in various letters full of social gossip.

In these letters we find the cherished sanctities of family altars rudely exhibited to public gaze, and introduced to a gaping world by some familiar name, only intended for the privacy of home endearment. In our social circle we have often enjoyed the refined hospitalities extended by dignified matrons and their accomplished daughters. We have thought of these ladies with that pleasant measure of respect, which we desire to merit for ourselves in return; and assuredly when we find the press, regardless of all claims to forbearance, glibly commenting upon these ladies as "Lizzie, Annie, Jennie," etc., etc.,—so and so, we feal that a certain harm has been done. We recognize that delicate modesty, refined susceptibility, and high-toned ideas of propriety have been outraged. But, perchance, this very last sentence, requiem-like, only embodies the good which is passing away, and will simply be read to be sneered at by the rising spirit of the age.

Yet, we repeat it, a harm has been done. Our best people regret, deprecate, yet are half bewildered by this inundation of innovations. But they meet with entire favor by coarser and ruder minds, who delight in personalities, and who are well pleased to have names bandied about as common of women who should have been spared the disparagement of such vulgar notoriety.

In this connection we are reminded of an incident of our early life, which may serve to illustrate somewhat the change between now and then. The "*then*" refers to a score or more of years ago, when Annie Royall, the mother of the strong-minded of to-day, having started an offensive little paper at the capital, made use of it for the express purpose of levying a species of black-mail on all members of Congress and public functionaries generally.

In collecting her subscription list, she used precisely the same peremptory means since found so effective by the various enterprising female Quixotte editors who have succeeded her. The woman of that day not having been illuminated by that light of progress in which we now revel, had a genuine horror of having their portraits taken for public gaze; and the men of that day, as yet unenlightened in their apprehension by the female suffrage movement, had also an intense dread of seeing the names of the lady members of their family in print. But to our incident. We had just left school, and were about to be introduced to society, by a father who held at that time, and for many years, a leading place in public life. One morning, while quietly reading a book in the parlor of our boarding house, we were amazed to see our sedate, composed and calm-browed parent hurriedly enter, and seizing our hand in an excited manner, almost drag us to our room, when the door was quickly closed and we locked in and left to our wondering reflections. Now our father was conspicuous among the remarkable men of his day for his never-failing tranquility of manner. He alone would retain an unruffled aspect when engaged in the most excited debates on the floor of Congress. Much did we marvel for the short space of time in which we were left a prisoner, as to what could have so greatly disturbed the habitual calm of the wise man. The mystery was soon unraveled. Annie Royall had been in the house, and the only hope of avoiding a notice in her paper, was to escape her observation. Impressed with the imminent peril of his child, no time had been lost to secure for her a retreat. Thus was it twenty years ago. How is it now? Do we behold agitated parents hiding away their daughters when the news reporter makes his inquisitorial rounds? We are answered by a smile at the old-fashioned simplicity of the question.

Certainly, the tone of social life has been lowered. There are yet not a few cultivated women who may feel hurt and indignant to find their names and their movements chronicled with but little of decorum of form. But we fear that these vestiges of the past are rapidly disappearing, for editors aver that their papers never sell so well as when they particularize society items. Such facts are perfectly indicative of the change of manners we are undergoing. The newspaper men are not the party in fault. *They* simply cater for the public taste. We do not now speak of journalism as it *ought* to be, but *as it is*. It clearly reflects the public sentiment and mirrors the nation. It regards the readable matter offered as a purely business affair, and its articles are manufactured to suit its readers just as the tradesman selects his wares to please his customers. We might as well quarrel with the "modiste" who gives us a "perfect fit," as with the journalist who takes an exact measure of the follies of the age. But unlike the good physician, who, when he feels the pulse and finds the excitement of fever, uses displeasing but needed remedies to effect a cure, the journalist too often only assists the ravages of the moral maladies he so skillfully detects.

When are we to hope for the advent of that Christian hero, who with unswerving zeal for the right, will labor to elevate journalism into a redeeming power throughout the land? And to what causes are we to attribute this decadence of good taste and good manners, as expressed by the present journalism? So far as women are concerned, we may dispassionately aver that the long-continued agitation kept up by the female suffragists has had much to do in causing the mischief we deplore. The public harangues of women all over the country; the incendiary and immoral doctrines so boldly advocated by many; the assumptions so constantly made of intolerance of all restraint, progress being defined as free thought, free lives and free loves; the senseless villification of men, our natural protectors, which makes them in turn forget the exercise of their wonted amenity towards us; the brazen adoption of masculine manners and dress; the eager lust of these women for the fierce excitements of political life;—all these causes, surging throughout the length and breadth of this vast country,—all conspire to demoralization and ruin.

Did we not, my sisters, once drink of the pure waters of the mountain heights? Should we not now shudder to behold that passionate Amazonian thirst which has poluted these the thousand beauteous mountain rills, whose pellucid waters spread richness and peace over this fair land? And now we look upon turbid, swollen torrents, madly rushing on to form a mighty stream of corruption, which shall presently cover the face of the earth. Let us pause, ere we, too, are whirled into this seething vortex. Let us pause, ere this hell's cauldron, like another deluge, may engulf us; for out of this approaching chaos comes no salvation, except in an entire reconstruction.

We are drifting into a worse cataclysm than has ever yet submerged society. Let us accept all the signs of these perilous times, and unite to check this utter madness of the hour, to vindicate our right to be considered modest, virtuous and God-fearing. By such united effort alone may we hope to arrest the growing licence of the press, which is but an image of the license of society.

There is much to be done and no time to lose in the doing. When men shall say of us, "She is intelligent, feminine and high-minded," rather than she is "well dressed, *pronouce* and fashionable," we shall have won half the battle, half regained our waning influence. Then shall we be ready to anew enchain the spirit of *animalism*, now triumphant. Yet morality alone may never conquer Satanic forces. Let us invoke the God of hosts to our aid, and then having put on the full armor of religion, we may command the troubled waves *be still*. Let us not waste precious moments in futile indignation at the journalism of the day, but arouse ourselves to check the baleful public sentiment now being fostered, which gives it encouragement and life.

Hard Times.

What is it that makes hard times? Just at this writing the solution is easily arrived at. No country or people can really be prosperous where idleness takes the place of industry. In a majority of cases prosperity and plenty is the result of honest labor, while on the contrary, want, and misery, and destitution, is sure to follow in the wake of indolence and a disposition to put off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Not a day passes over our heads but that we are struck with the large amount of labor lost to the country, in the great number of idlers standing on the street corners loafing away time which might be employed profitably to themselves and the community.

In a country like this, boundless in its resources, there is something for every one to do. The industrious man is never idle—his children never cry for bread, nor do they go in rags. He never finds time to visit the places of demoralization, which generally result in ruin. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the idle slothful man is responsible for the many evils that afflict society. It is in his brain alone that house burning, robberies and all manner of devilment, is concocted. Until intelligence and education beats down the stupidity and ignorance of the populace; then will times become better, and money easier, and loafers and vagabonds find no place to hide themselves from the strong arm of the law.

The Richest Boy.

The papers are telling about a boy in New England, now fourteen years of age, who is supposed to be the richest boy in the United States, because he has a great deal of money. To our mind, the richest boy in America is the one who is good-hearted, honest, inteligent, ambitious, willing to do right. He is one who loves his mother, and has a kind word for her; who loves his sister or sisters, and is the one that does not call his father the "old man," but who loves him, speaks kindly to and of him, and tries to help him as the sign of old age gathers fast upon his brow.

The richest is the one who has pluck to fight his destiny and future He is the one who has manhood to do right and be honest, and is striving to be somebody: who is above doing a mean action, who would not tell a lie to screen himself, or betray a friend. He whose young mind is full of noble thoughts for the future, who is determined to win a name by good deeds. This is the richest boy in America. Which one of our readers is it?

This boy we like, we would be glad to see, would like to take him by the hand and tell him to go on earnestly, that success might crown his efforts. And if he is a poor boy we could meet him at the threshold, bid him enter, and give him good advice, well and kindly meant. That other rich boy in New England, we don't care anything about, for there are fools and snobs enough to worship, flatter, and spoil him.

Necessary Blessings.

Did it ever strike you that there were necessary blessings as well as necessary evils in this world; certain good things that we cannot escape any more than we can certain so-called evil things; benefits that we accept with the same lack of responsibility, something of the same spirit of resignation that we do the trouble we are called upon to bear? Sombre indeed would be the round of the seasons to some of us where it not for pleasures that needs must be devised and entered into for the sake of friends and guests beloved; and oh, the delicious holidays of convalesence! are there not those who know the blessed relaxation of some morbid self-discipline, through the interposition of a master soul; those who, perplexed and irresolute while duty and desire debate at the parting of the ways, have joyfully welcomed the clear decision that directs them at last into the path leading through the green pastures and beside the still water!—*From "The Old Cabinet," in Scribner's.*

A TOPER sneered at a young man for wearing spectacles, when the latter said, "It is better to use glasses over the nose as I do, than under the nose as you do!"

The Home Circle.

I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need thee day by day,
To fill me with thy fullness,
And lead me on my way;
I need thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
I hope to see thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with thy blood bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

The Family Altar.

There are few memories that are so fresh and powerful in after years, as the memories of the household altar. I can travel back over the path of forty years, and recall the very tones of my father's voice, as he reverently read the Bible, and devoutly prayed, in the midst of his family. I can remember how he prayed for his children, how faithfully he taught them the lessons of Christian truth and duty in those thoughtless days of youth, and I bless his memory now for what I did not appreciate then. I believe that the memories of Christian parents and the early associations of a Christian home, scarcely ever die out of the heart. Rev. Dr. Adams, in his beautiful book on "Thanksgiving Memories," gives us the following incident: "In the Cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells, which was cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery, where they were first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to a distant land, and their maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him, after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beatiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shanon, suddenly the evening chimes peeled from the cathedral towers. His practiced ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land, all the best associations of his life were in those sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there, silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at the well known chime and snapped its strings!"

And so, sometimes, in after life, when the feet of some wayward man have strayed far away from the home of his youth, and his heart has wandered far from his father's God, some memory of the past, like the sweet, sad melody of the evening chime, may wake long, slumbering echoes and stir long sealed fountains; and a father's counsels, and a mother's prayers, will come up again from the sacred burial places of the past with wondrous power to melt and win the wayward heart.

Yes, a family ought to be a little church of Jesus Christ. The father should be its pastor, conducting its daily worship, and leading the dear circle in the way of truth and duty. Every tie which binds one living heart to another, should be made stronger and more tender by the influence of a common tie to Jesus. Such a household will have a happy home. Their circumstances may be humble, and their lot may lowly, but if they have Christ in the family, there will always be sunshine and peace. That house cannot secure the highest domestic joy, which, like the inn at Bethlehem, has no room for Jesus.—*Dr. Rogers.*

Gems of Thought.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions, unaided and alone.

Modesty promotes worth, but conceals it; just as leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies,—seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our best friends.

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.

Flattery—the hocus pocus nonsense with which our ears are sometimes cajoled, in order that we may be more effectually bamboozled and deceived.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are required only to say them.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Wisdom consists in arming ourselves with fortitude sufficient for enabling us to support hardships when they unavoidably happen.

Christian Courtesy.

Every man has his faults, his failings, his peculiarities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour; and if we were to resent them all, or even notice all, it would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper, and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see. So a Christian spirit throws a cloak over these things. It knows when it is wise not to see. That microscopic distinctness in which all faults appear to captious men who are forever blaming dissenting, complaining—disappears in the large, calm gaze of love. And O, it is this spirit which our Christian society lacks