

# The Huntingdon

HUNTINGDON, PA., FEBRUARY 21, 1872.

NO. 8.

VOL. 47.

## The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the corner of Bath and Washington streets.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$5.00 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at THE CENT'S PER LINE for each of the first four insertions, and FIVE CENTS PER LINE for each subsequent insertion less than three months.

Regular monthly and yearly advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	250	400	500	600	900	1000	1200	1500
2 "	400	600	750	900	1200	1400	1700	2100
3 "	550	800	1000	1200	1600	1900	2300	2800
4 "	700	1000	1250	1500	2000	2400	2900	3500
5 "	850	1200	1500	1800	2400	2900	3500	4200

Special notices will be inserted at TWELVE AND HALF CENTS PER LINE, and local and editorial notices at FIFTEEN CENTS PER LINE.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of interest, and notices of Meetings, Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged ten cents per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible unless the advertiser is otherwise notified.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

## Professional Cards.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 21st street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Wood & Williamson. [Apr. 5, 71-ly.]

DR. R. R. WIESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office removed to No. 618 1/2 Hill street, (Sutter's Building). [Apr. 5, 71-ly.]

DR. J. C. FLEMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of Cunningham's building, on corner of 4th and Hill streets. [May 24.]

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office, No. 523 Washington street, door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.]

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street, Huntingdon. [Jan. 4, 71.]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 529, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [Apr. 12, 71.]

H. GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon. [Apr. 12, 71.]

H. C. MADDEX, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Apr. 12, 71.]

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, doors west of Smith. [Jan. 4, 71.]

J. R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes. [Nov. 23, 70.]

J. HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, No. 319 Hill st., Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 71.]

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of deceased persons. Office in the Journal Building. [Feb. 1, 71.]

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended with great care and dispatch. Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4, 71.]

K. ALLEN LLOYELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTORS of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business connected with Estates and Disputes. Office on Hill street, lately occupied by R. Milton Spear, Esq. [Jan. 4, 71.]

MILES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly to all legal business. Office in Cunningham's new building. [Jan. 4, 71.]

R. ALBISON MILLER, H. BUCHANAN, MILLER & BUCHANAN, DENTISTS, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. April 3, 71-ly.

P. M. & S. LYTTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. Office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith. [Jan. 4, 71.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 21, 71.]

JOHN SCOTT, S. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY, SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prepared. Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4, 71.]

T. W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, Esq. [Jan. 4, 71.]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business connected with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [Apr. 12, 71.]

## Miscellaneous.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. January 4, 1871.

COLORED PRINTING DONE AT THE Journal Office, at Philadelphia prices.

NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT, COR. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETS, UNITED STATES HOTEL, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA. McCLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch 15-14

ROBT. KING, Merchant Tailor, 412 Rivington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a liberal share of patronage respectfully solicited. A pril 12, 1871.

LEWISTOWN BOILER WORKS, SNYDER, WEIDNER & CO., Manufacturers of Locomotives and Stationary Boilers, Tanks, Pipes, Filling Barrows for Furnaces, and Sheet Iron Work of every description. Works on Logan street, Lewistown, Pa. All orders promptly attended to. Repairing done at short notice. [Apr. 5, 71, ly.]

A. R. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand and for sale. [Apr. 7, 71-6m]

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE For all kinds of printing.

## Tariff and Free Trade.

We are indebted to the publishers of the *American Working People* for the following beautiful and expressive cartoon:

The accompanying farm scene is reality. It shows what we were and what we are; what we are and what we may become. It is truth itself, and the tens of thousands of farmers know it. The manufacturers and workmen know it. Three times this nation has been tossed into bankruptcy and poverty while English capitalists stood and looked on, and laughed at us, and rattled our hard-earned American gold in their well-filled pockets. And while they stood chucking at our short-sightedness, American workmen were idle and starving, and American farmers were reduced to poverty.

Three times in our national history we have been led by the nose by English sophistry into national poverty. In 1816-18 we were so far reduced that Gen. Jackson exclaimed, "Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus products?"

And yet the country was overflowing with British free trade goods, tantalizing the hungry eyes of penniless men. Mills, factories, workshops, were everywhere closed. Farmers were everywhere in poverty; farms, mills, shops, goods, stocks were everywhere sold for taxes and executions. The country tottered on the very verge of national bankruptcy. The people saw once more their error, and prayed that if saved from this evil they would never fall down in the desert and worship the golden calf of British free trade. They recovered and grew in wealth, but they again forgot their poverty, and in 1846 we again entered the fatal maelstrom of free trade. Sweetly on we glided for a few years, on the outer edge of the seductive current, scarcely noticing the under current that was drawing us by degrees rapidly onward.

In 1851 we began to feel ourselves going, but the gold storm of California held us in check for awhile, but even it was not strong enough, and we rapidly swept on, and in, and down, until the dreary days of 1856-57, when soup houses filled the land

and the distance is in ruins. The mill, once the scene of busy industry, is idle and in ruins. The farmer raises a little Indian corn. Flap-jacks and pork is his diet. There is no enterprise or business activity. He has no incentive to exertion. There are none to buy from him. The working people are out of employment and have no money. He must send his produce to Europe, but it is not needed there, for the pauper labor of Europe can raise corn and wheat cheaper than he.

He cannot build a fine house, nor buy the cheap English goods because he can earn no money, and in the very midst of cheapness he is in rags and poverty. Farmers of America, are not these facts? Workmen of America, are not these facts? We appeal to the days of 1856 and 1857 for proof.

But let us close our eyes from this dismal picture and look on the opposite one. For aught we can tell it is the same man we see and the same place that is before us. We see a sight to be seen on ten thousand of farms throughout the States

and beef and pork. Farmers must bring more ground under cultivation for every new machine that finds employment in a mill or shop. It is to the farmer's interest to have manufacturing increase. The more manufacturers and working people, the greater demand is there for his corn and wheat and pork. If there were no factories or iron works in this country, he could sell nothing. Each man would raise his own. But give us a workman and we must have a farmer to keep him in victuals. Notwithstanding this, there are many farmers who believe that they would get richer by having free trade which would destroy manufacturing and the employment of all people engaged in it. They say they could then buy things cheaper from England. How could they? Where would they get money to pay for them? Not from England, because England can get cheaper corn from Europe than we can send her. American working people cannot buy because they are thrown out of work and are out of money and idle. Who will the farmer sell to?

"Six years have passed since this dear friend and brother rubbed himself of his life preserver, that my little Eva might perhaps escape, and we hoped the elements might be kind, and that heaven would send her relief, but she was never heard of more."

The voice of Mr. Durant was quivering with emotion, and unable to speak further, he seated himself and covered his face with his hands.

Glances of surprise and pleasure were cast from one to the other among the Brethren of Hiram Lodge. No one spoke, however, but all eyes were turned upon the Master, Mr. Turner. For a moment he seemed reflecting; then taking a slip of paper from the Secretary he wrote a few lines, and then he said, "I am going to bring a strange gentleman who wishes to see her. And calling Jun. Deacon, Mr. Turner gave him the note, saying in a low voice:

"Take this note to Mrs. Turner immediately."

"Why, Eva," said Mrs. Turner, when she had read the message, "you are going to have company. A strange gentleman is at the Lodge-room who wishes to see you."

"Who can he be?" she asked, looking perplexed and thoughtful. Suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eyes lighted, and clapping her little hands, she sprang to her feet and exclaimed, "Oh, it must be papa! no one else would wish to see me; no one in the world;" and before Mrs. Turner comprehended the child's interpretation, she had passed the threshold and was fitting through the moonlight toward the Lodge-room. The Tyler looked amazed when Eva burst into the ante-room, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing with joy and excitement.

"Do not stop me, I am going in!" she exclaimed. But the inner door was fastened, and the impatient Eva nearly cried with vexation.

"Wait a moment said the Tyler, who having heard nothing of what had transpired within, was at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the child; "wait a moment, and I will send your request to Mr. Turner. He will come out and see you."

"I shall not wait! I do not want to see Mr. Turner; I want to see my papa."

"The child is crazy, that is evident," said the perplexed Tyler to himself; but calling out the deacon, he bade him say that Eva was there and had determined to get into the Lodge-room.

The deacon went to a east door, and a moment afterward moved "that the craft be called from labor to refreshment."

"Now," said Mr. Turner, "tell the Tyler to let her come in."

And Eva did come, or rather bounded into the hall, more beautiful in her excitement than ever before. She advanced to the center of the room and stood beside the altar, half-pushed upon the tier, they soon scanned rapidly the faces of all. Her eager eyes soon detected the strangers, who were seated behind each other, and for a moment she seemed irresolute, then darting forward with a glad cry, she threw her arms about the neck of Mr. Durant, crying, "Oh, papa! my dear papa! you have come home at last! You were never to leave the ship!"

We will not attempt to paint the scene further, but will leave our readers to imagine the joy of the fond father, and also leave them to decide whether the tears that wet the cheeks of the brethren of Hiram Lodge were caused by sympathy with the happiness of their little charge, or grief that they should lose one whom they all loved.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing was regarded as a powerful appeal from a Mason to his brethren to care for his child. So it came to pass that Eva became, as it were, the special charge of Hiram Lodge, No. 93, Mr. Turner would gladly have taken the entire care of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W. requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the Brethren in Lodge assembled, declared by a vote that Eva should be reared, educated and protected by the Lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in Brother Turner's house, that should be her home.

And so years went by, and Eva became a healthy, joyous child, fitting her from there, and every year meeting the warmest of welcomes. The Masonic Hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Eva went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone always bidding the Tyler "take good care of Pa Turner, and send him home early."

CHAPTER III.

The six years that followed the death of his wife and the loss of his child, passed wearily to James Durant. He visited nearly every country in the Old World, seeking among the scenes of natural beauty and grandeur as well as of historic interest, for the mental rest which could never be found. Once more he turned his steps toward America, and sought his Masonic friend, Wadsworth. Finding that gentleman about setting out with his family on a journey to the Atlantic coast, Mr. Durant accepted the invitation to accompany them to Saratoga and Niagara,

then to New York, where, leaving the ladies, Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Durant wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery and the quiet hospitality that greeted them more than the crowded hotels and the fashionable style of the popular watering places—fancy, and the kind hand of Providence at length led them to the little town of B—, and the second evening after their arrival they visited the Masonic Lodge. A warm welcome was extended to these Brethren from such a distance as both were invited to address the Brethren. Mr. Durant said to the Brethren, "I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and everywhere is Masonry substantially the same. I can hardly tell where I reside. The world seems to be my home, as I remain but a short time in any town or country, but my name is recorded in an English Lodge. I love my English Brethren, for they first brought me 'from darkness to light,' and I love English soil, for within it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love American soil, also, for here have I found the warmest of welcomes, the kindest of brethren. And, too, my own child is sleeping in American waters, even beneath the very waves that wash the shores of your beautiful village."

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"Well, Jim he was disgusted with this row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off the yaller water, and an' spic him round like the button on a barn door; but the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge and bite and howl, and the way they'd make the far fly was powerful."

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## The Home Circle.

"Nellie is Dead!"

These were the words that followed the midnight knock at the door of our room. The young girl whom we had seen daily for months, going about the house, faithful to her humble duties, and singing light-heartedly amid her cares—and now dead!—dead while her new and, and hope bright, and untried future, all before her. Only two short days before we and now—dead. One of those sudden and terrible maladies that fasten on the very seat of life had seized her, and she had been hurried from life with appalling suddenness. We went to the chamber of death. She had no mother or sister there, those who bound to her by the common sympathies of humanity had smoothed the pillow and wiped the death-damps from her brow. The members of the household and a kind-hearted lady of the neighborhood stood about the bed. No care of nursing, no skill of physician had availed. The white face upturned toward heaven—the closed eyes that should hold no more of this life—the folded hands that had done so much for the tasks of the household—With their white radiance—the pitying stars looked down—the melancholy night wind wailed like a dirge. How poor and purposeless seemed life and its pursuits—how earth faded away and eternity came near. Looking on all this, and on the face of the poor dead child, how comforting to believe that after her suffering she had been taken by the hand, and by the Father led up a pleasant path that led to the garden of His land—*Bluff Journal.*

Last Words of Cookman.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" This was the valedictory of the sainted Alfred Cookman. Could there be anything grander? He has been preaching, singing, testifying to this blood-drinking man's flesh, his sweeter spirit ever fresh, his heart ever true. He had a vision of his father, the celebrated preacher, George G. Cookman, who was lost in the "President," his eldest brother, and a son, whom he heard saying, "Here is Alfred, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

But his last words were grandest of all. What could surpass in power of faith and being, such a holy triumph. No witness, no weariness, no doubt, no extravagance. It was a grand procession in which he marched, a steadfast won on which he was sailing. "I am sweeping through the gates; sweeping like a triumphant cavalcade; sweeping like at all spirit, 'washed in the blood of the Lamb' no wavering here. He knew on whom an heir he believed; he knew by whom he was cleansed; he knew how he was at those gates at all."—*Zion's Herald.*

It is not death to have the body called back to the earth, and dissolved into its kindred elements, and mouldered to dust, and it may be turned to daisies, in the grave. But it is death to have the soul paralyzed, its inner life quenched, its faculties dissipated; that is death. What is blindness? Is it blindness merely not to be with the outer eye? What is deafness when he saw the angels of God and all the beautiful ones of the spiritual world in their brightness before his soul's inner vision? Is it deafness merely not to hear the outer world, when you can hear God's voice of approval, cheering you, and the words of His love, good and faithful servants? But it is deafness, when you are deaf and itself to have all our moral nature utterly dissipated and wasted away.

SOME of the happiest hours of my life have been passed in my library, and I never enter it without feeling upon my brow airs that blow from some better world than ours. My books have been friends that never failed me in the hour of need; they have assuaged the sting of disappointment and pointing him into the world of sorrow; they have refreshed me when weary and soothed me when chafed; they have fed me with bread that never grew in earthly furrows, and charmed me with flowers that never bloom in earthly gardens.—*Ext. from Hon. Geo. S. Hillard.*

STRANGELY do some people talk of getting over a great sorrow; overlooking it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. No, no. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until we are safe on the opposite shore.—*Miss Mulock.*

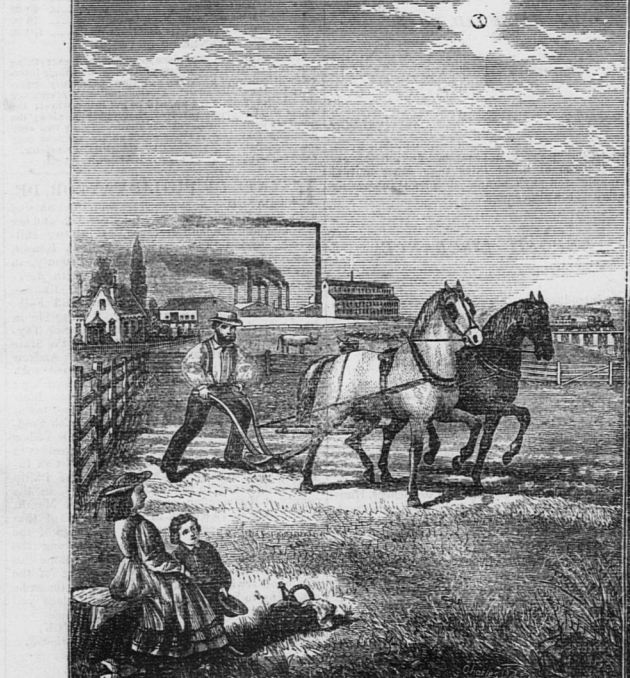
CONDEMN no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Advise every approach, in every kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God the judge of all.

REMEMBER IT.—Understandings are always misunderstandings. Therefore it is wise and prudent to leave nothing to be imagined or inferred or supposed; but everything expressed plainly. Human reason is very imperfect; memory is not infallible, and the best friends are often separated because one misunderstands the thing one way and the other another.

In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts was laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unquiet member. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections and his acts.—*Voltaire.*

The willow that bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities, happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—*Walter Scott.*

The aphorism "Whatever is, is right," would be as final as it is lazy, if it did not include the troublesome consequence that nothing that ever was, was wrong.—*Charles Dickens.*



TARIFF—Market at Your Door.

FREE TRADE—Market Across the Ocean.

Except for cotton, he has neither a foreign nor a home market. Common sense points out a remedy. Draw from agriculture the superabundant labor, employ it in mechanical and manufacturing, thereby creating a home market for your breadstuffs, and you at once give a home market for more bread.

To no one. He raises just enough to keep himself, and those who have saved money in better times are taxed to support soup houses to keep the soul and body together of men who will willingly work if they could get it. We would then be doing just as General Jackson said, viz: "Supporting foreign paupers while making wretched paupers of the American working people."

In the picture before us we see the effects of free trade with a market across the ocean. An oddly matched couple of faded and dispirited brutes, who evidently think they have enough to do to stand up on their legs, are urged on by a ragged and more dispirited farmer to drag a plow. One is a broken down stage horse which years ago, before railroads became the medium of travel and exchange, was sold to the farmer for five or ten dollars to drag out his miserable existence. His companion is a mule of equally questionable antecedents, and looks to be a fit candidate for the highest honors of the beneficiary.

God forbid that such may ever be the fate of America. But while we read, hundreds of British agents and recreant, soulless, avaricious Americans are fighting night and day, disseminating tracts and spreading doctrines and buying up papers for the disseminating of principles designed to overturn the system of protection to American industries. They are dealing out quietly their sugar-coated poison, and winning adherents who believe that a free trade law will bring them cheapness and plenty. No greater delusion exists. It will bring as it has brought, poverty, starvation and misery.

The people demanded protection and got it, but in a few years smooth-tongued politicians and well-fed English agents poured into the American ear while she slept in her prosperous security—the deadly oil of free trade—which, so rapidly through the veins and arteries of its body did it course, that in 1837 banks collapsed, merchants were penniless, workmen were idle and people starved.

These men in woolen mills and iron mills must be fed. They eat corn and wheat and feeble fluttering of the heart gave token that success would crown the efforts of Eva's rescuers; but, by and by the lids parted, and revealed two large, liquid, sky blue eyes, that wandered from face to face in a bewildered way, and then closed wearily.

## The Story-Teller.

### Eva, The Mason's Child.

CHAPTER I.

Faster and faster sped the flames, and now the ship was enveloped in a fiery sheet. Men and women rushed madly over the side to meet a quicker but less painful death. The boats, with one exception, had been overladen and capsized. There were hasty prayers, and heart-rending cries of misery and distress. Death hovered, vulture-like, over the victims; some clung desperately to the vessel's side, some supporting themselves in the water by articles hastily snatched from the burning ship, and with which they had leaped wildly into the sea. The captain sang through his trumpet, "Take heart and sustain yourself as long as possible. A ship is coming to our relief."

James Durant stood upon the almost deserted deck with his only child, but four years of age, folded closely in his arms. His eyes swept the horizon in search of the ship to which the captain had alluded. He discovered it at last, but it was at least four miles off. Before the ship could arrive, they must be burned to death; or, if he sprang, as others had, down into the water, both he and the child would be drowned, for he was