The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington streets.

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DR. H. W. BUCHANAN,
DENTIST,
No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
July 3, '72.

DR. F. O. ALLEMAN can be consulted at his office, at all hours, Mapleton, Pa. [march6,72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one 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. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

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

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney at Law. Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.
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Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with Brown & Bailey. [Feb.5-1y

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.
LOVELL & MUSSER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,'72

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

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MORRISON HOUSE,
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT
HUNTINGDON, PA.
J. H. CLOVER, Prop.
April 5, 1871–1y.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
S. S. BOWDOX, Prop'r.
Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. may1.

Miscellaneous.

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SHIRLEYSBURG ELECTRO-MEDICAL, Hydropathic and Orthopedic Institute, for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases and Deformities.
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Drs. BAIRD & GEHRETT,
nov-27,'72tf] Shirleysburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

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PAPER BOOKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

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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.

[For the JOURNAL.]

My Mother's Grave.

BY THE BARD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The autumn winds the oak leaf sere
Above me sadly wave,
As I repress the falling tear
Beside my mother's grave.

These emblems of unfading love
My drooping lashes lave,
As from its fount the current moves
While gazing on her grave.

That tongue, now silent in the dust,
Wise admonition gave,
Inciting me to love and trust,
The tenant of that grave.

Oh, hallowed memories of the past!
Ere sin did me enslave,
How sweet the halo o'er me cast
While ling'ring by her grave.

Oh, holy truths by mother taught,
So powerful to save,
Thy radiant light with mercy fraught,
Looms upward from her grave.

Thus kneeling by this sacred mound,
God's mercy let me crave,
And vow to battle for the crown
That glitters o'er her grave.

Oh, mother dear, I'll meet thee there,
Amongst the holy brave;
Yet falls one more resistless tear
Upon my mother's grave.

Travelers' Notes.

From Michigan.

ST. LOUIS, MICH., August 18th, 1873.

DEAR JOURNAL: Seeing a notice in the Saginaw papers that the steamer "Geo. L. Dunlap" will start for Macinaw on an excursion trip, making stops at all points of interest, and return in four days, we determined to go and see that country, wonderful in its Indian legends and natural curiosities. Our party consisted of that disagreeable number, "three,"—Hon. B. F. Edwards, a "Shuck" man from this place, and your humble servant. Leaving St. Louis on Friday morning at 6 o'clock, we arrived at the champion of all western salt towns—Saginaw—in two hours, and were safely and pleasantly fixed on board the above named steamer at the end of another hour. The party had by this time been increased to the goodly number of two hundred, and no two, or at the utmost, three, were personally acquainted, but these Western people have the happy faculty of "striking" an acquaintance on the merest trifle. If you tread on a man's corns, instead of ordering coffee and pistols, he will blandly ask, "Where are you from? where going? how long you intend staying?" and if encouraged will be your sworn friend for life, so you can imagine our success at acquaintance making.

Arriving at Bay City, at the head of Saginaw Bay, we waited three hours to take on board other excursionists who come here by rail. Getting under headway at five o'clock, we enjoyed the cool evening on deck, and at eight o'clock the Band began to play, and any and everything that could be danced to, was kept up until midnight. The rest of the party amused themselves at euchre, smoking, amateur flirtations, &c. Morning found us far out on Lake Huron, the second in width of our great northern chain. This was a merry day for all of us, having stump speeches, puritanical harangues, songs, music, readings, and everything we had at our command to kill time, and make laugh. The weather was splendid, bright and warm, but not oppressive. We made few stops going up, and arrived at Macinaw, or as the Indian name was "Michilli macinac," at 11 o'clock on Saturday, and soon commenced to "do" the town. It is a very antiquated place, both in reality and appearance. An old Fort is still occupied by U. S. troops. It occupies the highest point on the island, and from its walls the view is truly magnificent. It is about three hundred feet higher than the Lake shore, and with the aid of a glass can be seen the Straits of Macinaw, and with the eye alone is seen the village at the base of the cliff and the islands near. The island is full of romance and poetry. The principal sights are the "Arch Rock," of which we have a good sample in minature in the Arch Spring, Sinking Valley. "Pontiac's Pillar," "Dungeon Keep," and the inevitable "Lover's Leap," which is an almost perpendicular rock of two hundred feet in height. The whites here are full-fledged shylocks. We hired a rigging (no other name will describe it,) to see the place in, and paid therefor $2.00 per hour. The "Hon." remarked to the Jehu that we only wished to hire it and not buy. The fellow looked as he didn't care much whether we took it off his hands or not at that price. By the time we got over the islands, and having seen all the sights, we concluded it was the cheapest ride we ever had. The "Hon." made a neat calculation which resulted that it was worth $22.50 to ride in that shebang for sixty minutes, so we made money by hiring. The village of Macinaw has about 1,000 inhabitants, whose chief end is to fleece visitors. The Chippewa Indians have a small reservation near here. The women and children make large numbers of triukets, small canoes, beads, grass and feather work, which they sell to shopkeepers for a mere trifle, and they in their turn, under the name of "Indian curiosities," force on visitors at exorbitant prices. There are here six hotels of small size, which are visited by a small number every season, as a healthy resort. It is not very popular, however, on account of the difficulty in reaching it. Our trip home was simply a rehearsal of the one up the Lake, other than the ports we stopped at going up at night were made in daylight. We made a five hour visit at Alpena, one of the popular watering places in the State, and had the pleasure, if such it may be called, of bathing in the Magneto-Sulphur water there. It is furnished by an artesian well, and is of great strength; it is particularly suited to billious and nervous diseases. After bathing, all coin or jewelry is colored, even if not touched by the water, and you have for several hours, the odor peculiar to sour beer or old eggs.

We returned to Saginaw on Monday, bade Capt. Moore good-bye, took a last look at the "Geo. L. Dunlap," and started for St. Louis, where we found quite a number from Pennsylvania, and from our own county, Dr.'s McCulloch and Houtz, Jas. Miller, H. J. M'Ateer, and others. The associations here are quite pleasant; it is common to forget the day of the of the month and week. A number of us started a few days ago for Mt. Pleasant, distant 22 miles, to visit another reservation, and witness a horse race between "Sleepy John" and "M'Nulty's Grey." Here we put in a good day, saw many curiosities and wonders, were well fed, and left in the evening, perfectly satisfied with the trip. The number here is about the same; some are leaving daily, and new faces taking their place, thus keeping up a continuous list of new acquaintances. Sundays are the gala-days here. A large German element is present. Excursions from Bay City, Saginaw, and neighboring towns visit here on Sundays, when pretzels and lager are in great demand. They are always quiet and peaceful, and were it not for the apparent sacrilege, could be recommended. Another peculiarity of this country is the number of calico or coach dogs and the scarcity of coaches. Indian ponies, coach dogs, and young bears seem to be the popular pets.

The weather still continues pleasant,—nights cool, and days medium. There is yet a great deal of oats still standing about here, and seemingly very green. I do not know whether it is intended to be cut this season or not. If it is it will surely be late in September.

Supposing that politics is new the most interesting topic, I will not trouble you with a long letter. O.

From Nebraska.

OMAHA, NEB., Aug. 7, 1873.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir*:—All of your readers have heard and read much of the Great West, yet I have thought it would, probably, be interesting to hear more about it. I, in company with my two daughters, left Huntingdon, on Thursday, July 3d, in the 7.27 A. M. train West via. the Chicago and Ft. Wayne route to Chicago, and from that point on the Northwestern route to Council Bluffs, and from that place transferred to Omaha, at which place we arrived on Saturday, the 5th, at 10 A. M., the latter place being my destination for some time—making my home with my sister, Mrs. D. B. Houck.

Now, as I never was farther West than Pittsburgh before I had no idea how those wide, extended plains would look. In passing through the State of Ohio I thought that this State, for farming purposes, could not be surpassed, but after getting into the State of Indiana, and seeing its splendid prairies, I changed my mind, believing that Indiana would excel Ohio, but in turn we passed through the northern portion of Illinois, and between Chicago and the Mississippi river I was again induced to change my mind. I was induced to believe that Illinois could not be equalled for agricultural purposes, and at last, when passing through central Iowa, looking North and South, I gave it up and come to the conclusion that I could not do it justice. I could see a great distance, have no idea how many miles, but seemingly until sky and earth came together, and when I looked forward it appeared to me that the iron horse, with his unusual speed, would land us in the clouds.

"I saw the sun withdraw his light,
While sinking down the beauteous West,
And shadows of the coming night
On all the lovely landscape rest."

At last we reached the Missouri river, about twenty miles north of Council Bluffs, and from that point we crossed the river to Omaha Council Bluffs is the principal city of Pottawattomie county, Iowa, and lies on the eastern side of the Missouri river exactly opposite Omaha. It derives its name from the bold heights, at whose base it is situated. It is about three miles east of the great Missouri and four miles from Omaha, and contains about 13,000 inhabitants. It dates from about 1846. Council Bluffs refer to a council held here by the explorers, Lewis and Clark, with the Indians in 1804.

The city of Omaha is situated on the western bank of the Missouri river, on a slope. It is one of those American cities which seem to spring up and wax great in the twinkling of an eye. It dates from 1854, and it now numbers about 25,000 inhabitants of all nations and classes of people. Omaha is the terminis of eight railroads leading to and from all parts of the United States. It contains a series of machine shops on the lowland fronting the Missouri, and has numerous churches and schools of all grades. The Omaha Barracks, to the north of the city, were built in 1868, and accommodate 8,000 men.

As to the State of Nebraska. I have been here over four weeks, and have traveled some, but not as much as I originally intended, on account of ill health, which I regret. Nebraska lies in the central portion of the United States, and I suppose for grain-growing and stock-raising cannot be surpassed by any of the States. All that ever has been said or written of the beauty of this State is but feeble praise of its merits. Rich valleys, for fifty miles, stretch in unbroken level tables of beautiful farming lands, which are being rapidly taken up and occupied, so that the bewildered buffalo finds himself meandering and wandering among cultivated fields. When in Huntingdon I saw such an immense immigration westward it led me to believe the West would ere long be filled up, but in this I was mistaken. When I take into account all the Territories in connection with those States but thinly settled, it brings me to the conclusion that it will yet take millions unborn to fill up the West and to cultivate it as it can be. I believe, judging from the appearance of the cultivated lands, that every twenty acres would support a family. I frequently have been asked, "how do you like the West? How are you pleased with this country? Do you intend locating here? Would you rather live here than in Pennsylvania?" I generally tell them that I would prefer living in Pennsylvania. Perhaps an explanation here would not be out of place. Whilst the West, for farming and stock-raising, and for beauty, never can be excelled, there is, however, in my opinion, a certain portion of farmers in Pennsylvania that can do better there than they could do here. I will take my own situation for an illustration. Providence has favored me, by constant labor and frugal management, to obtain a situation well located and well improved, that will support me while I live. Should I make up my mind to locate in the West I would be obliged to make quick sale of my property, and most likely sell for less than its real value, then to buy and locate here and get acclimated, and to become acquainted with the ways of the people and many other things, it would take years, and it would require a considerable amount of mental labor, which is less appreciated by me than muscle and bone labor. Such as above described, and thousands more, who are better situated than I am, and who are going down the declivities of life, had better stay where they are; this is my opinion. But that portion of our people who have had no opportunities of getting good homes for themselves, or those who are in the vigor of life, or those who have money for speculation, may do well by coming West, as the openings here are much greater for speculation than in Pennsylvania.

As this is the first effort ever I made to write a letter for publication, I will stop. My intention is to go to the State of Kansas by the 12th of August, to remain there some time, and at which time you may hear from me again. My address will be Marmaton, Bourbon co., Kansas.

A. B. SHENEFELT.

From Colorado.

GRANADA, COL., Aug. 9, 1873.

MR. EDITOR:—We had not been over the A., T. & S. F. R. R. since their new bridge had spanned the Arkansas near the State line. Having exhausted all amusements at Fort Larned (buffalo hunts had lost all their excitement and fishing had become monotonous,) we concluded we would take a trip to the end of the track to see the thriving town of Granada, which has grown up within the past few months and promises to be the best town on the railroad west of Kenton.

We boarded the train at Larned, at 2.30 P. M., and the weather being delightful we enjoyed our ride through the charming valley of the Arkansas. At 6.30 we arrived at Dodge City, where we stopped off one hour. Dodge is an enterprising town of about 500 inhabitants. As we had heard of no shooting affrays within the past few days, we inquired of a stranger why the town was so quiet, and he told us the Vigilance Committee was running it. He "remarked it is about time for this step. Why our town has the highest record on this railroad, there having been more poor fellows "passed in their checks," with their boots on, in Dodge, than in any other town on the frontier, and yet they are not happy. Why only last week, while the Vigilants were resting, two men slipped their cable and shot off into eternity. We had learned of the latter affray and had been acquainted with one of the victims. The stranger continued: "That little game of poker, until recently only known in Arizona, has ushered many a poor devil into darkness. Nightly they played that game, and daily the undertaker was seen bearing away to that lonely hill a rude pine coffin. One man would hold two pairs, another held a brace of pistols, and in the morning the coroner held an inquest." Thanking the stranger for his entertainment, we stepped on the train and continued our journey. Nothing of interest took place until we reached the State line. Occasionally we passed a herd of buffalo or drove of antelope, or would frighten a jack-rabbit out of the sage bush. We arrived at Granada the next morning. It is a flourishing town of about 300 inhabitants and twenty-five or thirty houses. Every day adds to its increase. It is situated on an eminence that overlooks a lovely valley, and only a few rods from the streets flow the quiet waters of the Arkansas. We found no dance houses here, but we found the first Delmonico on the road. We were surprised to see the town so quiet and orderly. As yet there has been no shooting affrays. The town is controlled almost entirely by old plainsmen, who are determined to keep peace and harmony. While sitting in a private office with a friend, a young man apparently thirty years of age, entered. His appearance did not indicate that he was "one of the boys," but as he left the room our friend remarked "his record stands three." One of his victims was in the habit of herding other peoples' horses, and for this he extinguished his lamp. We were amused at a little conversation that took place in the office between our friend and the stranger: "How did you manage to get to Texas without money?" "The fare being $20 I was compelled to shove my trunk. When I got to Galveston I gave one of those happy-go-lucky fellows $2.50 if he would climb in at the window and promise not to disturb the Ex-Agent. He took the key of my trunk, and before morning I had its contents."

Granada is destined to be quite a business place, indeed it has already assumed such an appearance. The firm of Oltero, Sellers & Co. have erected two large freight houses, and buildings are going up on every side. The prairie is dotted with white tents and moving wagons. Business is brisk, and everything moves on pleasantly. The A., T. & S. F. R. R. Co. have contracted to carry the government freight over their line. The government has already built large warehouses at this point. The freight will be conveyed to the different posts through New Mexico by bull trains. We noticed many trains camped in the vicinity of the town.

The god of love reigns here as in the States. One couple departed from single blessedness and have been united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The ceremony, instead of being performed on rich brussels in a palatial residence, took place upon the beautiful green sward of the Arkansas Valley, with no covering over head save the spangled arch of heaven. Quite romantic. Pretty girls and silly boys, if it be your desire to be thusly united, come West. J. C. C.

Reading for the Million.

[Published by request.

The Recent Defections to Rome.

If some of the writers who have referred to the recent defections to Rome had been as anxious to find some reasonable explanation of the matter as they seem to be to make out a case against the Reformed Church, they would not have involved themselves in such palpable contradictions. The article of the "Catholic Standard" has constituted the entire stock in trade of these writers. The editor of that sheet abjured Protestantism and went over to Rome, and he says, that the theology taught in the Reformed Church led him thither, as it does others who have left the Reformed Church, and he ought to know, it is said, what caused his own conversion. Therefore his word must be received as settling the matter.

One of these writers in the New York "Evangelist" seems to tell that he is using an *ad captandum* argument, which will not bear examination, and in referring to Mr. Wolff's views concerning "the logical necessities of their (Mercersburg) school of theology," puts in the qualifying clause, that "*if we allow for the moment his absurd claim to a divine illumination in the case*, we should with him regard his views as unanswerable." This qualifying clause brings the whole matter, so far as the article of the "Catholic Standard" is concerned, into a nut-shell. Mr. Wolff drew certain inferences and conclusions from the teachings of the Reformed Church, and upon the strength of these he concluded to go to the Roman Church. "If we allow for the moment his absurd claim to a divine illumination in the case, *i. e.*, in drawing these conclusions, we would regard his argument as unanswerable." But just here comes in the fallacy.

The ministry of the Reformed Church claim some ability to draw inferences and conclusions, too, and they fail to see the truth of Mr. Wolff's argument. Indeed, he confesses himself, that it is not the theology, but *the divine gift of faith*, which enabled Mr. Forney to see conclusions which others cannot see. He, it seems, for some reason or other, received this divine gift while the nearly six hundred ministers he has left behind in the Reformed Church have not received it. Hence these latter cannot draw correct conclusions. Just here it is that the absurd theory of the Roman Church comes to Mr. Wolff's aid. Mercersburg theology does not itself lead to Romanism, but a certain gift of faith, which enables its happy possessor to understand it as others cannot understand it, does. But all this is just begging the whole question, and those writers who seem so ready to use Mr. Wolff's article against the Reformed Church, appear not to see it. Only consider its absurdity. Mr. Wolff claims, I suppose, that the Bible also led him to Rome; for he quotes it freely and wonders why we blind Protestants cannot understand its teachings. Then we must allow, according to the reasoning of these wise writers, that the Bible is Romanizing because Mr. Wolff says it teaches Romanism.

One hundred young men study theology in a Protestant seminary, ninety-nine regard the teachings as soundly Protestant, one forsakes it and declares that it leads to Rome. When giving explanation how it is that he alone sees this conclusion, he says he is guided by the "divne gift of faith" which others do not possess. And now a few writers spread his testimony before the world as evidence that the Reformed Church teaches a Romanizing theology! Could absurdity go any further? We would not stop here. If Mr. Wolff's divine gift of faith enables him to see the true conclusions of the theology of the Reformed Church above all others in the ministry of that Church, we would be driven to believe, that this same faith guides him to see more in the Bible than others. His testimony must be taken all the way through, and these writers are bound to go to Rome on that testimony. We suppose Mr. Wolff claims, that the Bible, quite as clearly as Mercersburg theology, teaches the Roman theory of the Church. The passage in regard to Peter, which he quotes, is clearly to the point. Why not take his testimony as to his superior ability for interpreting and drawing conclusions in this case also?

Such an absurdity will not deceive the thoughtful. A deserter is not to be held up as the most reliable in his estimate of the army or country he has deserted. Mr. Wolff's judgment of Dr. Nevin is worth no more than Benedict Arnold's opinion of Washington. These men that set him up now as a paragon of wisdom in drawing conclusions from the Bible. It is the old story over, Herod and Pilate making friends, because both are united against Christ. As Mr. Wolff has secured so much of the confidence of these men, there is danger he may use it to draw them over to the Roman Church. They all (and they are honorable men) say he is talented, and honest, and earnest. A writer in the Norristown "Herald" says he would not say a word unpleasant to the feelings of Messrs. Wolff and Forney. He recognizes fully the right of private judgment, and therefore, the full right of Mr. Wolff to go to the Roman Church if his private judgment carries him thither.

Here again is a strange contradiction. It was Mr. Wolff's *private judgment* of the Bible, according do the writer in the Norristown "Herald," which led him to interpret that inspired book in favor of Rome. He (the writer in the "Herald") believes him to be wrong, but he does not question his right to exercise his private judgment, even though that private judgment here is clearly wrong. But now when Mr. Wolff comes to exercise his private judgment in regard to the teachings of the Reformed theology, that judgment all at once becomes a public judgment, and we are called upon to bow down before it, and look upon Mr. Wolff as another Daniel come to judgment! Such absurdity is enough to blow up Mr. Wolff, his anti-liturgical friends in the Reformed Church, private judgment, and Roman infallibility all together! Let us have done with it.

What then is a plain, common-sense explanation of the defection of the five ministers who have gone to Rome from the Reformed Church? That explanation we conceive to be this:

Mercersburg theology, in the beginning of its career under that title, some twenty-five years ago, did stir up some exciting questions. Dr. Bomberger's article on "The Rule of Faith," and Dr. Nevin's review of Schaff's Principle of Protestantism, are among the first that appeared in the old "Mercersburg Review." The questions raised were such as these: What is the principle of Christianity? Or is it life, the life of Christ? Is the Bible to be interpreted by private judgment, or is it to be rightly interpreted only by believers in the Church, who are under the guidance of the Holy Spirit? This is the question discussed by Dr. Bomberger, and his conclusion is, that neither private judgment in the ultra Protestant sense (and he deals some hard thrusts at such ultra Protestantism) nor the Pope (the Roman theory) is the proper interpreter of the Bible; but that inspired book was given to the whole Church. Neither one man in the Church, nor the world, is commissioned to interpret it. Another question raised was, whether Protestantism in any of its phases is just a fac simile of the Church in any previous period of its history, whether the Apostolic or the Primitive. Dr. Nevin wrote his searching articles on Cyprian and Early Christianity to prove historically that it is not, and particularly to show, that modern Episcopacy is not a copy or reproduction of Primitive Christianity. His object was to show that Protestantism could be maintained only on the theory of historical development, a theory now adopted generally by Protestant church historians.

While these discussions were going on, the interest grew intense, and some young men were ready to go beyond the teachings of their instructors, and raise the question whether perhaps the Roman Church is not, after all, the true Church. Dr. Nevin, very wisely, held up the errors and absurdities of the Roman theory of the Church, in his able articles on Dr. Brownson, articles which it is now convenient for his defamers entirely to ignore. He there showed, that if there were evils and difficulties in Protestantism that needed correction, the errors and evils in Romanism were still greater; and our safety consisted neither in shutting our eyes to the former, nor embracing the latter, but in pressing on to a more satisfactory theory of the Church question.

We would not conceal the fact, that peril attended these earnest discussions, as it does all earnest and wakeful inquiry on solemn subjects. The Reformed Church, however, passed the peril and settled down in greater confidence in Protestantism, though conscious of its many evils. The later teaching in the Reformed Church, to which these discussions opened the way, is calm and settled. It claims to see more clearly the errors of Romanism, because of the investigation to which those theories were subjected, when the students, as it is said, used to read Roman Catholic literature. It is ready, on all proper occasions, to expose and oppose these erroneous theories, as may be seen by the recent able argument against Papal infallibility in the "Mercersburg Review," an argument which it is convenient also for certain parties to ignore. There is no excitement now in the institutions on the subject of Romanism. That system is handled in the teachings in theology and Church history, as well as in the interpretation of the Bible, in a way that shows clearly that its errors are understood. But there are a few, who never went on with the progress of theological thought in the Reformed Church. They stuck fast in the investigation of a quarter of a century ago. This is known to be a fact in the cases of Wolff, Ermentrout, and partly of Wagner. Mr. Forney's defection we attribute to causes that reached him after he left the Seminary.

The Beard of Visitors, who are present at the yearly examinations of the students in the Seminary, can testify to these facts. They have reason to know, as Dr. Fisher, one of their number has stated, that all the teachings in the Seminary are not only soundly Protestant, but that the fallacies of the Roman theory have been fought through, and raise no difficulties. We believe the great body of the ministry of the Reformed Church is more clearly and intelligently established against the theories of the Roman Church than any ministry in the country, and the trial in future will prove it.

A word in regard to the comparative extent of the defections to Rome from the Reformed Church. Mr. Wolff regarded himself as asked, by a writer in the Harrisburg "Telegraph," how the number of perverts from the Reformed Church to Rome compared with the conversions from other Churches. He replied, that he could not answer, that those conversions are so numerous that he hardly notices one in a hundred. How is this? *Five* ministers have gone over from the Reformed Church during the last quarter of a century, and three or four laymen, making in all *eight* or *nine*, perhaps *ten*. Now, in the "Catholic Standard," which made such a flourish of trumpets over Mr. Forney's defection, an account was given of *ten* converts received from Protestantism in New England at one time, and two weeks later the same paper gives an account of *twelve* in the South received at another time. "They are so numerous," that the editor of the "Standard" does not notice one in a hundred, and yet he cannot say whether or not there are more from other Protestant Churches than our own. That is certainly wonderful. Manning, and Newman, and Ives, and Stone, and hundreds perhaps from the Episcopal Church, Dr. Brownson and hundreds from Congregationalism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and yet this shrewd editor cannot tell whether these are more than the eight or ten from the Reformed Church. The Paulist Fathers of New York are made up largely of converts, some of the principal ones from the Presbyterian Church, and from the Lutheran Church a goodly number have gone over, and yet this editor can form no idea on this subject! If the statistics could be had, they would answer the question, and in a way to astound some of those, who are now condemning the Reformed Church.

Of course, there is another side to this; there are converts from Romanism also, ten such to the Reformed Church to every one that has left it. In Italy, too, Roman priests are received into the Episcopal Church, as we know from one who ministers there, and is conversant with affairs. Romanism is weaker to-day than at any time since the Reformation, and weakest just where it is best known, the assertion of the editor of the "Catholic Standard" to the contrary notwithstanding. But we will not occupy space in following out this line of remark.

The charge made by the editor of the "Catholic Standard," and repeated by others, that the theological teaching of the Seminary located here, is Romanizing, is a slander, which the Church will, no doubt, in due time denounce. The professors are known in this community. They have preached in Protestant Churches in this city, and those who have heard them know that their preaching is soundly Protestant. We do not think the community will believe a Catholic editor, when he says they are deceivers and liars—that they preach one thing and teach another. Is it not truly wonderful that certain parties have come to have such faith, all at once, in this Roman Catholic editor in his assaults upon the Reformed Church?

COMMON SENSE.

—*Lancaster Express.*

The Vesper Bells.

In the Cathedral of Limerick there hang a chime of bells, which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first hung, that he might enjoy their sweet, solemn music. In a political revolution the bells were taken away to some distant land, and the maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly this evening chime pealed forth from the cathedral towers. His experienced ear caught the sweet sounds, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his friends, his beloved and 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 that well-known chime had snapped its life-strings.

WHAT blessed food for reflection is the Word of God. Take a passage of scripture and dwell upon it, interweaving it with all the day's duties. Reflect upon it, and it will be continually developing in sweetness and power. Prayer and reflection will make plain what seemed obscure.

KEEP thy spirit pure from worldly taint by the repellant strength of virtue.

"THAT'S my impression," as our devil said when he kissed his sweetheart.

Handling a Snapping Turtle by the Wrong End.

A man named Gilsey, who by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of incumbrance, was fishing in Still river, near the Beaver Brook mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on a flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself. The butt-end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bare-headed man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet-bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet-bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face, and bare head, and dust-begrimmed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.—*Danbury News.*

Scraps from State Exchanges.

The Reading papers complain that the city is overrun with goats.

The liquor business is said to be in a flourshing condition at Corry.

A vein of coal five feet thick has just been opened at the head of Potato creek, McKean county.

Edenburg is the name of a new town just sprung into existence a few miles south of Shippenville, Clarion county.

The trial of Jones, who is charged with the murder of the little girl at Fall Creek, will come off at the September term of Court, at Towanda, Bradford county.

Mr. Edward S. Lutz found a few days ago upon the premises of Amandus Faust, in Albany township, Berks county, a land tortoise having upon its back the initials "J. S." and the date "1827."

The Central Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, of Altoona, offer $3,000 as premiums at their coming fair, for fast horses. Among these is a premium of $1,000 for horses that never trotted better than 2:40.

It is unlawful in this State to use or occupy churches, the doors of which open inwardly. The object of this law is to afford protection to congregations in the event of a panic from fire and other causes.

At Earlyville, Elk county, on the 12th inst., two children of a Mr. Lusk were killed by the lightning during the storm. A child of Patrick Quinn was also killed, and two other children were badly injured.

Miss Maggie Foulk, of Beaver, has been elected Principal of the Beaver Common Schools. Miss Foulk is a sister of Ellen, and has for the past year successfully acted as Principal of the Beaver Falls Common Schools.

During the flood in the Susquehanna last week, three of the booms at and near Williamsport broke, and seven or eight million feet of pine logs escaped. It was thought they would all be caught, however, before passing Sunbury.

The town of Corsica, Jefferson county, so recently destroyed by fire, is very rapidly rebuilding, and will soon be entirely built up again in a more substantial manner, and will present a much finer appearance than the Corsica of old.

George Furner, at Oil City, thought he would cheat the bridge company out of its toll, so he drove his team and wagon into the river. They got beyond their depth, and one of his horses was drowned; his wagon-box and seat were washed away. He didn't pay toll.

The Philadelphia *Press*, says that the two remaining steamers of the American line—the Indiana and Illinois—are rapidly approaching completion. Mess