

The Huntington Journal.

VOL. 48.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1873.

NO. 36.

The Huntington Journal.

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

Office on the corner of Fifth 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 \$3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid. No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	250	450	550	600	900	1500	2000	2500
2 "	500	900	1100	1200	1800	3000	4000	5000
3 "	750	1350	1650	1800	2700	4500	6000	7500
4 "	1000	1800	2200	2400	3600	6000	8000	10000

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion. All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged FIVE CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted. No advertising agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisements are inserted. JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch—Hand-bills, Blankets, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line at the lowest rates, in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 113 Third Street, aug21,1872.

B. F. GREGG, M. D., ECLECE-
TIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having returned from Clearfield county and permanently located in Shirtsburg, offers his professional services to the people of that place, on the corner of Market and Second streets, apr3,1872.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN,
DENTIST,
No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
July 2, 72.

D. R. F. O. ALLEMAN can be consulted his office, at all hours, Mapleton, Pa. (mar26,72).

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. (ap12,71).

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 223 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. (Jan.4,71).

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan.4,71).

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Broom's new building, No. 228, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (ap12,71).

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. (ap19,71).

J. FRANKLIN SHOCK, 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, four doors west of Smith. (Jan.4,71).

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 40, 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. Office in the Journal Building. (Feb.17,71).

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Solicitor's claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill Street. (Jan.4,71).

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with Brown & Bailey. (Feb.15,71).

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. (Nov.7,72).

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 521 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (mar3,71).

JOHN SCOTT, S. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY,
SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Possessors of all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill Street. (Jan.4,71).

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill Street. (ap19,71).

Hotels.

MORRISON HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, PA.

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT
HUNTINGDON, PA.
April 5, 1871-ly. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. - may1.

Miscellaneous.

OYES! OYES! OYES!
The subscriber holds himself in readiness to cry Sales and Auctions at the shortest notice. Having considerable experience in the business he feels assured that he can give satisfaction. Terms reasonable. Address G. HENRY, March-5th-ones. Saxton, Bedford county, Pa.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Lester's Building (second floor), Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. (oct16,72).

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber, and Hairdresser, 3rd Street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonsure and Pomades kept on hand for sale. (ap19,71-72).

SHIRLEYSBURG ELECTRO-MEDICAL, Hydropathic and Osteopathic Institute for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases and Deformities. Send for Circulars. Address DR. BARRIE GREGG, 27, 72nd Street, Shirtsburg, Pa.

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

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

A Hundred Years.

(For the Journal.)

When Guifford's feeble battle-cry
Fell on our nation's ears,
And Freedom bore Depression fly,
Mere hand inscribed "a hundred years!"

When Hope's faint ray but dimly shone
Where power now her standard rears,
His thunder awed the British throne,
By echoing loud "a hundred years!"

When patriots bled our sacred soil
With mingled streams of blood and tears,
Whilst Britain's vanquished hosts recoiled,
Peace angels wrote "a hundred years!"

Let despots shrink and stand agast,
As Freedom high her banner bears,
'Twas God the mighty cast,
That spared her life a hundred years!

In vain may tyrants strive to quench
Her fires by widowed mothers' tears,
Or from fate's hand the steeple wrench
'That paints in blood "a hundred years!"

Thus glowing down Time's rapid stream,
The bright centennial dawn appears,
And south its soft effulgent beams,
We shout aloud "a hundred years!"

Let patriotic bosoms swell,
Nor hide in shame the flowing tears,
That from life's mystic fountain well,
"When history writes "a hundred years!"

Let all the world assembled gaze,
As gratitude a column rears,
Nor may wish to dim the blaze
That swept our shores a hundred years.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

PUBLISHED

BY

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

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

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.

The Muses' Tower.

By the Bard of the Mountain.

A Hundred Years.

When Guifford's feeble battle-cry
Fell on our nation's ears,
And Freedom bore Depression fly,
Mere hand inscribed "a hundred years!"

When Hope's faint ray but dimly shone
Where power now her standard rears,
His thunder awed the British throne,
By echoing loud "a hundred years!"

When patriots bled our sacred soil
With mingled streams of blood and tears,
Whilst Britain's vanquished hosts recoiled,
Peace angels wrote "a hundred years!"

Let despots shrink and stand agast,
As Freedom high her banner bears,
'Twas God the mighty cast,
That spared her life a hundred years!

In vain may tyrants strive to quench
Her fires by widowed mothers' tears,
Or from fate's hand the steeple wrench
'That paints in blood "a hundred years!"

Thus glowing down Time's rapid stream,
The bright centennial dawn appears,
And south its soft effulgent beams,
We shout aloud "a hundred years!"

Let patriotic bosoms swell,
Nor hide in shame the flowing tears,
That from life's mystic fountain well,
"When history writes "a hundred years!"

Let all the world assembled gaze,
As gratitude a column rears,
Nor may wish to dim the blaze
That swept our shores a hundred years.

The Story-Teller.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

By "MIAMI."

It was a bright June morning in 1777. A comfortable wagon was drawn up before the door of a farm house on the east bank of the Hudson river. From the happy occupants, the peaceful hills with their wooded summits, the fair Adirondacks veiled by a misty haze of blue, the fresh, green meadows, and bright June flowers, shut out the scenes of blood which had begun to stain our country. The majestic river rolled on so smoothly, the wild birds sang so sweetly when the colonists were subjects of that king whose throne they were now determined to throw off.

A beautiful young lady, in a plain muslin dress and straw bonnet, stood waiting for some one in the door of the farm house, alternately smelling the roses which she had in her hand and caressing the little children who with their mother stood beside her.

This lady was Jane McCrea, the orphan of a Scotch gentleman, and was for the present residing with her brother. A couple of the neighbors, who were going to do some trading, had promised to accompany Mr. McCrea and his sister to Fort Edward, where the latter was going to visit her friends, Mrs. O'Neil.

After an exhilarating drive, they reached Fort Edward, and stopped in the village at the house of Mrs. O'Neil, a widow and lady of high repute in the country. Her tasteful dress and cap became the dignified matronly hostess who welcomed her visitors into a parlor, not only genteel, but even luxurious for that day of primitive plainness.

The lady was expecting them evidently, for the table for dinner was set in the state dining room, and the meal was waiting. Elegant old silver bearing the family crest, costly china and cut glass from the McCrea manor house in the old country, had been brought from the lockers of the great side board for the occasion.

Her young visitor was a great favorite with the widow, who looked admiringly at the sunny eyes, rosy cheeks and maidenly figure of the young lady, who had been raised in a vase and putting back the stray curls which the wind had displaced in her drive. The party chatted gayly, and enjoyed the present, though stern war had set his face meaningly toward them.

Late in the evening her brother and friends took their leave, and Jane was left to her hostess alone. She gazed once more upon the old family portraits, read over the old books, listened to the harp, or to the lazy humming of the spinning wheel which Dinah used so dexterously in the kitchen.

Days sped quickly by, each freighted with pleasant memories of friendly visits and familiar faces. Afternoons the ladies spent in the cool old parlor perfumed with roses and lilacs which shaded the windows. The young ladies of the village fitted in and out like butterflies on those delightful June days, chattering over their sewing and knitting or talking of loved ones far away, who were perhaps even then being the deadly foe.

It was on a rainy day, when the two were alone, that the latter confided to her hostess the attachment and betrothal of her friend. It was David Jones, a brilliant, handsome young man, then a lieutenant in Fraser's division of Burgoyne's army, who had won her heart. He had resided with his family at Fort Edward, but at the commencement of the Revolution removed with them to Canada.

The Jones' were staunch Royalists, and Mrs. McCrea's were as firm on the Federal side. But like a true woman, Jane loved, perhaps "not wisely, but too well," and though Lieutenant Jones wore the red coat and unweaved beneath the hated British standard, she remained true in the love and respect she bore him.

Mrs. O'Neil was also a Royalist, and a friend of General Burgoyne. She shared her young guest's enthusiasm in her plans, and encouraged her to keep up her correspondence with the gallant young officer. Little dreamed she that the name of Miss McCrea should prove a rallying word, to call gentlemen patriots and sturdy yeomen from mountain and glen, from east and west, to take up arms beneath the American flag.

General Schuyler was stationed at Fort Edward with a division of the American army, while General Burgoyne was at Skenesboro awaiting his opportunity to advance toward the Hudson. Many were the courtesies extended to the brave volunteers by the kind people of the village, who became attached to them as to sons and brothers. But, alas, the tocsin rung, the alarm spread far and wide, and the hosts of Burgoyne reached Fort Anne; General Schuyler moved his post down the river toward Albany, and his place at Fort Edward or just beyond, was occupied by Fraser's division. Miss McCrea was once more near her lover, "so near and yet so far."

The advance of the British army spread terror through the country, and the inhabitants made ready to fly from home and property. Mr. McCrea determined to re-

move with his family to Albany, as a large party of his friends were going there for safety, and sent a message to his sister to be prepared to accompany them. But the young girl failed to respond. Again and again he sent her urgent requests, but still she dallied. Fatal delay! At length, when the villagers were about to quit the Fort, Jane prepared to leave the vicinage of her lover.

Morning dawned, a lovely July morning. The golden sunbeams played upon the walls of Mrs. O'Neil's quiet parlor, the soft air stirred the curtain and the bees drone d past the door where Jane stood awaiting her brother. Mrs. O'Neil would remain, for the British were her friends. She stood cheering her young friend by voice and manner, striving to assure her that all would yet be well. But what of a sudden blanches the lady's cheek? Why does the fair girl's blood grow cold?

In terror they shut and bar the doors, then retire for safety to an inner room. They pray one short prayer, short, for the doors are burst open and a party of Indians in all their savage pomp enter the house. Quickly these allies of Burgoyne seized their work, plundered the house and carried the two young prisoners, Miss McCrea, in her terror, besought the savages to take her to the enemy's camp, where she felt she had one friend. She offered a large reward and they promised. Thus she signed her death warrant. Mad, as we are told, with British run, the chiefs began to quarrel and dispute as to whom the prize belonged. The leading chief, carved beyond the rest, killed Miss McCrea upon the spot. The beautiful victim was yet warm, with her rich young life blood flowing, when the savage scalped her and bore her bleeding scalp and silken tresses as a trophy to the British camp.

The broken-hearted lover lost all interest in life. He brooded in anguish over the sad but precious relic of his betrothed, and disgusted with the world, he threw up his commission and retired to Canada. Living single and alone he became gloomy and silent, his heart was filled with mournful pictures of what might have been. He was called when a silver-headed man to meet Jane in that far-off land where brides and bridegrooms are unknown.

A simple stone, with the name "Jane McCrea" cut upon it, marks her grave near the ruins of Fort Edward. Under the tree is said to stand under which her life was taken.

The Campaign.

The Grabbers at Wilkesbarre.

Sam Randall, as soon as he saw the way the current was running, had sense enough to hold his peace at Wilkesbarre. Foster and McClelland did not put in an appearance. So with R. Milton Speer and J. Lawrence Getz, Democratic Congressmen, who part their names in the middle and pocketed the "swag." With their pockets filled with the plunder they voted themselves, they attempted to champion the grab-bag and future pay—and they were rejected there was sufficient manly self-assertion in the delegates to hoot them down. The case of Speer is one that deserves special mention. Twice elected to Congress in a doubtful district because of Republican division, he imagines himself a coming star of a man in Pennsylvania politics, and went up to Wilkesbarre several days in advance of the meeting of the Convention to button-hole the delegates as they arrived, and secure a State endorsement. The Committee was so constituted as to report him for that position, with a ponderous tale attached in the shape of forty or fifty Vice Presidents and Secretaries. Happy man was Speer. Not at all the sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked maidenly figure in *en route*. His "able and eloquent speech on taking the chair," arraigning the Republican party, was in the hands of the reporters and telegraph operators, ready to be flashed to the uttermost borders of the continent. A radiant smile illumined his countenance as he prepared to ascend the rostrum, and show the assembled Democracy what manner of man was his future leader. But at this critical moment a note of discord was sounded. "Back-pay grabber," was thundered at John Milton Speer from scores of Democratic throats, and the fanciful fabric he had built, with himself as the central figure, tumbled to the ground. His zeal in packing the Organization Committee so as to get himself reported, only made his disgrace and reputation, and in the eye of the party, he was no longer a "back-pay grabber," he had not sought the honor," when the telegraph for days reported him on the ground working for it; he plead that he should not be stabled in the house of his friends, and begged pitifully for the endorsement. Well, he was not "stabled," and was incompetently tumbled out of the house. Even Sam Josephs and McMillin turned their backs on him. The Associated Press report says "the sense of the Convention was unanimously against Speer being permanent chairman," and Doctor Nebinger was substituted in the report of the Committee, and accepted by the Convention without a single reproval vote on behalf of Speer. If this don't finish the man, his assurance must be steel-hard. In our recollection of Pennsylvania politics, we have not known so signal a rebuke.—Pittsburg Evening Telegraph.

Milton Speer Repudiated.

Hon. R. Milton Speer is the most abused man in Pennsylvania today. Possessed of a fair share of talent, and invested by his fellow citizens with their confidence and support, he started out in life with fairer signs than are accorded most men. By his reputation as a legislator grew day by day, and higher honors were popularly supposed to wait him. But all this is changed. A moment of weakness came, and by the commission of a single act he blighted and ruined all his future prospects. The "salary grab" presented its seductive front, and he fell! It is true Mr. Speer voted in Congress against the enactment of the bill granting the back pay; but it is also true that he was nothing loath to accept the \$5,000 when the same was tendered him by the United States Treasurer.

Mr. Speer was sent to Wilkesbarre as a delegate to the State Convention. Himself and Hon. Sam. Randall and other self-confessed treasury thieves determined that no vote of censure in connection with the "salary grab" question should be passed on them; and in conformity with this determination it was arranged that Mr. Speer should be chosen permanent President of the body. It is one thing to propose, however, and another thing to dispose

The plan worked quite well till the name of Mr. Speer was reported by the committee on permanent organization, when such a howl of indignation went up from nine-tenths of the assembled Democracy that gentleman was gald to withdraw his name from before the Convention. Hon. J. Lawrence Getz spoke in favor of Speer, and was hissed from the floor!

How are the mighty fallen! The able and eloquent Speer, whose name was one time synonym for all that is good and true in politics, ignominiously kicked off the rostrum and not permitted to preside over the deliberations of a petty Democratic convention! Truly will that gentleman commence to think that his "back-pay grab" was about as judicious a speculation as was the acceptance by Judas Iscariot of the thirty pieces of silver.—Altoona Tribune.

Reading for the Million.

(From the Boston Advertiser.)

The Centennial Exhibition.

The people of this country hardly begin to take a general interest in the great Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. But the plan is so judicious in itself, and the national enthusiasm for anything so broad and generous is so sure to quicken as the time for it draws near, that there need be no fear but that, when the summer of 1876 has come, the whole nation will be sufficiently roused to the greatness and significance of the occasion.

There is much more reason to fear that this general enthusiasm may be roused so late that the fit preparations may not be made in time for an exhibition which ought to be both an adequate and a comprehensive display of the results of a century of national being. We have had indications enough of the sudden awakening of national enthusiasm to know that it may burn very hotly when there has been no sufficient preparation for action. There was enthusiasm enough for arms in the spring of 1801; but it proved that there were not fifty thousand men who could march seven miles a day to meet an enemy. Now, in 1876, the country will be very much aroused, but it is very doubtful if its great exhibition is only half ready when the time comes. It is deserts of sand and simons of dust surround the building; if the fresh paint offend nostrils and ruins tempers; if the day of opening be a "feet of packing cases," we shall then have avers of criticism, all very good but too late. To render such criticism unnecessary, the preparations are, in fact, to be taken in this very season.

Strange as it may appear to a people who have flattered themselves into believing that a city can be rebuilt in a twelve-month, as it cannot; or a Coliseum in three months, as it cannot; or a university created by an act of Congress, as it cannot,—strange as it may appear to such a people to be taught that three years is a very short time in which to arrange a comprehensive exhibition of the results of the industry of the world, the truth is that this is a short time for vast an undertaking. It has proved a very short time in Austria, which is fortunately placed for such an enterprise. Between the half-known countries of the East, and the great workshops of the world, Vienna stood halfway, and in her relations with the countries around the Black Sea and the eastern Mediterranean gave her peculiar facilities for that display of the products of West and Asia and of Eastern Europe, which have given some of its remarkable attractions to the exhibition of this summer. But to interest any of the nations of Europe even, and of their workmen, in an exhibition on the other side of the Atlantic, to persuade them to send valuable manufactures to a country of which the existence seems to half of them almost a myth, and to arrange for the arrival here of those other collections more precious and more valuable than mere manufactures—collections which illustrate methods of education, steps in civilization, or the progress of history—this is no trifling matter. It is the duty of Philadelphia Commissioners that could be any similar undertaking in any part of Europe.

The spirit, and in general the good sense, shown at the great dinner in which for the public the centennial exhibition was inaugurated at Philadelphia, speak well for the future. There was no indecent boasting, no discounting of success, no mere show to parade in his pipe, done most to secure the beauty and variety of that exhibition; they see with their own eyes the detail and the result of methods of administration—and it must be hoped that they will learn which way of the Philadelphia exhibition. Since 1851 each of these "great games of the nations," on its advance, in some regards, on its predecessors, and we will make but a very poor display of our inventive or our organizing ability, if in some way we do not make one step forward, when the time shall come for ours.

First of all, we trust the directors who have in charge may be early advised that the Vienna Welt-Anstellung is from the beginning that the object is to display, in one centre, the result of a hundred years of national government in America; and in the same place, in friendly rivalry, to display the results of the present civilization of the rest of the world. Now this ought to be so displayed that any conscientious or intelligent person can see, study and profit by the display. It is not fifty arranged if only the various articles be so brought together that in a month's time, by such hard work as the Emperor and Empress of Austria are at this moment giving to the Welt-Anstellung, we have some idea of it. A man who should spend a month in the city of London, going from warehouse to warehouse, and examining their contents, would obtain quite a good notion of the results of modern industry. But we do not call the city of London "a world's exhibition," and it is not ours. We must have the encyclopaedia of modern industry which is contemplated a small-though-cyclopaedia for reference. Nay, it must be so indexed and catalogued, that it must be so arranged that the visitor can know what there is in it, and how to turn to every object in the shortest time. It is not possible at Vienna, because the exhibition there is too large.

The preparation for another feature in

the American part of the exhibition involves much more difficulty. We suppose it will be determined not to attempt any general displays in the line of natural history, such as should exhibit the geological constitution of the country, or its laws of climate, or of growth. These are not matters which in strictness belong to the exhibition. It is, however, to be remembered that no complete illustration of some manufactures can be made without illustrating the science upon which they depend. In the case of silk, in every form of the raw material, which made a part of the exhibition of Italy at Vienna, were among the most interesting collections there. For the proper exhibition of the products of iron in America, there should be a full exhibition of iron ores. For the proper illustration of cotton manufactures, the different stages and the different fibres of cotton should be exhibited. Now evidently it is too much to expect any manufacturer to go into this provision of objects in natural history. And it is very desirable that the duty should early be assigned to some sensible and intelligent person of making what we call the scientific collections necessary for the proper illustration of the exhibition of the results of American industry.

The governments of the various States may, if they choose, render very important assistance in the proper representation of the present aspects of American life. They will choose, if they are properly addressed, and addressed in season. The government of the nation also has many opportunities to aid in the exhibition, as we hope, may be fairly and fully employed in the collection of weapons and other military resources at Fort Monroe, for instance, one of the most interesting collections in the world, might be duplicated at Philadelphia. The Indian department ought to be able to furnish an exhibition which would show the real condition of the aboriginal tribes, of their civilization and of their industry. The coast and inland waters, the light-house bureau, West Point, the observatory, the weather bureau, the copyright office, the mint, and these great foundations which are almost national, ought all to make with system, their contributions. There will be no difficulty in including the several States to do their part, if it is indicated to them what the part is. The government of Italy exhibits in Vienna the processes of steel which it perforated Mount Cenis. The State of Massachusetts, if it is asked, will show at Philadelphia how, before 1876, it tunneled the Hoosac mountain. Maine, if it is asked, will show the several stages of ship-building; California and Nevada the critical steps in metallurgy; South Carolina and Georgia the various staples of cotton; Michigan the processes of reducing copper; and so in every locality the local governments ought to be relied upon for those larger ranges of exhibitions for which individuals can hardly be asked with propriety to make full preparation.

Of the arrangements which would secure a proper exhibition of American fine art, we cannot speak at this time. The sad failure of Vienna shows that we can hardly rely here on the personal interest or even the *esprit de corps* of the artists. It must be hoped that such institutions as our own Art club, the New York Academy, the Academy in Philadelphia, and the unions which have similar functions in Chicago and in Cincinnati may see that the exhibition of pictures and statuary is not left to accident or to selfishness. Accident and selfishness at Vienna gave us, on the catalogue of two or three thousand pictures and statues, twelve articles—most of them deserved no higher name. We will not leave the country's credit for culture in fine art to such a display in Philadelphia.

Voices.

There is something peculiarly charming in a sweet voice, something which arrests the attention and makes one involuntarily wish to hear it again. When the gentle voice of a sweet voice falls, with their soothing influence upon the ear, imagination immediately pictures a form or face to correspond. Who could ever imagine a loud, hoarse voice to belong to a gentle retiring creature, or a weak feminine voice to a manly nature. Not only do living creatures have voices, but there are, voices to everything. You have heard of the "voice of nature." Have you taken an early morning walk into the summer woods and listened to that voice.

Nature speaks to us not with one voice only, but with a thousand. Voices in tiny brooks murmur softly to the pretty flowers bending gracefully over their banks to drink of the refreshing cup held by their lips.

Voices from the myriad "busy bees," sipping will honey from every "passing flower," tell of the active, happy life they lead.

The hirrings tune their voices and pour forth in one harmonious concert their daily praises to their Maker.

All nature is full of sweet, hidden voices; and if we but take the trouble to listen, we shall find them filled with enchanting music, delighting and charming the heart, making the heart light, happy, and full of thanksgiving that we are surrounded by a world of such beauty and harmony.

Again, other voices abound in the world, which, to a certain class of people, are very troublesome. They are the voices of the heart! Aye, the heart of every human being is filled with secret voices continually whispering to their owners, directing the good to be chosen rather than the evil.

Not only do voices fill of music upon the heart, but oftentimes harsh and discordant ones, always tempting their owners to wrong or evil doing.

It is hard to drown the voices of the heart, or to shut our ears against them. Though deafness may deprive us of hearing every other sound, yet we cannot be deaf to the voice of conscience.

Slender.

Yes, you pass it along whether you believe it or not; and that one-sided whisper against the character of a virtuous female or an honorable man, you don't believe it, but you will use your influence to bear up false report and pass it into the current. Strange creatures are men and women. How many reputations have been lost by surprise. How many hearts have been blacked by whippers. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder. How many individuals have been shrouded by a gentle mysterious hint. How many chaste bosoms have been wronged