The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1875. NO. 10.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

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:

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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, and notices of 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 collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

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.

S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 2d door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims.
Jan.7,71.

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

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.
Aug.5,'74-6mos.

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.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one doo East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1

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, hree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

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 he 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 to with great care and promptness.
Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'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. [nov6,'72

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'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. 29, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

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

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Mifflin street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,'72.

WM. WILLIAMS,
MANUFACTURER OF
MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS. HEADSTONES, &C.,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
PLASTER PARIS CORNICES, MOULDINGS. &C.
ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER.
Jan. 4, '71.

100,000
ENVELOPES
JUST RECEIVED
AT JOURNAL STATIONERY STORE.
Also,
BLANK BOOKS, all kinds,
ENVELOPES, every description.

Call and examine our stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere.

MEMORANDUMS, PASS BOOKS, and a thousand and one other useful articles, for sale at the *Journal Blank Book and Stationery Store.*

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL
PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.
Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St
HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
IN
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

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.,

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,

New Advertisements.

1875. 1875.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE!

THE
PITTSBURG DAILY DISPATCH,
ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

And one of the Largest, Liveliest and Best Newspapers in the United States, enters upon the New Year with a new dress, and greatly improved in all its departments.

THE DISPATCH gives the Latest News by Mail and Telegraph from all quarters of the Globe, embracing the fullest and most reliable Commercial and Financial Reports, home and foreign; full and reliable Oil Reports: daily reports of current events in the city, including Court News, Police Reports, and General City Intelligence; Personal, Political and Society News, with carefully digested Editorial Comments on all the more important topics of the day; Special Correspondence from all points of interest, Original Poetry, etc., etc. Whether for the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man, the mechanic, the farmer or the family, THE DISPATCH will be found a most valuable and reliable journal, and as such it can cheerfully be commended to the public. Its bold advocacy of the rights and interests of the people, as against all Rings, Cliques or Combinations inimical to said rights and interests, has won for it a position and standing never before attained by a Pittsburg journal, and secured for it a circulation from double to quadruple that of any paper in the State outside of Philadelphia. The daily edition of THE DISPATCH is now within a mere fraction of

15,000,

and the demand for it continues steadily to increase.

TERMS:

By mail to single subscribers, $8.00 per annum; in clubs of ten, $7.00. Served by agents or carriers to single subscribers at 15 cents per week.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

One of the Choicest, Cheapest and Best Family Newspapers Published.

EVERYBODY SHOULD READ IT.

The Pittsburg WEEKLY DISPATCH, like the Daily, is printed from clear, new type, and is one of the choicest, as well as one of the cheapest Family papers published. It is a large folio sheet, containing thirty-six columns of matter, embracing all the more important news of the week, carefully collated and condensed, and omitting nothing essential to a general knowledge of everything of interest transpiring throughout the country. Indeed; as a newspaper, it is not surpassed by any similar publication in America, while the care with its selections are made, and their great variety, render it a most desirable paper for the family—a journal replete with interesting reading, and one that cannot fail to please. The Commercial and Financial Reports of the WEEKLY DISPATCH are made up with great care, and are always full and reliable, while to its cattle and stock reports equal care is given. The WEEKLY is furnished to subscribers at the following rates: 1 copy 1 year, postage prepaid, $1.50; 10 copies, 1 year, postage prepaid, $11.00; 20 copies, 1 year, postage prepaid, $20.00; 50 copies, 1 year, postage prepaid, $45.00; 100 copies, 1 year, postage prepaid, $80.00. A copy of our elegantly illustrated Almanac, with 20 engravings, free to each member of clubs. It is the cheapest paper in America, its size and the amount of reading matter it gives considered, and every family should have it.

Address— O'NEILL & ROOK,
Publishers Daily and Weekly Dispatch,
Feb.17-6t. Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

EVERY LADY SHOULD TAKE IT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

The Cheapest and Best in the World. Postage Pre-Paid on all Subscriptions.

This popular Monthly Magazine gives more for the money than any in the world. For 1875, it will be greatly improved. It will contain one thousand pages, fourteen splendid steel plates, twelve colored Berlin patterns, twelve mammoth colored fashions, nine hundred wood cuts, twenty-four pages of music. All this will be given for only TWO DOLLARS a year, postage prepaid by the publisher, or a dollar less than Magazines of the class of "Peterson." Its THRILLING TALES AND NOVELETTES are the best published anywhere. All the most popular writers are employed to write originally for "Peterson." In 1875, in addition to the usual quantity of short stories, FIVE ORIGINAL COPYRIGHT NOVELETTES will be given, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Jane G. Austin, Marietta Holley and Daisy Ventnor. MAMMOTH COLORED FASHION PLATES ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, twice the usual size, and are unequaled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, household and other receipts; in short, everything interesting to ladies. Superb Premium Engraving to every person getting up either of the following clubs for 1875 will be sent gratis, a copy of our new and splendid mezzotint for framing, (size 21 inches by 26), "Washington's First Interview with his Wife." This is a five dollar engraving, and the most desirable premium ever offered. For large clubs, as will be seen below, an extra copy of the Magazine will be sent in addition.

TERMS (Always in Advance) $2.00 A YEAR.

Postage pre-paid by the Publisher.

2 Copies for $3.60, 3 copies for $4.80. Postage pre-paid on the club, with a copy of the superb mezzotint (21x26) "Washington's First Interview with his Wife," to the person getting up the club.

6 copies for $10.00, 9 copies for $14.00, 12 copies for $18.00. Postage pre-paid on the club, with both an extra copy of the Magazine and the superb mezzotint, "Washington's First Interview with his Wife," to the person getting up the club.

Address, post-paid,
CHARLES J. PETERSON,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

☞Specimens sent gratis if written for.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1875.

A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Of this book CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER writes:

In the bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS, with its glory of red and gold, we have a permenant addition to the literature of the young. Never before has so much literary and artistic talent co-operated in the service of children. It is a continued educator of their taste and of their honor and courage. I do not see how it can be made any better, and if the children don't like it I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1875.

The prospectus of the second volume shows that there is to be no falling off, but an increase in its literary and pictorial attractions. Among other attractive features are

TWO SPLENDID SERIAL STORIES,
"THE YOUNG SURVEYOR,"
by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of the Jack Hazard Stories
"EIGHT COUSINS,"
by LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Little Women," etc.

The peculiar features of ST. NICHOLAS, which have conduced so largely to its popularity, will be kept up with spirit.

Short and easy stories in French, German and Latin for translation, will appear occasionally, while Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the Letter Box, and The Riddle Box, will continue to be full of interest, and the department for every young readers will be enlarged.

BAYARD TAYLOR and other distinguished travellers will give Stories of Foreign Countries.

MR. RIDDING will continue his series of delightful and instructive Papers on Practical Subjects.

MR. BARTLETT and others will attend to the department of Home Entertainments, Tableaux Vivants, etc.

New writers, in addition to our present large corps of contributors, will give young people of all ages, Poems, Jingles, Stories, Sketches, and Papers on History, Biography, Travel, adventure, Natural History, Out-door and In-door Sports, Boys' and Girls' Handicraft, Kindergarten Games, Literature, Popular Science, with a hearty sprinkling of fun throughout the volume.

Price, $3.00 a year; but up to January 1st we will send the the twelve numbers for the year just closed (Vol. I.) for only $2.00. The same, elegantly bound in red and gold, will be sent, charges paid, for $4.00.

One year's subscription and twelve back numbers, $5.00. One year's subscription and volume one, bound as above, sent, charges paid, for $6.00.

☞ All Postages will be Prepaid by us.

SCRIBNER & CO,
Dec.16 No. 654 Broadway, New York.

FOR
PLAIN PRINTING,
FANCY PRINTING,
GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

The Muses' Bower.

A Name in the Sand.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day.
As onward from the spot I passed
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and be to me no more;
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

The Story-Teller.

LOST TO THE WORLD.

In the Summer of the year 1815, or thereabout, a wealthy merchant of New York took charge of a little boy who had been left an orphan. The parents of the little boy had been actors of some slight celebrity in the theatres of the United States; but dying within a short period of each other, they left behind them, in a state of the completest destitution, three young children. The eldest of these was called Edgar. He was a handsome boy about six years of age, with a quick eye and active spirit, and a remarkably intelligent countenance. The merchant of whom we speak had known the parents of the child; and out of pity for its helplessness he and his wife, who had been blessed with no children, adopted it as their own.

How happily the ardent boy passed his days in the house of his benefactor; how he was beloved by those two childish people; how he became the favorite of a large circle; how, in the strength of their great affection the merchant and his wife brought him to England, so that nothing might be wanted to make him a gentleman in mind as well as person; how he spent some four or five pleasant years under the care and teaching of a reverend gentleman near London; how he came back again to the city of his birth to finish his education; and how he was generally looked upon as the rich merchant's heir, it would take long to tell.

But we would linger on this portion of our story; fain dwell upon his precocious wit and aptness for learning; fain make much of his feats of strength and agility—his ease and grace on horseback, his dexterity in fence and race stream, and his success in all that seemed to promise for him a brilliant career. But the truth must be told, no matter how unwilling the teller. He was sent to the college of Charlottesville, amply provided with money. In those days dissipation among the students of colleges was unhappily but too common; and among the most dissolute and extravagant, the wildest rufflers of the town, the hardest drinkers and most daring gamblers, there was ever to be found one more wild and desperate than them all—and that one was Edgar, now a good-looking, free-hearted young fellow of eighteen. Friends advised with him, and he made fair promises in plenty; tutors remonstrated, and he declared that he would amend and win the highest honors yet; companions tempted and wine allured, and he embraced the filthy siren, and so fell. Instead of coming home from his university with honors, he was summarily expelled.

One would think that disgrace so public would have broken his proud spirit; but it did not. Because his benefactor refused to pay the gambling debts he contracted at college, the wilful young man wrote him a violent and abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon afterward left his country with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks, who were at that time in the midst of their struggle with the Turks. He never reached his destination, and nothing was known or heard of him for more than a year. At last, however, he was found, and in circumstances which left no doubt as to the manner in which his European experience had been brought. One morning the American minister, at St. Petersburg, was summoned to save a countryman of his own from the penalties incurred through a drunken debauch.—He came in time to rescue the prodigal Edgar from a prison, and through his influence he was set at liberty and enabled to return to the United States.

The first to greet him on his landing was his old patron, the merchant, who was now alone in the world, for his wife had died while Edgar was away. But he took the wanderer to his arms and led him back to the quiet home he had quitted so ungraciously. The question then arose as to what should be done for the youth; and on his expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the merchant's friends, and Edgar was entered as a scholar in the military academy at New York. For a little time all went on well; the young cadet was assiduous in his studies, became the favorite of the mess, and was looked upon by the officers and professors as one of their most promising pupils. But alas, and alas! the old habits of dissipation were too strong to be given up all at once. He neglected his duties; he drank to excess; he disobeyed orders; he openly sneered at the regulations of the academy—and, in ten months from his matriculation, he was cashiered.

Disgraced and humiliated, where could the wretched man find refuge but in the home of his adopted father? Thither, then, he went, and was again received with open arms. During Edgar's stay at the academy the merchant had married again to a lady some years younger than himself. Time passed on; but just as the sun of happiness seemed about to shine once more upon him, a quarrel took place between Edgar and the lady, which severed forever all ties of friendship between the merchant and his *protege*. Another circumstance which is scarcely fit for mention here, was hinted at, and which, if true, throws a dark shade upon the character of Edgar. Whatever the cause, however, the merchant and his adopted son parted in anger, never to meet again, and when the former died, the latter shared no portion of his wealth.

Again thrown upon the world by his own misconduct, the young man tried his hand in a field common to young men, and wrote several political pieces and articles in the American magazines. These were so well received that he was almost tempted to believe that he could obtain a living by literature. But his old habits returning, he despaired of success in his new avocation, and enlisted as a private soldier in the United States Army. He was soon recognized by a former companion in the Military Academy, and great interest began to be felt for him among the officers It was proposed to buy a commission for the talented and handsome young man; but just as his friends began to rally round him, and just as their plans seemed about to prosper, he deserted.

For more than two years the world knew nothing of his whereabouts, and it may be, had almost forgotten him.

In 1833, however, the proprietors of an American magazine offered two prizes for the best poem and tale which should be suitable to their pages. Numerous manuscripts were sent for competition, and a day was appointed on which the arbitrators should meet to judge of the merits of the various productions. Almost the first manuscript that was opened claimed attention from the remarkable beauty and distinctness of the handwriting. One of the arbitrators read a page or two and was charmed. He called the attention of his friends to the tale, and they were so much pleased with it that it was read aloud from beginning to end, and all admitted that it was worthy the highest prize. The "confidential envelope" was opened—a Latin motto was discovered. No other tales were read, and the award was immediately published. But where to find the author, that the prize money might be paid? The publishers and arbitrators had not long to wait. In the evening following the announcement, a young man came to the office to claim the prize. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and his whole appearance bespoke dissipation, want and illness. A well-worn coat, buttoned up to the chin, concealed the want of a shirt, and imperfect, wretched boots discovered the absence of stockings. But he looked a gentleman, nevertheless; for his face and hands, though haggard and attenuated, were clean and spotless; his hair was well arranged, his eye was bright with intelligence, and his voice and bearing were those of a scholar. The publishers and arbitrators were interested extremely. They inquired into his history, and finally offered him employment on the magazine for which the tale had been written.

A little money judiciously applied soon altered the appearance of the young man, and in a short time he took his post as second editor of a monthly magazine, with the means and position of a gentleman.

Now here was an opportunity of retrieving his lost character. Here were friends ready not only to overlook the past, but to assist in making his future calm and free from care. Here was a public ready to listen to his teachings, and a patron ready to reward his labors. For a little while all went on well, and those who knew him began to congratulate themselves upon the happy change. Those who before admired his genius were beginning to respect his integrity. He was happy and successful in his new avocation. He married a young and beautiful girl, his cousin; he found for himself a cottage, which the care, economy, and gentle temper of his wife converted into a home, and he was beginning to be a happy man. It would be well if our story could end here; but, oh for human frailty! oh for good resolutions made without prayer to God! oh for principles which he assists not! the young husband of that fair young wife fell back again into evil courses, and forfeited the respect of employers, and the sympathy of friends, through his devotion to the accursed bottle.

It were a weary tale to tell how often he repented, and was forgiven; how he passed from the editorship of one magazine to that of another; how he went from State to State and from city to city a hard-working, aspiring, sanguine, talented man, bearing about him the curse of irresolution, never constant but to the "seductive and dangerous besetment" of strong drink; how friends advised with him, and publishers remonstrated; how at one time he had so far conquered his propensity as to call himself, in a letter to a friend, "a model of temperance and other virtues;" and how, at another, he forfeited the occupation which was the sole dependence of his little family by frequent relapses into his old disgraceful habits; how he committed, under the excitement of intoxication, faults and excesses to which no gentleman would plead guilty; how he borrowed money of his friends without the means or intention of returning it; how he forfeited the esteem, even while his talents commanded the admiration of the public; how he succeeded in bringing many literary speculations into life which his vicious habits and inattention to business murdered in their youth; how he became a confirmed drunkard, with only now and then a fitful hour or so in which to throw off on paper the vagaries of a mind rich in learning and imaginative fancies; how his young wife died broken-hearted, and how he became so reduced as to be able no longer to make an appearance among his friends; how his wife's mother, constant to his falling fortunes, and ever anxious to conceal his vices, went with his MSS. from office to office, and from publisher to publisher, in search of the means to support him; how for a little while he shook off the lethargy of intoxication, and again appeared in the polite circles of New York; how he was caressed, and feted, and congratulated; how the efforts of his pen were sought by rival publishers; how he was engaged to be married a second time to a beautiful young woman, and how the engagement was finally broken off through his return to pernicious habits. It were a weary tale indeed.

The melancholy story of this man's life was soon to close—the golden thread to be rudely snapped asunder—and by his own hand. He had partly recovered from his dangerous courses, and was engaged in delivering lectures in different towns in the United States. They were well attended, and it was with something like renewed confidence that the well-wishers of the lecturer watched his conduct, which was now distinguished by extreme sobriety.—He even appeared to have renewed his youth and strength; and it was with pleasure that his friends again received him into their houses. At one of these he met with a lady with whom he had been formerly acquainted. Their friendship was renewed, and they were engaged to be married. Everything seemed to promise well; the dawn of a better day appeared; and reformation, so long in coming, seemed to have come at last.—But it was not to be. On a sunny afternoon in October, in the year 1849, Edgar set out for New York, to fulfill a literary engagement, and prepare for his marriage.

He arrived at Baltimore, where he gave his luggage to a porter, with directions to convey it to the railway station. In an hour he would set out for Philadelphia. Well, he would take a glass before he started—for refreshment's sake, that was all. Oh, fatal hour! In the tavern he met with some old acquaintances, who invited him to join with them. In a moment all his good resolutions—home, duty, bride, honor—were forgotten; and, ere the night had well set in he was in a state of filthy intoxication. Insanity ensued; he was carried to a public hospital; and, on the night of Sunday, the 7th of October, he died a raving madman, without a friend or a child beside his pillow. He was only thirty-eight years old when this last dreadful scene of his life-tragedy was enacted.

Not a single circumstance here related, not a solitary event here recorded, but happened to Edgar Allen Poe.

Reading for the Million.

The "Science" of Spiritualism.

On page 359 of the last volume of the *Scientific American*, we presented some of the teachings of science regarding spiritualism; to day we further elucidate the subject by brief allusions to some of the facts in the history of this latest epidemic of superstition.

It broke out about twenty five years ago, and the manifestations were popularly known as Rochester knockings or spirit rappings. The first mediums were three sisters; their name was Fox. They invented the raps, the rap language, and a good part of the spiritual lingo. They originated the *seance*, and drove a lively business. Spiritualism speedily became a recognized institution; there was no lack of mediums; notoriety and money were the substantial incentives; people, it is said, are fond of humbug, and pay more liberally for it than for the necessaries of life. The majority of people, as at the present day, looked upon spiritualism as a supremely silly thing; the scientific world treated it with ridicule or with a silence inspired by disgust and contempt. There were investigations; and although many of them were very foolish, the rapping trick was fairly exposed. The raps were traced to the persons of the Fox girls.—The mechanism of the raps was concealed and protected by the defences of womanhood; to the modest investigator the girls' skirts were barriers more formidable than stone walls. Had women dressed like men, there surely could have been no spirit rappings, and probably no spiritualism; we commend the fact to Herr Teufelsdroeck, the great philosopher of clothes, and we shall look for a discussion of it in a future edition of his "Sartor Resartus." Of the devices employed by the early mediums, the most elaborate and successful was that of a bar of lead suspended at its center by an elastic cord attached to and operated by the leg; of course this was available only to women, and the men were obliged to resort to something else.

The devotees appeared in swarms, and at the very beginning, and with the same capacity of swallowing as those of the present day; let a jackass bray in the presence of your genuine spiritualist, and, at a hint from his medium, he hears therein only the gentle and loving voice of his dead grandmother. The early exposures counted for little among the faithful; a thousand bogus raps, they said, could not disturb their faith in the one that they knew to be genuine. Also the theory was invented at a very early day that there are wicked spirits, which make honest mediums cheat and lie.

Thus the Rochester knockings became modern spiritualism, with a vitality and diffusiveness comparable to those of the Canada thistle. From the ridiculous beginning of what, in its inception, was probably an innocent freak of a little girl, we have to-day a superstition which will make the nineteenth century memorable for all time.

Spiritualism, as an ism or theory, was soon perfected. But the charlatanry, by which it is mainly kept alive, depends upon juggling tricks which may be modified and improved. For jugglery, like all human arts, is improvable, and is governed by the laws of evolution. The raps grew into a thousand and one modified forms. Some of the new tricks, like the spirit speaking and writing, and planchette, were too thin, and are retained only among the most saturated of the devotees, while those that had the strength of real merit of ingenuity, like the Davenports' cabinet and rope tying, have maintained the popularity. At last, and we wish we could believe it the final culmination of such things, we have the spirit meterialization. The materialization trick was invented by a medium of this city, named Gordon, about two years ago. His exhibition was somewhat artistic, and is worthy of a description. A curtain of mosquito netting, stretched across the room, separated the operator and his paraphernalia from the spectators; the netting served to protect the medium from intrusion, and also to give a more ghostly appearance to the objects exhibited. In the middle of the spiritual sanctum was erected a gorgeous altar or throne, about which Gordon, arrayed in a priestly robe, incanted or chassed during the performance. The light was turned down to that faintness in which ghosts and spirits love to walk abroad.—Gordon makes his right arm invisible by drawing over it a black cloak. He raises this arm away from and at the side of his body, holding in his right hand a common paper mask or false face, such as the children get for their amusement, at a cost of five or ten cents each. Then he gently moves the mask through the air, or ducks it or bobs it up and down, etc. The performance is repeated with variations, other masks and other motions, for an hour or two. Some of the masks are a little dressed up by means of a white handkerchief thrown over a part or dangling from the lower end; in such simple ways is an old lady with a white cap, or a baby in a long dress, constructed; a bride is got up by placing a gauze veil in front of the mask. Gordon's *repertoire* of masks was extensive; he was able to bring up the spirits of men, women, and babies of all races of mankind.

From the front of the netting, the view, especially to the eyes of the devotee, was impressive. Gordon was a solemn great high priest, or head center; and in response to his incantation, the spirits of the departed, as life like as if they were flesh and blood, appeared at his side. The materialized spirits were often recognized. It was a common thing to hear, from the crowd of eager spectators, sighs and sobs, and such expressions as "Is that you, Jane?" "Is it my grandmother?" "Is your name Smith?" "It is my darling Robbie; are you happy?" To all of which, through Gordon's skillful manipulation of the masks, came the appropriate responses. But Gordon's career as a materializer lasted only a few weeks. One evening, in the midst of the performance, a gentleman of the audience leaped over an intervening table, dodged Gordon's confederate, dashed through the mosquito netting and had Gordon securely in his arms. Gordon was thus caught in the act; he held a mask in his hand, and others was taken from the folds of his robe and other places.

In our next article, we shall give further particulars concerning other forms of "spiritual materializations."—*Scientific American.*

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

Ann Eliza has gained her point against Brigham, who becomes her profit as well as her prophet.

The President has nominated James N. Tyner, of Indiana, to be Second Assistant Postmaster General.

Paul Boynton says that the greatest depth to which a diver can descend is one hundred and sixty feet.

The penal code of Russia, Holland, Italy, several Swiss cantons and Japan, have been modified and liberalized.

The daughter of Postmaster General Jewell teaches a class in a colored mission school in Washington city.

An eastward bound train on the Pacific Railroad took six car loads of tea from Sacramento on the 12th ult.

Garibaldi is said to look and dress like the b'hoys that used to wear soup-locks and run "wild der mercheen."

Atlantic City is happy over the discovery of large deposits of bog iron ore within a short distance of her limits.

Reciprocity. It is said that Longfellow finds the greater number of his admirers in England and Tennyson in America.

The Union Foundry at Catasauqua, Pa., has increased a day's work to ten hours, and has all its workmen in employment.

The compositors on the Chicago daily newspapers have organized a temperance club. A most commendable proceeding.

In Pennsylvania there 119 National banks with a capital of $52,000,000, and 117 State banks with a capital of $8,370,160 84.

A druggist in Lewiston, Me., declares that over a ton of snuff is annually consumed in that town in dipping, chiefly by women.

The President has approved the act for relief of actual settlers on lands claimed to be swamp and overflowed lands in Missouri.

Reports from the west and north west show that the fruit crop has been seriously injured by the extremely cold weather.

The name of the postoffice formerly known as Harmony Centre, Susquehanna county, has been changed to that of Brandts.

The New Lork *Sun* expresses the opinion that whatever the verdict may be, Plymouth Church will continue to adhere to Beecher.

Captain-General Concha has received permission to return to Spain without waiting for the arrival of his successor, Count Valmaseda.

The Ohio papers are already talking about the great Cincinnati Exposition for 1875. This show is always the event of the year in that State.

Ex-Vice President Schuyler Colfax has contributed a thousand dollars to the grasshopper sufferers in the county in Nebraska which bears his name.

Daniel Martin, of Scattleboro, Ala., aged seventy-six years, was recently married to a little girl of thirteen years, residen. of Jasper, Tenn.

Wagner, the Isle of Shoals murderer, says that God will not allow him to be hanged, and that a miracle will intervene on the scaffold to save him.

At the Rensselare Mills, at Troy, N. Y., everything is progressing favorably. In the rail mill the heaviest rails manufactured are now being made.

Some of the citizens of Dauphin county have appointed a committee to inquire into the rights and privileges of the Philadelphia Coal and Iron Company.

William Howitt is now eighty-two years old, but he walks about in Rome, where he is now living, like any young fellow. This is the epoch of vigorous old men.

The man Frontli, who murdered a railway engineer on the Moravian line, has been executed at Olmuck. It was the first execution in private which has occurred in Austria.

In most communities there are two kinds of willing people; first, those who are willing to take all the care and do all the work; second, those who are *willing they should!*

There is one case on the court calender in New York City against William M. Tweed to recover $11,000,000, alleged to have been stolen by him or persons connected with him.

The New York *Tribune* states that during the twenty-four months which will end on the 30th of June next, the value of our merchandise exports will be greater than that of the imports.

John F. Jones and E. R. Burk have become exclusive owners of the Summer gold mine in Kern County, Cal. They have paid for it at the rate of $900,000, and have an eighty stamp mill nearly ready to run.

It is suggested that Jesse Pomeroy be not hanged, but safely caged, and the scientific world be invited in to examine his most singular case. He is a phenomena that should be studied for the benefit of science.

Massachusetts, although it contains Boston, the principal headquarters of the woman's suffrage movement, is down on the record against the franchise to women.—The vote in the House stood 85 in favor to 120 against.

A feature of a revival of religion in Springfield, is a pledge which hundreds of children have been induced to sign. It is a solemn covenant, by the terms of which the signer promises to become and continue a Christian during life.

A member of the Legislature of North Carolina was last week expelled from that body for having written a pamphlet denying the existence of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. A similar issue was made in New York during a recent trial, when a judge sustained an objection to the eligibility of a witness on the ground that the latter was an atheist.

Around the Fireside.

The Mother's Grave.

"Father, awake—the storm is loud
The rain is falling fast;
Let me go to my mother's grave,
And screen it from the blast.
She cannot sleep—she will not rest,—
The wind is roaring so;
We prayed that she might be in peace—
My father let me go."

"Thy mother sleeps too firm a sleep
To heed the wind that blows:
There are angel-charms that lull the noise
From reaching her repose.
Her spirit, in dreams of the blessed land,
Is sitting at Jesus' feet;
Child, nestle thee in mine arms and pray
Our rest may be as sweet."

The Test of Prayer.

A curious case, which is intended to combat Professor Tyndal's idea of testing the efficacy of prayer, is found in the story of a dissenting exhorter in England. This man acquired considerable fame, and he attracted the confidence of a lady who heard him. After his sermon she went to him to relate an incident of personal experience which, as she thought, might afford him exhortations. The preacher listened to her with peculiar interest and in great excitement; and, when she had finished, he requested her, as a special favor, not to repeat the circumstance until he should come round again. It was some time after that the preacher visited the locality, and found the same lady in his audience. As a conclusion to his sermon on the value of prayer, he said that, a few years before, a lady living in an out-of-the-way place, in an old fashioned house, and almost alone, in the wing of which her bed-room was situated, discovered upon retiring to her room at midnight that a man was concealed under her bed. She was afraid to go out lest the burglar should suspect that she was going to call for help, and so attack her. She took out her Bible and read the parable of the Prodigal Son. Then she kneeled down at her bedside and prayed aloud. She prayed for those who had been exposed to temptation, for the outcasts and the wrong doers. She begged that she might be spared from peril during the night. She asked that mercy might be vouchsafed to all who repented.

Having concluded her earnest and eloquent prayer she retired. The burglar came from under the bed and said to her: "I mean you no harm, ma'am; I am going to leave the house, and I thank you for your prayer." He then went away, and the lady soon heard him jump out of the window to the area below. "The good woman of whom I have told you," added the exhorter, in a broken voice, "is with us now, and the sinner to whom her simple womanly prayer was chance, remorse, penitence, and a future of repentance expiation, is he who here confesses himself to you and his Maker."

The story is an affecting one, and no doubt true.

Unconscious Influence.

It is said that among the high Alps at certain seasons the traveler is told to proceed very quietly, for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice, or the report of a gun, may destroy the equilibrium and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in ruin in its downward path. And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history, trembling between life and death, and a mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young lady, who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under a conviction of sin, to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting of a member of the church by her side, as she passed out of the sanctuary. Her irreverent and worldly spirit cast a repellent shadow on that young lady not far from the kingdom of God. How important that we should always and everywhere walk worthy of our high calling as Christians.

Let us remember that we are always casting the shadow of our real life upon some one; that somebody is following us, as John followed Peter into the sepulcher. Happy if, when all the influences of life flow back and meet us at the judgment, we can lift up clean hands and spotless robes and say, "I am pure from the blood of all men." Happy then to hear even one soul saying to us out of the great multitude, that following the shadow of our Christian life and devotion, he found Jesus and Heaven.—*T. Stork.*

Happiness.

It is a false opinion that happiness is not now to be realized, but only to come hereafter. It is in contradiction to God's holy word, as we believe we are blessed now with all things that are really good for us. Yet there are persons who think that when some particular grievance is removed they shall be happy. No! you will be as far from happiness as you are now. This is the folly and weakness of the mind, which vainly anticipates happiness from