The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1875. NO. 19.

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

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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.

'H W. BUCHANAN, D. D. S. | W. T. GEORGEN, M. R. C. P., D. D. S'
BUCHANAN & GEORGEN,
SURGEON DENTISTS,
mch.17,'75.] 228 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa.

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.

EDEBURN & COOPER, Civil, Hydraulic and Mining Engineers, Surveys, Plans and estimates for the construction of Water Works, Railroads and Bridges, Surveys and Plans of Mines for working, Ventilation, Drainage, &c.
Parties contemplating work of the above nature are requested to communicate with us. Office 269 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Feb.17-3mo.

GEO. BORLADY, Attorney-at-Law. Over Wharton's and Chaney's Hardware store, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap17-tf.

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.

HUGH NEAL,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Second Floor City Bank. feb.17-1y.

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. 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.

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

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.

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.

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.

DICKSON HOUSE,
(Formerly Farmer's Hotel,)
North-east corner of Fourth and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
SAMUEL DICKSON, - - Proprietor.
Having lately taken charge of the Dickson House, (formerly Farmer's Hotel,) I am now prepared to entertain strangers and travelers in the most satisfactory manner. The house and stable have both undergone thorough repair. My table will be filled with the best the market can afford, and the stable will be attended by careful hostlers.
May 5, 1875–y

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
Corner of Seventh and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
LEWIS RICHTER, - - PROPRIETOR.
Permanent or transient boarders will be taken at this house on the following terms: Single meals 25 cents; regular boarders $18 per month.
Aug. 12, 1874

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.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

———:o:———

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St

HUNTINGDON, PA.

———:o:———

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

———:o:———

CIRCULATION 1800.

———:o:———

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

———:o:———

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

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———:o:———

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ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

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NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

AND IN THE

LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE,

SUCH AS

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,
CIRCULARS,
BUSINESS CARDS
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,
BALL TICKETS,
PROGRAMMES,
CONCERT TICKETS,
ORDER BOOKS,
SEGAR LABELS,
RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,
BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
PAMPHLETS
PAPER BOOKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

———:o:———

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

J. R. DURBORROW & CO,

The Story-Teller.

STRANGE TRADITION.

It was a dreary winter night; the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the wind went wandering through the narrow city streets, now wailing lugubriously, then shrieking shrilly; rattling at the door and windows, and thundering over the house-tops, making the people tremble in their beds. The wild wind seemed to have some special business in the world this night, as it went careering and raging round and round, driving the good folks into their houses, hurling down chimney-pots, tearing up old trees, playing at hide-and-seek in the churchyards as though it would wake the dead, and failing that, flying up to the steeple, howling furiously, striking it on all sides, wrestling in a mad endeavor to send it crashing on the graves below. If it could only have woke up the spirit of justice, that lay bound in a trance like sleep, it might have been content to rest, but it could not; having tired itself out, it sank down sobbing and wailing round a palace prison, where a doomed King lay sleeping his last earthly sleep. All the griefs, trials and vicissitudes that can befall humanity had been crowded into the life of the unfortunate sovereign. He had been weighed down by political anxieties and military defeat, and at last with a brave unflinching spirit had undergone the terrible ordeal of a public trial—a mere mockery of justice—which resulted in his condemnation to death. He had already bid farewell to wife, children, friends and relations, and had now but a few hours to live. One wonder was rife among the people, one question had flown from lip to lip during the day, but night came and left it unanswered—"Who was to fulfil the ghastly office of headsman to the King?" It was not to be the common executioner—that was well known; but on whom, then, would devolve the responsible office? It must be a practiced hand who would strike one blow and have done. One thing alone was known—that at twelve o'clock on the morning of the 30th of January the King's head was to fall.

The night that was to herald such a morrow was the very dreariest of the dreary winter. The wind had puffed out the tiny oil-lamps that lit the streets with its first breath, and they were dull, dark, and almost deserted. Still the snow fell and the wind wailed on. It was nearly midnight, when a solitary pedestrian wended his way through the silent city. He was wrapped in a square roquelare, and wore his hat pulled low over his eyes. He hurried along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not even pausing for a second, till he reached a shabby, narrow street in the purlieus of Westminster, with rickety, tumble down houses on each side. He looked cautiously round him, laid his hand upon a latched door, and entered one of these miserable abodes of humanity.—There was a low whispering of voices in the dark passage; then he ascended a steep flight of worm eaten stairs, and was shown into a room occupied by one solitary man. The door closed behind him, and they two were left alone. For a moment they gazed on each other's face; there was no hand-shaking, not a single word of greeting passed between them. The occupant of the room was a large, heavy limbed man of the lowest order, with a bloated face and a ferocious cast of countenance. One huge hand lay clenched upon the table, as he leaned forward and scanned his visitor from beneath his bushy brows. He was the first to speak.

"Well, I don't suppose you've come here for the pleasure of looking at me," he said, with a ghastly grin. "That's your writing and your signing, I suppose?" He held forth a crumpled bit of paper as he spoke.

His visitor bowed his head in token of assent, but said nothing.

"Well, what do you want?—folks don't seek out the likes o' me for nothing. Tell me quickly what you want; it is past midnight, and I've work to do to-morrow that needs a steady hand."

"It is on that matter, I desire to speak to you," replied his visitor, in a cold, calculating tone. "You are here by command of Oliver Cromwell to carry out the execution of Charles Stuart. What is your fee."

"You're curious, master; but I don't mind telling you. My price for the job is twenty golden pieces."

"Let me take your place and I'll make it ten times more," exclaimed his visitor. Richard, butcher, though he was, and fresh from the shambles of St. Ives, recoiled before the eager voice of the speaker. Was he mad? or—he smiled grimly, and shook his head.

"It is a plot to save the King," he said.

"Save the King!" echoed his visitor, with a low laugh of bitter hatred. "Though he had twenty heads, I would not rest till the last one had fallen. I fought at Naseby, strove with might and main to stand face to face with him, that we might cross swords and fight till one or both were slain, for I have sworn no hand but mine shall shed his blood!"

"I'm sorry for your oath," replied Brandon; "you might have kept it times enough without waiting until now."

"I tell you I have watched and waited ———"

"Bah!" interrupted the man; "a blow in the dark would have served your purpose, and the country would have been saved much cost and trouble; no one would have asked who struck the blow———"

"Man! I would be his executioner, not his assassin!" exclaimed his visitor, fiercely.

"You gentlefolk draw nice distinctions," sneered Richard Brandon.

"Time flies," rejoined his visitor; "there are no moments to waste in quibling or useless argument. I make you an offer which will fill your purse and spare you an unpleasant task. It can be no pleasure to behead the King."

"But it would be an uncommonly unpleasant thing for me to put my head in his place."

"You run no risk," replied the other: "in case of any discovery or failure my head is in peril, not yours; but discovery is impossible. Your person is unknown to the prison authorities—unknown to the people outside—unknown even to Cromwell; in addition to which you are to be cloaked and masked. Who could tell what form or face is hidden by such disguise? It is but a few minutes work, then the execution is over, the executioner disappear; no man will care to look upon his face or clasp him by the hand; they will shrink from him as though he were a pestilence stalking through the land. Decide quickly. There is the money,"—he flung a bag of chinking coin upon the table as he spoke—"count it. Give me your credentials and disguise, and never fear but all will go well."

"How know I that?" said Brandon, irresolute and sorely tempted. "I was chosen for my skill; you are no professional, and may be but a bungler at the work. I am only a butcher, a slayer of innocent beasts, and I would not be the torturer of a King."

His visitor glanced keenly round the room; there was a huge billet of wood lying in the corner. He took it up and placed it on the table.

"Give me an axe," he said, "and draw a chalk line where I shall strike."

Without a word Richard Brandon rose up, took a piece of chalk, and drew a line across the wood. This done he produced an axe scrutinized it carefully, passed his finger over its keen sharp edge, and smiled satisfied

"It should be a rare tool for such fine work," he said. He balanced it for a moment in his hand, then lifted his arm and devisting not a hair's-breadth either to the right or to the left! As the wood fell on either side, with a heavy thud both started, drew a long breath, and looked on each other's faces. The professional slayer felt he was in the presence of a master-hand.

The clock at Westminster Abbey was striking one as the mysterious stranger left the house, bearing with him the disguise, the credentials, and the headsman's axe.

* * * * * * *

Time turned his hour-glass and days and years fled past. The King's enemies had passed away, and generations of their children after them. More than one crowned King had laid his sceptre down at the door of mighty King Death.

The follies and the courtly vices of the Stuarts were fast fading into matters of history; and his Majesty King George II. occupied the English throne. The noble family of Stair had lost many of its valuable possessions during the political excitements of past times. At the present, the chief representatives of the house of Stair had fallen into disfavor with the King, and contemplated withdrawing himself from the Court. He came of a proud and haughty race, and could not brook the idea of a formal dismissal, which might any hour befall him. He knew too well the character of his sovereign.

As he was walking along the Oxford road making a mental arrangement of his affairs, before retiring to his estates in Scotland, which he intended to do forthwith, a man stepped suddenly in front of him, and placed a letter in his hand In some surprise at this mode of proceeding, he opened it and read as follows:—"My Lord—your bravery is well known; but will you have the courage to go to-morrow night to the entrance of Somerset House, where you will find one who (if you dare follow him) will conduct you to a part of the town not much frequented, but where you will find a man who is impatient to see you, and to discover secrets which are of more importance than you imagine, and which cannot be disclosed in a letter?—If you are afraid this should be a plot upon your purse, bring nothing valuable about you, and come armed."

Lord Stair's surprise at reading this strange requisition may be easily imagined. At first he took it for a trick of some secret enemy, or some affair of gallantry, the heroine of which had probably her own reasons for such a mysterious summons. However, he determined to go, let the risk be what it might. He buckled on his sword, and, providing himself with a pair of pistols, went to the place appointed.—There he found a man evidently waiting for him, who, without speaking, made him a sign to follow. After walking for about an hour they came into a dilapidated and deserted street. His conductor knocked at the door of a small house; on its being opened he stood aside and said, "Walk in, my lord," and the door closed behind them. Holding his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, Lord Stair followed his conductor, and was shown into a room the furniture of which was scanty and belonged to a by gone age. At the far end of the apartment there was seated, or rather half buried, in a huge leathern chair a very aged and decrepit man; so old, he seemed as though Time had forgotten him, though the passing years had left their mark upon his face, and scored and rescored it over and over until scarcely a vestige of Nature's original handiwork remained. Flowing down almost to his waist was a long white beard; a pair of unearthly eyes gleamed from beneath his frosted brows On a table by his side was a small old-fashioned lamp. So soon as he found himself alone with this uninviting figure he advanced cautiously and, glancing suspiciously round him, grasped his sword. The old man's dull eyes became fixed upon his face, and a small, faint voice inquired if he were Lord Stair.

Lord Stair answered in the affirmative, adding: "It is you, I presume, who have sent for me in this mysterious fashion."

"Kneel down that I may look upon your face."

Strangely impelled by his authoritative tone, as well as some irresistible feeling in his own heart, Lord Stair obeyed. The old man seized the lamp, and throwing the light full upon his visitor's face, gazed at it eagerly; he then stretched forth his yellow, skeleton hand, and touched his visitor's cheek. The young man almost recoiled from it; he felt as though the hand of death were writing his sign manual upon his brow.

"I see—I recognize the features of my race—it is my own lost youth come back again. Now, lift up your eyes and look on me."

Amazed, half stupified, and yet strangely affected, Lord Stair did as he was bidden; but he saw nothing there to stir his memory. It was a face of an utter stranger, seemingly belonging to another world.

"Your eyes do not recognize me," he said impatiently; "but your soul must, for it is akin to mine. Aye, you may start, but the blood that rushes flaming to your face now comes from the same fountain as that which stagnates and freezes in mine. For years, long years, I've yearned to look upon the face of mine own race and blood; a little while and I shall be content to die; but not yet—not yet. I have two things to do. I should not lie quiet in my grave if left undone."

Guided by his directions Lord Stair drew a heavy box from beneath a bed.

"There, there," continued the old man, "you will find papers which will repair the losses you and your family have sustained; deeds which will restore you to estates enjoyed wrongfully by others.—With the aid of these you will easily recover property which is yours by descent; and you will read the story of my life, it is written there."

Lord Stair hastily scanned the documents and found that they were precisely what the old man hinted, and he raised his eyes to him in wondering gratitude.—He would have taken his bony hand and pressed it to his lips, but the old man snatched it away, murmuring—

"There's blood upon it. I've tried to hide it, but it's always there."

Lord Stair recoiled a step, struck by the sudden gesture, no less than by the words, and the shuddering expression that came into his companion's face. The old man, observing the revulsion his words created, put forth his hands pleadingly, as he added—

"No, don't leave me yet; I am an old man—a very old man, and I have repented. Oh God! have I not repented? Yea, from the very hour that I slaked my thirst for vengeance, my blood began to cool, and I felt the brand of murder—cruel, cowardly murder on my soul. I hid myself from the eyes of mine own kindred, from the eyes of all the world, and I would fain have hidden from myself; but I have the stain of Cain upon my brow. I meant my secret to be buried with me, but it will not let me rest—it will not let me die until it has escaped my lips. I have tried to die, but I could not; I was a coward and dared not." He paused a moment, overcome by mental pain as well as physical exhaustion; then, grasping his young kinsman's hand, he spoke again, almost in a whisper.

"You remember Charles Stuart—King Charles the First?"

"Charles the Martyr, as we call him now? Yes, historically, I do remember him," replied Lord Stair, wondering at the question.

"I—I—but it is all written there," rejoined the old man, pointing to a bundle of manuscripts. "I cannot force my tongue to tell all—only this; It was I who stood upon the scaffold cloaked and masked; it was I who struck the ungodly blow that unkinged England, and sent a thrill of horror through the land—I, vindictive monster that I was Even as the axe was falling, I hurled my name—*her* name into his ear; and as I lifted his bleeding head, his mild eyes seemed to roll towards mine. Yes, he heard me—heard me—and I know that he forgave me."

Overcome by his terrible retrospection, the aged speaker seemed to sink into an unconscious state. Silently, noiselessly as a spectre, the guide who had conducted Lord Stair to the house appeared upon the scene, and motioned him to leave the room.

"Aye, go—go!" gasped the old man, rallying for a moment—"go, and return no more."

* * * * * *

Here the manuscript breaks off abruptly. Of its truth or probability the reader must judge for himself. We all know the question of "Who beheaded Charles I?" has been often asked, but never satisfactorily answered. Richard Brandon was engaged to play the part of executioner, but it is denied that he was the man who struck the blow.

Reading for the Million.

The Source of Salt.

The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for salt. It does not originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition, and gradual action of natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points. Thus the salt mines of Portland and the vast horizontal beds of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land remote from water.

There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rocks is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil. The negroes of northern Africa having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve in the ground leach it. In that way they separate the salt. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them it is necessary, as with ourselves, for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply and blindness would ensue.

Canaries.

Rather more than three hundred years ago, a ship partly laden with little green birds captured in the Canary Islands, having been wrecked near Elba, the birds made their escape, flew to the island, and there settled themselves. Numbers of them were caught by the inhabitants, and on account of their sprightly vivacity and the brilliancy of their voice they soon became great favorites, and rapidly spread over Europe. The original color of the canary is not the bright yellow with which its feathers are generally tinted, but a kind of dappled olive green, black and yellow, either color predominating according to circumstances. By careful management the bird-fanciers are able to procure canaries of every tint between the three colors, having instituted a set of rules by which the quality and arrangement of the coloring is reduced to a regular system. Still the original dappled green is always apt to make its appearance, and even when two colored birds are mated, a green one is pretty sure to be found in the nest. For my own part I care little for the artificial varieties produced by the fanciers, and to my mind an intelligent bird and a good songster is not one whit the less attractive because the colors of its plumage are not arranged precisely according to the fanciers's rules.

BENEVOLENCE is not a thing to be taken up by chance, and put by at once to make way for every employment which savors of self-interest. It is the largest part of our business, beginning with our home duties, and extending itself to the utmost verge of humanity. A vague feeling of kindness toward our fellow creatures is no state of mind to rest in. It is not enough for us to be able to say that nothing of human interest is alien to us, and we give our acquiescence, or indeed our transient assistance, to any scheme of benevolence that may come in our way. No; it is in promoting the welfare of others, we must toil; we must devote to it earnest thought, constant care and zealous endeavor.—*Arthur Helps.*

YOU should not stone your neighbor, but you may rock his baby.

A Contrast.

Among the many causes of pain and sorrow in the world, the most potent are the wounds which we wantonly inflict upon each other. When we reflect on the numerous trials which visit mankind, in the shape of poverty, sickness, bereavement, the failure of effort and the disappointment of hopes, it would seem as if none could be found so cruel as wilfully to add to the long catalogue. That there are some who do this deliberately, and many more who do it thoughtlessly, must be admitted. Perhaps there is no weapon so strong to injure, and so keen to wound, as the tongue. Capable of showering the richest blessings of love and sympathy, of hope and cheer, of instruction and encouragement, it is yet too often made the channel through which the venom of selfishness and malice flows to poison and destroy human happiness. Not only through open kindness and harsh asperity are the wounds of the tongue inflicted; there is a more insiduous and secret course, less palpably cruel, often, indeed, assuming the guise of apparent sincerity and friendship and thus wholly escaping the opprobrium it justly deserves. Of all the evils that corrupt our social life there are none so pernicious as those inflicted by the canning and malicious tattler. When we meet face to face with a foe, we at least know what we encounter, and can prepare for the assault; but when we are stabbed in the dark, thrust at by supposed friendship and smitten by the hand that caresses us, then indeed is a bitter cup presented to our lips. It is impossible to calculate the power for evil that is wielded by such a character. By wily conversation he may worm himself into others' secrets, and then disclose them, causing infinite injury; by misrepresentation and exaggerated coloring he may produce utterly false impressions, breaking up friendship, sowing the seeds of distrust, casting equivocal slurs on the character and conduct of those most worthy of respect, magnifying petty acts of thoughtlessness or trivial errors into serious and unpardonable offences, and in a thousand ways clouding the happiness and destroying the peace of those who have a just claim to sympathy and regard.

What a contrast to such a character is that of the sincere, truthful, self respecting person, who so earnestly and energetically pursues his own occupation that he has neither leisure nor inclination to pry into the affairs of others; who, with all simplicity and faithfulness, fulfills his own relations in life and leaves others in freedom to fulfill theirs; who is as strict in preserving, unsullied, the reputation of others as in respecting their rights of property. Such a one is not afraid of suspicion, for he is himself unsuspicious, and is ever more ready to discover the excellencies of others than their defects; he fears not calumny, for he never stoops to calumniate another; he dreads no exposure, for his life is one of transparent sincerity. Thoroughly respecting others, he commands for himself the respect of all.—His own troubles are not paraded for the purpose of exciting pity, but are borne with fortitude, while he never suffers them so to absorb him as to prevent his ready sympathy with those of others His joys are multiplied by sharing them with friends, and he can usually command

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

Of all the many qualities which combine to form the blessing and charm of social life, none is more essential than a straightforward sincerity. To be true to our own convictions, to be true to all our professions of friendship or regard, to be true to justice, honor and integrity—in a word, to be faithful to principle, is to lay the only possible foundation on which social happiness can be maintained. Without this, envyings, jealousies, selfishness and ill-will will forever corrupt and embitter our whole social fabric. Directly we allow insincerity and double-dealings to creep into our intercourse, directly we suffer hypocrisy or deceit of any kind to tincture our conversation, directly we permit selfish, envious or jealous feelings to cloud our affections and repress our sympathy—that moment do we introduce a poisonous element into our social life that must eventually corrode its welfare and destroy its happiness. Simplicity, fidelity and purity of heart and lips from the atmosphere in which social happiness loves to dwell, and only through their continued influence upon society can it be purified, sweetened and made to yield rich and abundant fruit.

A Sick Baby in the House.

A great hush falls on the ear like a knell, and an untold sadness settles like a pall over the heart, for baby is sick. Is it not strange that a wee little thing should have the power to change everything, making the sunshine that but yesterday played so merrily and bright in and out of the windows seem such a cruel mockery to-day, and changing the joyous tones of the elder children into funeral notes? But such is the spell that baby has woven, knitting itself into the very meshes of our hearts, in such a quiet, subtle manner, that we scarcely know how dear it is until the little form lies prostrate.

What care we about the order of the work-basket when the little hands that made such havoc therein—scattering the buttons over the floor, pulling out the needles, unwinding reels, and doing other innumerable things—are lying idle, with fever coursing through each waxen finger? And does not every one in the house share the solicitude, making the anxiety general? Even Mary leaves her work in the kitchen to make frequent inquiries about "baby." Papa comes home an hour earlier than his wont, so anxious is he to learn how "baby" is.

But the most touching of all is the anxious face of the mother, sitting at the sick couch, ever and anon bending low over the idol of her soul to kiss the little cheek so bright with fever, while her heart ascends to the One who sent her darling, in a petition that the sufferer may soon be restored to health; and as her glance falls on the tiny red cloak and hood so lately worn, what wonder that the tears fall fast? It brings so vividly to mind what may be. But need we dwell?—Those who have known what it is to have an empty cloak and hood that will never more be filled by the loved form for which they were made, will know why mamma's tears fell. To those who have been spared that sorrow, 'twere useless to explain—God grant they may never know.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE reporter, in describing the recent celebration of her one-hundredth birth-day by an old lady in that State, naively says: "She *talked all day without showing the least sign of fatigue.*"

A Revolutionary Sermon.

Following is a sermon preached on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, September 10, 1777, in the presence of Washington and his army, at Chadd's Ford:

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN:—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the p[illegible] of the fight, the dismay of the retre[illegible] like we have endured toil and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom have we gathered together. God grant that it may not be for the last time. It is a solemn time. Brethren, does not the awful voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of this hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff—the breeze has died away along the plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us glistening in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the bloodshed and strife of the morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword?—Let the desolated plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm house, the sacked village, and the ravaged town answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to her withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer! It was but a day past, and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn peered forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest. Now! God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext—under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near! Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond that cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud, and the blacker storm, of a Divine Retribution!—They may conquer us to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space—if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George of Brunswick called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect—a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dreadful the punishment!

SOLDIERS! I look around among your familiar faces with a strange interest!—To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will go with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight the good fight—to fight for your homesteads, for your wives, and your children?

You will go forth to battle to morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls. And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare and the piercing musket-flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you The Eternal God fights for you—He rides on the battle cloud. He sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge. The Awful and the Infinite fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, and for your little ones.

You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right; and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword, in defiance of all that man holds dear—in blasphemy of God; they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to morrow, and in the memory of all, will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night. Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green meadow; around us are the tents of the continental host, the half suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of soldiers to and fro; now the confusion, and now the stillness which mark the eve of battle.—When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in heaven grant it.

A DUBUQUE boy was rather troubled for fear that he would not know his father when they both reached heaven, but his mother eased him by remarking: "All you have to do is to look for an angel with a red nose on him."

A POOR young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists "is to live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

How to Get Rich.

He had saved a few hundred dollars before he was twenty five years old, at which time he bought a farm, paying for what he had, and then finding he had spent too much time in cooking he married a strong, healthy woman, leaving the buckwheat in hour and a half to have the ceremony performed, when he returned to his work, and his wife went into the kitchen to get dinner. Of course they could not afford a bridal trip or anything of the kind, nor could they afford to have children, and they lived forty years blessed with health, working all day long, wet or dry out doors and in. Churning, wood sawing and shelling corn were done after dark.

They always had apple sauce and never wanted butter; salt pork answered instead of beef or fish; potatoes instead of eggs; and if they thought they needed doctoring they drank thoroughwort and catnip tea, and soaked their feet in warm water. Of books they had no need, because they had no time to read, though they made out to read the tracts given them, so that nothing might be lost. They never attended church, because they had money which they could worship, and they could not afford to give to the poor some day. For a quarter of a century he hauled hay twenty miles to market, getting $8 to $10 a ton, all of which he saved, since he carried his victuals in a round box, and had clothes, so that he could sleep in the wagon.

Ten years ago he was sixty years old, and he was so crippled in various ways with hard work, having various veins and ruptures and some other little things, and their farm had become the best in the county, was sold, bringing over $40,000, and this with their extra stocks made up a value of over $50,000, all of which was put into Government bonds, and then they were making money faster than ever. He bought a small piece of twenty acres of choice land, which they worked to the best advantage, keeping cows, hogs and poultry. He is now seventy. They rise every day at 4 o'clock, when he goes to work, allowing himself half an hour at noon, returns from work at dark, milks, feeds the hogs, churns, shells corn, and pursues the even tenor of his way. In every particular she is his mate, the house is neat and comfortable, no little children ever get things out of order, visitors seldom appear, but if they do the food is extra, almost as good as they have at home. Now the shadows are falling, the light of life begins to glimmer, but they are rich, and why should they not be happy! But there is one drawback. What is to become of their money?—*New York Tribune.*

Miscellaneous News Items.

Poker has almost made Schenck even on the Emma Mine.

Pigeongram is what they call despatches sent by carrier pigeon post.

Judge Burnham, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has entered upon his duties.

The block in which Miss Ida Greeley was married on Saturday is called "Matrimonial Row."

The health of the Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, has not improved and her death may be expected at any time.

Ella Carri, the Iowa orphan, who was tarred and feathered by a mob of "respectable married ladies," has sued the gang for $50,000.

In New York, on Tuesday morning, Wesley Van Duzen, a wealthy and eccentric farmer, shot his mother dead, and then killed himself.

An exchange says; "Matrimony makes a man see double." Old Bloagher says whisky will do the same thing—and besides, it is much cheaper.

Money was quite a drug in the beginning of the Revolution, for George III offered $30 000 for the head of John Hancock and found no takers.

The American Tract Society up to 1875 has printed 27,000,000 volumes of its various publications, besides over 480,000,000 copies of tracts and periodicals.

A Boston undertaker was made very mad recently by being awakened at an untimely hour by two inebriated persons, who wished to order two "beers" for themselves.

The Salem *Post* thinks that if George Washington had only been cross examined by Judge Fullerton before he died it would have turned out that he really lied about the cherry tree, after all.

Statisticians set down only one fourth of the inhabitants of the United States as religious. This is shown in the membership of churches, which is less than 10,000,000, out of a population of 40,000,000.

Can any of our readers inform us of the origin of the expression, "rolling like a sweet morsel under the tongue"? There is a popular idea that it occurs in the bible, which is an erroneous one.

The next legal holiday in Massachusetts is the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17. There will be another centennial celebration, a grand display of fire works and prominent officials, and a large sum-total of human misery and vanity.

The fund raised to secure and protect free labor at St Johns, N. B., amounts to $150,000. The laborer's society proposed to arrange a satisfactory rate of wages provided they were given all the work. The merchants rejected the proposition and the society decided to continue the strike.—Some non-society laborers are employed.

Suit has been brought against the city of Boston by the assignees in bankruptcy of the estate of Mr. Armstrong,