The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. A. NASH, 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 publisher, 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	1 yr		3m	6m	9m	1yr
1 in	$3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾col	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	18 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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, 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 everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

WM. P. & R. A. ORBISON, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Sept.12,'78.

DR. G. B. HOTCHKIN, 825 Washington Street, Huntingdon. june.4-1878

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd 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. [jan4,'71

DR. HYSKILL has permanently located in Alexandria to practice his profession. [jan.4 '78-1y.

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'76.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,'75

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12.'71

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. —, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,'71

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan4,'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 Penn Street. [jan4,'71

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,'71

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in *Monitor* building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [aug5,'74-6mos

New Advertisements.

S. WOLF'S.

HERE WE ARE!

At Gwin's Old Stand,

505 PENN STREET.

Not much on the blow, but always ready for work. The largest and finest line of

Clothing, Hats and Caps,

—AND—

GENTS.' FURNISHING GOODS,

In town and at great sacrifice. Winter Goods

20 PER CENT. UNDER COST.

Call and be convinced at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn st.

RENT AND EXPENSES REDUCED,

At S. WOLF'S. I am better able to sell Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents.' Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises, CHEAPER than any other store in town. Call at Gwin's old stand. S. MARCH, Agt.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

The Cheapest Place in Huntingdon to buy Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents.' Furnishing Goods is at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn street, one door west from Express Office. S. MARCH, Agent.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I have removed my Clothing and Gents.' Furnishing Goods store to D. P. Gwin's old stand. Expenses reduced and better bargains than ever can be got at

S. Wolf's 505 Penn Street.

March 28, 1879.

BEAUTIFY YOUR

HOMES!

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Calcimining, Glazing,

Paper Hanging,

and any and all work belonging to the business. Having had several years' experience, he guarantees satisfaction to those who may employ him.

PRICES MODERATE.

Orders may be left at the JOURNAL Book Store.

JOHN L. ROHLAND.

March 14th, 1879-tf.

New Advertisements. | New Advertisements.

BROWN'S

CARPET STORE,

525 PENN STREET,

JUST THE PLACE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS!

1879. FRESH STOCK! NEW STYLES!! 1879.

CARPETS,

ALL GRADES AND AT PRICES THAT CAN NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

FURNITURE,

The Largest Stock and variety of

Chairs, Beds, Tables, Chamber Suits, Lounges,

ROCKERS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, &c., ever exhibited in Huntingdon county.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!

In this department I have made important changes; procured the latest improved trimmer, and my new styles and prices for 1879, can not fail to suit purchasers. Call and see.

WINDOW SHADES and FIXTURES

in great variety. Plain, satin and figured paper, plain or gilt band shading, spring and common fixtures.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

From 15 inches to 2½ yards wide. Halls covered with one solid piece without joints. [Bring diagram and measurement.] For

PICTURE FRAMES AND LOOKING GLASSES,

This is headquarters. Mattresses, Window Cornice, and anything in the Cabinet or Upholstering line made to order or repaired promptly.

UNDERTAKING

Also added to the FURNITURE and CARPET BUSINESS.

Plain Coffins, Elegant Caskets and Burial Cases,

WOOD OR LIGHT METALIC TO SUIT ALL. BURIAL ROBES IN VARIETY.

A FINE PLATE GLASS HEARSE

Ready to attend funerals in town or country. My new clerk and traveling agent, FERDINAND KOCH, will call briefly in the principal towns, villages and valleys of this and adjoining counties, with samples of Wall Paper, Carpets, Carpet Chain, and illustrations of Chairs and many kinds of Furniture, to measure rooms, &c., and receive orders for any goods in my line. If he should not reach you in time, do not wait, but come direct to the store.

JAMES A. BROWN,

525 PENN ST., HUNTINGDON, PA.

March 21, 1879.

There is no "Powder in the Cellar,"

BUT THERE ARE

TONS OF IT IN OUR MAGAZINE.

DuPont's Powder.

WE ARE THE AGENTS FOR THE

CELEBRATED DuPONT POWDER.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.

HENRY & CO.,

April 25, 1879. HUNTINGDON, PA.

The Muses' Bower.

The Mirror of Life.

Let us look in the glass for a moment,
Let us brush off the mist from the face—
The mirror of life that is broken
When Death in our ear knells the token
To crumble in space.

We must fall whether praying or pining,
Whether fearing or mocking the blow,
Brush the mist from the mirror, then trembling;
The grave is no place for dissembling—
There vaunting lies low,

The eyes, as they gaze to earth's glory,
Peer into that mirror of pain
Where the slain of our years lie all gory,
Bent over by grim shadows hoary
Recording each stain.

Not a blot nor a blemish escapes them,
The sins of the lone and the crowd,
The crime where we pondered or paltered,
The dark things that lips never faltered
There cry out aloud.

They are there, and no tempests can hide them;
They glow with accusing and shame,
Tho' the years be all dead, they are living,
'Mid the silence they cry for forgiving
With direful acclaim.

On the wreck-plank of life is there pardon
When joy is worn hollow in sin?
When the heart sees no light in the sparkle,
Nor gloom where the drowsy waves darkle
O'er foeman and kin?

Then brush the world's mist from the mirror
While life in our bosom is sweet,
And turn, with a love of the purest,
O'er pathways the fairest and surest,
The trace of our feet.

Select Miscellany.

GEN. GRANT IN PEKIN.

Eating Soup with Prince Kung.

THE FIRST MEETING WITH THE PRINCE REGENT OF CHINA—THE CHILD EMPEROR—A CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT WHERE SHARK'S FINS AND BIRDS' NEST SOUP WERE SERVED.

J. R. Young's Pekin Letter to New York Herald.]

General Grant did not ask an audience of the Emperor. The Emperor is a child seven years of age, at his books, not in good health, and under the care of two old ladies called the empresses. When the Chinese Minister in Paris spoke to the General about audience, and his regret that the sovereign of China was not of age that he might personally entertain the ex-President, the General said he hoped no question of audience would be raised. He had no personal curiosity to see the Emperor, and there could be no useful object in conversing with a child. This question of seeing the Emperor is one of the sensitive points in Chinese diplomacy. The Chinese idea is that the Emperor is the Son of Heaven, the titular if not the accepted king of the world, king of kings, a sacred being, not to be seen by profane, barbarian eyes. Foreign powers have steadily fought this claim and have insisted by every means upon the Emperor standing on the same level as other sovereigns and heads of States receiving and sending Ministers and taking an active personal interest in international affairs. These arguments went so far as to induce the last Emperor to receive the foreign Ministers in the palace. This was a great triumph. It made a sensation at the time.

VISIT TO PRINCE KUNG.

As soon as General Grant arrived at Pekin he was met by the Secretary of State, who brought the card of Prince Kung and said his Imperial Highness would be glad to see General Grant at any time. The General named the succeeding day, at three. The General and party left the Legation at half past two, the party embracing Mr. Holcombe, the acting Minister; Colonel Grant, Lieut. Charles Belknap, C. W. Deering and A. Ludlow Case, Jr., of the Ashulot. The way to the Yamen was over dirty roads and through a disagreeable part of the town, the day being unusually warm, the thermometer marking 101 degrees in the shade. This is a trying temperature under the best circumstances, but in Pekin there was every possible condition of discomfort in addition. When we came to the court yard of the Yamen the secretaries and a group of mandarins received the General and his party and escorted them into the inner court. Prince Kung, who was standing at the door with a group of high officers, advanced and saluted the General, and said a few words of welcome, which were translated by Mr. Holcombe.

THE FIRST MEETING WITH THE PRINCE.

The Prince saluted General Grant in Tartar fashion, looking at him for a moment with an earnest, curious gaze, like one who had formed an ideal of some kind and was anxious to see how far his ideal had been realized. The sun was beating down, and the party passed into a large, plainly furnished room, where was a table laden with Chinese food. The Prince, sitting down at the centre, gave General Grant the seat at his left, the post of honor in China. He then took up the cards one by one, which had been written in Chinese characters on red paper, and asked Mr. Holcombe for the name and station of each member of the General's suite. He spoke to Colonel Grant and asked him the meaning of the uniform he wore, the rank it showed and his age. He asked whether the Colonel was married and had children. When told that he had one child, a daughter, the Prince condoled with him, saying, "What a pity." In China, you must remember, that female children do not count in the sum of human happiness, and when the Prince expressed his regret at the existence of the General's granddaughter, he was saying the most polite thing he knew.

A CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT.

The Prince returned to his perusal of the face of the General as though it were an unlearned lesson. He expected a uniformed person, a man of the dragon or lion species, who could make a great noise. What he saw was a quiet, middle aged gentleman, in evening dress, who had ridden a long way in the dust and sun, and who was looking in subdued dismay at servants who swarmed around him with dishes of soups and sweetmeats, dishes of bird's nest soup, sharks' fins, roast ducks, bamboo sprouts and a teapot with a hot, insipid tipple made of rice, tasting like a remembrance of sherry, which was poured into small silver cups. We were none of us hungry. We had had luncheon, and we were on the programme for a special banquet in the evening. Here was a profuse and sumptuous entertainment. The dinner differed from those in Tientsin, Canton and Shanghai, in the fact that it was more quiet; there was no display or parade, no crowd of dusky servants and retainers hanging around and looking on as though at a comedy. I didn't think the Prince himself cared much about eating, because he merely dawdled over the bird's-nest soup and did not touch the sharks' fins. Nor, in fact, did any of the ministers, except one, who, in default of our remembering his Chinese name and rank, one of the party called him Ben Butler. The dinner, as far as the General was concerned, soon merged into a cigar, and the Prince toyed with the dishes as they came and went and smoked his pipe.

THE PRINCE REGENT OF CHINA.

As princes go I suppose few are more celebrated than Prince Kung. He is a Prince of the Imperial house of China, brother of the late Emperor and uncle of the present. He wore no distinguishing button on his hat, Imperial Princes being of a rank so exalted that even the highest honor known to Chinese nobility is too low for them. In place of the latter he wore a small knot of dark red silk braid, sewed together so as to resemble a crown. His costume was of the ordinary Chinese, plainer, if anything, than the official's. His girdle was trimmed with yellow and there were yellow fringes and tassels attached to his pipe, his fan and pockets. Yellow, is the Imperial color, and the trimming was a mark of princely rank. In appearance the Prince is of middle stature, with a sharp narrow face, a high forehead—made more prominent by the Chinese custom of shaving the forehead and a changing, evanescent expression of countenance. He has been at the head of the Chinese Government since the English invasion and the burning of the Summer Palace. He was the only prince who remained at his post at that time and consequently when the peace came it devolved upon him to make it. This negotiation gave him a European celebrity and a knowledge of Europeans that was of advantage. European powers have preferred to keep in power a prince with whom they had made treaties before. In the politics of China, Prince Kung has shown courage and ability. When the Emperor, his brother, died, in 1861, a council was formed, composed of princes and noblemen of high rank. This council claimed to sit by the will of the deceased Emperor. The inspiring element was hostility to foreigners. Between this Regency and the Prince there was war. The Emperor was a child—his own nephew; just as the present Emperor is a child. Suddenly a decree coming from the child Emperor was read, dismissing the Regency, making the Dowager Empress Regent and giving the power to Prince Kung.

AN ENERGETIC PRINCE.

This decree Prince Kung enforced with vigor, decision and success. He arrested the leading members of the Regency, charged them with having forged the will under which they claimed the Regency and sentenced three of them to death. Two of the Regents were permitted to commit suicide, but the other was beheaded. From that day, under the empresses, Prince Kung has been the ruler of China. Under the last Emperor the party in opposition succeeded in degrading him. I have read the decree of degradation as it appeared in the Pekin *Gazette*. The principal accusation against the Prince was that he had been haughty and overbearing—which I can well believe. The decree was sweeping and decisive. The Prince was degraded, deprived of his honors and reduced to the common level. But the power of the Prince was not to be destroyed by a decree. In a few days appeared another decree, saying that as the Prince had crept to the foot of the throne in tears and contrition he had been pardoned. The real fact, I suppose, was that the young Emperor and Empress found that the Prince was a power whose wrath it was not wise to invoke. Since his restoration to his honors his power has been unquestioned, and one of the recent decrees conferred new honors upon himself and his son for their loyalty to the Empire and especially for their fervent prayers at the ceremonies to the manes of the dead Emperor.

President Lincoln's Parable.

The Baltimore *American* says: "At the recent entertainment, in this city, given under the auspices of the Hebrew Young Men's Association, the Rev. Dr. Szold delivered a lecture on Abraham Lincoln, in which he related quite a number of anecdotes. It was not Mr. Lincoln's nature, he said, to argue a point, but when persons would come to him with complaints he often gave them his views on the subject in a short and comprehensive parable or story; as, for instance, some gentlemen from the West had called at the White House, and had been harrangueing Mr. Lincoln in an excited manner about the omissions and commissions of the Government. He heard them patiently for a time, and finally said: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a tight rope, would you shake the rope while he was passing over it, or keep shouting to him, 'Blondin stoop a little more; go a little faster?' No, I am sure you would not. You would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over. Now, the Government is in the same situation, and is carrying across a stormy ocean an immense weight; untold treasures are in its hands; it is doing the best it can; don't badger it; keep silence, and it will get you safely over.

A Child's Heroism.

At Honesdale, Pa., last week Willie Bowden, aged 9 years, a slate picker on the piers of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, reached up from the scaffolding on which he stood to take the slate out from between two ponderous revolving rollers. His hand was caught by the rollers and drawn slowly in, until the little fellow was raised from his feet and suspended over the canal ten feet above it. Nearly half of his arm was drawn between the rollers before the terrible situation was discovered and the machinery stopped. Before the boy could be removed a messenger had to be despatched to the machine shop, some distance away, for machinists to take the machinery apart. This required more than fifteen minutes. All this time the lad hung suspended by his crushed hand and arm, the flesh being entirely torn away, exposing the bones and cords. The little fellow never uttered a cry nor shed a tear. His father, an employe on the pier, was a weeping witness of the terrible scene, and the boy kept saying, "Don't cry, father, they'll get me out all right." The lad's arm had to be amputated at the elbow.

A WIDOW, being cautioned by her minister about flirting, said she knew it was wrong for maidens and wives to flirt, but the Bible was her authority. It said "widow's mite." She was flirting awfully at last accounts.

Nasby.

MR. NASBY TAKES A LITTLE TURN THROUGH OHIO, AND REPORTS.

From the Toledo Blade.]

PETTUSVILLE (which is in the State uv Ohio), Aug. 5, 1879.

I felt it my dooty to heed the Masedonian cry, wich the Dimocrisy uv Ohio yelped: "Kum over and help us!" and I went to do a little mishunary work in the suthern part uv the State for that 'possel uv onlimited money, that harbinger of good times, Gen'l. Ewing. I wish I wuz back in the Corners, and shel git there jist ez soon ez the Sentral Committy lets me leeve this most thoroughly discouragin kentry.

Ef the rest uv the State is anything like this seckshun, Ohio is gone up. Rooin is before Ohio, and the State is driven full tilt onto it.

I met with no success at all, wich wuz not my fault, ez the coudishns are agin me. I wuz never so disappinted in my life, and hope never to be so agin.

I expected to find a distrest kentry filled with farmers bemoanin the hard times, and mecanics layin idle, with their families starvin. I expected to find a shoelis, hatlis, coatlis community uv serfs, wich hed bin ground down by the money power till they wood be willin to receeve any promise uv a change with joy and gladnis. I expected to see factrys silent and farms desertid, shops shet up, and only nashnel banks and sich open. I expectid to find pale men, weak eyed with hunger, and pale-faced, despairin wimmen, starvin theirselves that they mite keep life into their angel babes.

I hed bin readin Dimocratic papers, you see, about the people bein ground under foot, and I hide me to Ohio, with the most joyous antissipashens.

When I struck Pettusville it occurred to me that I must hev got into the wrong locality. I arrived in the nite, and I notist the landlord uv the hotel weighed suthing over two hundred, and his wife was suthin heavier, but that didn't affect me. In all strikly Dimocratic localities landlords grow fat, no matter who else grows lean, wich they ginerally do. I turned in and hugged the idee to my buzum that I shood hev easy work to do in that place.

The fust thing I notist in the mornin wuz a string uv teems a mile long, more or less, waitin to unload wheat at the warehouse on the raleroad. The men onto the loads wuz about ez hale and harty a set uv fellers ez I ever seed. They wuzn't pale nor wan, nor nothin. They wuz hefty specimens, and lookt ez tho they hed three square meals a day all their lives.

To my horror I notist that the shops wuz all open and the mechanics all very hard at work, and that the three factories in the town hed torrents uv smoke a bilin out uv their chimneys.

Bein entirely shoor that I hed ben sent to the rite place, in spite uv these discouragin appearances, I approached a farmer wich hed sold his load and wuz jest a goin into a bank with his wife.

"My friend," sed I, "you are a victim uv the money power!"

"Wat!" wuz his reply, lookin ez tho he thot I wuz a escaped loonatic.

"You are a serf, a bondman, and are held in the iron grip uv the bloatid bondholders, wich is a squeezin the life-blood out uv yoo."

"Is they?" said he, "I never thot uv that. But I kin beet em. I really haven't time to discuss the matter, for, you see, I'm goin to be a bonded bloatholder myself. I hev jist sold my wheat, and I'm jist goin in to buy a bond or two. I want to be a aristocracy myself a while."

And so I am sittin in the tavern watchin the thermometer. It is a corn kentry, and the farmers depend upon that crop for the heft uv their profits. Ef the Lord would only take pity on the Dimocrisy and send a heavy frost, a regular black frost, this month, I shood hev some show. It wood derange things and tear up matters to such an extent that it wood give us a chance. But then the wheat crop was so heavy that I am not shoor that even the totle destructshen uv the crop wood save us. The hog cholera can't come soon enuff, and ez for cattle and horses, I never seed 'em so disgustingly healthy.

Still, I shel sit and watch the thermometer and cuss John Sherman, ez the Centrel Committy direx. It is possible that some distress may come on the kentry before October, tho reely I see no encurridgin signs. PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Distrest Finanseer.

AN enterprising superintendent at one of the Sunday schools in St. Albans, Vt., was engaged one Sunday in catechizing the scholars, varying the usual form by beginning at the end of the catechism. After asking what were the prerequisites of the holy communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked, "And now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism? Whereupon a lively urchin shouted out, "A baby, sir."

AN old riverman said Mark Twain had no genius for piloting, but if he could have been supplied with steamboats when learning the business he would have cleared the river of snags; he never missed one.

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

A Reminiscence of Niagara.

A MAN'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN THE RAPIDS—CLINGING TO A ROCK.

Niagara Letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

I remember when I was but a boy that a man got into the rapids here, having been carried down in a boat, which was broken to pieces. He had the good fortune to be dashed on a rock, to which he clung. It was at the heighth of the season—August, if I recollect—and he clung there for fully thirty-six hours. Everybody streamed out of the hotels and the village; the banks of the river, particularly on this side, were thronged with people anxious to do something to save him.—Dozens of plans were suggested; some attempted, but they all failed. Thousands of dollars were offered to anybody who would rescue him. The desperate situation of the man had been telegraphed over the country and every train brought crowds of passengers hither to witness it with their own eyes. He was encouraged by shouts from the banks, but whether he could understand anything said is doubtful. The world is said to be sympathetic. It is, or it appears to be, unsympathetic, because the object for which sympathy is asked is abstract. When it is tangible, visible, all is changed. There was an exemplification. The poor wretch could be seen. He was an ordinary, uneducated man; but he was a man, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race went out to him in pity and intense eagerness to rescue him. Women of fashion, blase club men, selfish worldlings grew pale as they watched the unhappy wretch, so vivid was their sympathy. Many persons sat up all night looking across the seething, roaring waters at the small dark figure still clinging to the rock. The morning came; renewed efforts were made, but they all miscarried. The crowd had increased; it was immense. Everybody was excited. Tears were in the women's eyes, the pallor gleamed through the rouge of some of their cheeks. Can't something be done? Must the poor fellow perish before our faces? Is there no way to rescue him? Such questions were incessantly asked, but, alas, no reply could be given. The man had good courage and great strength. He clung to the rock with the desperation of a dying soul. To lose his hold was to be dashed over the cataract. Apparatus and contrivances arrived from Buffalo. New experiments and new failures. Hoarse shouts still rang across the rapids to hold on—to be of good heart. The stoutest heart that ever throbbed could not gripe that rock forever. It was wonderful how he had endured. A fresh idea had come to the minds of half a dozen mechanics. They were laboring to throw out a hawser; every muscle was strained, every eye was bent upon their work. Suddenly the man slipped away. He was exhausted; he threw up his arms; he dashed toward the cataract. A low groan, as from one breast, quaked through the throng; the thousands shivered with terror. A black object for a moment longer in the hell of the waters, and then disappeared forever. There was an agony of relief. No one moved; no one spoke for a while. All looked in the direction where the figure had been swallowed up. It was the enchantment of terror; it was the chill of tragedy distinctly wrought which froze every one for the moment to the spot. The old resident—he has lived here forty years—says that on an average about six persons are carried over the falls every year; and that four out of the six are wholly or partly intoxicated, and lose their lives by carelessness or recklessness in rowing above the rapids, going beyond the line of danger. But for liquor not more than two lives, he says, would be lost annually.

Lion Tamer Injured.

At Towanda, Pa., a few weeks since, when the animals of Coup's Menagerie had been fed after the concert, as was the custom, the inner partitions separating these animals from each other were lifted and each animal given the freedom of the whole cage. The tiger saw a large piece of meat which had not been eaten and made for it. The lion placed his paw upon it, however, and prepared to eat it himself. Prof McDonald, the trainer, spoke to him and attempted to take the meat from him with a feeding fork, but he would not give it up. The trainer then boldly sprang into the cage to compel obedience, when the lion felled him to the floor of the cage by a powerful blow on the chest. An attendant at once caught McDonald by the feet and drew him toward the door, but the angry lion again struck him, this time upon the thigh, tearing the flesh with his paw. The spectators who witnessed the perilous situation were wildly excited. Strong men cried out, ladies fainted, and children screamed, but the trainer, recovering from the shock of the blow, retained his presence of mind, and raising to his feet faced the king of the forest and looked at him unflinchingly in the eye. "Ned," said he, in a firm yet affectionate manner, "what are you doing? Do you want to kill me, your best friend?" The words were almost magical in their effect. The lion's proud head fell, and slinking toward the piece of meat he shoved it toward his master and then came and lay penitently down at his feet.

Snake Charmers Killed.

Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.]

The renowned snake charmers, Lambasse and son, not long since captured a large rattlesnake, and, as they thought, extracted all its fangs; but in this they were mistaken, as one remained. The snake, after undergoing this operation, was put in a barrel for safe keeping, and there it remained for ten days, which so riled it that is was anxious to be avenged on any animate object, and the son in taking the snake out, was twice bitten in the arm.—He instantly dropped the reptile and applied his mouth to the wounds to extract the poison, when his lips and tongue became swollen to an immense size, and he not long after died a horrible death, leaving a large family to mourn his sad fate. In the meantime his father playfully picked up the snake, and to show the spectators how harmless it was, thrust his hand in its mouth and was bitten through the fleshy part of the hand. Shortly after his arm and hand became swollen to thrice their original size and turned black, and in this condition he has remained for the past four weeks, and as he is very old little hope is entertained of his recovery.

JOSH BILLINGS has written a play. The principal part will be taken by the hind legs of a mule, and the dramatic movement will be hastened by the business end of a hornet, skillfully introduced.

Local History.

THE

OLD FOOT-PRINTS OF THE RECEDING RED MAN,

AND THE

EARLY LAND-MARKS OF THE COMING WHITE MAN

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO

The Juniata Region.

BY PROF. A. L. GUSS, OF HUNTINGDON, PA.

'Tis good to muse on Nations passed away
Forever from the land we call our own.
YAMOYDEN.

ARTICLE XVIII.

A PITIFUL PICTURE.

In a diary kept at the Moravian Mission at Friedenshutten [Wyalusing,] we have the following entries during the year 1767, in regard to Tuscaroras, who in fragments, were still moving north to join their brethren:

"January 25th—Two feet of snow fell last night. The Tuscaroras were so alarmed, not being accustomed to snow, [where they had come from in Carolina,] that they all left their huts down by the river and came up to us. Feb. 7th—Several Tuscaroras came and propose to stay here. We arranged them a hut and gave them corn. Feb. 24th—We collected corn for the Tuscaroras. [NOTE.—These had planted the summer previous (1766,) at the mouth of the Tuscarora Creek, in Wyoming county, Pa.—CRAFT.] March 25th—Lewis, brother of Jonathan, came up from Shamokin with two Tuscaroras, as messengers, from their chief, who is still there with 70 of his nation. He wanted us to send him and his some corn. March 28—Collected corn for the Tuscaroras. One of the two is to go up to the Six Nations, and ask them permission to settle and plant at Lechawackneck. If they do we shall have bad neighbors. They are lazy and refuse to hear religion. May 4th—An express comes from Shamokin to notify us of the advent of the Tuscaroras. May 6th—Built bark huts for the Tuscaroras. In the evening came twenty of them, and forty more are on the way. The latter want us to send them some corn down the river, as they are half-starved. Sent some down to Tuscarora creek. May 7th—the forty came—miserable objects. We fed them all."

The diary does not state the date of their departure, but in October they were settled at Zeninge—near the present Binghampton, N. Y. In a general summary for 1767, Rev J. J. Schmick, of the mission, notes: "In May, 75 Tuscaroras came from Carolina. In September, 57 Nanticokes from Maryland. We believe some of them were moved by the Spirit of God, as they heard the Word of the Cross."

SPELLING EXERCISE.

When and why the several tribes in Virginia and Carolina came to be called Tuscaroras, has not been explained. The word has had more uniformly the present spelling, than most words coming to us from the Indians. However, a few of the more ancient variations may not be uninteresting. We have met the following:

Tascorins,	Tuscarorase,
Tascororins,	Tuscaruro,
Tasearores,	Tuscaruros,
Taskarosins,	Tuscarovies,
Tachekarorens,	Tuscouroroes,
Tescarorins,	Tuscouroros,
Toscororoes,	Tuskaroes,
Tuscaroras,	Tuskaroras,
Tuscaroress,	Tuskarorah,
Tuscaroros,	Tuskarorers,
Tuscaroroes,	Tuskarores,
Tuscarorers,	Tüskeruros,
Tuscarorins,	Tuskierores,
Tuscarorens,	Tuskororas,
Tuscarories,	Tuskorores,
Tuscarouroes,	Tuskawres,
Tuscarone,	Tusquaroras,
Tuscararas,	Tusquarores,
Tuscaraoros,	Tusks.

TUSCARAWAS FROM TUSCALAWAS.

There are in Ohio a town and valley called *Tuscarawas*. The similarity of sound often makes people inquire whether the word has any connection with Tuscarora. A historian of that section is of the opinion that the word came from a fragment of the Tuscaroras that settled formerly at that place; but he fails to tell us how the latter part of the word came to be so varied from the ordinary form of *roras* to *rawas*. The variations arose in this way: There were certain tribes who could not pronounce the letter R, and substituted an L or a W or some other such letter for the sound of the R. In this way these Tuscaroras in Ohio got the name of *Tuscalawas*. See Beatty's Journal of 1766. In after years those familiar with the old name in the east, in settling in that country, partly restored the old sound again, making it as now spelled *Tuscarawas*.

MOUND AND FORT IN TUSCARORA.

In an article formerly published, I ascribed the origin of the bone mound and fort in Tuscarora valley to the Tuscarora tribe of Indians, while residents of the valley. At that time I may be said to have been very positive of my position. I am not so sure of this now. My only excuse for my position is the old adage that "men of wisdom change their minds, but fools never." A great amount of study and research, since that time, have convinced me of the existence of a race of Indians in this valley, long prior to the advent of white men, from whom the name of our river has come down, who being extirpated, left this interior uninhabited about half a century before the Tuscaroras came north. I am now inclined to believe the mound originated with this anterior race. Being of the same Huron Iroquois blood with the Tuscaroras, they buried in the same way, and as they lived on, or near, the old town site, the Tuscaroras may also have buried their bones in the same spot. When we have all the facts before us; when we have surveyed the rest of the field, we will discuss this anterior race, and then we shall be better able to form a judgment on the question.

A NEW FIELD TO BE EXPLORED.

Reader, I have now given you a sketch of the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Delawares, Shawanese, Conoys, and some remarks on other tribes. Perhaps you are impatient and anxious for me to come down to more modern times, and more directly to the Juniata region. But there is still another very large unexplored field within our own State, an examination of which is really necessary in order to understand what will be said of this interior; and it is moreover a most interesting field, and one that has been but little explored by the historians, Will you, therefore, follow me patiently while I go back and notice the first advent of the white men within the borders of our State?

ABORIGINES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AND ITS BRANCHES.

I design now to discuss the several tribes and Indian nationalities on the Susquehanna river and its branches, from the time of the advent of the first European within the limits of our present Commonwealth. The intelligent and observing reader must have noticed, that the original abodes of none of the nations hitherto noticed were upon this river, or any of its branches; and if he has any antiquarian taste, he will thirst for some information concerning the tribes, who passed away, almost before the days of any written records concerning them. Our sources of information, are the scraps of documents and letters, the sketches and maps, which have been preserved from the settlements of the English in Virginia and Maryland, from the French in Canada, from the Dutch at New York, and from the Swedes on the Delaware river. We will now proceed to look at these.

SMITH EXPLORES THE HEADS OF THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

One hundred and fifteen years elapsed, after the discovery of America by Columbus, before the English, in 1607, made the first permanent settlement in North America, at Jamestown, Virginia, and in 1608, Capt. John Smith, of that colony, explored the Chesapeake Bay, and came up the Susquehanna river as far as the falls or rocks, which he could not ascend with his boat. These falls were not the Conewago falls, below Middletown, but the falls at some point lower down, even below the Conestoga falls at Columbia, either about the Pennsylvania line, or at Port Deposit, Md.

SMITH'S BOOK AND MAP.

Smith's History of Virginia is now before me. It contains his map, the upper part of which extends into this State. It was made by Smith himself, and is a wonderful work, proving him to be a most extraordinary man. It was first published in London in 1629—two hundred and fifty years ago. The map gives in large letters, the SASQUESAHANOUGHS, above the head of the bay. The point to which he ascended the river, by the scale, would be fifteen miles, which would bring him within the limits of Pennsylvania, and make him, and his party of twelve men, the first white persons that ever trod on Pennsylvania soil. The first rocks, however, are at Port Deposit, only four miles from the bay, but the number of islands in the river, which he has marked in his map, and the scale of leagues, on which the map is drawn, seem to require that Capt. Smith actually ascended as high as the State line.

WAS HE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The estimates of early travelers on a strange territory for the first time, can seldom be depended upon for accuracy as to the distances. Smith himself says, "we could not get two miles up it with our boat for rocks," yet we know it is four miles to the head of the tide, at Port Deposit; but it is most probable that Smith was higher up the river than he took his two ton boat, for he expressly says, "Canoes may go a day's journey or two up it;" and it is possible, he speaks from experience, having gone up some distance in an Indian canoe. At all events he was the first white man to meet Indians who resided on Pennsylvania soil.

SUSQUEHANNA INDIAN TOWNS.

Smith's map places the chief town, SASQUESAHANNOUGH, about 21 miles, by the scale, above the mouth of the river in a straight line. The text of the book, however, speaks of them being "two days journey higher than our barge could pass for the rocks," which would place them much higher up the river. About 18 or 20 miles farther up, is the town QUADROQUE, and 15 miles farther up is TESINIGH, which would be about 55 miles from the bay, by the scale. These three towns, being on the east side of the river, were all in the present Lancaster county. On a branch from the west, entering the river a little above the first named town, there is a village called ATTAOCK, apparently 40 miles from the bay by the streams. At Quadroque there are two branches, and it is hard to tell which is the main river. As stated Tesinigh is on the one to the east. UTCHOWIG is a town on the other branch, which is probably intended for the true Susquehanna, and it is on the south side of the river, and seemingly some 60 miles from the head of the bay. Smith constructed his map of the country above the falls, to which he penetrated, according to the descriptions given him by the Indians. The distances may have been much greater, and Utchowig may have been up as far as Harrisburg. It is clear from the map that the Sasquesahanoughs had four other villages beside the chief town called after their own name. This serves to give us some idea of their strength. Little or nothing more is known of these towns under these names.

THE NAME OF THESE INDIANS.

Smith calls the Indians the SASQUESAHANOUGHS. The first part of the word *Sasquesa* means *falls*, and the latter part means *river*. They were the people of the Falls-river—a very appropriate name in view of the many falls and rapids on the lower part of that river. The former word is also found in Siccasarongo, Sicasalungo, Chickasalungo, or Chiquesalungo, now contracted into Chickies, an Indian town on a stream still called Chiquesalungo, emptying into the river below Marietta, where, or at Conestoga, it is probable the chief town Sasquesahanough was located. The *hanne* is still found in such words as Rappahannock, Loyal Hanna. Smith and his men well understood this term as applied to the river, for in a part of his book, written by three of his companions, they say: "The Susquesahanocks river we called Smiths falles." This was, therefore, a translation of the Indian name, and it proves that these people were named after the falls in the Susquehanna, and that this region was about the centre of their dominions, and that they were below the mountains, and were not spread, as some want to make out, over the upper branches of the river even almost to Lake Erie.

"SOME FRENCH MANS SONNE."

There is one statement, in Smith's History quoted below, that is inexplicable—that the Tockwoughs had *