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READING DAILY EAGLE.



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H. M. NAGLE, PHYSICIAN, (U. S. Pension Surgeon), 840 Penn Street, Reading, Pa. Office hours-12 to 2 p. m. 6 to 8 p. m.

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LOUIS RICHARDSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 530 Court street, over the office of John S. Richardson, Esq. Feb 10.

WILLIAM O. BREWSTER, (Organist of West Reformed Church), TEACHER OF PIANO FORTE, ORGAN AND HARMONY, No. 223 North Sixth street, Reading, Pa. No. 12-Planos Tuned. June 20.

DR. E. MOSER, SURGEON DENTIST, OFFICE-519 Penn Street, Reading, Pa. Invites the public to call and examine his new plan for extracting teeth without pain.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE. The following table shows the time on which all Passenger Trains, on the different Railroads, arrive and depart from this city:

DEPART FOR PHILADELPHIA. Reading Accom. all way stations, 7:30 a. m. Express, principal stations, 8:00 a. m. Way and Market, all stations, 11:30 a. m. Express, principal stations, 4:30 p. m. Way and Market, all stations, 6:30 p. m.

DEPART FOR POTTSVILLE. Ashland, Tamaqua, &c., and W. stations, 10:35 a. m. Accom. Harrisburg and all way stations, 6:50 p. m. Pottsville, Ashland, Tamaqua, &c., 6:10 p. m.

DEPART FOR HARRISBURG AND THE WEST. Express, Lebanon, Harrisburg and west, 1:30 a. m. Accom. Harrisburg and all way stations, 7:15 a. m. Mail, Harrisburg and principal stations, 10:45 a. m. East, Lebanon, Harrisburg and west, 1:50 p. m. Express, Harrisburg and all way stations, 6:05 p. m. Express, Leb., Harrisburg and west, 10:10 p. m. ARRIVE FROM HARRISBURG AT 4:49, 7:05, 10:25 a. m. and 4:10, 6:25, 11:40 p. m.

DEPART FOR NEW YORK. And principal way stations, 4:44 a. m. For New York and principal way stations, 7:00 a. m. For " " and all way stations, 11:30 a. m. For " " and principal way stations, 2:40 p. m. For " " and all way stations, 4:50 p. m. For " " and principal way stations, 11:10 p. m. ARRIVE FROM NEW YORK AT 1:30, 6:00 a. m. and 1:50, 6:00, 10:10 p. m.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R. ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23d, 1868. Passenger Trains will run on this Road, as follows:

Leave Lancaster and Columbia at 8:00 A. M. Lancaster 3:00 P. M. Columbia 3:00 P. M. Arrive at Reading 6:30 P. M.

RETURNING: Leave Reading at 7:00 A. M. 8:15 P. M. Arrive at Lancaster 9:21 A. M. 10:21 P. M. Arrive at Columbia 9:21 A. M. 10:21 P. M.

Trains Nos. 2 and 4 make close connection at Reading with Philadelphia and South, on Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and West on Lebanon Valley Road. No. 2 also makes close connection with the New York, and Philadelphia Railroad, 13th and Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia.

Through Tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through. Trains are run by P. & R. R. Time, which is 10 minutes faster than P. & R. R. Time.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD. (Revised.) SUMMER ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, August 3, 1868. Five Trains to Philadelphia, passing Reading at 7:30, 10:35 and 11:30 a. m., and 4:25 and 6:30 p. m.

Up to Pottsville, at 10:40 a. m., and 5:00 and 6:00 p. m. Trains West to Lebanon and Harrisburg: Western Express from New York, at 1:10 a. m., and 1:34 and 10:10 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Reading at 7:30 a. m., and 11:30 a. m., and 4:25 p. m., and 6:30 p. m. Pottsville Accommodation Train leaves Pottsville at 6:45 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:30 p. m.

Western Express Trains connect at Harrisburg with express trains on the Pennsylvania R. R. for Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and all points west, and the 10:45 mail train connects at Harrisburg for Pittsburgh, Lancaster, Chambersburg, Sunbury, Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Williamsport, Lock Haven, Elmira and the Canadas.

Passenger Trains leave Upper Depot at 7:00 a. m. and 6:15 p. m., for Ephrata, Littiz, Lancaster and Columbia. Through First-class Coupon Tickets and Emigrants' tickets at reduced fares, to all the principal points in the North, West and the Canadas.

BEAUTIFUL AND CURIOUS. AN ACROSTIC. We find the following curious piece of poetry in the Presbyterian Magazine. The initial capital letters spell "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ," and the words in Italics, when read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, make the Lord's prayer:

Make known the Gospel truths, our Father, King; Yield us Thy grace, dear Father, from above, Bless us with hearts which feelingly can sing Our life Thou art for ever God of love;

Assuage our griefs in love for Christ we pray, Since the bright Prince of Heaven and glory died! Took all our shame, and allowed the display. In first being man, and then being crucified.

Stupendous God! Thy grace and power make known, In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice, Now labors in Thy heavenly kingdom own, That blessed kingdom, for Thy saints the choicest How vile to come to Thee, in all our cry, Enemies of thy self, and all that's thine!

Graceless our will, our lives for vanity Loathing thy Truth, being evil in design. O God, thy will be done from earth, Reclining on the Gospel let us live In earth from sins deliver us and forgive us, Oh as Thyself, but teach us to forgive, Unless its power temptation doth destroy, Sure is our fall into the depths of woe;

Carnal in mind, we've not a glimpse of joy, Raised against heaven in us no hope can flow, O give us grace and lead us on Thy way; Shine on us with Thy love, and give us peace; Self and this sin which rise against us say; Oh! grant each day our trespasses may cease, Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do, Convince us daily of them to our shame, Help us with heavenly bread; Forgive us too Recurrent lusts, and we adore Thy name, In Thy forgiveness we as sinners can die, Since, for us and our trespasses so high, Thy Son our Saviour bled on Calvary.

MARRIAGE. Marriage is a change of existence—a death-birth, as our German friends would say—an Exodus—a transit from one life to another—and with as impenetrable a veil of doubt and uncertainty spread over that other life, as is over that life to whose domains Death is the portal. "Whom we are, we know," may a man about to be married well exclaim; where we have been we also know; whither we are going, no man knoweth, nor can know, 'till the going has merged into the gone."

Charles V. said, no man could be said to be truly brave until he had snuffed a candle with his fingers; but my idea is, that no man's courage can be so severely tested as by entering into the holy state of matrimony, provided only that the man be of a contemplative, reflective nature. This courage is more required on the woman's part than on the man's. She must infallibly know less of him than he of her, as he beholds her ever in the world she moves in; whereas he, when he leaves her, mingles and is lost in the crowd of outer life. Whether he keep himself apart among the virtuous, or has his haunts among the vicious, she can only hear by report, and report is not a witness that should be trusted, and female etiquette denies her the searching inquiries necessary for complete satisfaction. Then again, he has more resources than she, if the home be made unhappy by the ill-assorted union. The tavern, the theatre, the meeting, the mart, are all open to him. He can be away from home when he likes, and as long as he likes; and when from home, to all intents and purposes, he is a bachelor again. Not so she, poor lady! Once a wife, a wife forever. She may not, cannot, would not, dare not, leave him. The laws, her children, and her high womanly instinct alike forbid it. She can never lay down her wifehood and become a maid again. And even if she do separate from him, and return once more to her father's house, the gay heart, the unspeakable palpitation of maidenly desire and hopes, budding promises of coming life—these are there no longer; the butterfly is freed, but the wings are torn and feathered—it can fly no more. Hence, there is no one thing more lovely than when a maiden leans her fairy cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers—"Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe. The Past was beautiful, but the Future I can trust—with thee!"

—A few days since, a man named Tulle, a usually sober, quiet citizen, residing near Spring Hill, Stoddard county, Mo., returned to his home in a state of intoxication. From some cause a quarrel sprang up between himself and wife, when he seized a gun with the avowed intention of shooting her. In order to defend herself she threw up her arm, when Tulle struck her with the gun, breaking the arm. At this point a son interfered, wresting the gun from his father, and striking him on the head broke his skull, so that he died almost instantly.

—A new city ice boat was launched on Wednesday afternoon at Philadelphia from Cramp & son's ship-yard, in the presence of a large number of persons. Her motive power is twenty per cent. greater than the boat used last year. She is built of iron, and cost \$160,000. She will be ready for service about the first of the year.

—California has within its border 157 lodges of Free and Accepted Masons, with an aggregate membership of 7,600. The Grand Lodge was organized April 16, 1850.

—A Mr. Whitney, of Leominster, Mass., shot a golden eagle recently. The bird weighed ten pounds, and measured seven feet ten inches from tip to tip of its wings.

—A traveling "Count," arrested in New York for practicing the "dead beat" game on hotels, pleaded in extenuation that he was insane from a disappointment in love.

—A steamboat, twenty-two feet in length and carrying eighteen persons has been built on Washoe Lake, Nevada. It has a brass engine of seventy-five pounds weight.

—In Australia they have fenced in 10,000 acres where ostriches are kept, and it is found that the feathers of a full grown bird will sell for \$100 a year.

—All the cotton mills of Newburyport, Mass., pass their October dividends. The balances are on the wrong side of the ledger.

—Two feet of snow in Quebec, and fifteen inches of the same in Oxford county, Maine.

A SAD MEMORY. Eddie Leo and his little sister Eva were at play in the garden. It was a warm bright day in Summer, but Eva complained of being cold, and wanted Eddie to take their playthings, and go in to the nursery.

To this Eddie was very much opposed, having a natural dislike to being confined in the house when it was possible to be out of doors.

"But I'm chilly," said Eva, in remonstrance. "Pshaw!" answered Eddie. "Get up and stir yourself then, and you'll get warm quick enough. I'm comfortable in the shade and here it's all sunshine."

"But I'm tired," said Eva, sitting down. "Oh fudge!" cried Eddie, "lazy you mean!" "No I don't!" answered Eva. "I ain't lazy, I'm tired!" "Tired of what?" asked Eddie impatiently.

"Tired of running around with you," answered Eva. "I've played to suit you, now you ought to come in and play with me a spell."

"But I don't like to play girls' plays," answered Eddie. "I played your plays 'cause you wanted me to," urged Eva.

"What of it?" laughed Eddie, very provokingly throwing up his ball, and running off after it as it came down. "Please do come in and play with me, just a little while," pleaded Eva. "I'll play what you want to, if you will, I'd just as lief play out here, only I'm tired and cold. When I get rested I'll come out with you. You'll come in, won't you Eddie?" and her blue eyes looked up very pleadingly into his.

"No I won't, so there!" answered Eddie, crossly. "I'm not going to shut myself up in the house such a fine day as this, just because you're too lazy to play out doors."

"I ain't lazy," said Eva, her face getting red with excitement. "Yes you are," answered Eddie, "and you know it too. A great big, lazy girl. Shame!"

Eddie pointed his finger in her face, a very scornful expression on his features. "I do think you're real mean," cried Eva, beginning to cry, "for I ain't lazy, if you do say so."

"Cry-baby! cry-baby!" said Eddie, with a very angry, aggravating, and very much to be ashamed of if he only had known it at the time. Eva answered not a word. She was too grieved for that. She got up very slowly and turned to go into the house. Angry and annoyed to think he was to lose her assistance in playing "horse" he gave her a push that sent her headlong against the door, and said in low, intensely angry tones:

"I hate you, Eva Leo! You're just one of the meanest, ugliest girls I ever knew." She left him, without even looking at him or saying a word.

At supper she was absent from the table. Her mother said she was not feeling well, and had laid down to rest.

The next morning she was in high fever. Doctor Gray was sent for and he prescribed for her, and ordered perfect quiet. But she grew worse, and for two days she lay between life and death.

On the third day, the doctor saw there was a change, but not for the better: Eva must die.

Can you imagine how Eddie felt when he was told that his sister was dying? I think not. He would have given a world if he could have done so, to have his angry words unsaid. How wicked and shameful his conduct looked to himself. She had complained of being cold and tired, and he had called her lazy, while it was the disease at work in her system. How he wished he had yielded to her entreaties, and played with her as she desired. But his repentance came too late.

Eva died. It was just sunset. They stood by her little white bed, weeping very sorrowfully. The window was open, and the sunshine and breeze came in, bringing brightness and perfume. A robin sang in the cherry tree. Eddie will never forget that scene. "Sing," she said, lifting her eyes to her mother's tearful face, as she bent over her darling. And her mother sang the dear old cradle hymn with which she had soothed her child to rest many times. Now she sang to her while she fell asleep in death, in the last, sweetest sleep of all. Eddie is a man now; but the memory of his unkind words will never be forgotten.

ADVERTISERS are requested to hand in their advertisements as early in the day as possible, as our rapidly increasing circulation compels us to go to press about 2 p. m.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for publication in the DAILY EAGLE must be accompanied by a responsible name, as a guarantee of sincerity on the part of the writer. The name will not be published unless so desired by the correspondent.

Write only on one side of the paper, and as plainly as possible, without flourishes.

SUBSCRIBERS who fail to receive the EAGLE, regularly, will confer a favor by leaving notice at this office, where all complaints of irregularity and lateness of delivery will be promptly attended to.

Correspondents should make their communications short and to the point. Our space is too limited for very long articles.

SPEAK LOW. I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones, resounding through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as the measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. They catch it, and it lasts for life.

A friend had such a neighbor within hearing of her house, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more expensive habit.

Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in the play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is weak and irregular. The children expect just as much scolding before they do anything they are bidden, while in many a home where the low, firm voice of the mother, or a decided look of her eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

O, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you even to try and be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed.

Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember what he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any, for they only make them ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that one tone when you are under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

THE SABBATH FOR THE WORKINGMAN.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the workingman, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigor, which the last six days have drained away, and it supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a saving bank. The frugal man, who puts aside a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who, in a quiet way, is always putting by his stated sum from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides; and the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week, who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age, gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—North Branch Review.

—During the progress of tearing down an old chimney in the house belonging to Mr. Johnson, of Essex, N. H., recently, a fragment of the old stove-pipe style, containing a old-style blue and white home-made linen handkerchief, was found buried in the hollow portion of the chimney. The hat was in good state of preservation, and after being of sixty-five years is now in style again. The chimney was very large, containing four fire-places, and was built in 1803, as was determined by marks upon the bricks.

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