

# READING EAGLE



"FOR THE GOOD THAT LACKS ASSISTANCE: FOR THE WRONG THAT NEEDS RESISTANCE."

VOL. II.--NO. 19.

READING, PA., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 19, 1869.

10 CENTS PER WEEK.

THE READING DAILY EAGLE

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DAILY EAGLE AND

GAZETTE OFFICE

542 Penn Street, Reading, Pa. June 23, 1868.

**THE NATIONAL STOVE, TIN AND HOLLOW WARE EMPORIUM OF THE CITY OF READING.**  
**D. C. SCHNADER,**  
414 PENN STREET,  
Would call the attention of the public to his large stock of Parlor, Office and Cooking Stoves, Ranges, Tin, Hollowware and House-keeping goods of every description. Roofing and Spouting promptly attended to at the lowest price. Give him a call. Feb 19-1869



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**MOLINO HALL RESTAURANT,**  
219 North Eighth Street,  
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Choice Wines and Estates on hand; also, a good stock of Ales and Lager Beer. Lunch every day. All my friends are invited to call.  
A few boarders can be accommodated with good board. Jan 21-1869

**ENGINE**

AND

**BOILER FOR SALE.**

IMPORTANT TO MACHINISTS

**MANUFACTURERS.**

**ONE OSCILLATING ENGINE OF FOUR HORSE POWER.**

**ONE EIGHT-HORSE TUBULAR UP-RIGHT BOILER.**

Apply at the ADLERS Office, or address

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**ENGINE AND BOILER FOR SALE.—IM-PORTANT TO MACHINISTS AND MANUFACTURERS.—**The undersigned offers for sale, at reasonable rates, one Oscillating Engine of Four-Horse Power, and one Eight-Horse Tubular Upright Boiler. Apply at the ADLERS Office, or address RITTER & CO., Reading, Pa. Feb 17-1869

**REVARD.—**A double-barrelled gun was lost a few days ago, while coming to this city from the farm of James R. Hill. The above reward will be paid by leaving the same at THIS OFFICE. Feb 11

**FOR SALE.—**Will be sold at Private Sale, the stock of J. RODGERS' BARBER SHOP, with apparatus, at No. 235 Penn Street, Reading. Bid on account of going into other business. Feb 11

**KRYDER & CO.,**  
Manufacturers of  
**DR. STOEVS'S**  
**Celebrated Tonic Herb Bitters.**  
Importer of

**WINES AND LIQUORS.**

Also Sole Agents for BAILY'S UNRIVALLED RYE WHISKY.  
No. 121 North Third Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
For sale at the Eagle Bookstore. Aug 2-

**CLOTHES**

**WRINGERS,**

**STEP LADDERS,**

ALL WARRANTED.

AT

**M'KNIGHT'S**

**HARDWARE STORE**

**THIRD AND PENN STS.**

Aug 10

**McGowan & Miltimore,**

DEALERS IN

**HARDWARE.**

CUTLERY, GUNS,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

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SADDLERY, &c., &c., &c., &c.

No. 612

PENN STREET, READING, PA.

ap 24-

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST!

**REINHOLD & SCHOENER**

No. 41 North Sixth Street,

READING, PA.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST ESTABLISHED a first-class Boot and Shoe-making establishment and store at the above state place, where they are able to accommodate customers with the best articles in their line of business, and at lower prices than at any other place in the city.

The following list of prices proves all we say:

Men's calf boots, \$4 00 and upwards

Men's kip boots, 3 00

Men's working shoes, 2 00

Men's French calf Congress gaiters, box boots, 2 25

Men's calf Balmorals, 1 50

Men's kip Balmorals, 1 00

Men's calf Balmorals, 75

Men's kip Balmorals, 75

**How the Sailors are Shanghaied;**

Of all victims who drop into New York there are none so ripe for plucking as a sailor. He is the most verdant of greenhorns, from the fact that, while knowing all the schemes laid for his ruin, he persists in allowing himself to fall into them, and if "shanghaied" and turned into the street at night it is only a repetition of an old experience. To quote an old phrase, "It is not the first time, and it will not be the last." When Jack is landed from a cruise, with his pocket full of cash, he has a serene contempt for the lessons of the past. They won't get him lost again. He'll only enjoy himself, and not get "knuckled" or "sloved" in any "crib" of the "landshark."

On leaving the ship he is plied by a "runner," who, of course, takes him into a slop-shop, where he buys an outfit, consisting of a shirt wide open in the chest, with a broad collar, a pair of pants as broad at the foot as they are at the waist, a double-breasted vest, cut wide in the bosom, and a round-about or jacket of similar style. The vest is of a cotton velvet, and the coat and pants are of coarse blue cloth. Add to these a pair of low-quartered shoes, a silk neckerchief, fastened in front with an ivory ring, and a loose cap, and you have the entire equipment. For these he pays an enormous price, the runner receiving a large commission for his share in the spoil. Being thus "new rigged," Jack commences his cruise in search of pleasure. He is soon beckoned into a dance-house by a painted face, and takes a cheerful glass, at the same time "standing the drinks" for a group of syrens who now approach him with their charms. He lays out a green-bank to pay the score; but, as it is a ten dollar note, delay is made in getting the change, and to while away the time more drinks are ordered. Just then the irresistible melody of a violin is heard discoursing Fisher's Hornpipe or Money Musk, and a jig is at once started, and before this is over the ten dollar bill is quite forgotten.

Shall we follow the details of the day's experience? More liquor is ordered, and another ten dollar bill shares the fate of its predecessor. Dancing and drinking continue until the fellow becomes stupid, when he is at once left in another room and kept quiet until nightfall (the proprietor in the meantime having secured his pocket book), when he is turned adrift in the street. The next morning Jack comes to his senses, and after cursing his betrayers in good sailor phrase, he turns down, to some shipping office and engages for another voyage.

We have noticed in some of the city papers a new definition of the popular term "shanghaied." It is stated that this consists in shipping a sailor, while drunk, on an East Indiaman. This, however, is quite an impossibility. The captains of these ships are generally men of character, and do not buy sailors while thus in a drunken condition of such men as Tommy Hadden. East Indiamen generally required picked crews, and, of course, do not take men in the condition referred to.

The elephant of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, used to play his visitors a trick which could not have been thought of but by an animal of intelligence. His house opened upon an inclosure called the elephant's park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk, a mere speck, which would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits. A crowd would often assemble around the inclosure, and not seeing him in, would watch in expectation that he would soon issue from his house. But while they were gazing about, a copious sprinkling of water would fall upon them, and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up to the clear sky and wondering whence such a shower could come. Immediately afterwards, however, they would see the elephant rising slowly from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, an awkward joy at the trick he had played. In the course of time his amusement became generally known, and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle that he had caused!

**DRIED POTATOES.**—We have had dried apples, and dried peaches and dried fruits of various kinds, for a long time in the market. But we have never heard of drying potatoes until now.

A Mr. Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, has been experimenting on potatoes, sweet and Irish, with reference to preserving them fresh and nice for an indefinite time. The potato has hitherto been good only for a limited time, a few months at the longest; and the sweet potato after a few days or weeks even loses some of its best qualities. Mr. Smith has succeeded in preserving the potato simply by drying it, so that a dish of the best quality can be had at any period of the year, as fresh and dry and sweet as though newly dug. So he says, and so the editor of the Scientific American seems to think he has done. If he can introduce his plan of curing and drying the sweet potato into the South, he thinks he will have furnished the planters with more than a compensation for the loss of the cotton trade.

**REPAIRING.**  
Particular attention is paid to all kinds of repairing.  
**REINHOLD & SCHOENER,**  
NO. 41 NORTH SIXTH STREET,  
(ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE),  
READING, PA.  
April 11-

**The Arkansas Harrier—Execution of the Militia Victims.**

The four colored militiamen, named William Porter, Monroe Allen, Hector Acton, and William Reese, connected with the force stationed at Marion, Crittenden county, Arkansas, who perpetrated a fiendish and heathen crime upon several women living in the vicinity of the camp, were arraigned before a court-martial on the 18th inst., and were convicted of the alleged charges, and shot by order of the Court on the following day.

The vote of the court, in deciding the case of all the parties, was unanimous for conviction. Upon the close of the trial the prisoners were confined in the guard house, and were allowed the company of the colored chaplains connected with the force, who administered religious consolation to their troubled minds. till the time arrived for their execution, which was formally announced to the prisoners a half hour previous to their death.

The intervening moments between the announcement and the time they were shot were of dreadful agony and wailing, mingled with cries to the officers to abate their punishment, and prayers to the Giver of their lives for pardon and mercy. Their piteous and loud cries rent the air, and were heard throughout the neighborhood, sending a chill of horror to all. The men and officers of the garrison were, however, unanimous in their condemnation of the outrage, and not a word of remonstrance, or an intimation of resistance to the execution of the sentence of the court, was heard. On the contrary, it was feared by the officers, from the excited feelings of the privates, (particularly of those in the same company with the criminals,) that previous to the promulgation of the order of the court-martial they would break through the guard and deal out vengeance themselves to the prisoners, who had so cruelly disgraced them.

A few minutes previous to the execution, the prisoners were led out from the barrack a short distance, where their coffins were laid side by side, a few feet apart, and each tied to a stake driven in the ground at the ends of the coffins, with their backs to the same. Forty men, all colored, and selected from every company, under command of Lieut. Gregory, colored, were detailed to shoot the criminals. They were drawn up in two ranks. At the command of the officer the front rank leveled their guns at the men and fired, the fatal shots killing each of them instantly. A squad of men was then detailed to place the bodies in their coffins and bury them. The affair was witnessed by the entire militia force, with the exception of several scouting parties.

The names of the women who were outraged are as follows: Mrs. J. Reeves, Mrs. Jas. Watson, Mrs. Galloway, Mrs. McGee, and Miss Swepten. All were married and had families, save the latter. —*Memphis Post, Jan. 21.*

**WESTERN SIMPLICITY.**

Western simplicity—not greenness, but genuine candor and character—are to be seen in the following incident, furnished sometime since by a Western correspondent:

In a wild Western neighborhood the sound of a church-going bell had never been heard; notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A., a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came to hear him. There had an indistinct idea that "preaching" was something to be heard, and all attended to hear it.

After the service had begun a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand, and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail keg without either head. The current of the preacher's thought led him into a description of heaven, and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning of the patriarchs, apostles and prophets each his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his climacteric: With his eye fixed upon the highest point; and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest altitude of the heavenly places, he said:

"And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles?—where, I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?"

Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eyes upon our hero of the rifle. He, therefore, thinking the address personal, rose instantly, and then replied:

"If he can't do no better he can take my seat."

**A SINGULARLY AFFECTING STORY.**

When the war broke out, says the Toledo Commercial, there lived in Cincinnati an honest, industrious, and happy German family. The husband and father enlisted in the army in response to one of the first calls for men, and served faithfully during many long and weary months without visiting his home. His conduct in the army was such as to meet with the approbation of his superiors, and was finally promoted to a captaincy.

Just before the battle of Gettysburg he obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visiting home, and wrote to his devoted wife that he would certainly be home on the following Thursday, requesting her to be sure and meet him at the train. The next day the army started in pursuit of Lee, who was marching into Pennsylvania, and the gallant German captain, instead of going home, went with his comrades in pursuit of the invader. He was in the hottest of that terrible fight at Gettysburg, and when the smoke of battle cleared away, and the dead were gathered up for burial upon that consecrated ground, the German captain was counted among the slain. The news of his death reached his home in Cincinnati, since which time the devoted wife has been crazy, and still expects her husband on the next train, and by day and night—in all kinds of weather—stands in the middle of the crossing in front of her home, looking in every direction for the approach of him who will never come.

Often she will call on the Mayor and other city authorities to have officers detailed to go and watch "that train," to see if her husband is not coming. This strange conduct has lasted for almost six years, and the grief and trouble of the poor woman have been so great that she has turned prematurely grey, and although under thirty years of age, has the appearance of a very old person.

**Something to Not Think.**  
Ninety years hence, not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will be alive. Ninety years! Alas how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life, will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told," a dream; an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away and is forgotten. Years shorten as a man advances in age. Like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever.

Is it possible that life is so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the new, blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy, pass away in ninety years and be forgotten? "Ninety years," says death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold to-day and to-morrow, and every day are mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered not!"

At THE THEATRE IN DONALD, during the performance of Offenbach's new opera, a young actress who appeared for the first time was hissed. She turned deadly pale, drew a poniard from her bosom and tried to stab herself. Fortunately the other actors succeeded in wresting the weapon from her. The performance was interrupted for half an hour, and when the curtain rose again, the manager appeared and said to the highly excited audience that the young actress would re-appear, but he begged not to insult her, who was highly talented and that a little encouragement given to her would at once elicit the full splendor of her talents. The gallant Frenchmen burst into deafening applause, when the young girl came forward again, and encircled the first air, which was sang in a tremulous tone. This mark of success visibly animated her courage, and she achieved a great triumph. It was afterwards ascertained that she had gone on the stage to support her old mother, and the failure of her debut would have exposed them to extreme poverty. Hence her despair when the hissing burst forth.

On the 6th of January, 1701, several young pupils from the Ecole Militaire were skating on the deep moat that runs along by the Fort of Auxonne. As it struck five one of the party proceeded to take off his skates. "Don't go—no more round!" cried his companions. "No, no; I have had enough of it; besides I am hungry, and want my dinner." After the departure of their comrade, the rest continued to skate, when suddenly the ice broke, and one and all fell into the water and perished. The young man who so miraculously escaped by going off a few minutes before, was no other than Napoleon Bonaparte.

On MONDAY, in Boston; three young men entered the jewelry shop of Feederhen, No. 53 Court street, and desired to look at some diamond rings. They were shown some, when they snatched the tray containing \$2,000 worth, ran out, and thus far escaped. The rogues are supposed to hail from New York.

On THURSDAY last a man fell from the trestle work at Diamond mines, near Scranton, a distance of forty feet to the ground, and was not killed, but pretty seriously hurt.

**THE OFFICIAL REPORTS OF THE AUSTRIAN STAFF ON THE CAMPAIGN OF 1866, OF WHICH ANOTHER VOLUME HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED, SHOW CONCLUSIVELY THAT FIELD MARSHAL BONEDEK WAS UTTERLY GUILTY OF THE DISASTERS WHICH BEFEL THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN JULY, 1866.**

The reports contain no less than fifteen telegrams in which the Field Marshal implored the Emperor Francis Joseph, during the last three days prior to the battle of Sadowa, to make peace with Prussia. The last of these telegrams, dated July 2, sounds truly pathetic: "Retreat is impossible now. If the Prussians attack me to-morrow, catastrophe is inevitable. Cannot conquer with this army and this staff. Make peace, Majesty, immediately!" Francis Joseph telegraphed that he could not, make peace, and that Bonedek must fight. Since the facts have become generally known, there is much surprise that the Emperor should not have vindicated Bonedek's sagacity, but allowed him to be reviled so long as a military humbug. Bonedek himself is a confirmed hypochondriac, and fears have been entertained for some time past, by his intimate friends, that he may commit suicide in a fit of despondency.

**The Night Lamp.**  
There are many families in this city who use night lamps, and through inability to provide gas, have been in the habit of burning kerosene oil, a very good thing when properly used. A few words on the subject of its uses at night may prove interesting to the general reader.

When the light of the kerosene lamp is turned down low the combustion is not perfect, and the atmosphere of the room becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also legitimate particles of smoke and soot thrown off, to be taken into the lungs of the occupants.

Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that the people are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it.

Its consequences are the unaccountable and mysterious headaches, irritation of the throat and lungs, dizziness, and nausea. —*N. Y. Democrat.*

**AMUSING CONCERT INCIDENT.**—A story is told in the Philadelphia Journal, the point of which will be as apparent to un-musical as to musical people. The narrator says that during a recent concert in the Music Hall in this city, when the organist was "exhibiting the full power of the instrument," a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her daughter about her household arrangements.

"She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ, but reckoned without her host" this time. The organist made a sudden transition from "M" to "pianissimo," without giving the lady warning; consequently the audience were somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, that "we fried ours in his hutter!"

The citizens of Fulton county are making active efforts for the survey of the proposed railroad from Washington city to Lake Erie. At a recent meeting a committee was appointed to secure a corps of engineers to examine the route from the Maryland line to the northern border of Fulton county, and provide for their pay by voluntary subscription.

**EAST PENNA. RAILROAD ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.**  
Commencing Monday, December 21st, 1868.  
No. 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

**COMMUTATION TICKETS.**  
Good for Twenty-six Trips, at 25 per cent. discount between any points desired.  
**MILEAGE TICKET BOOKS.**  
For 5000 miles, good between all points on this or the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., or the Reading & Columbia R. R., at \$50.00 each for families and firms.  
**SEASON TICKETS.**  
Good for the holder only, for three, six, nine and twelve months, at reduced rates.  
P. M. BRIMMERTON,  
General Ticket Agent.