

READING DAILY EAGLE.



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

VOL. II.—NO. 20.

READING, PA., SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

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THE READING DAILY EAGLE

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A few boarders can be accommodated with good board. (Jan 21-1md.)

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IMPORTANT TO MACHINISTS

BOILER FOR SALE.

The undersigned offer for sale, at reasonable rates,

ONE OSCILLATING ENGINE OF FOUR HORSE POWER.

ONE EIGHT-HORSE TUBULAR UP-RIGHT BOILER.

Apply at the ADLER Office, or address

RITTER & CO.,

READING, PA.

\$10 REWARD.—A double-barrelled Gun was lost a few days ago, while coming to this city from the farm of James S. Hill. The above reward will be paid by leaving the same at THIS OFFICE. Feb 11

FOR SALE.—Will be sold at Private Sale, by the order of J. RODGERS' BARBER SHOP, with appurtenances, at No. 253 Penn Street, Reading. Sold on account of going into other business. Feb 11

ENGINE AND BOILER FOR SALE.—IMPORTANT TO MACHINISTS AND MANUFACTURERS.—The undersigned offer for sale, at reasonable rates, one Oscillating Engine of Four-Horse Power, and one Eight-Horse Tubular Upright Boiler. Apply at the ADLER Office, or address RITTER & CO., Reading, Pa. Feb 11-wd.]

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For sale at the Eagle Bookstore. aug 28-

CLOTHES

WRINGERS,

STEP LADDERS,

ALL WARRANTED.

AT

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aug 10

McGowan & Millmore,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

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No. 612

PENN STREET, READING, PA.

aug 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 stated 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 working shoes, \$3.00

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$2.25

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$2.00

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$1.80

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$1.60

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$1.40

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$1.20

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$1.00

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.80

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.60

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.40

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.20

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.10

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.05

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.02

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.01

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.00

Men's calf Congress gaiters, \$0.00

THE TELEGRAM.

Dead! did you say! he! dead in his prime!

Son of my mother! my brother! my friend!

While the horologe points to the noon of his time,

Has his sun set in darkness? Is all at an end!

("By a sudden accident.")

Dead! it is not, it cannot, it must not be true!

Let me read the dire words for myself, if I can;

Relentless, hard, cold they rise on my view—

They blind me! how did you say that they ran!

("He was mortally injured.")

Dead! around me I hear the singing of birds

And the breath of June roses comes in at the pane;

Nothing—nothing is changed by those terrible words;

They cannot be true! let me see them again!

("And died yesterday.")

Dead! a letter but yesterday told of his love!

Another to-morrow the tale will repeat;

Outstripped by this thunderbolt hung from above.

Seething my heart, as it falls at my feet!

("Funeral to-morrow.")

Oh! terrible Telegraph! subtle and still!

Darting thy lightnings with pitiless haste!

No kind warning—no storm-boding thrill—

But one heroic death flash, and the heart

Went waste!

("In form his friends.")

SARAH E. HENSHAW, in March Galaxy.

From the Young Folks.

THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

"Mabel Harrison, you surely do not mean to speak to that little wretch!"

"O Addie, just stop one minute, he is crying; see how he shivers with the cold."

Adelaide moved proudly on. "I cannot see, Mabel, where you inherit your low tastes. It is positively getting to be disagreeable to walk out with you on the street. Suppose some of your acquaintances should see you?"

But Mabel had already turned to the little bare-headed, bare-footed fellow, who had been the innocent cause of Adelaide's rebuke. "His name is Bertie, and you may laugh if you will, but he really does look like the picture of cousin Herbert that hangs in the library, and he is just about Herbert's age when that was taken. He told me his father's name was Papa, and that he had been sick. They must be very poor, for, would you believe it? the child had been hunting for coal in the gutters, and had that old can nearly full. Do promise, after our visit to the dressmaker, to go with me and see them."

"Of all romantic simpletons I ever knew, you deserve the palm," replied Adelaide. "Why, even if it should prove to be cousin Herbert's child, as in your exuberant fancy you seem to have already concluded, I would not go across the street to make their acquaintance. Not that I have anything against them personally; but you surely remember Uncle's words to us, 'You are never to hold intercourse with that man who was your cousin, under pain of my severest displeasure.' I can see him yet, and the anger that burned in his face at the time makes me shudder now, when I think of it. Besides, you know uncle had reason to be offended. Herbert violated his express commands when he married that girl, and as he chose the consequences, he has no one to blame but himself."

"No, Mabel," she continued; "I have no idea of giving up my comfortable home, and being thrust out in the world to seek my own living, as would assuredly be the case, if I disobeyed uncle Hugh; so whatever benevolent scheme you have on hand, please do not implicate me in any way. My one idea just now is, to get out of this disreputable part of the city as soon as we can. What could have induced the dressmaker to move in this direction, I cannot imagine."

"High rents, I suppose," said Mabel. "I admit," she continued, returning to the subject so near her heart, "that there was a great deal said on both sides that was wrong; but uncle's heart is not steel now, whatever it was five years ago. I do not believe a day passes that he does not yearn over his absent son, and I am quite sure that Herbert's desire for a reconciliation is not less fervent."

"Are you gifted with second sight, or how have you discovered what every one else is ignorant of?" asked Adelaide in a sarcastic tone.

"I will tell you what I did see yesterday," said her sister warmly. "Uncle standing before that picture, his hands raised imploringly, and his eyes wet with tears. I was sitting on the window-seat, partly hidden by the curtain, and he did not know I was present. No, Addie, it is pride; foolish, sinful pride, that keeps father and son apart; and I intend never to rest until I see them reconciled, even though by so doing I am forced, as you say, to go out into the world and seek my own living. I have long made this hope the subject of my daily prayer, and I believe that God, in his own good time, will permit me to see its fulfilment."

When they left the dressmaker's, Mabel said, "I am going to see that child and its parents; and, sister, I have decided

not to buy new trimming for my dress, but to use some lace I have at home; so if you choose to purchase yours to-day, do not wait for me."

"You will find that, even by wearing old trimmings, your funds will hardly suffice to cover the heads and feet of all the beggars in this city; but, *chacun a son gout, ma chere.*"

Mabel smiled, and turned in an opposite direction. The result of her visit, on returning home, was made known only to Mrs. Forsyth, who had been housekeeper in the family for thirty years. A half hour afterward, when the two left the house, Mrs. Forsyth carrying a large basket, John, the waiter, sagely remarked, "must be something in the wind, for as long as I've lived in this house, it's the first time I've known Madam to carry a basket when I was on hand."

That evening the uncle and niece occupied their usual places in the library. Mabel, seated on a low chair in front of the grate, gazed earnestly at the fire, while her hands, clasping and unclasping each other, betrayed unusual nervousness.

She suddenly turned and gazed at her uncle, whom she found intently regarding her.

"Are you not well, Mabel?" he asked.

Adelaide gave a questioning glance toward her sister, then arose and left the room.

Mabel arose, and leaning on her uncle's shoulder, said, "To-morrow is your birthday, uncle."

"What a memory," he said sportively, at the same time putting his arm around her. "Well, have you my present ready?"

"Yes; only"—she replied hesitatingly, her voice trembling—"I want you to promise not to be angry when you receive it."

"Angry, love! Am I in the habit of showing anger to you? I do not understand you." But feeling her tears dropping upon his hand, he thought, "The child has broken or lost something I have prized, and intends to try and replace it."

"Would you feel better assured if you had my written promise?" he asked, kindly.

"Yes," said Mabel, smiling through her tears. Taking a slip of paper, he wrote:

"I hereby solemnly promise, upon the receipt of my birthday gift from my niece, Mabel, not to be angry, but to continue to love and cherish her as heretofore.

"Witness my hand,
"HUBBARD HARRISON."

Mabel kissed him affectionately, and then left the room with the paper clasped tightly in her hand.

Mr. Harrison sat alone in the library after breakfast, his thoughts running anxiously upon the past. He did not hear the opening door, or the light step upon the carpet, till he was aroused by a child's voice at his elbow, asking, "Are you my grandpa?"

The living counterpart of the picture stood before him. He saw the same large black eyes, the same short curls peeping from under the velvet cap set so jauntily upon his head; in fact the whole dress, even to the lace collar and riding whip he held in his hand, was the same.

"Child, who are you?" burst from the lips of the startled man.

"The lady who gave me this pretty dress, said I was to hand this to my grandpa."

Mr. Harrison took the note. On the outside was written, "Your birthday gift, from Mabel." Inside was the written promise he had given the night before.

He laid the note upon the table, and took the child upon his lap.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Bertie Harrison, and these two kisses papa and mamma sent, and said, please to forgive them."

The heart of the stern man was stirred to its depths.

"O Bertie!" my little Bertie!" he sobbed; "have I regained you at last! You have conquered, Mabel!" for he saw her standing near, her face beaming with joy. "Now take me to my son."

Need we tell the rest? How the carriage was ordered, and speedily driven by John in the direction Mabel pointed out; how it returned, bringing the hitherto alienated ones home to the father's house, to rejoice henceforth in his love; and how the sick man, amid the comforts of home, and with a mind of peace, grew rapidly strong and well? The wife, whose only sin had been poverty, proved herself a treasure, and became a mine of filial affection. And as for little Bertie, he became the pet of the house, and especially of the grandfather, who over-acted styled him his Birth-day Gift.

A NEGRO MAN last week ran away with a white girl named Mattie C. Wood, aged thirteen years, and living in Campbell county, Virginia. A party, headed by the brother of the girl, started in pursuit and captured the couple about forty miles from the place of abduction. The negro was arrested and taken back to Campbell for trial, and the girl restored to her parents. She declares that she was forced to accompany her abductor under the most dreadful threats of instant death, if she should refuse or give any alarm which should lead to his discovery. The rascal is about fifty years of age, and has a wife and six children living on Mr. Wood's farm.

WALKING HORSES.

The best gait a horse ever had for every day use is a good walk. It is a gait that not one in ten possesses. Colts are trained to trot in all the Eastern States. Young America wants more speed; Kentucky has more good walking horses than any other State, for there horseback travel has been the fashion for both men and women, over a country where muddy roads, at times, renders any other gait impossible, and so horses have been bred for the saddle and trained to a walking gait.

This is also the case in all the Western States, and perhaps might have been so in New England when our grandmothers rode to meeting on a pillion behind our grandfathers. But one-horse wagons have put horseback riding out of fashion; and now a good walking horse is more rare than a horse that can trot a mile in 2:40.

At the Springfield, (Mass.) Horse Show in 1860, the writer was one of the committee to award prizes to the best walking horses. Out of seventeen entered, the committee found but one which might be considered a first class walker. This was a Morill mare which walked five miles an hour with ease. Two others were fair walkers and the rest knew no gait that could be called walking. At the New York State fair the same state of facts were again developed. A letter from Wisconsin says: "I think horse training to walk fast would be a greater benefit to our farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all their work has to be done with a walk."

I once knew a man in Massachusetts, who, before the Railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse began to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his usual gait if he kept on a walk, and there, by lost more than he gained. Will farmers think of this and pay more attention to walking horses?—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

NEURONS IN THE GALLERY.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial gives the following account of the reason why negroes congregate in the galleries of the legislative halls:

I was greatly amused at what one of the doorkeepers of the gallery said to me not long since. I remarked to him that the colored people were not so fond of attending the debates of Congress as they were formerly.

"The weather is too fine," he responded sentimentally.

"Why, what has the weather to do with it?" I asked.

"Everything. When it is cold and uncomfortable, and no warm side of a wall to be had, they flock here, for they have comfortable seats and a warm place without paying for it. You come here some bitter, cold, inclement day, and see how crowded the galleries will be with our colored friends. They will sit and sleep and snore here all day, like black snakes in the sun of spring."

Poor creatures! I am glad the galleries can be made so useful—lodgings for unprovided negroes.

CHARLES LAMB tells his sad experience, as a warning to young men, in the following language: "The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youths to whom the flavor of the first wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand how dear it is, when he shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and passive will to his destruction; and have no human power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself, to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my favored eye, feverish with last night's drinking; and feverishly looking for to-night's repeating of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

The loyal militia are marshalling at Nashville, under Brownlow's command, to put down the new rebellion said to be contemplated by the white people of Tennessee. On Thursday two of the new militia appeared at the State Prison door and demanded admittance. They were recognized by the Warden as two convicts, named Huey and Hodrick, who had been pardoned out a few weeks before by Brownlow. Admittance being denied to them, they drew their pistols; but the Warden and his party also preparing for a fight, they took to their heels. It is supposed that their design was to communicate with the convicts inside with a view to their escape. These are the kind of men Brownlow is about to let loose upon Tennessee to lay it waste in blood and ashes, after approved "loil!" Arkansas pattern.

Boston has "lady pickpockets" who "dress magnificently" and by "fainting away in gentlemen's arms" cause the "downfall of their pocket books."

THE CANADA THISTLE.—Mr. David Newport, of Abington, Pa., writes us:

"On a farm which I purchased in Abington I found two considerable patches of Canada thistle, which I have destroyed in two seasons by the application of a small quantity of coal oil. I found it better to cut each plant close to the ground with a sharp hoe or knife, and apply the coal oil immediately to the fresh wound. A small quantity seems to penetrate the body of the plant, even to its most distant roots. Farmers cannot be too careful to note the first encroachment of this pest, for it is only then that it can be readily destroyed, but it will be found by experiment that the means above indicated, if perseveringly used, will prove thoroughly efficacious."—*Health and Home.*

THE TELEGRAPH.—The increase in the number of telegraphic messages sent within the last few years (over lines on the continent of Europe, owing to greater facilities and a lower tariff, has, it is stated, been over more rapid than in England. In Great Britain, the number of messages has increased, annually, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty per cent. In France, the difference is greater, for comparing the year 1868 with 1869, there has been an increase of a million and a half of messages (nearly double) in five years; in Prussia, they have increased thirty-four per cent, and in Austria the traffic over the telegraph lines has been fourfold in six years.

DEVELOPMENT BY ELECTRICITY.—A foreign physician has recently started the theory, that children may be improved in mind as well as in body by the use of electricity. He gives the instance of a child, which was a phenomenon of deformity and stupidity, which, under the influence of electricity, grew three centimeters in a single month, and has since been always first, instead of last, in his class. Vegetation is much richer and more rapid in its growth when electrified than otherwise. The theorist proposes, by way of experiment, that the six lowest pupils of each class in a lyceum or college be subjected to this electrical treatment.

We give below a receipt for doing up shirt-bosoms:

"Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put into a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water—and then having covered it let stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the pitcher into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they had been washed."

THE GRECIAN BEND.

Let's have the old bend and not have the new!

Let's have the bend that our grandmothers know!

Over the wash-tub and over the churn, That is the bend that our daughters should learn.

NO MAN ever yet achieved a great success who did not believe he was equal to it. If you want to do a thing, make the starting point faith, the basis courage, and the remainder work.

—A Mr. Tabor had taken passage on the P. & E. railroad, without previously providing himself with a ticket, and refusing to pay the usual excess charged in such cases, the conductor ejected him and he brought suit for damages. The case was tried at the late term of court at Erie, resulting in an award of \$840 damages for the complainant.

A few nights since a thief stole a horse at Westleyville, in Erie county, and losing his way in the dark, and the horse knowing his way home, found himself at daylight at the point from whence he started, where the owner of the horse was in waiting with a warrant.