The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

Is published every Wednesday Morning at $2.00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2.50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address,

Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

Business Cards.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House. nov. 8, '71.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in the Jail building. ly 8-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Harmer House. jan. 21, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krieninger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. feb. 28, '70.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of A. J. Colborn. aug. 12-1y.

VALENTINE RAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in the front part of jail, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in his residence, on Main street. jan. 1, '70.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Court House. feb. 28, '70-1y.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in the Court House. jan. 11-tf.

BARNET HOUSE—

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the Borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

Apr 17 '72 JOHN HILL.

CYRUS MEYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Union street, opposite the residence of Ed. Scull. ap. 5-tf.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in the tin shop formerly occupied by C. A. Kimmel, where he can be consulted at all times, unless professionally engaged.

Night calls promptly answered. dec. 13, '71-1y.

F. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care. Office one door west of the "Brother House," same as occupied heretofore by Dr. P. C. Musser.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

F. J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

PICKERSGILL, LYONS & Co.

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN

LOOKING GLASSES,

Fine Frames and Fret Looking Glasses and Picture Frames a Speciality.

141 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Mar 13

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL.—

GOOD & JONES,

Are now prepared to do all kinds of planing and manufacturing of building materials,

FLOORING,
WEATHER-BOARDING,
SASH AND DOORS,
WINDOW & DOOR-FRAMES,
VENETIAN SHUTTERS,
BRACKETS, &c.

In short, anything generally used in house building. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled. GOOD & JONES.

July 20-71

JAMES PUGH,

MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PA.

Is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

He will also promptly attend to

REPAIRING

None but the BEST MATERIAL will be used.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

All work done in the latest and most approved styles, at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Somerset, March 6th.

Fairbank's Standard

SCALES,

Of all kinds. Be careful to buy only the genuine.

Scales repaired promptly.

Also, Baggage Harrows, Warehouse Trucks, Improved Money drawers, &c.

FAIRBANK'S MORSE & CO.,
Mar 27 182 Second Avenue, Pittsburg.

W. CUNNINGHAM,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LAVANSVILLE, PA.

Nov. 18, '71-6m.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO.,

(Opposite St. Charles Hotel,)

41 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.,

Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware.

TIN WARE.

The undersigned is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

Constantly on hand a supply of copper and brass kettles, fruit cans and all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods

usually kept in his line. Shop one door west of Casebeer's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa.

aug. 12-1y. NOAH CASEBEER.

COLE, BROOKS & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants.

NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Our business strictly Commission, not Speculative. Special attention given

TO THE SALE OF BUTTER.

Refer to J. M. Holderbaum, Somerset.
Messrs. M. D. Miller & Co., Meyers Mills.
Messrs. Meyers & Auswalt, Berlin.
Chauncey Brooks, President Western National Bank of Baltimore.

aug 15, '71-1y*

THE NEW FLOUR MILL.

The new Flour Mill built on the site of the

OLD "DENNISON MILL,"

Three-fourths of a mile south of Somerset is completed and running. It has all the latest improvements, and is warranted to do the best kind of work. Highest market price paid for all kinds of grain.

June 12 VALENTINE RAY.

Hardware.

HARDWARE.

John F. Blymyer

Has re-opened his store a

Few Doors Above the Old Stand,

And offers to his customers and friends a full line of goods at the very lowest prices,

Hardware of Every Description,

IRON,

NAILS

AND GLASS,

Wooden Ware of All Kinds,

COAL OIL LAMPS,

COAL OIL,

CHIMNEYS,

And everything belonging to the Lamp trade.

WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

VARNISHES,

BRUSHES,

PAINTS IN OIL AND DRY, AND

PAINTERS' GOODS IN GENERAL.

A large stock of

Table Knives and Forks.

POCKET KNIVES,

SPOONS,

SHEARS

AND SCISSORS,

PORCELAIN LINED KETTLES, &c., &c.,

Together with many articles too numerous to mention in an advertisement. He is determined to sell at the very lowest prices. Give him a call. June 12-'72.

LIFE INSURANCE

For Business Men.

"The Reserve Fund Policy."

ISSUED BY THE

BERKSHIRE

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

INCORPORATED 1851.

Secures Special Protection to

Every Policy Holder.

For example: Suppose you are thirty-five years of age and take a "Reserve Fund Policy" at ordinary life rates.
One annual payment will insure you 2 years and 3 days.
Two annual payments will insure you 4 years and 12 days.
Three annual payments will insure you 6 years and 27 days.
Five annual payments will insure you 10 years and 56 days.
Six annual payments will insure you 12 years and 11 days.

This Protection Applies to any Age,

And is expressly stated in every Policy.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH PROTECTION.

This is to certify that my late husband, Daniel H. Thompson, was insured in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, Pittsfield, Mass., for $1,000, December 19th, 1870, premium payable quarterly. That two payments were made up to June 19th, 1871, that he died October 13th, four months after he failed to make his payment.

The usual proofs of death were forwarded to the Company, and the full amount of the policy, less the two quarterly payments due at the time of his death, was paid to me by their General Agent in Philadelphia, W. H. Graves, at their office, S. W. corner Chestnut and Eleventh Streets.

(Signed) NETTIE THOMPSON,

W. H. Greene, late of New York, insured a few years since in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company for $5,000; but owing to misfortune in business was unable to make any payment to the Company during one year and five months prior to his decease. I have this day paid (at the New York office of the Company, 271 Broadway, corner of Chambers street), three thousand two hundred and ninety-nine dollars, this being the full amount due to his widow, after deducting the overdue payments and interest.

J. H. FRANCISCUS,
New York, March 11th, '70. Superintendent.

Read the Following List of Claims Paid.

James Joice, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months.
F. H. C. Haupe, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months and 5 days.
Mrs. G. B. Hart, Chicago, Ill, $5,000, payment overdue 7 months and 15 days.
H. F. Moore, Boston, Mass., $2,000, payment overdue 5 months and 16 days.
James H. Adair, New Maysville, Ind., $2,000, payment overdue 2 months and 7 days.
Bernard O'Grady, Detroit, Mich., $3,000, payment overdue 2 years, 10 months and 11 days.
Jones D. Estabrook, Fitchburg, Mass., $1,000, payment overdue 3 years, 1 month and 2 days.

GOODCHILD & MARSHALL, Agents,
june 12-'72. Somerset, Pa.

The Improved

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

New Draw Feed,

LOCK STITCH.

There are some points in a Sewing Machine that ladies desiring to purchase, should take into consideration, namely:

Lightness of running,
Ease of Management,
Capacity to do the Work Required,
Freedom from Noise, and
Non-Liability to get out of Order.

We claim that the IMPROVED ELLIPTIC possesses all these points, and that it is

THE VERY BEST

FAMILY MACHINE

Now Manufactured.

And we solicit an examination of it. Agents wanted in every county, to whom we will give the most liberal terms.

EATON BROS., 19 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE BRIDE'S STORY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

When I was but a country lass, now fifteen years ago,
I lived where flows the Overpeck through meadows wide and low;
There first, when skies were bending blue and blossoms blowing free,
I saw the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His homespun coat was frayed and worn, with patches covered o'er;
His hat—ah, such a hat as that was never seen before.
The boys and girls, when first he came, they shouted in their glee,
And jeered the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His father was a laboring man, and mine was highly born;
Our people held both him and his in great contempt and scorn—
They said I should not stoop to own a playmate such as he,
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with me.

Yet, spite of all the sneers around from children better dress,
My heart went out to meet the heart that beat within his breast.
His look was fond, his voice was low, and strange as it may be,
I loved the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

For years they had forgotten him, but when again we met,
His looks, his voice, his gentle ways remained in memory yet:
They saw alone the man of mark, but I could only see
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with me.

He had remembered me, it seemed, as I remembered him,
Nor time, nor honors, in his mind, the cherished past could dim:
Young love had grown to older love, and so to-day you see
I wed the ragged little boy that went to school with me.

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night! None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were between: none of your mild persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casements, and drew his snug easy chair a little closer to the fire—a great opening mass of anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire. "I'm glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while when a fellow's under cover, and there's nothing to do. Mary!"

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She was sitting opposite the good man, checked apron tied round her waist.

"I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now, I wonder," *solo voce*, "if that was really a knock at the door, or just a little extra rush of the wind and rain."

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterwards she went to her husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she said, half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper.

"Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond.

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar!" said Mrs' Pratlet.

"And couldn't you have told him No, without the preliminary ceremony of coming in here to ask me? It is likely that I should lend a dollar or even a cent to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it among yonder red coals! No—of course, No?"

Mrs. Partlet hesitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the Squire. "If he had come to just that patch half a dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have been the miserable vagabond he is now."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet gently. He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the Squire. "But it don't alter the fact that he's a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Mary; and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know that he had better not waste it coming round here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was definitely settled.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen, where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

"He won't let you have it, Luke," said she. I bought he wouldn't.

"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog!" said Luke Ruddilove, turning moodily away. "And, after all, I don't know that it makes much difference whether I shuffle out of the world to-day or to morrow!"

"Oh, Luke—not to your wife?"

"She'd be better off without me," said Luke, down-heartedly.

"But she ought not to be."

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night. I ain't going to the tavern, though I'll wager something the squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural that he should think so Luke?"

"Yes—yes. Mary; I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.

"Stop!" Mrs. Partlett called to him as his hand lay on the door latch, in a low voice. "Her's a dollar, Luke, Mr. Partlet gave it to me for a new oilcloth in front of the dining room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a little while longer. And Luke, for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife and little ones at home—do, do try to do better.

Luke Ruddilove vacantly first at the fresh, new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there."

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at the public house, and I shall do without my new oilcloth; that will be the end of it all.

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek, as if she had done something wrong when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting room.

"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that ne'er do well gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To Stokes' tavern, I suppose."

"I hope not, Josiah."

I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire shrugging his shoulders. "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be sure."

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own heart.

It was six months afteawards that the Squire came into the room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never will cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Where."

"I don't know—out West somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't touched a drop for six months."

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Partlet.

"It won't last long," said the Squire despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I havn't any faith in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Partlet was silent: she thought thankfully that after all, Luke had not spent the dollar in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along, in days and weeks almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew, that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had come back to Sequosset. Luke had made his fortune, as the story went in the far away El Dorado, vaguely expressed "out West" by the simple Sequossetters.

"They do say," said Mrs. Bucking, ham, "that he's bought that ere lot down opposite the Court House, and he,s goin' to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," said gentle Mrs. Partlet.

"And his wife, she wears a silk gown that would stand alone with it's own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham.

"I can remember when Luke Ruddilove was nothing but a drunken crecter."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Partlet emphaticallp.

"It's to be sure all o' stun," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marble mantles and inlaid floors. And he's put a lot o' papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner—of—"

"Floor or mantle?"

"Stun, to be sure, said Mrs. Buckingham. "Like they do public buildings you know."

"Well it's kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never wan't like anybody else. Folks think it dreadful strange he should put a one dollar bill in with other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek flush scarlet; involuntary she glanced up to where the Squire was serenely checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But the Squire never looked around, and Mrs Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit chat, and so the hot color died away in her cheek. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the old oilcloth in front of the dining room stove had answered very well.

She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return from Sequosset—Luke himself, yet not himself—the demon of intemperance crushed out of his nature, and its better, nobler elements triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and he held out his hand.

"Mary."

"I am glad to see you back here again Luke," she said, tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "Do you remember that stormy night, Mary, when you gave me that dollar bill, and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were very kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted in me when all other faces were averted. I vowed a vow to myself to prove myself worthy of your confidence and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightily to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it and it alone. I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid," he added, smilingly, "the luck would all go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary. I will give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretch as you gave to me.

And Squire Partlet never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to buy a new piece of oilcloth.

The Castle of St. Angelo.

A wonderful history could this Castle of St. Angelo tell if some magic influence could give its dumb walls the power of speech. Hadrian, whose passion for building has in Rome more than one witness in substantial structures which neither violence nor time has been able to destroy, erected this massive tower as his tomb. Here were laid to rest the ashes of his son Ælius, Hadrian himself, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, his wife, the elder Faustina, and four of their children. In one of the upper rooms was placed a colossal statue of Hadrian, the head of which here found may still be seen in the museum of the Vatican. From the time of its erection until now this castle has witnessed how many and how great changes! Situated on the banks of the outskirts of the ancient city, it was converted into a fortress, and looked down upon many a bloody conflict between Goth and Roman. On its summit, if we may believe the Roman Catholic legend, Gregory the Great saw in a vision St. Michael sheathing his sword in token that the prayers of the Romans for preservation from the plague had been heard. The building on which the divine messenger had stood could no longer endure a heathen title; henceforth it has been known as the Castle of St. Angelos, or Angelo; and if any one doubts the truth of the legend which produced this change of name, the bronze statue of St. Michael is there to convince him of his error, standing with sword in hand just where the angel himself stood. During the fierce struggles between popes and emperors and rival popes, which disgraced the history of the church during the tenth and eleventh centuries, this castle was the centre of many a bloody encounter. From being a Roman it became a papal castle.

Its interior history has never been written, and no man can write it. It has been alike the castle and the prison-house of the papacy. Within its walls langnished and died a prisoner, Pope John XI. It heard and treasured up the cries and prayers of unhappy Beatrice Cenci, whose tragic history Shelley has made famous.

The subterranean dungeons, whose tragic tale shall not be told till the last great day, still remain, and the visitor enters them with a shudder, and thanks God that the power which put them to so cruel a purpose as that to which they were often put has passed forever away. A covered passage leads from this castle to the Vatican, and thus renders it an easy and practicable place of refuge for the pope in every time of peril.—From "The City of the Saints," in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

JOHN GUTENBERG.

BY POLLY ANTHUS.

The golden sunshine of the Autumn morning streamed in through the small latticed panes of a cottage window in Mainz. It has often shone as brightly on the great oaken settle beside the hearth; on the quaint old chest and carved high chair, but never until this morning had it lighted the baby fingers that were stretched up to meet it, from the great striped pillow that made a nest for a new atom of humanity, come to claim a name and place among men; what name and place, the happy German father never guessed, nor that the tiny fist held in its crumpled rose leaves the world of print; for, the baby was John Gutenberg, to whom we owe moveable types and their perfections, which, until this time (1400), were quite unknown.

God kept it safe through all the hap and chance of childhood and a busy youth, and John Gutenberg was first known as a skilled workman in polished stones, in Strasburg, in the year 1437. It was here that the romance of his life met him, and, though that he inspired an attachment which he could not requite, that there was a broken troth plight, and finally, union with a woman whom he loved. Perhaps it was the initial of her name, that love taught John to cut from the bark of a tree as he walked to and fro, full of lover's fancies and young manhood's dreams. From the shapely letter, to its imprint made by colored pigments was but one easy step more.

Soon after this we find him associated with John Riff, printing from characters carved in solid tables. At the great fair of Aix-La-Chappelle, there was no lack of earnest and curious inquirers for specimens of his wonderful work.

In 1445, after a quarrel with his partner he returned to Mainz, and there printed the celebrated vocabulary, known as Catholicon, in 1450. No book however, with his imprint upon it, is now known to exist, and should one be discovered, it would be almost priceless. All the while a great and terrible sorrow was lurking behind the years toward which the first printer drew near. There were days when the long lines of types would dance and dazzle like unruly troops, or lawless children; there were nights when hot arrows of pain darted through the burning eyeballs to the weary brain; and then—twilight, and dimness, and misty vision, until the old man knew at last that he should never again see the blessed sunshine, or the faces so well beloved, for he was blind.

The Archbishop of Mainz, who had ever been a staunch and faithful friend, now appointed him one of his courtiers, a position to which was attached a considerable pension; while enjoying this, he divulged his method, and whatever of mystery remained, to others, so that the art might not be lost. In 1467, the skillful hand and slightless eyes were laid to rest in a church in Mainz, but not forgotten; for, each year there is a meeting of the Gutenberg Society to do him honor. In 1837, a monument in bronze was erected to his memory in his native city, and to-day, the classic scholar and curious stranger alike linger to read its inscription, and dream of the long line of incidents and chances that link the guide book in their clasp with the rude shaped letter carved by a lover's hand so long ago.

On a Jury.

An extremly odd instance of circumstantial evidence occurred in one trial which is worthy of being recorded. Workmen, going in the morning to the building at the corner of Broadway and Leonard street, found there a man who not being able to give any good account of himself or what he was doing in that place, was handed over to the police, taken to the station-house, and detained for examination. He was previously searched and a broken-bladed knife taken from him. Hardly had this been done than a porter, belonging to a store in Leonard street, about eight buildings from the corner, came in to announce that the store had been broken into during the night. It had been entered from the scuttle, boxes ransacked and several drawers forced open, in one of which he had found about three quarters or an inch of a knife-blade. The sergeant immediately thought of the broken bladed knife taken from the suspicious man, and compared the two—they fitted together exactly. Upon this a detective was sent to examine the new building, and discovered from the roof a rope hanging down about twenty feet to the adjoining building, whence was a clear level to the store entered. Around the open drawers were noticed drops of candle grease, and the end of a candle was found in a pocket of the suspicious man's trowsers. After the verdict, the prisoner was identified as one convicted of burglary several years ago, but whose sentence had been postponed on condition that he would leave the country. This he never did, and so, being adjudged guilty, that overlooked bit of the knife-blade cost him five years, at hard labor in Sing Sing.

One of the mysteries of a large city came out in a trial for manslaughter. The defendant was standing at the door of a saloon when he saw a tipsy man coming down the street, followed by a jeering, buzzing crowd of boys and girls. The man picked up a large piece of paving stone and was about to throw it at two of the children, who were running away from him, screaming, when the prisoner knocked it from his hand. Upon this, the man struck him; they clinched and the assailant was thrown down. Rising to his feet, he staggered on a few paces and again fell. Being picked up, he was found to be dead from concussion of the brain. The prisoner was acquitted, but it came out that nothing had ever been discovered concerning the identity of the dead man. He was advertised, his body exposed at the Morgue, and every means taken to secure publicity; but all to no purpose. No trace—not even the slightest clue—was ever found as to who he was or whence he came. Conjecture can exhaust itself in vain; he may have been utterly friendless and alone, or he may have left a mourning family in some distant quarter. He is buried in Potter's Field and has vanished as thoroughly from the earth as though he had never here appeared. It invested the case with a certain weird interest; this spectacle of a man coming from nowhere to die and vanish in oblivion.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

Continent Covered with Ice.

Prof Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice for a mile in thickness, thereby agreeing with Prof Hitchcock and other eminent writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion he says that the slopes of the Alleghenny range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few which were above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which, glacier marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head clear above the of the ice cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the country; for when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier he argues, was God's great plough, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of husbandmen.

The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions granite was carried into lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite district, and a soil was prepared, fit for the agricultural use of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe.

The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this and next to the last before the advent of man.

Carlyle and Mazzini.

It is a high circumstance that while Thomas Carlyle was, amidst the lonely hills of Craigenputtock, steadily shaping out the idea of a task ordained for every life, Joseph Mazzini was gaining the same revelation in the solitude of his prison. Neither of these had heard of the other until many years after that; but when they met it was with a mutual recognition that they were brothers, born of this mother-principle, and many differences on other points could never destroy this sense of religious relationship. When an English Home Secretary had opened the letters of Mazzini, then an exile in London (1844), and could only confront popular indignation at his thus having made the government an Austrian detective by trying to blacken Mazzini's character, Carlyle did not wait or the retraction that had to be made, but uttered his protest in the London *Times.* "I have had," he said, "the honor to know M. Mazzini for a series of years; and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can, with great freedom, testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind. Whether the extraneous Austrian emperor and miserable old chimera of a pope shall maintain themselves in Italy, or be obliged to decamp from Italy, is not a question in the least vital to Englishmen. But it is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English post-office be, as we all fancied they were, respected as things saered; that the opening of men's letters—a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets, and to other still viler and far fataler forms of scoundrelism—be not resorted to in England except in cases of the very last extremity."

Mazzini lived in London for many years almost as a hermit. Beyond his fellow-exiles, then a large company, he had hardly any intimate friend except Carlyle.

"I remember well," said Carlyle—his voice had all its depth and tenderness, for he had just heard of Mazzini's death—"I remember well when he sat for the first time on the seat there, thirty-six years ago. A more beautiful person I never beheld, with his soft flashing eyes, and face full of intelligence. He had great talent, certainly the only acquaintance of mine of any thing like equal intellect who ever became entangled in what seemed to me hopeless visions. He was rather silent, spoke chiefly in French, though he spoke good English even then, notwithstanding a strong accent. It was plain he might have taken a high rank in literature. He wrote well, as it was; sometimes for the love of it, at others when he wanted a little money; but he never wrote what he might have done had he devoted himself to that kind of work. He had fine tastes, particularly in music. But he gave himself up as a martyr and sacrifice to his aims for Italy. He lived almost in squalor; his health was poor from the first but he took no care of it. He used to smoke a great deal, and drank coffee with bread crumbled in it, but hardly gave any attention to his food. His mother used to send him money, but he gave it away. When she died she left him as much as two hundred pounds a year—all she had—but it went to Italian beggars. His mother was the only member of his family that stuck to him. His father soon turned his back on his son; his only sister married a strict Roman Catholic, and she herself became too strict to have anything to do with him He did see her once, but the interviews were too painful to be repeated. He desired, I am told, to see her again when he was dying, but she declined. Poor Mazzini! I could not have any sympathy whatever with many of his views and hopes. He used to come here and talk about the 'solidarity of people;' and when he found that I was less and less interested in such things, he had yet another attraction than myself which brought him to us. But he found that *she* also by no means entered into his opinions, and his visits became fewer and fewer. But we always esteemed him.—

He was a very religions soul. When I first knew him he reverenced Dante chiefly, if not exclusiveiy. When his letters were opened at the post-office here—the occasion on which I wrote the protest to you which you refer—Mrzzini became for the first time known to the English people. There was great indignation at the English government taking the side of the Austrian against Italian patriots, and Mazzini was much sought for, invited to dinners. He went to but few places. He formed an intimacy with the Ashurts which did him great good—gave him a kind of home circle for the rest of his life in England. At last it has come to an end. I went to see him just before he left London for the last time, passed an hour, and came away feeling that I should never see him again. And so it is. The papers and people have gone blubbering away over him—the very papers and people that denounced him during life, seeing nothing of the excellence that ed; he died receiving the homage of the people and seeing Italy united, with Rome for its capital. Well, one may be glad he has succeeded. We wait to see whether Italy will make any thing great out of what she has got. We wait."—M. D. Conway, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

HON. HENRY WILSON.

A Sketch of His Life and Services—The Poor Farmer's Apprentice, the Shoemaker and the Senator.

Mr. Wilson (Jeremiah Colbath) was born in Farmington, New Hampshire, on the 16th of February, 1812. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colbath, being very poor, he was apprenticed at ten years of age to a farmer in his native town, ("town" in New England means township,) with whom he continued eleven years, during which period he was sent to a poor school at irregular intervals, amounting in all to about one year. He early formed a taste for reading, and from a private library in the neighborhood borrowed and read on Sundays and of evenings, by firelight and moonlight, in the course of his hard agricultural apprenticeship, nearly one thousand volumes, chiefey of history and biography.

On attaining his majority he quitted Farmington, and with all his worldly possessions packed on his back, walked to Natick, Mass., where he hired himself to a shoemaker until he learned his trade, at which he worked for two years, at the end of which period, having accumulated some money, he returned to New Hampshire where he studied for a while in the academies at Stafford, Wolfsborough and Concord. His plan of education was cut short by the insolvency of the person to whom he had entrusted his savings, and he returned to Natick and resumed work as a shoemaker, in 1838. Then it was that he finally shook the dust of the Granite State from his shoes, or barefeet, as the case might have been, and threw off, also, his name of Jeremiah Colbath, and assumed that of Henry Wilson, which he has since made honorable without conferring any honor upon his family name. Why he changed his cognomen we know not. Perhaps he did not deem Colbath a pretty name; and maybe thought Jeremiah too suggestive of lamentations. Possibly some of his kin disgraced the name of Colbath.—At all events, he had some reason entirely satisfactory to himself for putting off the old and putting on the new name. Why he chose Wilson we know not; but hope it was his mother's maiden name.

In 1840, the illustrious subject of this sketch took an active part in the memorable presidential canvass of that year and made upward of sixty speeches for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," the Whig candidates for President and Vice-President, not dreaming that he, thirty-two years thereafter, would, like Tyler, be found running for the office of Vice-President, on the same ticket with a hero. During the next five years, Mr. Wilson (*nee* Colbath) was three times elected a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts as a Representative from Natick, and twice as a Sennator from Middlesex county. In the Legislature he soon became known as an active and zealous opponent of Slavery and in 1845 he was selected, in conjunction with John Greenleaf Whittier, the "Quaker Poet," to convey to Washington the great anti-slavery petition or remonstrance of Massachusetts against the annexation of Texas.

In the same year he introduced in the Legislature a resolution declaring the unalterable hostility of Massachusetts to the further extension of slavery in America, and her fixed determination to use all legal and constitutional means for its extinction.—He supported this resolution in a speech which was pronounced by the leading anti-slavery journals to be the fullest and most comprehensive speech on the slavery question that had been made in any legislative body in the country, and the resolution was adopted in the House by 93 majority.

He was elected a delegate to the Whig National convention of 1848, and on the rejection of anti-slavery resolutions by the convention, he withdrew—seceded—from it and took a prominent part in organizing the Free Soil party of that year. He purchased the Boston *Republican*, a daily newspaper, which he edited for two years. In 1849 he was chosen chairman of the Free Soil State Committee of Massachusetts, a post which he actively filled for four years. In 1850, and again in 1851, he was chosen State Senator, and during both terms was president of the Senate.—In 1852 he was made president of the Free Soil convention, at Pittsburgh, and chairman of the National Committee of the Free Soil party. In the same year he was the Free Soil candidate for Congress in the Eighth district of Massachusetts, in which the majority against the Free Soilers exceeded 7,500, and he failed of an election by only ninety-three votes.

He was elected to the Constitutional convention of 1853, not only by his own town of Natick, but by the town of Berlin and and took a prominent part in the deliberation of that body. In the same year he was the Free Soil candidate for Governor, and was defeated.

In 1855 he was elected to succeed Edward Everett in the United States Senate, and shortly after taking his seat made a speech advocating the repeal of the fugitive slave law and the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. He has ever since been conspicuous in the Senate as an earnest advocate of anti-slavery measures.

For a brief period in 1855 he was associated with the American party; but on the adoption of a pro-slavery platform by the national council of that party, he withdrew from it and took and active share in organizing the Republican party on the basis of opposition to the extension of slavery.

When in May, 1856, Mr. Sumner, his colleague, was assailed by Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, Mr. Wilson, in a speech to the Senate, denounced the act as a criminal murder on the ground that duelling is a barbarous practice which the law of the country has branded as a crime, but stated at the same time that he believed in the right of self-defence in its broadest sense.

During the four following years Mr. Wilson took part in all important debates in the Senate, and made elaborate speeches, remarkable for fullness and accuracy of statement, on Kansas, the treasury note bill, the expenses of the government, the tariff, the Pacific Railroad, and many other topics. His speech in defense of free labor in reply to Senator Hammond of South Carolina, March, 1859, attained an immense circulation throughout the free States. In January of the same year the Massachusetts Legislature re-elected him to the United States Senate by nearly a unanimous vote. On the assembling of the Senate in March, 1861, he was made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, a post which the great civil war rendered one of unprecedented labor and great responsibility.

In this capacity he introduced and carried through Congress, during the extra session of 1861, the acts to authorize the employment of 500,000 volunteers, to increase the regular army, to re-organize the military system, and various others of nearly equal importance. It was said by General Scott that Wilson did more work in that short session than all the chairmen of the military committees had done for twenty years, and, in a published letter, dated January 22d, 1862, Mr. Cameron, then said of him: "No man in my opinion, in the whole country, has done more to aid the War Department in preparing the mighty army now under arms." In the regular session of 1861–2, Mr. Wilson introduced the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and also the measure for abolishing the "black code."

Ever since that time Mr. Wilson has been regarded as one of the ablest men in the Senate, and one of the strongest supports of his party. He has taken a prominent part in behalf of all the important Republican measures that have been passed since the war, and throughout his senatorial career has proved himself an efficient and sensible Senator. He is a man of stronger practical sense than Sumner, and more magnetic and popular in his nature. If elected Vice-President he will do honor to the office and the country. But whether he be elected to this position or not, Mr. Wilson deserves great credit for having worked himself up from a poor farmer's apprentice and the shoemaker's bench to his present high position as a Senator in the Congress of his country. His career has been an honorable one, and offers encouragement to every poor boy of fair ability to inform himself and strive to elevate himself in life. Wilson is, in all respects, superior to Colfax, though the latter has done very well, and deserves great credit for his rise in the world.

The Guillotine.

It is generally taken for granted the beheading instrument used in France and some other countries of Europe was invented, or at least perfected, by the amiable and philanthropic physician whose name it bears