Terms of Publication.

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. SETTLE,
Business Manager.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXI. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1872. NO. 25.

*Business Cards.*

D. H. KIMMEL, will continue to practice Medicine, and tender his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors north of White House. nov. 8, 71.

WILLIAM H. SNOWDEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Jail building. ly 3-47.

D. H. SHOEMAKER, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barn. jan. 24, '70.

D. J. K. SHULER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office at Charles Brant's store.

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

CUNNINGHAM & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of former. aug. 12-1y.

C. M. CONNEMAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Pool's building, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness. aug. 12-1y.

W. A. & I. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

D. W. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., offers his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. All operations warranted to give satisfaction. Office one door south of Democrat office, Main street. ly 3-47.

SAM'L SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Court House. jan. 18, '70-1y.

PETER SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Justice of the Peace, Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Court House. jan. 18-1y.

MANSON HOUSE.—The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has taken the well known hotel in the borough of Somerset, and that it is his intention to keep a good house. He hopes will give satisfaction to all who favor him with their custom. JOHN HULL.

JOHN F. LEVERGOOD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Union street, opposite the Jail. ly. 3-47.

DR. J. P. SNYDER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa., will give prompt attention to all cases in his profession. Office one door west of the Union House. Good or compliant furniture by the dozen.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' entire practice in Shanksville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in the shop formerly occupied by C. A. Scott, where he can be consulted at all times, except when engaged. Night calls promptly answered. jan 17-1y.

W. R. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business promptly attended and punctually attended to.

J. COOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL—GOOD & JONES, are prepared to do all kinds of planing and turning of building materials, FLOORING, FEATHER-BEADING, SASH AND DOORS, WINDOW & DOOR-FRAMES, VENETIAN SHUTTERS, BRACKETS, &c. Lumber generally used in house building. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled. July 27-1 GOOD & JONES.

JAMES PUGH, MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PA., being prepared to manufacture all kinds of WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c. He will also promptly attend to REPAIRING. Only the BEST MATERIAL will be used. ALL WORK WARRANTED to give satisfaction. LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. Somerset, March 8th.

W. CUNNINGHAM, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, LAVANSVILLE, PA. Nov. 15, '71-3m.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO., (Opposite St. Charles Hotel,) 84 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 nails, tacks, cement and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods. Tinning promptly attended to. Shop one door west of Mechanics store, Main street, Somerset, Pa. may 15-1y. NOAH CASSEBEER.

S. S. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office on Main Street. may 22

GREAT INDUCEMENTS. Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines or Flowers should call on H. H. KEMP, HARNESDVILLE, Somerset County, Pa. You can purchase of him at lower rates than of any other party. Feb. 28-'72.

THE NEW FLOUR MILL. The new Flour Mill built on the site of the OLD "DENNISON MILL," is now in full operation. The proprietor is a practical miller and has all the latest improvements and is warranted to do the best kind of work. Highest market price paid for all kinds of grain. Call and see. VALENTINE HAY.

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TOBACCO, SNUFFS AND CIGARS, 330 Baltimore St., Second Door West of Howard, BALTIMORE, MD. may 1.

*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 5 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 21 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 B. 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 $3,500; 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, '72. Superintendent.

Read the Following List of Claims Paid.

James Johns, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months.

F. H. C. Hampe, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months and 5 days.

Mrs. G. R. Hart, Chicago, Ill, $3,000, payment overdue 7 months and 15 days.

H. F. Moore, Boston, Mass., $2,000, payment overdue 3 months and 16 days.

James H. Adair, New Maysville, Ind., $2,000, payment overdue 2 months and 7 days.

Bernard O'Grady, Detroit, Mich., $2,000, payment overdue 2 years, 10 months and 11 days.

Jesse D. Estabrook, Fitchburg, Mass., $1,000, payment overdue 2 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.

*Miscellaneous.*

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D ROBERTS.

JOHN DIBERT & CO.,

BANKERS,

NO. 240 MAIN STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

We sell Drafts negotiable in all parts of the United States and Canadas, and in Foreign countries. Buy Gold, Coupons and Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loan money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Money received on deposit payable on demand

*Interest at the rate of Six per cent. per Annum paid on Time Deposits.*

Everything in the Banking Line receives our prompt attention.

Thankful to our friends and customers for their past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, and invite others who have business in our line to give us a trial, assuring all, that we shall at all times do all we can to give entire satisfaction.

Feb 21 7e JOHN DIBERT & CO.

DR. U. M. BEACHLY'S,

CELEBRATED

BLOOD PURGE!

This *Remedy* has been in use over *twenty years*, and has cured thousands of cases considered incurable by the profession. It has not failed in a single case to give relief if not entirely cure.

It is particularly recommended in the following complaints:

*SICK HEADACHE, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, LIVER COMPLAINT, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES, LANGUID CIRCULATION, &c.,*

in any derangement of the *Blood*. In all diseases peculiar to females it is a sure and *Sovereign Remedy*.

In short, it being a *Remedy* acting through the *Circulation of the Blood* on all the important organs and enumerories of the body. It will cure almost any curable disease.

For sale by MEYERS & ANAWALT, Berlin, Pa., and by dealers in Family Medicines everywhere.

Fair Play at A. W. Knepper's. Go and See for Yourself.

JUST

RECEIVED

AT

A. W. KNEPPER'S

NEW

GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

FLOUR &c.

Be sure to call and see, and be convinced, as there are too many articles kept for enumeration.

OPPOSITE

SOMERSET HOUSE,

SOMERSET, PA.

July 17 A. W. KNEPPER.

A Good Assortment of Notions and Groceries at A. W. Knepper's.

SOL UHL,

WITH

A. H. Franciscus & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

COTTON YARNS, BATTS, WICK,

Twine and Ropes,

LOOKING GLASSES, CLOCKS, FANCY BASKETS

Wooden and Willow Ware, &c.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

CARPETING,

OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, RUGS, &c.,

515 Market Street and 510 Commerce Street,

Philadelphia.

June 19-1f.

IN STOYSTOWN.

The undersigned, proprietor of the Diamond Hotel, on the southeast corner of the Diamond, being indulged by his many friends, would say to the traveling public that he is now prepared to receive and hospitably entertain all who may give him a call. His house will be conducted with the best order and furnish fine accommodations.

SAMUEL CUSTER.

Stoystown, Pa., April 17th, 1872.

WANTED.

20,000 CROSS-TIES

ON THE LINE OF THE

S. & M. P. R. R.

For particulars, inquire of I. Hoover, Esq.

Sept 11th. N. G. KEIM.

FOR SALE.

A second-hand

15-Horse Power Steam Engine

AND

BOILER,

With JUDSON GOVERNOR, &c., all complete

Address W. W. McKAIG & Son,

Sept. 25. Cumberland, Md.

FURNITURE.

LEMON & WEISE,

The old and well known firm of Lemon & Weise, of PITTSBURGH, Pa., Manufacturers of

Cabinet Furniture and Chairs.

Have Removed to

No. 111 Fourth Ave.,

Opposite their old stand,

Where they continue the business in all its branches. sept 25.

WM. BOOSE & Co.,

FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,

*SALISBURY, : : PENN'A.,*

Manufacturers of all kinds of

CASTINGS & MACHINERY

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Address WM. BOOSE & CO.,

Salisbury, Elklick P. O. Somerset co., Pa.

Oct. 16.

[From the New York Tribune.]

## MABEL.

BY W. D. O'CONNER.

The shining sickles the reapers wield
Are bright to the sunlit morn—
They go to the opulent harvest-field
To reap its wealth of corn.
The choral winds of morning chant
A harvest song of praise,
And the mellow sunlight shines aslant
Through the Autumn's golden haze.

No more to bind the amber sheares
With reaper hands I go;
I stand where the rays in the gilded eaves
From the Orient softly flow.
The days of my life are old and sere,
But my heart is glad and young,
For the song of the singing birds I hear
Are the melodies once they sung.

I am old, but hope can never decay,
And why should my spirit cure—
The sun sheds blessings on locks of gray,
And hallows an old man's hair.
My prunder and pastoral days are flown,
But the light in the valley shines—
And from the odorous woodlands still is blown
The balm of the balsam pines.

My hopes are plumed with the wings of doves
And away from earthly things,
Let the amaranth visions of early loves
Find rest for their weary wings.
O, Phœnix hopes! such rest ye found
When ye rose from a heart of flame
To a heaven of love, to gather round
One simple, sylvan name.

Mabel—dream of the years that fell—
That fell by the reaper, Time;
It was here in the affluent harvest dell
When my youth was in its prime,
It was down in the harvest pride, unshorn,
We stood with the reaper bands,
And love to our hearts was thrillingly borne,
In the tremulous clasp of hands.

The golden radiance lent your face
The hyacinth hue of the grain,
And flushing your cheek with a maidenly grace,
And bloom-roses there were lain;
And love saw mysteries in your eyes—
Twin stars in the mellow morn—
And dreamed in your red lips' parted dyes
Of pearls amid the corn.

So the sweet visions of gentle Ruth
Is annaled in Orient lore,
When the Syrian nobleman gave his youth
To her beauty forevermore.
And it was love of the lands from when
In the Autumn's amber pride,
Your beauty and virginal innocence
Was borne a wedded bride.

That night there was joy in the gabled manse,
When home were the harvest swains,
The young and the beautiful met in the dance
To the bounding music's strains;
And the trusting love in Mabel's eyes,
In their clear and holy shine,
Was the love—O, spirit in Paradise!
When they last looked in mine.

Thou hast gathered home to Thy garner, God!
The sheaves of my golden years—
But Thou leavest hope in the sepulcher cold,
And smiles in a world of tears;
The pines are green Immortalities
When the Eden blossoms die,
And the passion that sinks with the sunset, sees
Sweet peace in the star-sown sky.

Softly the wings of Autumn ring
Their choral song of praise,
And a prophecy thus to my soul they bring
Of its slowly parting days—
Of the sleep that shall finally and gently glide
On my eyes from a chilly hand—
Of the dawn, with Mabel by my side,
In the calm of another land.

## THE WIFE.

[FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.]

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth.
The violet bed's not sweeter.

MIDDLETON.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.—Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blast of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humilation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic serious cast; she was all life and gladness.—I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confinding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept away from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness.—She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away, and those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me, one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?"—At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I, "She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.

"Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!—"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed in to moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living——nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary——"

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, not withstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled.—Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompained by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract, she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come partially to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I: has anything happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of a wretched habitation.

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort.

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable.—But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet, and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us: she was in a pretty rural dress of white: a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here—Oh!" said she putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosem— he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes, and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

## THE NEW DEPARTMENT IN THE "MORNING GLORY."

BY MAX ADELER.

J. Alfred Brimmer, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Morning Glory*, having observed the disposition of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might perhaps be a good thing to introduce to his paper a department of obituary poetry. He considered whether if when an individual inserted fifty cents' worth of death notice the establishment should contribute gratuitously half-a-dollar's worth of mortality stanzas, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that peculiar form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer rightly estimated that, as most newspaper readers take a deeper interest in such sepulchral news than in information of any other kind, the journal containing the largest supply would have the greatest number of subscribers.

So Mr. Brimmer determined that he would, as an experiment at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose to give him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Remington Ott, a constructor of verses, who had frequently contributed to the columns of the *Morning Glory* poems of what would have been considered by a fastidious student of English literature an apealling and revolutionary character.

Mr. Brimmer soon effected an arrangement with the bard by which it was agreed that Mr. Ott should take a position in the high office for a short time, and whenever a death notice arrived he should immediately endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situation.

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Brimmer, "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation, and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living."

"To lighten the gloom, in a certain sense, Mr. Ott."

"Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed; but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Ott, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I would advise you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert the mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to—"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement.—Throw a glamour of poesy, for instance, over the commonplace details of the every-day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office; others you may supply from your imagination."

"I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, "in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the poetry."

"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles, as it were, burst through the tempest of tears; and if we don't make the *Morning Glory* hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer."

He was right. It did hum.

The next day Remington Ott went on duty, and Brimmer ran down to the seashore for a breath of fresh air. All through the day the death-notices came pouring in, and, when one would reach Ott he would seize it and study it up to ascertain the particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, lock himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and hack away for half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had that poetry in shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When his day's work was done, Ott went home with a conviction that the *Morning Glory* had finally robbed death of its terrors, and made life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of five or six hundred people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Climbing a tree, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and jammed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies, the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curbstone in front of him there was a line of men stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading the *Morning Glory* with an earnestness that Mr. Ott had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded either that his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum, loud voices were heard within. Mr. Ott determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and, placing it by the side door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat J. Alfred Brunner, holding the *Morning Glory* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Ott heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir!—William McGlue! I am a brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, what do you mean by the following infamous language:

"The death angel smote Alexander McGlue,
And gave him prostrated repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a number six shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
Over there on the ever-green shore,
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter-past four."

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slander! It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say *what you mean* by such conduct!"

"Really, sir," said Brimmer, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of an incendiary miscreant whom I trusted as a brother. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful! sir—awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this—he shall, indeed!"

"How should *I* know," murmured Ott, out there by himself, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart?" I used to know a man named McGlue, and *he* had one, and I thought *all* the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean that it was not with your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisement the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

"While he had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick;
And when he sucked the paint all off it made him healthy sick;
And in his latest hours he charged that monkey in his hand,
And bid good-bye to earth and went into a better land.
"Oh! no more he'd shoot his cluer with his little wooden gun;
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail, and make her yowl for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died."

"The utterly atrocious character of this balderdash will appear when I say that William was twenty years old, that he never had a purple monkey on a stick, that he never sucked such a thing, that he never fooled with cats, and that he died of liver complaint."

"Infamous!—utterly infamous!" groaned the editor, as he cast his eyes over the lines. "And the wretch who did this still lives! It is too much!"

"And yet," whispered Ott, to himself, "he told me to lighten the gloom and to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of my art; and I certainly thought that idea about the monkey would have that effect, somehow. It is ungrateful!"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman entered crying.

"Are you the editor?" she inquired of Brimmer.

Brimmer said he was.

"W-w-well," she said, in a voice broken by sobs, "wh-what d'you mean by publishing this kind of poetry ab-bout m-my Johny? M-my name is Sm-Smith, and wh-when I loooked this morning for the notice of Johnny's d-death in your paper I saw this awful, wicked, wicked v-verse:

"Four doctors tackled Jonny Smith—
They blistered and they bled him;
With squills and anti-bilious pills
And epecac, they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel,
And tried to move his liver;
But all in vain—his little soul
Was wafted o'er The River."

"It's false! false!—that's what it is! Johny only had *one* doctor. And they d-didn't try to m-move his liver, and they d-didn't bleed him and b-blister him. It's a wicked falsehood, and you're a hard-hearted brute f-f-for printing it!"

"Madam, I shall go crazy if you continue!" exclaimed Brimmer. "This is not my work. It is the work of a serpent whom I warmed in my bosom, and whom I will slay with my own hand as soon as he comes in; Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!"

"Strange! strange!" mused Ott. "And this man told me to combine elevating sentiment with practical information. If the information concerning the squills and ipecac is not practical, I have misunderstood the use of that word. And if young Smith didn't have four doctors it was an outrage. He ought to have had them, and they ought to have excited his liver. Thus it is," thought Ott, "that human life is sacrificed to carelessness."

At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had a copy of the *Morning Glory* in his hand. He approached the editor, and pointing to a death notice, said:

"Read that horrible mockery of my woe, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

"We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner.
And when we often asked, How can her harsh suffrings be borne?
When her death was first reported her aunt got up and snorted
With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn.
"She was such a little Seraph that her father, who is sheriff,
Really doesn't seem to care if he never smiles in life again.
She has gone, we hope, to Heaven, at the early age of seven,
(Funeral starts off at eleven,) where she'll never more have pain.

"As a consequence of this infamy, I withdraw all the county advertising from your paper. A man who would trifle in this manner with the feelings of a parent is a savage and scoundrel!"

As the Sheriff went out, Brimmer placed his head upon the table and groaned.

"Really," Mr. Ott reflected, "that person must be deranged. I tried, in his case to put myself in his place, and to write as if I was one of the family, according to instructions. The verses are beautiful. That allusion to the grief of her aunt, particularly, seemed to me to be very happy. It expresses violent emotion, with a delicious combination of sweetness and force. These people have no soul—no appreciation of the beautiful in art."

While the poet mused hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, and in a moment a middle-aged man dashed in abruptly, and, seizing Brimmer's scattered hair bumped his prostrate head against the table three or four times with considerable force. Having expended the violence of his emotion in this manner, he held the editor's head down with one hand, shaking it occasionally by way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized the paper and said:

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You unsympathetic and disgusting vampire! You hoary-headed old ghoul! What d'you mean by putting such stuff as this in your vile sheet about my deceased son? What d'you mean by printing such awful doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute inkslinger—you imbecile old squill-driver you:

"Oh! bury Bartholomew out