Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXI. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1872. NO. 27.

Business Cards,

SANFORD GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," two door north of F. H. Marshall's drug store. dec 4-72

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice in Stoneycreek, 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 3-12.

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

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office in residence of Charles Krissinger'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. 26, '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 dental 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 M. 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. 18, '70-1y.

HENRY E. 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 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 those who may favor him with their custom. JOHN HULL. Apr 17 '72

OTTO 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. jy. 5-tf.

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. Mauer.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active 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 tin shop formerly occupied by C. A. Kimmel, where he can be consulted at all times, when not professionally engaged.
☞ Night calls promptly answered. oct. 13, '71-1y.

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

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

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL.—

COOD & 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 fact, anything generally used in house building. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled. GOOD & JONES. July 26'71

DIAMOND HOTEL,

Samuel Custer, Proprietor.

Having been favored with a large share of patronage in the past, asks for a continuance of the same. His accommodations are first class, the tables being furnished at all times with the best the market affords. Guests can be accommodated at all times with good boarding and on reasonable terms. His house being roomy is always ready to receive pleasure parties; also good and roomy stabling for thirty head of horses. SAMUEL CUSTER. Stoneycreek, Pa., December 4th, 1872.

W. CUNNINGHAM,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LAVANSVILLE, PA.

Nov. 15, '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, triff 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.

S. S. GOOD,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

SOMERSET, PA.

☞ Office on Main Street. apr 17 '72

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants should call on

H. H. KEMP,

HARNEDSVILLE,

Somerset County, Pa.

Can be purchased 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,"

in the city of a mile south of Somerset is complete 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 '72. VALENTINE RAY.

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

TOBACCO, SNUFFS AND CIGARS,

330 Baltimore St.,

Second Door West of Howard,

BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

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

And done in the latest and most approved style.

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Somerset, March 6th.

INSURE YOUR LIFE IN THE

Old Established and Reliable

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The attention of the citizens of Somerset and adjoining counties is respectfully invited to the claims which the American Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia presents for their confidence and patronage. It is peculiarly a Pennsylvania Company—a home Company—and has always enjoyed the confidence of the people of the entire State. It ranks amongst the oldest Companies in the United States, and has maintained an onward progress through nearly a quarter of a century.

Prudence and economy, secure investments, and prompt payment of all its obligations have characterized this company from its first organization. With a large paid in cash capital, nearly four millions of dollars of accumulated assets, under the management of gentlemen of undoubted integrity, and well known throughout Pennsylvania, the American Life Insurance Co. stands second to none in the United States.

OFFICERS.

George W. Hill, President, George Nugent, Vice President, John S. Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer, Alex Whilliden, Chairman Com. on Finance.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Hon. James Pollock, Ex. Gov. of Pa., now director of U. S. Mint, J. Edgar Thomson, President Pennsylvania R. R. Company, Albert C. Roberts, Grocer, Eleventh and Vine Sts. Phila., Philip R. Mingle, Merchant, No. 105 Market St., Phila., Hon. Alex. G. Chattell, U. S. Senator, merchant, 27 Water St., Phila., Isaac Hazlehurst, Attorney at Law, No. 508 Walnut street, Phila., John Wanamaker, Nos. 818 and 820 Chestnut St. and corner of 6th and Market Sts. Phila., Henry K. Bennett, Merchant, Phila., James L. Claghorn, President Commercial Nat. Bank, Phila., L. M. Whilliden, Merchant, Nos. 20 and 22 South Front St. Phila.

Policies issued on all the most approved plans. For further information apply to

NOAH CASEBEER,

Agent for the Company at Somerset.

DUQUESNE SAVINGS BANK

NO. 64 FOURTH AVENUE

PITTSBURGH PA.

Incorporated by Act of Legislature.

CAPITAL, ... $100,000

PRIVILEGE, . . . $500,000

Depositors secured by Real Estate investments exclusively.

Six Per Cent. Interest

Paid to depositors on the compounding principle.

☞ Attention is directed to the liberal provisions for withdrawing money deposited. Drafts can be drawn in small amounts, WITHOUT NOTICE FROM THE DEPOSITOR.

All communications will receive prompt reply.

JAMES T. BRADY, *President.*

DAVID CAMPBELL, *Treasurer.*

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 '72 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 emunctories of the body. It will cure almost any curable disease.

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

JUST RECEIVED AT A. W. KNEPPER'S NEW GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, FLOUR &c.

Go and See for Yourself. Fair Play at A. W. Knepper's. A Good Assortment of Notions and Groceries at A. W. Knepper's.

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.

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.,

313 Market Street and 310 Commerce Street,

Philadelphia.

June 10-1f.

FOR SALE.

A second-hand

15-Horse Power Steam Engine

AND

BOILER,

With JUDSON GOVERNOR, &c., all complete. Address W. W. McKAIG & Son, Cumberland, Md. Sept. 20.

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.

HOLTZMAN & WEIDERHOLD,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

BEDDING

AND

CURTAIN GOODS,

Furniture Dealers Supplied at Lowest Wholesale Rates.

No. 100 Third Ave.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Opposite J. W. Woodwell's Furniture Warerooms. nov. 29.

POOR FARMER JOHN.

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

Old farmer John is sore perplexed—
Nay, farmer John is really vexed;
He labors early, labors late,
Yet ever talks of adverse fate;
For all his tollings scarce suffice
Of longed-for lands to pay the price.

The summers come, the summers go,
The spring showers waste the winter's snow
The while, from dawn to close of day,
Receiveth nought but frowns for pay;
His good wife tells; and anxious care
Has faded lip and cheek and hair.

Acres on acres stretch away
Of woodland, corn, of wheat and hay;
His cattle roam o'er many a hill,
His brooklet turns the groaning mill:
Yet still he sighs, and longs for more,
And grumbles e'er that he is poor.

Four sturdy sons, four daughters fair,
Claimed at his hands a father's care.
He gave them labor without end,
And strove their souls, like his, to bend
Into the narrowing groove of thought;
Gold to be earned, land to be bought.

Yet farmer John is growing poor!
You feel it as you pass his door.
His old brown house is small and mean,
The roof is warped by crack and seam;
The leaning bars, the half-hinged door,
Proclaim old John is very poor.

No books, no pictures on the wall;
Carpetless rooms and dreary hall,
Why think it strange such farmer's boys
Should seek the city's pomp and noise?
Should learn to loathe the sight of home,
Where naught of joy or grace may come?

Why think it strange his poor, old wife,
Who coined for him her very life,
Should pause, at last, despite his frown,
And lay her weary burden down
In joy, to walk the streets of heaven,
Where naught is sold, but all is given.

Go where you will, search earth around,
The poorest man that can be found,
Is he who toils, through life, to gain
Widest extent of hill and plain;
Forgetting all his soul's best needs,
In counting o'er his title deeds.

DETERMINED TO WIN.

"Of all the things this is the worst! If I ever in my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! Do you hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letter in her lap, and she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer who was contentedly stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"

This time, when she asked the question, there was a touch of sharpness in her voice.

"Yes, what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me.',

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of his little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine, city-bred lady, all airs and graces, and flounces and fluted ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! to talk of bringing a lady here in hog-killin' time! I do think George is a fool!"

* * * * * * * * *

A graceful, dainty little lady in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small, proudly poised head, covered with short dusky curls, and a pair of dark blue eyes; so wistful and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dimple in one pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace-curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and when she heard the click of the latch-key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss.

"Haven't you got the letter this time George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head.

A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"Oh, George, isn't it too bad? And I do believe—oh! I don't believe they will write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arm around her neck.

"And suppose such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference to me?"

"Oh, no! no! only it would grieve me so if I knew that I had alienated your parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you! And when they know you they can't help loving you."

"Oh, George!"

And the exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his loving flattery.

"That's true as preaching. "By-the-by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of about six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion, it would be five hundred clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the young man's lips; he was more matter-of-fact than this tender little one of his.

"I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his coat pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little for what the letter contains. Remember, I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then, when she had finished it, she laid her head down on his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget darling, that the Bible says, that a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears and they talked over it.

"Just because I am city-bred, she thinks I am lazy and haughty, and daintily, and"——

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father"——

"Yes, bless the dear old man. He has added, 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home, and invite them down, and bring them home with me."

"George dear, I have been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the cozy little tete-a-tete breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheek; then she dashed them away with a merry joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven it shall be such a return that shall delight his very soul."

* * * * * *

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad enough, but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And indeed if you will try me for a week, I'm sure you will keep me till the season is over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can't cook, can you? or shake up feather beds—good big ones, forty pounders."

A gleeful little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge fire place in the kitchen where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say deacon; keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the dear knows it 'ud be a good lift while we'er killin', if she couldn't do more'n set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her of course, Hannah. You're hard driv' I know. Let her stay a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to night, anyhow; there's a snow-storm been brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes, fine and thick. You may as well take your things up stairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then she followed directions to the west garret; and when she was gone, Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon: "I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal; I can tell you that if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net; and a narrow linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow black ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handily she flitted in and out of the big pantry and then down to the cellar. Then after the meal, she gathered the dishes in a neat, silent way, that was perfect bliss to Mrs. Clements' ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow; and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith. One by one the days wore on; the hog killing was over and done; long strings of sausage hung in fantastic rings arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I am going to do without you Mary; I dread to see you pack up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, though goodness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a day. As I say, it ain't the work—it's you Mary. I've got to thinking a heap of you—me and the deacon."

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's tone, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm, but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never mentioned him."

"No. George has gone his way and we must go ours. Yes—he married one of those crack-headed boarding house people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling pin and a milk pan."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly."

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, too, Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they were burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary, supposin, you stay on with us another month anyhow. The deacon will make it all right."

"It isn't the money I care for Mrs. Clements, I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us! do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment, then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our son George coming up the lane! Deacon! Deacon! George is coming."

And all her mother's love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite the poor little innocent Marion! Then when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she had returned to her "west garret," Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin', George; this fancy lady o' yours 'ill never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Sarah Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come into supper now. Mary, Mary."

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you have dressed up in honor o' my boy, Well I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short bobbin' curls! George, this is Mary Smith!"

George came through the door, and glanced carelessly at the corner where the young woman stood. Then, with a cry, sprang with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles, went to the old pair and took their hand.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

The Burning of Moscow.

BY THEIRS, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

The army hoped to enjoy Moscow, to find peace there, and, in any case, good winter cantonments if the war was prolonged. However, on the morrow after the day on which the entry had been made, columns of flames arose from a very large building, which contained the spirits that the Government sold on its own account to the people of the capital.

People ran there, without astonishment or terror, for they attributed the cause of this partial fire to the nature of the materials contained in this building, or to some imprudence committed by our soldiers. In fact, the fire was mastered, and we had time to reassure ourselves.

But all at once, the fire burst out at almost the same instant with extreme violence in a collection of buildings that was called the Bazaar. This Bazaar, situated on the northeast of the Kremlin, comprised the richest shops; those in which were sold the beautiful stuffs of India and Persia, the rarities of Europe, the colonial commodities, sugar, coffee, tea, and, lastly, precious wines. In a few minutes the fire had spread through the Bazaar, and the soldiers of the guard ran in crowds, and made the greatest efforts to arrest its progress. Unhappily, they could not succeed, and soon the immense riches of this establishment fell a prey to the flames. Eager to dispute with the fire the possession of these riches, belonging to no one at this time, and to secure them for themselves, our soldiers, not having beeff able to save them, tried to drag out some fragments. They might be seen coming out of the Bazaar, carrying furs, silks, wines of great value, without any one dreaming of reproaching them for so doing, for they wronged no one but the fire, the sole master of these treasures. One might regret it on the score of dicipline, but could not cast a reproach on their honor on that account. Besides, those who remained of the people set them an example, and took their large share of these spoils of the commerce of Moscow. Yet it was only one large building—an extremely rich one, it is true—that was attacked by the fire, and there was no fear for the town itself. These first disasters, of little consequence so far, were attributed to a very natural and very ordinary accident, which might be more easily explained still, in the bustle of evacuating the town. During the night of the 15th of September, the scene suddenly changed. As if every misfortune was to fall at once on the old Moscovite capital, the equinoctial wind arose all at once with the double violence natural to the season and to level countries where nothing stops the storm. This wind, blowing at first from the east, carried the fire westward, along the streets situated between the roads from Tver and Smolensk, and which are known as the richest and most beautiful in Moscow, those of Tverakaia, Nikitskia, and Povorskaia. In a few hours the fire, having spread fiercely among the wooden buildings, communicated itself from one to another with frightful rapidity. Shooting forth in long tongues of flame, it was seen invading other quarters situated in the west.

Rockets were noticed in the air, and soon wretches were seized carrying combustibles at the end of long poles. They were taken up; they were questioned with threats of death and they revealed the frightful secret, the order given by the Count of Rostopchin to set fire to the city of Moscow, as if it had been the smallest village on the road from Smolensk.

This news spread consternation through the army in an instant. To doubt was no longer possible, after the arrests made, and the depositions collected from the different parts of the town. Napoleon ordered that in each quarter the corps fixed there should form military commissions, to try, shoot and hang on gibbets the incendiaries taken in the act. He ordered likewise that they should employ all the troops there were in the town to extinguish the fire. They ran to the pumps, but there were none to be found. This last circumstance would have left no doubt, if there had remained any, of the frightful design that delivered Moscow to the flames.

In addition to the fact that the means for extinguishing the fire were wanting, the wind, which every moment increased in fury, would have defied the efforts of the whole army. With the violence of the equinox, from the east it passed to the north-west, and the stream of fire changing its direction immediately, went to spread its ravages where the hand of incendiaries had not been able to carry it.

This immense column of fire, beaten down by the wind on the roofs of buildings, surrounding them as soon as it touched them, increased every instant the conquests it made, spread the flames with frightful roaring, interrupted by terrible explosions, and hurled burning beams into the distance, which spread the scourge where it was not, or fell like bombs into the middle of the street. After having blown for some hours from the south-east, the wind, changing its direction again, and blowing from the south-west, carried the fire into new quarters, as if nature took a cruel pleasure in shaking out by turns ruin and death of every kind over this unhappy city, or rather, on our army, which was only guilty, alas! of heroism, at least if Providence did not intend to visit on it the lawless designs of which it had been the unwilling instrument! Under this new impulse, given from the southwest, the Kremlin, till then spared, was suddenly endangered. Fiery sparks fell into the midst of the ammunition of the artillery spread on the ground, and threatened to set it on fire. More than four hundred wagons of ammunition were in the court of the Kremlin, and the arsenal contained some hundred thousand pounds of powder. A disaster was imminent, and Napoleon, with his guards might be blown into the air. The officers who were with him, the soldiers of the artillery, knowing that his death would be theirs, surrounded him, and pressed him with earnest entreaties to come away from the burning crater. The danger was most threatening; the old artillerymen of the guard, although used to cannonade like those of Borodino, almost lost their presence of mind. General Laboiseire approaching Napoleon, pointed out to him the anxiety of which he was the cause, and, with the authority of his age and devotion, told him that it was a duty to let them save themselves alone, without increasing their perplexity by the uneasiness that his presence excited. Besides, several officers sent to the neighboring quarters reported that the fire, rapidly increasing, hardly allowed one to cross the streets or breathe, and that they must leave at once if they did not wish to be buried under the roof of this ill fated town.

Napoleon, followed by some of his lieutenants, went out of that Kremlin which the Russian army had not been able to prevent him from entering, but from which the fire expelled him after four-and-twenty hours of possession, decended to the quay of the Moskowa, found his horses ready there, and had much difficulty in crossing the town, which toward the northwest, whither he directed his course, was already in flames. The wind, which constantly increased in violence, sometimes caused columns of fire to bend to the ground, and drove before it torrents of sparks, smoke and stifling cinders. The horrible appearance of the sky answered to the no less horrible spectacle of the earth. The terrified army went out of Moscow.

Sir Alexander Cockburn.

However, I have no intention of writing an essay upon a system. I merely propose to draw, after my own fashion, a few sketches of living men belonging to a particular class—that of English lawyers who have made a reputation in Parliament. I cannot perhaps do better than begin with one whose name has been very recently very prominently set before the world, Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who represented his country at the Geneva arbitration. Cockburn is now rather more than seventy years of age; but although his health is not good, he has the brain, the spirits, the animation, and the freshness of youth. He is a man of very varied culture and accomplishments, well acquainted with many literatures, and having indeed a great deal of the *literateur* or artist in his composition. Everything he does is done with such an apparent ease that he always impresses one with the idea that he is really only trifling with his own powers, that he never put forth his real strength, that he could do much greater things if he tried. I do not believe that this is so. I feel little doubt that all this bright-some ease of effect is the result of patient thought and study as well as natural endowment. A man does all that he can in any case; and if he has not the gift of plodding labor, it is not likely that any amount of his plodding labor would add a cubit to the stature of his fame. Cockburn's handsome face, his bright, sweet manners, his clear voice, his free facile style, are all in keeping with that intellectual character which makes toil itself seem like easy and natural play. Perhaps from his mother, who was a French woman, he derived some of that graceful and polished ease and vivacity of manner which lend such a charm to his speaking. Cockburn belongs to a fine old family, and had ancestors distinguished in war afloat and ashore, one of whom was killed at the battle of Fontenoy. He inherited his baronetcy, and did not receive it as a reward for public services; he is in every sense what people in England call a gentleman. I believe, however, that he began life without much fortune, and that his early career at the bar was a rather hard struggle. If report does not belie him, young Cockburn varied the monotony of hard struggle by a good deal of fast living. Indeed, all through his career he has been the subject of a succession of rumors and jokes and more or less apocryphal anecdotes—of which I shall not narrate anything to prove that public opinion places his personal discretion and self-control considerably below his political and judicial wisdom. Cockburn was almost unknown to the public at large until he had left his youth far behind him. He was nearly fifty years old before he won his celebrity; and he won it all in a flash. He had found a seat in the House of Commons, and made not much of a way there until the famous "Don Pacifico" debate in 1850. This was the memorable occasion when Lord Palmerston defending a part of his foreign policy which was arraigned for high-handed arrogance, captivated the House and the country by his boast that a citizen of England might, by virtue of his protection, paraphrase the immortal "Civis Romanus sum." Palmerston's defence of himself was one of his happiest efforts, if it be right to describe as efforts those extraordinary ebullitions of easy and seemingly careless force which were his peculiarity. But even Palmerston's speech was thrown into the shade by the unexpected brilliancy, power, spirit, and grace of the speech in which the almost unknown advocate, Alexander Cockburn, surprised and delighted the House. When the new orator sat down the ministerial benches were in a moment almost deserted, such was the rush of members to congratulate him. That speech was the sensation of the session. I doubt whether any speech delivered within my memory ever created such a sensation. For, although there have been many far greater speeches, yet these came from lips to which the ear of the House already turned with the natural and well-justified anticipation of great things. But Cockburn rose to speak that night an obscure man, and he sat down a celebrity.—"*Some Great English Lawyers.*"

THE JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

Valuable Receipts.

HOW TO PIK OUT A WIFE.

Find a girl that iz 19 years old last May, about the right height, with a blue eye and dark-brown hair and white teeth.

Let the girl be good to look at, not too phond of musik, a firm disbeleaver in ghosts, and one of six children in the same family.

Look well to the karakter ov her father; see that he is not a member ov enny club, don't bet on elekshuns, and gits shaved at least 3 times a week.

Find out all about her mother; see if she haz got a heap of good common sense, study well her likes and dislikes, eat sum ov her hummade bread and apple dumplins, notiss whether she abuzes all ov her nabors, ask her servants how long they hev lived thare, and don't fail tew observe whether her dresses are last year's ones fixt over.

If you are satisfied that the mother would make the right kind of a mother-in-law, yu kan safely konklude that the dauter would make the right kind ov a wife.

After these preliminarys are settled and yu hav done a reazonable amount of sparking, ask the young lady for her heart and hand, and if she refuses, yu kan konsider yourself euchered.

If, on the countrary, she should say yes, git married at once, without any fuss and feathers, and proceed to take the chances.

I say take the chances, for thare aint no resipee for a perfekt wife, enny more than thar iz for a perfekt husband.

Thare iz just as meany good wives az thare iz good husbands, ann I never knew two people, married or single, who were determined tew make themselfs agreeable to each other, but what they suckeeded.

Name your oldest boy sum good stout name, not after sum hero, but should the first boy be a girl, I ask it az a favout to me that you kaul her Rebekker.

I do want some ov them good, old-fashioned, tuff girl names revived and extended.

HOW TEW PIK OUT A DOG.

Dogs are gitting dreadful skase, and if yu don't pik one out putty soon, it will be forever too late.

I hav written during my younger days, when I knu a good deal more than I do now, or ever shal kno agin, an essa onto dogs, and in that essa I klaimed that the best kind ov a dog for all purposes for a man to hav was a wodden dog.

The experience of years don't seem tew change mi opinyun, and I now, az then, reckomend the wodden dog.

Dogs, az a general thing, are ornamental, and the wodden dog kan be made hily so, after enny pattern or design that a kultivated taste may suggest.

If the wooden dog iz made with the bark on, so much the better; for we are told by thoze who study sich things that dogs which bark never bight.

Wooden dogs never stra away three or four times a year, like flesh and blood dogs do, and don't kost 5 or 10 dollars reward each time tew make them cum bak hum agin.

Wodden dogs don't have the old hydropho-biskiousness; neither are they running round, and round and round, and round after themselfs, tricing tew ketch up with a wicked flea, who is bizzily engaged knawing away at the dog's—continuashun.

There ain't no better watch dog in the world than the wodden one. Yu set them two watching ennything, they will watch it for 3 years, and they ain't krazy, and want tew jump thru a window in a minult, if they just happen tew hear a boy out in the streets whistling "Yankee Doodle," or "Sally Cum up."

Wodden dogs won't stretch themselves out in front ov the fire place, taking up all the hot room, nor they won't fly at a harmless old beggar man, who only wants a krust, and tare him all tew little bits in a minitt.

If yu want tew pik out a good dog, pik out a wodden one; they range in price, all the way from 10 cents to a dollar, ackording tew the lumber in them, old age don't make them kross and useless, and, if they dew happen to loze a hed or leg, in sum skrimmage, a dose ov Spalding's glu, taken at night, jist before they retire, will fetch them out all strait in the morning.

Defense of Little Men.

A lady correspondent of a cotemporary, thus defends "little men." "I think it is not the opinion of every one that people should be held in contempt or indifference because they may be low of stature, not having chanced to arrive at the 'average hight,' that the generality of mortals attain to. How many of our great heroes must be acknowledged to belong to this class. 'It's the mind that makes the man,' and not the length of his arms or legs; it is a well known fact that more intellect, wit, amiability and loveable qualities have been found to exist among what are termed 'little men,' than have been discovered among the large, sinewy, bony, lazy, stupid lords of creation, who take every opportunity to vaunt their imaginary superiority, and wound the feelings of many who are infinitely superior to them in every respect, except the length, breadth and weight of a body which is universally owned to be an incumbrance to those who possess it. Little men in general, from an inward conviction of their deficiency in the bone and sinew department, make an effort and succeed in developing a number of decidedly admirable qualities which more than compensate for their loss. For this reason they are held in high esteem, particularly by the fair sex, and usually carry off the first prizes in the matrimonial lottery. Considering all these advantages, I do not think we have any reason to compassionate them, or that they by any means feel it incumbent on them to display a number of ridiculous antics by way of establishing their dignity."

A Nobleman of the Last Century.