# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.



*Business Cards,*

PAUL R. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penna'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," adjoining store of E. H. Marshall's drug store.

D. S. K. MILLER has permanently located in Somerset for the practice of his profession.—Office in Traveller's Home, adjoining Barnes Kreisinger's store. apr 2. 7m.

D. S. S. KIMMEL will continue to practice in the Borough of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Union House. nov. 6, 71.

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

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, 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 5-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. jan. 15, '70.

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

JOHN B. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Money advanced on collection. Office in his residence, on Main street. jan. 4, '70.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Justice of the Peace in Real Estate, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care with accuracy 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 be found at all times prepared to do work in his profession, such as filling, regulating, extracting &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

JOHN G. 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. 19, '70-1y.

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

MATHIAS MEYERS, 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 residence of Lt. Scull. ly. 5-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 those who may favor him with their custom. JOHN HILL. apr27, '72.

F. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa., Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office on Main Street. m04'72

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 tin shop formerly occupied by C. A. Kimmel, where he can be consulted at all times, except when professionally engaged. ☞Night calls promptly answered. jan. 15, '71-1y.

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

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

J. J. COGLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. may17

C. H. SPROTH. W. R. RUPPEL.
SPROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block. Entrance from Diamond.

DENTISTRY.

Drs. Collins & Hills still continue the practice of Dentistry. They are prepared to perform all operations in the best manner and at as low prices as the same kind of work can be done anywhere in the State. A set of teeth for $8; a double set for $15. All operations warranted, and teeth extracted without pain. jun 7

J. S. HARVEY & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
No. 128 EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE.
Liberal cash advances on consignments and sales promptly made.

AZARIAH DUNHAM
WITH
JAMES RUSSEL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FINE CUT TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
No. 222 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

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 house 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. The house being roomy is always ready to receive pleasure parties; also good and safe stabling for thirty head of horses. SAMUEL CUSTER. Somerset, Pa., December 4th, 1872.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO.,
(Opposite St. Charles Hotel.)
Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware.

JOHN WILSON & SON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
57 Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
SALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the most Approved manner. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing a dentist to do work in his line, can do so by enclosing stamp in a letter, or by calling at above place. jy12-72

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

THE NEW FLOUR MILL.
The New Flour Mill built on the site of the OLD "DENNISON MILL," two miles of a mile south of Somerset is now finished 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. VALENTINE HAY.

*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.

D. J. HORNER,
Buggy, Carriage
AND
LIGHT WAGON
MANUFACTURER,
SOMERSET PA.,
Is now prepared to manufacture to order every description of
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SULKIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
HACKS,
SLEIGHS,
&c., &c.,
In the latest and most approved styles, and at the
Lowest Possible Prices.
ALL IN WANT OF A
First Class Carriage,
Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine his work. None but the very best material will be used in the manufacture of his work, and none but the
BEST WORKMEN
Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have had an experience of over twenty years in the business. He is, therefore, enabled to turn out a first-class vehicle, both in point of material and workmanship. All work warranted to be as represented when leaving the shop, and satisfaction guaranteed. All kinds of
REPAIRING AND PAINTING
Done in a neat and substantial manner, and at the shortest notice. He is determined to do all his work in such a manner, and at such prices as to make it to the interest of everybody to patronize him. Call and examine his work before purchasing elsewhere. jan29 D. J. HORNER.

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.

CROUSE & SHIRES,
Manufacturers of all grades of
CIGARS,
REDFORD, PA.
Attention particularly asked of Jobbers.
☞Orders solicited by E. H. Marshall, druggist, Somerset, Pa. my.

SIMMONS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Tobacco and Segars,
408 Market Street, Above Fourth,
PHILADELPHIA.
☞E. H. Marshall, agent, Somerset, Pa. dec4'72

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

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.

*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.

JOHNSTOWN
SAVINGS BANK,

120 CLINTON STREET,
CHARTERED SEPT., 1870.
OPENED FOR THE TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS FEB. 23, 1871.
BANK OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. ALSO, ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM 6 TO 7½ O'CLOCK.
LOANS SECURED BY BONDS AND MORTGAGES ON REAL ESTATE.
*SIX PER CENT. GUARANTEED.*
Deposits received of *all sums not less than One Dollar*, and a dividend of the profits declared *twice a year*, in June and December.
Interest commences the first day of each month. Interest when not drawn out is added to the Principal, thus compounding twice a year for the depositor.
Books containing the charter and by-laws will be furnished at the Bank.
D. J. MORRELL, President,
FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer,
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor.
BOARD OF TRUSTEES:
James Cooper, David Dibert, George Fritz, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, Daniel M. Laughlin, James McMillan, James Morley, Lewis Plitt, C. B. Ellis, Powell Stackhouse, Conrad Seppes, Geo. T. Swank, W. W. Walters, and D. J. Morrell, President. feb12

S. C. KEIM. J. D. LIVENGOOD.
KEIM & LIVENGOOD,
BANKERS,
*SALISBURY ELKLICK, P. O.*
SOMERSET COUNTY, PENN'A.
Drafts bought and sold, and collections made on all parts of the country.
Interest allowed on time deposits.
Special arrangements with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust. Jan 17 72

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

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
As represented in the latest and most approved styles, and
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Somerset, March 6th.

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.,
513 Market Street and 510 Commerce Street,
Philadelphia.
June 10-tf.


### LOGEL ORSHUN BILL.

AIR—LITTLE FRAUDS.

Good efening, peoples, now you see before you,
Der smartest leedle Dutchman in der land:
Und I vont to find me out right away, now,
Somdings dot I don't can't understand,
Der's a fellar dot's agoing roundt dis city,
Und I vont ter findt me out fun vare he came,
He vont to shut me up my larger bier saloon,
Undt Logie Olshun Bill, dot ish his name.

CHORUS.

Logie Olshun Bill, Logie Olshun Bill,
Dot's der feller dot I try to findt me now;
Logie Olshun Bill, Logie Olshun Bill,
You I catch him, you bard ve hafe a row.

Vot pisness hafe he to come roundt my places,
Und make me hafe to shut me up mine house?
Uf he does, den so help me, goodness gracious,
I dake my fist un I kick him uff his mouse,
Un I also make some droubles with his noses,
Un out of skwint I quickly make his ear,
Und I'll make him look left handt fun his eyes out,
Uf he comes fooling roundt my larger beer.

Uf I should meet dot Logel Olshun Villiam,
I bard you I will fite mit mite un mones
Un I quickly draw a ten barrel volvereer,
Un I bard you I will plow me oul his praner,
But I vill hafe to bid you all good efenings.
For, so help me, I not vos could stand still,
Und I nefer vill be happy in my life dime,
Till I hafe a fist mit Logel Olshun Bill.

### A TRUE STORY.

BY O. S. ADAMS.

I always recall with keen relish the joke which Fanny Burns played on her school-master. It was altogether unpremeditated and involuntary on her part, but that made it all the more enjoyable.

Mr. Charlton was very dignified, stern at times, and prided himself on the strict discipline enforced in his school. But Fanny Burns, with her black eyes, irrepressible love of fun and ready wit, was *almost* too much for him.

Fanny and I were good friends. I used to draw her home in my sled, run races with her, give her dainty morsels out of my dinner basket, and perform various other gallantries suited to our juvenile ideas of such things. And when we were a little older I walked home with her, instead of drawing her, and made purchases of oranges, in lieu of bestowing on her tarts and baked apples. It was about this time that the mania for writing notes took possession of us. Although we saw each other before school, at recess, at noon, and after, it invariably happened that during study hours matters of sudden and vital importance would arise, demanding epistolary communication between us. Notes would be written and passed from hand to hand until they reached their proper destinations; for there was a mutual agreement between all the pupils to perform such offices secretly and faithfully. Sometimes, indeed, we would sit near together—on opposite sides of an aisle, for instance—so that we could deliver our missives directly to each other.

This practice of writing notes was, of course, strongly condemned, and strictly forbidden, by our teacher; and, as Fanny and I were especial and frequent offenders in this particular, he managed to glance toward us many times in the course of a day. We were generally successful, however, in eluding his watchfulness, and manged to exchange great numbers of small bits of paper, on which messages were scribbled.

But one day our hour of grief came—or at least I thought so, for the time being. Fanny had handed me several notes to which, for some reason, I had neglected replying; and soon came another, neatly folded, which she reached over to me with considerable exertion. Accompanying it was a lead pencil, though for what purpose I could not imagine. I was just reaching over to receive it from her hand, when a loud, stern voice paralyzed us both for an instant.

"There! Miss Burns! I have caught you at it at last!"

Fanny's bright eyes dilated with fright. I shrank back in my seat, leaving the note still in her hand.

"You will please step forward, Miss Burns, and bring that note with you."

Fanny obeyed with a subdued air, though not without first turning up her nose furtively. I trembled with apprehension, more for her sake than my own.

"Stand up there on the stage," said Mr. Charlton, sternly. He took the note from her.

"I have often spoken of the despicable practice of writing notes," he said, turning so as to view Fanny and the whole school simultaneously,—of its wrongfulness and bad influence. I have given warning repeatedly that it must not be done, and have threatened to visit with severe punishment the first offence of the kind coming within my knowledge.—The silly and baneful love trash with which they are filled should never pass between young people. In fact persons of your ages should never say to each other by word or letter, what you would not be willing the whole world should hear. I cannot say that I am surprised, Miss Burns, but I am deeply grieved, that you should disobey me in this instance, as you doubtless have in many others. It becomes my duty to make an example of you, which I shall do by *mortifying* you. I presume you would dislike exceedingly to have me *read this note aloud to the school.*"

Fanny started violently, and seemed about to speak, but checked herself. Mr. Charlton paused, but she was silent. I, who was watching intently, noticed a curious expression on her face.

"Is there anything written in this note that you would be ashamed to have the pupils hear?"

"No, sir," she faltered.

"I presume not!" said Mr. Charlton, sarcastically.

Was it possible, thought I, that Fanny's apparent difficulty in speaking was caused by suppressed merriment? Her face certainly indicated it, for while she bit her lips her shoulders moved convulsively, and there was an unmistakable sparkle in her black dancing eyes. I watched the proceedings with intense interest.

"I shall read it aloud," said Mr. Charlton, relentlessly, and evidently somewhat excited with the prospect of making such an impression as he expected to, "and I hope it may prove a lasting lesson to you."

He unfolded the paper with a pompous air and held it before his face.

The attention of the pupils was almost breathless, and the hush of expectation was profound.

But instead of reading the note Mr. Charlton looked at it with an expression of utter astonishment. Perplexity, dismay and anger flitted by turns across his face, which was finally overspread by a violent red flush. He turned to Fanny furiously.

"Was this done on purpose to entrap me, Miss Burns?"

"No, sir."

The astonishment of all knew no bounds now. The scene was inexplicable to all except the two chief actors in it.

"What does this *blank piece of paper* mean?"

An audible titter suddenly arose, like the first pattering of a summer shower. The true state of the case began to dawn upon our minds.

Fanny was using all her energies in endeavoring to obtain a sober and respectful air toward her questioner.

"He didn't answer my note," she said, "and so I was going to hand him that piece of paper and a pencil to—to—as—a—sort of hint!"

The titter now swelled into a roar; in an instant every boy and girl in the school-room laughed uncontrollably. Fanny buried her face in her handkerchief, and also laughed violently, but silently. Peals and cheers arose, and it was simply impossible to pursue further a serious treatment of the subject.

Mr. Charlton himself was obliged to smile, in the midst of his wrath and discomfiture. He handed the paper back to Fanny, and said a few words to her which none of us could hear in the uproar, and she, bowing, went her seat.

The funny scene ended, and all were studious enough for the remainder of that day, and indeed for many days thereafter.

I well remember when we went up to the next "grade," Mr. Charlton was talking to the teacher whose department we were about to enter.

Fanny stood near, and patting her on the head, he said:

"This girl you will find, will always have her lessons, but look out for her, or she'll be too much for you. There's danger behind those black eyes!"

If this were a "story" Fanny would of course be my wife now, but as it is a simple reminiscence of real life, it doesn't end that way. Soon after our entrance into the higher grade Fanny discovered charms in a youth named Smith that far outshone mine. This threw me into a cynical frame of mind, from which it took me fully two weeks to recover. Then to spite her I went with another girl.

Then came the breaking up of our class, some tears and hearty handshaking. That was a dozen years ago, and I believe Fanny is now the wife of a man out West. Such is life!

### What Will You Leave Behind?

Talking with an old farmer once, he said: "When I die, I am going to leave behind me, as a heritage for my children, the home where they were born, made as beautiful as my means and uneducated taste will allow, pleasant memories of the home fireside and of the sunny summer days, and a true regard for the dignity and worthiness of the calling which their father followed." The old man was so full of emotion when he talked in this wise, that he had to use his handkerchief to prevent the tears telling their tale of manly sensitiveness. His boys were widely scattered, having a varied experience in life; but there was not one of them who did not honor the old farmer they called (and reverently, too) "Father" nor one of them who was not glad to visit the old homestead once a year.

Now, we repeat the question, 'What will you leave behind?" Money? It will do your children little good, comparatively. Money is easily obtained. But *homes* are scarce. The associations which the men of the world value most are the associations with their early homes. No man, no matter what his position, circumstances or relations in life, who has had a happy and pleasant home in his youth, fails to remember, love and long for it. It is the heaven he seeks, one toward which his heart goes out whenever he is in trouble; it is the shrine to which he makes pilgrimage whenever he has means and opportunity; it is the one spot on earth upon which he is willing to lavish the wealth he may have acquired, and where he desires to die and be buried.

What will you leave behind, good friend of the farm? Shall the homestead be your monument? Shall the children return thither as the pilgrim seeks the shrine of a saint? Shall each tree tell its story of your taste and good sense—revive in the minds of your children the time and circumstances of the planting? Shall it symbolize by its growth, and extended and extending branches, the growth of your children's affections for you, and the influence your example and precepts are exerting through them? Shall each stone in the wall, addition to the barn, the house, out-buildings, improvements, orchard, garden and field, speak to them of the love you once bore them, of the labor you once performed that they might be fed, clothed and educated? Shall each blade of grass lift itself up toward heaven and testify to your providence and care? Shall each apple-blossom in the orchard shed its perfume in memory of the man who planted the seed from which they sprang, or the tree on which they bloom and laugh in the sweet May air? Will money compensate your children for the loss of such a heritage? No, sir! emphatically, *No!*

Let us try to leave behind us something that shall soften the hearts of men and women when they remember us—be they our children or not; but especially let us who have homes, who are blessed with a title to a portion of God's green earth, see that it is rendered so beautiful in the eyes of our offspring that their hearts will always find anchorage there whenever the longings of loneliness come over them; whenever the rough elbowings of an unfeeling world jostle them out of humor with it. Let the coming spring witness some effort to leave the old farm better and more beautiful in the autumn. Let the boys and girls feel that we have left something behind that money cannot purchase, and for which it can be no substitute.—*Rural New Yorker.*

For the HERALD.

### Public Pests.

The world is made up of all sorts of people; good, bad, and indifferent. Some are a blessing, others are a curse. Some will bear conjugating as good, better, best; others as bad, worse, worst; and others will bear no comparison at all, for it is hard to tell what they are; something akin to the Irishman's flea, now here, now there, now you have him, now you don't.—They set their sails to catch the popular breeze, no matter where or how it blows. The favorable features of society are pleasant to speak of and write about, yet we cannot shut our eye to the fact, that she has some grave deformities, which can only be remedied by the unpleasant task of calling the people's attention to them. There are some people who, while they are not openly vile or amenable to law, are a curse to the neighborhood in which they live. For convenience sake we will divide them into classes. One class, of an almost indescribable order, are the "vain talkers," spoken of in the Bible. "Busy-bodies in other men's matters." Always ready to poke their nose in where it is not wanted; breaking ruthlessly into a conversation between two or more parties, thereby showing their lack of manners as well as of brains. They are perfect sycophants, running with the popular tide. Others of the same class who inhabit our neighborhood, like the Athenians of old, are ever on the vie to tell or hear some new thing. They are never satisfied unless they have somebody's name to bandy about. Should Mr. So-and-so sneeze in Miss Run About's presence, away she goes to Mr. Stretchet, telling him how Mr. So-and-so sneezed a great awkward, unmannerly sneeze right in her face; he drops Madam Gossip a word that Mr. So-and-so sneezed himself into fits; she runs over to Mr. Chatterbox and tells him the astounding news, how Mr. So-and-so was dying from the effects of a sneezing fit; old Madam Rumor hears it next, how So-and-so died from a sneezing fit, caused by a very bad cold. So it runs on, widening out like the eddies of a mill-pound. No doubt but they will have him buried before they are through! Why is it that some people will persist in minding everybody-else's business but their own? I suppose, as the Irishman said, "it is the nature of the beast." "Oh! it is no harm to talk over things." There is more harm than we think for; enough, as many have experienced, to cause bitter heart-burnings, grief, alienation and hatred; enough to mar the peace and quiet of any neighborhood. He is a wise man who knows *when* to speak and *how* to speak. Another class seem to be somewhat under the sway of the green-eyed monster.—They take every occasion that offers itself to cast out little innuendoes, flings, hyper critical criticisms against those whom they feel are their superiors in the social circle or in talent. They are ever ready to throw out some remark calculated to disparage them in the estimation of others.—They do not seem to realize that they are exposing their own weakness, and laying themselves liable to be regarded as insignificant by men of thought and consideration. "Speak evil of no man," is a precept of the Christian law, which works more than one way. It is not our inferiors we are apt to be envious of. Another class, you can tell the moment you see them; they look like the breaking up of a frosty morning in March; their faces wear a most woe-begone expression. They smile, but it is more like the sudden gush of a snow storm in mid-winter, than the warm genial ray of a loving heart. Their presence throws, as it were, a wet blanket over the happy mirth of any company they enter.—From their talk you would think that the universe itself was out of order, and everything was going to rack and ruin. The country is in a state of anarchy, our rulers are all rogues, our tax-gatherers are all thieves, and corruption is holding high carnival over the land. Are they members of the church, even there their malarious influence is felt. "Nothing is going right—the church is going down—the candle-stick of the Lord is going to be removed." From their talk you would be led to infer that they are the only saints in the congregation, and all the rest are sinners; "the Elders are delinquent and cold, the members are recreant and dead." Oh! if they were in office, they would make things straight! Should they condescend to go to prayer-meeting, it is only to constantly tremble, least some young inexperienced convert, moved by the enthusiasm of his first love, should venture to tell what Jesus has done for him. Should he happen, in his embarrasment, to make a *lapsus linquæ*, our cynical brother or sister are so mortified that they scarcely recover from the shock in a month. You, taking it for granted that they are the very paragon of perfection, benevolence and love, call upon them with the expectation of obtaining something to aid on the cause of missions, but come away disappointed. "They have got nothing for you." "Charity begins at home." You have had your labor for your pains, except you get an intimation that things are going wrong, which indeed you realize to be the case a few minutes after; for, passing out, down the street a young son of theirs rushes rudely by with an awful oath upon his lips.—You are shocked, surprised, and make inquiry and find out that he is one of the worst characters in town. Alas, for human nature! When we meet with an experience like this, we are reminded of the mote and the beam, the gnat and the camel our Saviour alluded to; and of a line in Burns about "seeing ourselves as others see us." If people would look more at home and less abroad to find faults and crums to grumble over, we would have less snarling and back-biting, and more harmony, purity and peace. For it is from *home* comes the material of which society is increased, and the church built up. Let us, therefore, strive to make home what it ought to be, and give to society and the world pure, gentle, noble souls, fresh from the anvil of home love and influence, and we will thus hasten on the day of millennial peace and glory. Purify the fountain, and its waters will be pure.

AN OBSERVER.

Stoystown, Pa., April 2d.

### Of Begging and Digging.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the *Christian Union* says: A paragraph, going the rounds of the daily papers and headed 'A Tragic Death,' states that Miss Magernie, a native of Pittsfield, in Massachusetts, died of starvation and opium the other day, at St. Paul. In the best of reporter's English, it is related that her father was rich and gave his daughter 'a thorough education,' but dying insolvent, left her 'friendless in the cold world.' Going to St. Paul, she attempted to make vests for a livelihood, but the want of skill preventing success,' she tried other means of honorable support, which always failing, she took opium, and was found in her room in a dying state.

Now, we concede there is a tragedy here, but it is not to our thinking the final taking off. Admitting the story to be true, the poor child's death seems the only act of the drama which was not tragic. The real element of tragedy lay in the vast disproportion between her needs and capacities, between the qualities she brought to life and the qualities which life demands. The failure to live was the tragical thing. And the contemplation of it opens the wide subject of the training of our girls.

The mistake as it seems to us of our whole system of female education, is a fundamental one. It contemplates only schools, not functions. Whereas the modern American finds the only satisfaction of life to be usefulness, and has a right to demand the training which will open the way alike to a noble contentment and propriety. We shall yet have something to say of the inadequacy of the boy's instruction to his probable occasion; but what with modern technical schools with opportunities for apprenticeship, and with the width of this broad continent wherein to better his condition, the boy, from the start, holds large odds against failure. Moreover, however miserably the means may fall short of the end, the thought that underlies a boy's education is, that he must study that he may be able to get his living. The community excuse neither idleness nor incapacity in a man. And the harder and more intelligently he works, the more he sits at ease in the high places of approbation. In this one condition his advantage over his sister in inestimable. For the community practically coddles and admires idleness and incapacity in a woman, as is shown in the quality of her education, and in the popular flings at the "strong minded." A working boy rows his boat always with the current. A working girl rows hers, usually, against, it.

We need no ghost come from the grave to tell us of the wrongs of all this. But the ghost of Nellie Magernie will not down. Here was a girl born in Pittsfield, city of famous schools for girls, receiving there, it is said, 'a thorough education.' We all know what that means. It is an education beginning with the scale of 'C natural' on the piano, and ending with the sonatas of 'G minor,' and *Le Roi des Montagnes*, if, indeed, it comprehend anything so vigorous. It is an education which fixes a girl for the trade of a fine lady. Leaving out of view the insult implied in the notion that this teaching or existence can satisfy any immortal creature, there remains the certain and deliberate cruelty of it. For there is no class of girls in America, as in aristocratic countries, exempt from the necessity of labor. Wealth alone can insure that freedom, and wealth is nowhere so insecure as here where the basis is seldom landed property. Of twenty girls brought up under this aimless system of instruction, and reared extensively, ten must sooner or later, earn their bread; or if they do not it is because they will meanly consent to to take it, unearned from father, brother, relative or friends, who cannot afford to give it. Froude says, there are but three ways to gets one's living; to earn it, to steal it, or to beg it; and he that does not choose the first takes, perforce, one of the other two. There cannot be much question which is the wise way, one would think; yet virtually we teach our well bred girls to be thieves and beggars, if we refuse to teach them to be workers. And by workers we do not mean superficial teachers of superficial studies, nor showy and faulty pianists, nor companions, en sufferance, of rich relatives and friends. We mean competent operators in some trade or handicraft. We mean photographers, telegraphers, watchmakers, glass engravers, wood engravers, designers, tailors, dressmakers, jewelers, manufacturers, printers, shoemakers, sea captains, architects, gardeners, farmers, poulterers, fruit-growers, book keepers, upholsterers, picture dealers, grocers, decorators, tin-peddlers, if any choose. Whatever business is honest and profitable for a boy, is honest and profitable for girl, other things being equal, since Heaven, less discriminating than modern sentiment, has made capacity of no sex. Nellie Margernie finds her 'thorough education' of no possible use to her when, for the first time, she needs to profit by it.

Yet in the city wherein she died, there were probably a hundred families wherein a thoroughly competent American nurse or waitress and chambermaid would have received exceptional wages, and a safe, if not agreeable home. We do not speak of a cook's situation, because a good cook is a creature of careful training and long practice, and no novice can fill that place. But other household avocations are comparatively mechanical and simple, and within the range of moderate capacity and of experience. And when we say we would have very little respect for a woman who would permit herself to starve to death where domestic service stands begging for honest hands, we mean to condemn not only the false notions of the society that produced her. The theory of our body politic is the essential dignity of labor. The practice, as far as concerns women, save in the case of a few employments counted as "genteel," is to deny their essential womanhood, and to hide their necessity to labor under thin and mean disguises.

For two reasons we have spoken only of the disabilities of those girls who are called highly educated. First, because girls of a lower social grade, trained from the beginning to industrial pursuits have a much more even chance. Secondly, because that reformation of opinion and of conduct which is to give working women an equal opportunity with men, is to come from the richer classes, and to begin its beneficent work upon heiresses. Every servant girl in New York dragged her calico flounce in the gutter till the ladies of Fifth Avenue put on short gowns, and then cleanliness and economy reigned among the millions. It is the women above the need of work who must work, if ever we are to have a healthy public sentiment concerning manual labor and trade for women. If the daughters of Dives were known to be learning the telegraphy or book-keeping, or the decorating of china, or small fruit-growing, or scroll-sawing, with a view of possible future poverty, the daughters of Lazarus would think it not only decorous, but very good fun to learn similar employments and practice them. Until that day, poor Lazarus, on a pitiful salary, will scrimp his narrow way to death, his girls not too heartless to help him, but only too conventional and too incapable. If the wife of Dives would qualify herself to take charge of a business house, or superintend a manufactory, then the wife of Lazarus, who has abundant leisure, and whose nature grows sour under poverty and inaction, would eagerly strive after some such employment, growing nobler therein.

### Clay's Maiden Speech.

In November, 1797, Mr. Clay come to the then little village of Lexington, Ky., leaning alone on Providence, a widowed mother's prayers and the untutored talents with which God had been pleased to bless him. He opened a law office immediately on his arrival but he did not engage for some time in the duties of his profession. For the purpose of improvement in debate, he joined a village club; but for a long time he took no part in its proceedings. He seemed, to them who knew him slightly, to lack vigor and energy, was then slender and of apparent feeble constitution. But, even at that time, it was remarked, by a distinguished literary gentleman of Lexington, that Mr. Clay's colloquial style was more habitually correct and elegant than that of any other young man he had ever known. His fellow-members of the society, who knew his ability in this respect, were surprised at his unbroken silence at all their meetings; and a remark he whispered to his neighbor, one evening after a long debate, just as the question was about to be taken, that the subject did not seem to him to have been exhausted, appears to have awakened unusual attention. His words were heard by several, and the chairman was requested not to put the question then, as Mr. Clay would speak. He was thus directly called upon, and manifested extreme embarrassment. He had never before made an attempt at public speaking, and seemed diffident and distrustful of his own abilities in an unusual degree. He had, without doubt, framed and uttered in his closet many a speech fitted for, but never pronounced in, the halls of justice; for this was betrayed by his opening words. He lacked confidence to keep his seat; and as he rose and, with marked confusion, attempted to speak, "Gentleman of the Jury" were the first words that fell from his lips. His mistake disturbed him the more, and he blundered them out again. But, seeing the sympathy of his audience, who appreciated his feelings and were unwilling to add to his embarrassment by seeming to notice it, their courtesy gave him confidence; he shook off his timidity and launched forth into an oration of great logical strength, of extreme beauty of diction, and of thrilling eloquence, which excited the admiration and the profoundest respect of his hearers. Thus was sounded that voice which, like a stirring trumpet, arousing to all that is noble in action and patriotic in feeling, has for nearly half a century pealed throughout the length and breadth of our land. After this Mr. Clay was a constant attendant upon the debate of the society, and became at once one of its most active members. His voice mingled in every discussion, and he took good care to make thorough preparation upon every topic of debate; his arguments always bore marks of careful thought, and evinced close reasoning and a remarkable power of eloquent expression. He soon threw off the timidity which at first had so badly perplexed him, and acquired that perfect self-command and readiness of reply which, upon so many important occasions in after life, he has exhibited, alike to the admiration of others and to his own advantage.—*Memoir of Henry Clay.*

—We hope all who receive this paper may studiously read the above article and thoughtfully ponder over it. It contains two useful lessons—one to those who are just entering the threshold of a Lyceum; another to those who are thoroughly identified with it. It teaches the first to persevere through blunder and disappointment until they succeed; and it shows them plainly that a man with a steadfast purpose cannot fail and will not flinch. It tells the second to make a thorough preparation, give their subject careful thought, if they would acquire the parts of a good debate; and this was the key-note of Clay's success; it was the desire to be thorough in everything that made him the master orator of the Senate and the champion Protectionist of the time. * * * And this experience of Clay's teaches us the importance of encouraging those who are backward, diffident and embarrassed. The members of a Lyceum should not appear to notice the first, awkward attempts of a green speaker; anything like a smile or a burst of laughter at his expense should be frowned down by those who are interested in the cause.

It is a fact worth noting, that while in most of the savings banks in Massachusetts the male depositors greatly outnumber the female, yet in large paper-making towns there is almost an equality between the two sexes in this respect.

### A Highly Cultivated and Very Intelligent Audience.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, who attended a Lydia Thompson performance, speaks of the intelligent public in the following animated style:

After a time the curtain rises again on this excessively entertaining and refined play. A gawky chap in a blue cotton overall wiggles his little toe. Intelligent audience just doubles over and holds his stomach with laughter. Gawky chap does it again. Intelligent audience laughs harder than ever. Ugly old heathen stumble against gawky chap in blue overall, and whops over upon the floor, and assures folks that that's the kind of man he is. Intelligent audience, delirious with mirth, doubles over and holds his stomach with laughter again. Another young woman in spangled clothes appears, and gives a kick, and says, "You bet."—Highly cultivated audience laughs immoderately and claps very hard.