Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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

Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6. 1873. NO. 8.

Business Cards,

PAUL H. CATTHEE, Attorney at Law, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all professional business in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in "Mammoth Block," opposite H. Marshall's drug store.

J. A. MILLER has permanently located in Somerset for the practice of his profession.—Office in Charles Kreisinger's store.

A. A. KIMMEL, will continue to practice in the courts of Somerset and surrounding counties, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Mansion House. Nov. 8, '71.

H. S. BETTAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barner House. 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. jy 5-tf.

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

COL. J. COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of Col. Colborn. aug. 12-1y.

JAS. H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, collections a specialty. Money advanced on collections. Office on Main street.

VALENTINE RAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

W. M. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., office in the front part of jail, up stairs. Will be at Jennerstown on the second Friday of each month. All work in his line warranted to give satisfaction. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the latest material. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

JOHN KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Prompt and faithful. Office in Court House. feb. 18, '70-1y.

JOSEPH SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office near the Court House. jan. 15-tf.

JOHN S. MYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Union street, opposite residence of Col. Scull. jy. 9-tf.

COURT 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 a house which he hopes will give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their custom.

JOHN HILL.

J. STEFFER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa., will give prompt attention to all cases in his care. may 28-1y.

S. S. GOOD,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

SOMERSET, PA.

Office in Main Street. may 22-72.

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 Somerset and vicinity.—Office in Drug Store, opposite the Barner House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged.

All calls promptly answered. may 21-72.

J. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business promptly attended to and punctually attended to. may 7-1y.

W. R. RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Building, formerly occupied by Lehmer, from Diamond.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. John A. Ellis still continues the practice of Dentistry. He is prepared to perform all operations in his profession in the best manner and at as low prices as the same work can be done anywhere in the State. Teeth from $5 to $8; a double set for $15. All operations warranted and teeth extracted without pain. jan 7

J. M. HARVEY & CO.,

COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS, EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE.

Will work allowance on consignments and promptly make sales.

A. WALKER,

Surveyor, Somerset County, Pa., Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent, will buy and sell real estate, make collections, locate lands in Somerset and Bedford counties, Pa., and Nicholas counties, Virginia. Address, Hebron, Thayer P. O., Md. april 2.

JAMES WILSON & SON,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

307 Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!

J. C. YUTZY,

DENTIST

SOMERSET CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,

Will insert Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, on Gutta Percha, Rubber and Rubbanite, inserted in the most fashionable manner, and at much cheaper rates than any other dealer in the county. Persons desiring to have their teeth extracted without pain, can do so by enclosing stamp addressed to above. jy23-72

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FINE CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO, SNUFFS AND CIGARS,

No. 30 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,"

Near the village of Somerset, is now running. It has all the latest improvements, and is warranted to do the best kind of work. Farmers bring your grain, for all kinds of grain taken in exchange for flour. VALENTINE RAY.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines, etc., should call on

S. H. KEMP,

HARNEDSVILLE,

Somerset County, Pa.

Will supply the purchaser of him at lower rates than of any other party. Feb. 28-'72.

C. G. BASSETT,

Architectural Draughtsman and Builder.

Will draw plans in the best manner known to the art, in modern style.

Office in Baltimore Building made a Specialty.

Patronage Solicited.

Somerset, Pa., May 28.

$4 to $20 per day. Agents wanted everywhere. Particulars free. A. H. Hale & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Miscellaneous.

CROUSE & SHIRES,

Manufacturers of Seed and Havanna

CIGARS.

BEDFORD, PA.

Orders Solicited. No authorized agent. may 7-1y.

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. jun29 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.

ESTABLISHED IN 1838.

RE-ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

C. G. Hammer & Sons

Manufacturers of Fine and Medium FURNITURE, of every description and price, hand-made and superior in style and quality than found in most or any other Furniture House this side of the mountains.

Photographs and Price Lists sent on application, or when in the city don't forget the place—Sign of the Large Golden Chair.

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FURNITURE.

PARLOR, LIBRARY,
DINING-ROOM AND
OFFICE FURNITURE,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Also, sole manufacturers for Western Penna. of

M'Donough's Patent Bed Lounge.

T. B. YOUNG & CO.,

21 Smithfield Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

june25

Miscellaneous.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

This unrivaled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver.

The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption. Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

This Great Unfailing SPECIFIC will not be found the Least Unpleasant.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

Simmons' Liver Regulator, or Medicine,

Is the cheapest, Purest and best Family Medicine in the world.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.

For sale by G. W. Benford, Somerset, Pa. july2

S. D. LIVENGOOD. J. M. OLINGER.

LIVENGOOD & OLINGER,

BANKERS,

Main Street, opposite the Postoffice, Dale City, Pa.

We sell Drafts negotiable East and West. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Special attention paid to collections. Money received on deposit, payable on demand; interest paid on time deposits. Everything in the Banking line will receive our prompt personal attention; we shall do our utmost to give satisfaction to our depositors and correspondents.

may7 LIVENGOOD & OLINGER.

Cambria County

BANK,

M. W. KEIM & CO.,

NO. 266 MAIN STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

In Henry Schnable's Brick Building.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust.

april 16-73.

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.

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

AN ACT

Conferring Additional Privileges on the

JOHNSTOWN

SAVINGS BANK.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same:

That the JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK is hereby authorized to receive deposits from minors and married women, and shall have power to pay, on application, the check, proper receipt, or order of any minor, or married woman, such money, or any part thereof, as he or she may have deposited to his or her credit, or any interest or dividend accruing thereon, without the assent or approval of the parent or guardian of such minor, or the husband or creditors of the husband of such married woman, to attach or in any manner interfere with any deposit, interest, or dividend due thereon to such minor or married woman.

SEC. 2. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

WM. ELLIOTT,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
GEO. H. ANDERSON,
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved the tenth day of March, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, HARRISBURG, March 13, A. D. 1873.

I do hereby certify that the foregoing and annexed is a full, true and correct copy of the original act of the General Assembly, entitled: An Act conferring additional privileges on the Johnstown Savings Bank, as the same remains on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Secretary's office to be affixed, the day and year above written.

A. C. REINOEHL,
Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.

june4

SIMMONS & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Tobacco and Segars,

408 Market Street, Above Fourth,

PHILADELPHIA.

☞ E. H. Marshall, agent, Somerset Pa. dec4'72

KNABE & CO.'S PIANOS.
HAINES BROS.' PIANOS.
GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.'S ORGANS.

The three best and most popular instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price Lists, containing full particulars mailed to any address.

CHARLOTTE BLUME,
No. 19 Sixth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sole agent for Prince & Co.'s Organs. april23.

BY THE SHORE OF THE RIVER.

Through the gray willows the bleak winds are raving
Here on the shore with its drift-wood and sands;
Over the river the lilies are waving,
Bathed in the sunshine of Orient lands;
Over the river, the wide, dark river
Spring-time and Summer are blooming forever.

Here, all alone on the rocks, I am sitting,
Sitting and waiting—my comrades all gone—
Shadows of mystery drearily flitting,
Over the surf with its sorrowful moan,
Over the river, the strange, cold river,
Ah! must I wait for the Boatman forever?

Wife and children and friends were around me,
Labor and rest were as wings to my soul;
Honor and love were the laurels that crowned me;
Little I recked how the dark waters roll,
But the deep river, the gray, misty river,
All that I lived for has taken forever!

Silently came a black boat o'er the billows;
Stealthily grated the keel on the sand;
Rustling footsteps were heard through the willows;
There the dark Boatman stood, waving his hand,
Whispering, "I come, o'er the shadowy river;
She who is dearest must leave thee forever."

Suns that were brightest and skies that were bluest
Darkened and paled in the message he bore.
Year after year went the fondest, the truest,
Following that beckoning hand to the shore,
Down to the river, the cold, grim river,
Over whose waters they vanished forever.

Yet not in visions of grief have I wandered;
Still have I toiled, though my ardors have flown.
Labor is manhood; and life is but squandered
Dreaming vague dreams of the future alone.
Yet from the tides of the mystical river
Voices of spirits are whispering ever.

Lonely and old, in the dusk I am waiting,
Till the dark Boatman, with soft, muffled oar,
Glides o'er the waves, and I hear the keel grating.
See the dim, beckoning hand on the shining,
Wafting me over the welcoming river
To gardens and homes that are shining forever!

—*Atlantic for June.*

THE MISSING WHALEMAN.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Our first mate was in a towering passion.

The captain's son, William Wren, fourth officer, and the mate's boatsteerer, had called him a white-headed old lubber, because he, (the first mate) had struck the cabin boy—Tom Cutter—a favorite with Wren.

In truth the poor youth had not deserved the blow he received. He had accidently spilt a cup of hot coffee which, in the cold latitude of the Arctic ocean, was often the first thing partaken of by the mate when he came on deck in the morning.

But the poor cabin boy is often a mark for the spleen of all hands. From the captain to the cook he is kicked and cuffed whenever his elders happen to feel like exercising themselves in this manner.

Aboard merchant vessels boys are often little better treated than dogs with brutal masters. They are overworked, not only by the officers but also by the old sailors, who make them do the "dirty work" aboard ship.

That is the reason why a sensible seaman will never advise, nor approve of, a boy's going to sea

Besides these disadvantages, a lad going away from kind, christian parents, often becomes demoralized by the coarse associates with whom he mingles. The bad treatment alone to which he is subjected has this effect.

It would have fared much worse with the cabin boy aboard the Tigress—of which vessel I am now writing—but for the kindness of Miss Temple, the captain's niece, a beautiful young lady of seventeen, who had accompanied her uncle ostensibly for her healty, but in reality, if the truth must be known, that she might be near William Wren, whom she deeply loved and to whom she was engaged.

Marian Temple was indeed a lovely creature. Her long, brown hair fell down her shoulders in heavy masses; her neck was as white as marble, her eyes large and of a hazel color, lighted her regular yet ever varying features with a scintillating sort of glow, which was well calculated to attract.

Often this young lady would interfere where a rope's end was about being applied to litte Jack's back.

On the morning in question Marian had not yet come up. William, however, emerged from the companionway to see the lad crying.

He questioned him, to learn that Mr. Barton had struck him.

"You are a white-headed old lubber," said Wren, to the first mate; "how would you like to be struck in that way, yourself," pointing at the lad's bruised and swolen lip.

"It is none of your business," screamed Barkton.

"Yes it is; it is the business of every humane man to prevent a lad's being struck by any person except his own father."

"And so you—an officer heer, yourself, wish to uphold that little scamp above me?"

As he spoke, he paced the deck, furiously.

When the captain came up, a moment later, Barkton told him that his son had interferred between him and his duty.

"How is that, Bill?" said the captain.

Bill at once explained.

"I would not have blamed the lad," he added, "had he picked up a handspike, and retaliated by striking the mate over the head with it."

"You wouldn't, eh?" screamed Barkton. "Just hear that, captain!"

"You go too far' Bill," said the scipper.

"I will go yet farther," answered Bill, and say that I, myself, have a mind to chastise him for it."

The mate was now unable to contain himself.

He shook his clenched fists at Wren, declaring that he would kill him, if he ever laid hands on his person.

Wren laughed.

The captain here interposed.

"Come men," said he, "don't let us have any more of this. We are not here to fight among ourselves, but to fight whales."

Wren for his father's sake, said no more. He and the first mate, however, felt, from that moment, that they were enemies.

Miss Temple soon heard of what had occurred.

One evening she was by her lover's side on the quarter deck, looking very pretty in her thick fur coat, round velvet hat, and red feather.

In the east the moon was just rising, throwing a flood of silver light over the smoothe water and flooding the numerous bergs floating by with an almost unearthly radiance.

"William," said Marian, gently, "I would much rather you would no longer act as boatsteerer for the first mate."

"And why not?"

"I don't know, but, somehow, I feel very uneasy about it, and would much rather you belonged to some other boat. I have seen Barkton, ever since your difficulty with him, look at you in a way that shows that he would injure you if he could."

"You are mistaken. The man has his faults, but I don't think he would hold a grudge in that way."

"It is hard to tell," said Marian, shaking her pretty head. "Promise me that you will get removed to some other boat."

"I cannot promise you that," he answered. "I have given my word to act as harpooner for the first mate, and it would not, therefore, be right for me to do otherwise."

Marion sighed, but said no more. Somehow she was unable to sleep that night.

Next morning the cry of "There blows!" proclaimed that whales were sighted.

In a moment all was hurry and excitement aboard. A school of bowhead whales were seen about three miles off.

"Call all hands! Clear away the boats!" screamed the captain.

Marion had come on deck. Pale as a lilly she stood, watching the boats as they descended, splashing, into the water.

"Lookout for yourself," she said, in a low tone to Wren, as he went past her to get into the larboard boat.

The young man merely smiled. The next moment the boats were putting away from the ship, which lay with her main yard hauled aback, as is usual in such cases.

The boats pulled until they were out of sight of the vessel, which by this time, the wind having died away, was becalmed. Hours passed, and still no sign of them was seen.

Marian was pale with anxiety. Even the captain, who on this occasion had not lowered, walked his quarter-deck uneasily.

"What can have become of them," said Marian, walking over to the captain and laying a hand on his arm.

"I don't know, it really *does* look strange."

Another hour passed. Still no sign of the boats.

The sun was now low in the horizon, evening was throwing long-pointed shadows upon the sea from the numerous bergs floating past the vessel. Upon some of these bergs the shining seal crawling would lift its unearthly eyes to Marian's face, as if in sympathy with her feelings. Tears were now gathering in her brown orbs. Her bosom heaved, and she could scarcely repress her sobs.

"Heaven help *him* wherever he may be," she muttered.

Time passed; gloomy shadows gathered; the stars came out—the moon rose—a cold, clear night!

Still the captain paced his quarter-deck with sharp look-outs posted all over the vessel, and still poor Marian, stifling her sobs, leaned over the quarter-rail. Suddenly she fancied she saw a black speck upon the water through a vista among the icebergs.

She notified the captain, who soon had his night-glass leveled.

He dropped the glass and turned pale.

"For heaven's sake!" gasped Marian, "what do you see?"

"A boat with one man in it!"

"Only one?"

"Ay, ay, niece, that is all!"

The ship was headed for the boat, which soon came along side.

Mr. Barkton, cold and shivering, his garb covered with icicles, stepped aboard.

"Well?" said the captain, impatiently.

"For Heaven's sake, a little rum first," said Barkton, turning pale, and shunning Marian's gaze.

The captain having called to the steward to furnish the rum the mate was soon gratified.

"Well," he said, after drinking deep draughts of the hot liquor, "we pulled after them whales, do you see, but they led us on a sort of a wild goose chase until near night, when the second mate got fast, and all the other boats followed him and I was the only one left to follow the other whales. If those fellows havn't come aboard yet I suppose it is because they are waiting for the turn of the current to tow the whale to the ship."

The captain's eyes brightened.

"That isn't so bad, Mr. Barkton, upon my word," said the skipper, joyfully rubbing his hands.

The mate showed no joy. His whole face was pinched and wrinkled, as if with some troublesome thought, and he kept pouring the rum down his throat.

"For Heaven's sake, stop," said the captain, "or you will be as drunk as a fiddler."

He pulled the bottle from the mate's hand.

"You are afraid of your liquor. You begrudge it!" screamed the mate. "I must have more."

"Let that be my answer," cried the captain, throwing the bottle overboard. "But what ails you, man? You look pale, and how you tremble."

"Where is he? Where is William Wren?" asked Marian, her eyes burning on the mate like coals of fire.

"Ay, and all the rest of your crew?" chimed in the captain.

"I will tell you," said the mate, knitting his brows yet more closely. "You see we got fast at dark to a whale. Our boat was dragged along through the ice. Suddenly it went over so far that all the men in it except myself and the youth, Tom Cuttle, who pulled the bow oar, were spilled out upon the ice.

"As I was anxious to secure the whale, I did not cut, hoping to kill it when it should come up, with the help of Tom Cuttle.

"Well, I had to cut from it, after all, when I was many miles from the place where the men had been spilled out."

"So you couldn't tell where they are?"

"No; but I dare say they are all safe. I forgot to mention that Tom Cuttle was caught by the line and dragged under while I was endeavoring to get at that whale."

"A strange thing to forget," thought the captain.

Moreover, he did not like the mate's manner, which was singularly unnatural.

As to Marian, she felt uneasy. A strange foreboding seemed to tell of evil—to whisper to her heart that Barkton had not told the whole truth.

All that night the captain, now having a good breeze, cruised hither and thither for that portion of the crew whom the mate had stated were left on the ice. Next morning, the other boats with the whale, came alongside. The missing men, however, could not be found.

All that day and the next the captain vainly searched for them.

Marian was almost distracted. In the afternoon of the second day all aboard beheld a horrible sight. A huge, wounded whale came up close to the ship, *having a living body pinned to it, apparently with a harpoon.* The creature sounded ere the spectators could obtain a distinct view of the apparition, but Marian, with a wild shriek, exclaimed that she believed it was the body of William Wren they had seen.

"Heaven forbid!" groaned the captain; "and yet me thought it did look like him!"

Others of the crew thought so, too.

Meanwhile all had noticed the agitation of Barkton at sight of that whale with the dead body attached. The mate had turned livid, while he shook like an aspen.

The same pinched, wrinkled expression the captain had previously noticed seemed to come again, and remain upon his parchment-hued face.

An hour after the whale had disappeared, the man aloft reported some persons on an iceberg to leeward.

Instantly there was a great commotion throughout the ship.

The vessel was headed for the berg, and the men picked up, were found to be all those missing except William Wren.

Half frozen and starved, it was some time before they were fit to be questioned.

They then corroborated the mate's story about the boat being capsized, and their being spilled out.

"Was William Wren among you?" inquired the captain.

They could not say—it was so dark at the time—but they *thought* not, or they would have seen him, unless indeed his body went down between the bergs, when he fell out of the boat and got under.

The captain was sorely puzzled.

Stronger than ever became his conviction that the man pinned to the whale was Wren, and that it was Barkton who had performed the horrible deed.

Days and weeks passed and still there was no further news of the missing fourth mate.

One morning up came that whale again, right ahead of the ship, with the body pinned to it.

The harpoon had gone right through the form, and fastened to the whale, showing that the situation of the corpse could not be the mere result of accident.

The clothing had now all become torn from the body, while the disfigured face was unrecognizable.

All hands, however, believed it to be William Wren, and again many stern glances were directed at the mate, who, as before, showed singular agitation.

His whole frame trembled, and he seemed transfixed to the deck, as his eyes, apparently by some strange fascination, were turned upon the body.

Before a boat could be lowered, down went the whale, and was next seen far away to windward, where it would be impossible to capture him.

Poor Marian was nearly distracted. Her excitement threw her into a brain-fever, from which she would never, propably, have recovered but for a most unexpected circumstance—the reappearance of William Wren; alive and well.

Coming aboard from another whale ship the captain had spoken, he stated that his vessel had picked him up, after he had remained on the ice for two two days. On being spilled out of the boat, he had gone down beneath the ice, but, by swimming rapidly some distance under water, he had saved himself, clutching another berg when he arose to the surface.

The darkness had prevented his seeing his shipmates, whom he did not know had been also spilled out. The berg drifted, with the current, and a mist, the next morning, still kept his shipmates out of sight.

Half famished and frozen, he finally sighted and signalled the vessel which had picked him up.

The men now wondered whose body it was they had seen fastened to the whale.

Barkton had said he knew nothing about it, and all hands were now inclined to believe him.

Finally, for a third time the ghastly object was seen, and a boat being now lowered, the whale was captured. The mate had refused to go down, saying that no good would come of hunting a whale with a dead man attached.

This had been charged to his superstitious notions; but when the whale was captured, and the harpoon dislodged from the body, the mate's name was found upon the weapon, and on the body a ring which was recognized as the property of Tom Cuttle.

Cuttle had been frightened—when the whale came up, and while the mate was trying to kill it—to a degree which had caused him to disobey orders. This so enraged Barkton that he flung a harpoon at the youth, who, seeing it aimed at him, fell back upon the whale. The harpoon struck him while he was in this position, passing through his body and pinning him to the leviathan.

We have to add that Barkton was hung for his crime. Marian and her husband now live happily in a little stone cottage near Sag Harbor.—Years have passed since the events recorded, but the husband and wife often think, with a shudder, of that terrible spectacle of the harpooned body fast to a whale.—*New York Weekly.*

Three Brave Flags.

A special meeting of the New England Historical-Genealogical Society was held in the society's rooms, Boston, last week, the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder presiding, to listen to a paper on three historical flags. The flag that inspired the patriotic lines, "The Star Spangled Banner," which waved over Fort McHenry during the bombardment in 1814, hung on one side of the room, and appeared in a remarkably good state of preservation. The flag borne by the Enterprise in her action with the Boxer in 1813 ornamented the opposite side of the hall, though it appeared in a very dilapidated condition Just over the chairman was suspenden the flag which Paul Jones so proudly carried on board the Bon Homme Richard in her famous action with the Serapis, which flag was brought to Boston by Mrs. S. S. Stafford, daughter of the Lieutenant of the Bon Homme Richard, who came from Trenton to allow it to be exhibited. After the meeting was called to order, Captain George H. Preble, United States Navy, was introduced, and read a paper as follows:

I esteem it a pleasure that I am privilegd this afternoon to present to your views these interesting mementoes of our victories—the flag of the Bon Homme Richard, the flag of the Enterprise and the flag of Fort Mc Henry. I am sorry that their introduction has not fallen into more eloquent hands. I will however, do my best to explain their history and satisfy you as to their authenticity. Their mute voices and battle-stained remains speak more eloquently than could words of mine.

THE FLAG OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD, 1779.

First, though smallest in size, from its age and history worthy of the first place, I will call your attention to the flag worn by the Bon Homme Richard during the action with the Serapis, Sept. 24, 1779, and which I will show you there was reasonable if not convincing evidence proving it to have been the first stars and stripes ever hoisted over an American vessel of war, and the first flag saluted by a foreign naval power. About ten days before the battle, Com. Jones captured a Brittish man of war and her prize, an American armed ship called the Kitty, commanded by Captain Philip Stafford. The Englishmen had put the crew in irons, and on their capture Captain Jones transferred the bracelets to the officers and crew of the Brittish vessel. The crew of the Kitty all volunteered on board the Bon Homme Richard, in revenge for the treatment they had received from their British captors. Among the volunteers was a young man named James Bayard Stafford, nephew of the captain and father of the present owner of the flag. Being an educated youth, he received an appointment as an officer of the Richard. When the battle was raging furiously this flag was shot away, and young Stafford jumped into the sea and recovered it, and was engaged in replacing it when he was cut down by an officer of the Serapis. When the Bon Homme was sinking the flag was seized by a sailor, transferred by Paul Jones to the Serapis, and accompanied him to the Alliance when he took command of the frigate Texel. It remained on board the Alliance until the close of the revolution, when the vessel was sold to Robert Morris, the great financier of the times, and fitted for the East India trade. Shortly after her sale the secretary of the marine committe wrote Lieut. Stafford that by the advice of Com. Barry, and in consideration of his service in replacing the flag when shot away in the action, committe had decided to present to him this flag, the medicine chest of the Richard and a tower musket taken in the Serapis. This relic Lieut. Stafford preserved until his death, and on the death of his widow, Aug. 9, 1861, came into possession of his only daughter, Miss Sarah Smith Stafford, and their present owner. Miss Stafford was personally acquainted with several of the crew of the Bon Homme Richard, and she still cares for the graves. They often called upon her father, who would show them this flag and would express the deepest reverence for it. One of these sailors, Thomas Johnson, a Norwegian died only a few years since at the naval asylum in Philadelphia. The flag is, or was about eight and a half yards long and one yard five inches wide, and is sewed with hempen or flaxen thread, and contains twelve white stars in its blue union and thirteen white stripes, alternately red and white. The stars are arranged in four horizontrl, parallel lines, with three stars in each line. Why so small a flag was used, scarcely larger than a boat ensign of the present day, may be explained by the action having been fought at night, and because of the high cost of the English material and the difficulty of procuring it. The flag has been several times loaned to fairs and festivals. It was exhibited at the sanitary fairs in Philadelphia and New York, and at the great fair in Trenton in 1862. A piece was cut from the fly of it at the beginning of our civil war by direction of Mrs. Stafford the mother of the present owner, and sent to President Lincoln. The flag with its twelve stars and thirteen stripes, bears evidence of its age if not of its authenticity. After 1749 and up to 1818 the flag established by law had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. Miss Stafford who was borne in July 1802, recollects this flag from April, 1796, when as a great favorite she was permitted by her father to carry it across the street in a family moving. An aged friend of hers reccollects it and being told many years before that it was the flag of the Bon Homme Richard. It must therefore date before 1749. Why its union has but twelve stars, unless it fitted it, and there was no symmetrical place for the odd one, is a mystery. It has been suggested that only twelve of the colonies had consented to the confederation at the date of its manufacture, but that is not so. All the colonies had confederated before the adoption of the stars in 1777, and the consent of Georgia, the last to give assent, was symbolized in the flag of thirteen stripes alternately red and white twisted by Washington at Cambridge, January 1, 1776. In an agreement signed by Paul Jones and the Captain of his Franco-American squadron June, 1776, it was expressly stipulated that the squadron should fly the flag of the United States. So we may be sure the stars and stripes were down in the fight between the Richard and Serapis as they had been in the fight between the Ranger and Drake six months earlier, as Jones himself stated. The remarkable action between the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis, fought within sight of the shores of England, exercised as important an influence upon our affairs in Europe as did the fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama in recent times.

But the flag claims a higher significance, as there is good reason for believing, on the authority of Mrs. Patrick Hayes, the niece of Mrs. Sarah Austin, afterwards the wife of Com. John Barry, who had the story from her aunt; it is stated that the patriotic ladies met at Philadelphia, in the old Swedes church, and under the direction of John Brown, Esq., secretary of the new Board of Marine, formed or arranged a flag. That flag was presented to Captain Paul Jones by Mrs Mary and Sarah Austin (the latter the aunt of Mrs Hayes) in behalf of the patriotic ladies of the city. After its presentation Jones was so enthusiastically delighted with his flag that he procured a small boat and with it unfurled sailed up and down the Schulkill to show to the thousands on shore what the national flag was to be. I have been unable to ascertain the facts in the case, but it was well known that Paul Jones' commission to the Ranger, and the resolution establishing the stars and stripes as our national ensign, was included in the same series of resolutions, and he left it on record that he was the first to hoist the new constellation over an American ship of war when he took command of the Ranger as he was the first to have it acknowledged by a salute from a foreign nation in February, 1778, in Quiberon bay, and that he wore the the stars and stripes in the action between the Ranger and the Drake, on May 27 following. Miss Stafford is the patriotic elderly lady, whose petition to congress for a pension on account of her father's service ninety-three years before, created a sensation in 1872. The petition was granted. Her house in Trenton is a museum of revolutionary relics, and her door-plate is ornamented with an enameled portrait of Washington. Her faith in this flag is shown by the fact that being unwilling to entrust it to any other hands than hers, she has made the journey from Trenton to Boston expressly to enable me to exhibit it to you, and will return with it when this meeting is over.

THE FLAG OF THE ENTERPRISE.

The next flag is that worn by the United States brig Enterprise In her action with the British brig Boxer, on September 4, 1813. It is now owned by Mr. H. G. Quincy of Portland, Maine. He truthfully remarks in his letter which accompanied it, that the flag which dying Burrows requested might never be struck is now almost struck to decay, neglect and old age, the devowering teeth of time. This flag, which was an old one at the day of the engagement, patched up only the day before the action, as one of the officers of the Enterprise said, with a still older flag, was given by one of the officers to Capr. Coolidge, who sent it to the old Portland Museum. When the museum was broken up, and its contents scattered and sold. Mr Quincy obtained possession of the flag, and has held it in his precious trust ever since. He writes me: I loan you the flag of the Enterprise with pleasure, to exhibit with the other flags named by you. It stands as high in the estimation of all Americans, especially at Portland Bay, as either of the others." He says that after the action it bore the marks of fifty-nine shot holes, probably chiefly from musketry. (An account was then given of battle between the Enterprise and the boxer.) The Enterprise sailed from Portland on September 3, 1813, and on the following day encountered the Boxer. The Boxer had her colors nailed to the mast. Burrows fell, but before he died the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to him, and he said: "I am satisfied; I die content." Capt. Blythe the British captain also fell, and his remains in company with Lieut. Burrows were interred side by side with military honors. The body of Burrows was, at the funeral, covered with the flag you see before you, and the corpse of Blythe was covered in like manner with the flag he did not live to see lowered, and which is now among the trophy flags preserved at the naval academy at Anapolis.

THE FLAG OF FORT M'HENRY.

Last, but by no means least in size, and certainly not least in interest from the associations that cluster around it is the flag of Fort M'Henry, worn during its bombardment by the British, September 13 and 14, 1813, whose broad stripes and bright stars, seen by the dawn's early light, inspired the words of our national song, "The Star Spangled Banner." After the lapse of sixty years, its colors, as you see them, are so bright and unfaded that it would seem, in the words of another of our songs, as if "all of its hues were born in heaven." The