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, SEPTEMBER 3, 1875. NO. 12.

Business Cards,

PAUL H. GAITHER, Attorney at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," adjoining store of I. H. Marshall's drug store.

DR. J. F. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office at Charles Kreisinger's store.

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

J. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barclay 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 8-tf.

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

DANIEL A. COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of dec'd. aug. 12-1y.

JOHN H. COHL, 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.

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

J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to.

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

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

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

JESSE 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 H. H. Scull. jy. 5-tf.

BARKER 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 favor him with their custom. JOHN HILL.

DR. J. SNEPPER, 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. may 22

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years active practice in Shankesville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times professionally engaged. Night calls promptly answered.

H. E. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business carefully solicited and punctually attended to.

P. BOOSE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

J. POBLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Will practice in Bedford and adjoining counties. Professional business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention and fidelity. W. H. RUPPEL.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bedford, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. Office—Second floor of southern end of Mansion House. Entrance from Diamond.

DENTISTRY.

Drs. Geo. & Bliss still continue the practice of Dentistry. They are prepared to perform all opperations in their profession, in the best manner and at as low prices as the same work can be done anywhere in the State. Sets of teeth for $8; a double set for $10. All work warranted, and teeth extracted without pain. jun 7

J. HARVEY & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE.
Liberal cash advances on consignments and sales promptly made.

A. WALKER,
Formerly from Somerset County, Pa., Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent, will buy and sell real estate, pay taxes, make collections, locate lands in the counties of Thayer and Nuckolls counties, Southern Nebraska. Address, Hebron, Thayer County, Nebraska. april 2.

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

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Durable and Handsome, inserted in the most Perfect manner. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to see operator, can do so by enclosing stamp. jy12-72

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
CHEWING TOBACCO, SNUFFS AND CIGARS,
130 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,"
Situated one-half mile south of Somerset is now in full running order. 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.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.
Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines or Shrubs should call on
H. H. KEMP,
HARNEDSVILLE,
Somerset County, Pa.
Save the purchase of him at lower rates than of any other party. Feb. 24-'72.

C. G. BASSETT,
Architectural Draughtsman and Builder.
Plans done in the best manner known to the art, and in modern style.
Door Window and Blind Building made a Specialty.
Patronage Solicited.
Somerset, Pa., May 2.

$10 to $20 per day. Agents wanted everywhere. Particulars free. A. H. Blair & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Miscellaneous.

CROUSE & SHIRES,
Manufacturers of Seed and Havanna
CIGARS.
BEDFORD, PA.
Orders Solicited. No authorized agent.

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.

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,
46, 48 and 50 SEVENTH AVENUE,
mar26 Pittsburgh, Pa.

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. S. LIVENGOOD. J. M. OLINGER.
LIVENGOOD & OLINGER,
BANKERS,
Main Street, opposite the Post-office, 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 16-72.

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 12, A. D. 1873.

PENNSYLVANIA, ss:

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

Ursina Lime Kilns.
The undersigned are prepared to furnish
Prime Building Lime
By the Car Load.
Orders Respectfully Solicited.
R. J. BATZER & CO.
Ursina, June 18.

THE OLD CANOE.

[The following fine verses appeared anonymously some years ago in a paper at Little Rock, Arkansas. The writer could have well afforded to give his or her name with it.]

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide:
Where the reeds and the rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done:
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silver screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below at the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

MY BACHELOR UNCLE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Beware of her, Herbert!" said my mother, a pair of gold-mounted pebble glasses adding an owlish wisdom to the nature of her remark.

"I have mistrusted her from the first," said my sister Mrs. Beverly

"So have I," said my other sister, Miss Rosamond Rockthrope. "These girls with greenish eyes and low voices are *sure* to have something of the cat nature in them."

"Your argument is thrown away," said I, calling up a comfortable obstinancy of demeanor. "I love Charlotte Courtenay, and I am determined to make her my wife."

And I walked out of the room, with all the dignity I could assume.

Charlotte Courtenay was my sister's governess, and just at that moment she was in the school-room teaching Dicky and Billy their impersonals and nominatives, with little Jesse strumming her scales on a wretched piano in the corner.

She looked up as I entered. Her eyes were a little green—green with the dreamy beryl tint that sleeps on a summer sea—but her hair shone and glistened like gold, and her features were small and regular, with flushes of pink on either cheek, and a little ripe cherry of a mouth.

"You had better give me up, Herbert," she said, when I told her the story of the recent discussion with the feminine powers of the household. "Not for worlds would I make discension in a family. Let me drudge on. Life is but short, and it will soon be over."

The tears started in her beryl eyes. Could I do aught but clasp her in my arms, and vow to be faithful for ever and ever?

And then she went back to her work; and *I* had to fight it all over again with my mother and sisters.

"Oh, Bertie, don't you see through her?" cried Rosamond. "She don't care for *you* at all."

"She's a mere scheming fortune-huntress!" cried Helen Beverly, bursting into tears. "And I won't keep her one day beyond the quarter—no, if she begs for bread in the public streets!"

"All this is nonsense," said I. "She knows perfectly well that I haven't a cent in the world."

"But she knows that you have expectations from our bachelor uncle," said Rosamond, spitefully. "I wrote to him this morning, stating all the facts of the case."

I bit my moustache indignantly.

"It's very strange you women can't learn to mind your own business," quoth I. "A little more provocation of this nature, and I marry her at once."

"Oh, Bertie," cried my mother, "Only wait till we hear from Uncle Ulric."

"Let *his* decision settle the matter," said Rosamond.

"We are entirely willing to leave it to his discretion and mature judgment, added Mrs. Beverly.

From which I drew the inference that they had all three written to him, each stating the case from her own point of view.

Well, let them. I promised to wait for Uncle Ulric's reply.

For my bachelor uncle was rich and eccentric, and in consideration of my middle initial being U, had promised to remember me amply in his will. He paid my college bills, allowed me five hundred a year, and generally represented Fortunatus in our family.

I sat down myself and penned a melting appeal to my bachelor uncle.

"She is all that is perfect," I wrote. "Only come and see for yourself."

And a telegram reached me the next day. "I will come. Expect me on the 3.50 train ULRIC MARTIN."

I hurried to impart the tidings to Lottie.

"You must be sure to look your prettiest, dear one," said I enthusiastically. "Put on that blue dress, with the blue ribbons in your hair and he cannot help liking you."

"O, Herbert," sighed Charlotte, dropping her head like a newly gathered lilly, "I do so dread his coming. Is he *very* old?"

"Not very, darling. Only sixty, or thereabouts."

'And *very* rich?"

"A hundred thousand, at the least. Our fortune depends on him, Charlotte, or rather on the favorable impression you make,"

Lottie blushed and dimpled and trembled.

My sister had the best bed-room aired, and a fire lighted on the hearth. My mother went down stairs to prepare a breaded cutlet just as he liked it, for supper. Rosamond set herself to work finishing a new pair of slippers, worked with the monogram "U. M." And I took a cab and drove to the depot to meet my bachelor uncle.

He came—brusque, bluff and rosy, with a clear complexion, like a well-preserved winter apple, and hair just streaked with dashes of gray.

"Well," said Uncle Ulric.

"Well," faltered I.

"So you're in love.

"Beyond all hope of redemption," said I, looking somewhat sheepish.

"What's she like?" demanded my bachelor uncle.

"She's an angel sir." I asserted positively.

"Humph!" said my bachelor uncle, and he fell to reading the evening paper in a way which was, to say the least of it, impolite.

My mother and the girls had the whole afternoon to poison Uncle Ulric's mind, but I cared not. Lottie would undo it all when *she* appeared.

She came to dinner with her pupils looking lovely in the blue cashmere, and just a knot of blue ribbon in her golden braids.

"She *is* pretty," said my bachelor uncle.

And I manœvered to leave them alone, together after dinner in the school room.

That evening I received a telegram to proceed at once to Portland to attend the funeral of a dear deceased friend.

"What shall I do?" cried I.

"Don't mind me, my dear boy," said Uncle Ulric. "You will not remain away long?"

"Three days only, uncle."

"All right. I'll stay till you come back."

Was ever such an uncle? I wrung his hand, kissed Lottie, and whispering to her, "Make the best impression you can, dearest," rushed frantically to catch the train.

At the end of three days I returned.

"Where is Lottie?" was my first question.

"Gone out for a walk?" returned my mother frigidly.

Presently they returned, Lottie hanging sweetly on Uncle Ulric's arm. I knew in an instant that she had conquered the old man's rusty, musty prejudices.

Uncle Ulric sat down, and laid a detaining hand on Lottie's arm.

"Don't leave us dear," said he. "I wish to state a few words as briefly as possible. Nephew and nieces, you all may understand that you needn't calculate any longer on the reversal of my fortune. I have other views—I am married."

"Married!" cried my mother.

"Married!" shrieked my two sisters.

"Married!" echoed I, instinctively hurrying to Lottie's side. "Never mind, Lottie. I will work. I will make myself a rich man for your sake."

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said Lottie, turning a charming carmine. "The fact is—I am married too. I am Mrs. Ulric Martin.

That was the end of my great expectations. But it is a sort of melancholy satisfaction to know that Lottie leads my uncle a dog's life, spending his money as if it were water, and openly flirting with all the eligible young men in the neighborhood. I shall never believe in human nature any more, after the way in which Lottie and my Bachelor Uncle have treated me.

THE ALABAMA INDEMNITY.

How the Money is to be Paid by Great Britain.

The New York *Evening Post* makes the following statement concerning the method adopted by the British Government for the payment of the Geneva award, which it says is correct: Early in June last contract was entered into by the British Government with three American houses in London, Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co., Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co., and Messrs. Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., to provide and deposit in New York to the order of the British Government, or their nominee, gold coin to the amount of the Geneva award. The first object was, of course, to provide for the payment of the money; the second that this should be done in such a way as might, so far as practicable, avoid any financial derangement which would have probably followed the shipment to the United Statesof $15,500,000 in gold, or the sudden drawing of bills of the agents of the British Government to the amount of the sterling equivalent. A credit was accordingly opened at the Bank of England for the bankers referred to, at a stipulated rate for the dollar. Their correspondents here have from time to time within the past two months negotiated exchange to the amount of nearly 22,000,000, the proceeds of which have been deposited in certain registered banks in this city to the credit of Mr. Archibald, the British Consul General at this port, the corresponding credit being given at the same time to the London bankers in the Bank of England. The other million pounds or thereabouts, is represented by called bonds purchased by the bankers to the contract in London. As the bonds are purchased the amount is telegraphed to the Secretary of the Treasury, who thereupon issues certificates of deposit of the amount of coin the bonds will represent when payable. These certificates and the certificates of deposit in the banks, of the gold received for bills of exchange sold, are endorsed to the order of Mr. Archibald, the nominee of the British Government in the contract, and will be held by him until the time of payment of the award on the 13th of September. The full amount will then be paid over in one sum to Mr. Fish, the Secretary of State at Washington, in discharge of the award.

The business has been skillfully as well as quietly managed, and has certainly prevented any of the apprehended disturbance in financial affairs.

Hayne and Webster.

Hon. Henry S. Foote devotes one of his reminiscences, now being published in the Washington *Chronicle*, to ex-Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, giving an account of the way in which, as described by himself, he overcame the habit of stammering in youth, and adding a graceful tribute by him to his old antagonist, Daniel Webster. Mr. Foote writes:

"Gen. Hayne was of a medium stature, well shaped, and of a singularly animated and mercurial aspect. His eyes were very bright and dazzling, and of light hazel color. His countenance wore a very mild and benignant expression. His face was cleanly shaven, and he was elegantly but unostentatiously attired. His manners were marked with a graceful and winning affability which I have never seen surpassed. I asked him how he had been able to acquire such wondrous facility of expression, and such remarkable capacity for keeping alive the interest of his audience. He answered my queries without any false modesty, and without a particle of vulgar egotism, very nearly in these words: "You give me credit for much facility of expression, and for having successfully cultivated to some extent the graces of rhetoric display. I shall surprise you, I do not doubt, when I tell you that at sixteen years of age I was an awkward, stammering boy. I desired to become a lawyer, and was even then assidaously preparing myself for the legal profession. A youth more ambitious of oratorical distinction than I was, I am sure, has never lived.—But my friends and relatives all joined in urging me to give up the hope of future renown as a speaker, and to devote myself to some other calling better adapted to the slenderness of my faculties. They told me that it was absurd and ridiculous in one who stuttered so abominably to think of becoming even a tolerable pleader of causes. This mortified me much, but I did not desist from the struggle in which I had so zealously enlisted. I thought much of the difficulties of a similar kind which Demosthenes was reported to have encountered, and of the successful efforts made by him to overcome them. I diligently studied the tones of my own voice. I essayed to find out all the mysteries which belonged to our complex vocal organ. I labored from hour to hour, and from minute, to minute to ascertain the precise nature of those particular impediments to a clear and easy articulation under which I was suffering. I pondered this subject day by day, and it was with me the prompter of many a painful and of many a pleasing dream. At length the light broke in upon me. I found that I had never before learned to talk; that I had been suffered all my life to jabber confused, and unintelligible sounds. I learned at least that to speak, in the true sense of the word, was to articulate distinct vocables; that the ardor of my temperament was such, as well as my ambition, to communicate ideas to the minds of others, that I had heretofore unduly hurried my syllables upon each other, or rather tried to do so, so that the vocal sounds became inextricably intermingled and hopelessly indistinct, and that every fresh effort had involved me in greater and greater embarrassments. I came at last to the conclusion that the first step I had to take in order to acquire to complete control of my voice was to put my own feelings under the strictest discipline, to habituate myself to sober thought, and to learn the indispensable art of keeping the fervent sensibilities with which I was endowed under thorough command, and that after I had done these things in an effectual manner it would then be indispensable that I should strive to enunciate each syllable that I had to utter clearly and emphatically before attempting to emit a succeeding one, and so on until the whole sentence, whether long or short, should have passed forth from my lips. By pursuing this course rigidly for a considerable period of time, I hoped that at least I might accomplish the great object that I was seeking to attain, and that I should become able to speak fluently and without pain either to myself or to others. I practiced constantly upon these ideas, and if I now speak with ease, as you seem to think, I am indebted for my power in this respect to the labors which I have just described. This is so certainly the case that I assure you were I even now to attempt to express myself in the rapid manner which has become so common of late among young men of fiery temperament and of unchastened moral organism, I should inevitably stutter just as disgustingly as I did forty years ago.'

After this interesting recital had closed, I ventured to refer to the great oratorical contest between himself and Mr. Webster, in the national Senate, now nearly half a century ago, and asked him what he thought of Mr. Webster's powers as a speaker. He at once answered that he supposed him, upon the whole, to be the most consummate orator of either ancient or modern times; that his ability as a reasoner, he was confident, had never been exceeded; that his imagination was as fertile and vigorous as that of Milton or Homer; that his humor was both exquisite and abundant; that his knowledge was unlimited; that he had the most happy command of his temper at all times, and that on certain great occasions he had excelled all the speakers that had ever lived, not excepting either Demosthenes or Cicero. I then asked him what he thought of Webster's manner? He replied that it was always grand and impressive, that he had never heard him utter a word in a careless or vulgar style; that he seemed never to forget his own dignity, or to be unmindful of the character and feelings of others, and that when thoroughly excited, the sublime grandeur of his thoughts and language derived great additional potency from his noble and soul-moving enunciation and his few but impressive gestures. I then said to him: 'But Gen. Hayne, everyone in the South admired your speeches on the occasion to which you have been referring more than they did those of Mr. Webster, and it is said that Gen. Jackson was so much delighted with the first of your speeches in the Senate that he had it printed on satin for distribution among his friends at a distance. "Was this so?" to which he replied: 'I believe this to have been true; the people of the South generally approved my speech, because they believed that I had been defending in it their own local interests and honor.—Gen. Jackson admired it because he thought that I had successfully vindicated the Democratic cause, to the support of which his own life had been devoted. But you know that in a few months thereafter, when our nullification experiment had developed its gigantic proportions, and after the memorable contest had occurred in the Senate between Mr. Calhoun and my ancient antagonist, Mr. Webster, Gen. Jackson became so great an admirer of the Senator from Massachusetts that he thought seriously of making him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States upon the decease of the venerable Marshall. 'Be assured, Sir,' he continued, 'I never for one moment have thought of comparing that speech of mine, made in direct assailment of Mr. Webster and the Federal Party of old, and the defense of which I had thought proper to challenge him, to his great and unequaled speech in reply thereto;—thought it is certain that for a day or two it seemed by many that I had come off victor in the contest.

The Pennsylvania Germans.

Professor Shalor thus speaks of those estimable people: "The great barns, with their little steeples, quaint weather-cocks, and gay colors, show that the farmer's heart is in the work; for men only decorate the things they love, unless it is to follow a new fashion. Very often we see that it has been the life-work of some simple mind to build the barn; and his pride in the result is shown by his name carved or painted thereon. In Massachusetts and New York, the farm buildings do not usually represent half the money that is put into the house; what goes there is spent grudgingly. But our good Pennsylvania Germans seem to build their barns first, lavish their money upon them, and then take what is left and build a rather humble home, so placed that they may gloat over their garner all their lives. Just now their barns were full to their ridgepoles with grain; from which comes the cloud of dust and whirring sound of the threshing-machine, or, oftener, the rythmical monotony of the beating flails. Clumsy wagons, rising at either end, like a prow and poop of old Dutch ships, go lumbering down to the towns with their loads of grain. In this thickly-peopled land where every acre has a jealous owner, we had to journey a dozen miles in search of a camp ground. At length we got into a wood, where we hoped to pass a quiet Sabbath. We were far from the main road, but, though we slipped in after dark, seemingly unseen, every one within five miles seemed to know of our presence before morning. By dawn, the woods were thick with people, and all day long we lived as publicly as a champion in a prize-ring. They stared hungrily at us at meal times, pried into our wagons, endeavored to get into our tents and became perfectly intolerable in every way Few of them seemed able or willing to speak English, and when addressed in German, answered slowly and shyly. Their heavy faces showed a staring curiosity, which the most energetic remonstrance could not change for another look. I finally asked the least unintelligent man if he was not ashamed of himself and his countrymen. He answered, in effect, "there rarely happened anything new in their district, so they must make the most of present opportunities," and started on. They were sturdy looking creatures, with nothing of the lankness which belongs to Americans generally; heavy, long faces, unintellectual but kindly, showing no trace of vice. The women were as robust as the men, and showed the strong tendency to look like them so common among the lower classes of Europe. They are, for all the world, like any throng of Rhineland Germans. Their language, although with a share of Americanism, is apparently, only the dialect which one hears, with innumerable variations, all along the Rhine, from Suabia to Holland.

The Sign Language.

I had not spent many days in the institution before I awoke to the fact that the sign language is an exceedingly curious and attractive matter to study. Though I had elsewhere witnessed some slight exhibitions of its hantomimic story-telling, and had even been taught a few of its terms—if I may call them so—it was rather startling to discover here a complete language, adequate to all sorts of ideas, with which words have nothing to do. It is no more English than it is Chinese. Its signs represent objects, actions, qualities, and whatever else words express; but they do not represent words. Many people fancy it to be merely a shorthand way of talking, signs being interspersed here and there just to save the trouble of spelling out all the words. Doubtless it does save trouble; but that is not the main thing. Signs can make their way where words can not. They go before words; they prepare the way for them; they rouse the unconscious soul; they bring candles into its dungeon; it bestirs itself at last, and cries for the light of day. When words begin to be admitted, signs introduce them; and not until the expanding intellect has grown beyond its childhood does the sign language at length withdraw from the scene, and give place to the language of words.

At the table I used to notice the lively conversation carried on by the mute teachers between themselves.—Some of them scarcely needed interpreting, since the expression of the face supplied a key. The grand principle of signs being resemblance, they are not very difficult to comprehend when they refer to visible objects and acts, or to simple emotions. Beyond this the uninitiated are apt to find themselves in the dark, unless there is somebody to interpret. For example, the sign for "Quaker" is by twirling the thumbs about each other, the fingers being loosely interlaced.—"Humbug" is intimated by extending the right hand upon the back and extended fingers of the left, while the thumbs are wagged—sarcastically, no doubt—upon either side. If you wish to allude to what is called "courting," you interlace the fingers so that their tips are toward you, and the tips of your bent thumbs about an inch apart; then wag the thumbs slightly, as if the happy pair were nodding and chattering in a cozy *tete-a-tete*, and you will be struck with the aptness of the representation.

One day, happening to inquire whether it were possible to express in sign language the gramatical modifications of mode, tense, etc., Professor Cook did me the favor to summon a very intelligent pupil in the collegiate department, named Jones, to give illustrations. He immediately represented various forms of a given verb, in each instance naming the mode, tense, person and number with great precision. I am sorry that I cannot recollect how to make, for instance, the third person singular, plu-perfect subjunctive, of the verb *to write*, in sign language; but I was glad to learn that upon a pinch the thing can be done. In point of fact, however, I presume it is not always done. Some of these grammatical accidents may very well be left for the imagination to supply.

After having exhibited the signs representing various animals and other objects, the young man gave us some specimens of pantomine, in which he excels. To see how he would succeed with something entirely new, the teacher related to the class the well-known anecdote of Henry Clay's adventure with the goat. All eyes were intently fixed upon the rapidly moving fingers as they spelled word after word; and no sooner was the story finished than Jones began to dramatize it in the most amusing fashion that can be imagined. We saw the great Senator taking his "constitutional" in the streets of Washington, the little ragamuffins maliciously teasing the long-bearded goat, the benevolent interference of Mr. Clay in behalf of the unhappy animal, the ungrateful attack of the goat upon his deliverer, the glee of the rascally little spectators, and finally the ignominious retreat of the great statesman when he was forced to "let go and run like blazes." Of course it was ten times funnier in pantomine than in words.—From "Ten Days with the Deaf and Dumb," by MARY BARRETT, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

Love-Making on Lander Hill

A festive youth, who performs his daily avocation in the mines of Lander Hill, thought he would take home a little blasting powder the other day; it might come handy to split an obstinate log he had at home. When he started for his humble cabin in the evening he wrapped a few ounces carefully in several thicknesses of paper and placed it in his pocket. When he got home he got to thinking how long it would be before he got a crushing; and then he thought what a nice perfume that handkerchief extract that he bought last Saturday night had, and he said within himself that a miner's life was hard and uncertain. Then he thought he ought to call on that Smithers girl to-night. He thought of everything but that powder in the pocket of his coat.

After supper he concluded to drop in and see that Smithers daughter. He got his necktie in proper shape; his handkerchief was perfumed like unto a new blown rose; one oiled lock hung gracefully down on his forehead, and he started for the domicile of his sweetness. This young man is coloring a meerschaum, but the girl detests the horrid smoke; so when he got to the door he knocked the bowl of the meerschaum on his manly heel and put it in his pocket. Of course he didn't intend to put it the same pocket with the powder. His affinity met him at the door with a sweet smile on her beauteous countenance, welcomed him to her paternal mansion, and invited him into the parlor and to a seat on the sofa. They were engaged in conversation. He asked her if it wasn't a beautiful evening, and then she inquired how he liked the dress Miss Brown wore at church on Sunday. He said he didn't like it a bit, and she remarked that Miss Brown was a stuck up thing anyhow; and all this time the pipe was insidiously burning its way through the paper; he agreed that Miss Brown was somewhat stuck up, and said maybe we'd strike it pretty soon, and then you'd see who'd ware plug hats. She told him she thought plug hats so becoming, and then he was going to tell her he adored her; that she was the darling of his soul, and that all his happiness was centered in her No. 7 boots. But he was interrupted. He arose from the floor and inquired if the lightning had struck anybody else, and remarked something about the Virginia explosion, being a warning to people not to keep nitro-glycerine in their houses. Then he took off his coat. He said it was an old coat and he didn't want it no how. His girl's father suggested that this wasn't Fourth of July, and if he wanted to set off fire works he ought to go up on the hill and do it. Then the young man said it was getting late and he suggested he'd go home, and su