Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1874. NO. 27

Business Cards.

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

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

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

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row. jy 5-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice in law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '72.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, '70.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practise in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-1y.

JOHN Q. 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 Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-1y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec4-72.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. OFFICE—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block. Entrance from Diamond. jan 15.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july15

J. C. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar15 '73.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
☞ Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, '71-y.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Pundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Pundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.
Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

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

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

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
☞ Office in Mammoth Block. ap4'72

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and handsome, inserted in the extreme style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing result me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. je12-72

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Gaseber's Block, 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.

Mansion House,
LATE "BENFORD HOUSE,"
Corner of Franklin and Broad Streets,
JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
Jos. Shoemaker, Prop'r.
Having lately taken charge of, refitted and furnished this large and commodious Hotel, I now invite my Somerset County friends to call on me, and hope by prompt attention to their wants and moderate charges, to merit their patronage. Table supplied with the best the market affords. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors, &c.
JOSEPH SHOEMAKER.
N. B.—Best stabling in town. apr29

THE SOMERSET HOUSE.
Having leased this magnificent and well known Hotel formerly from Mrs. E. A. Flick, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither pains nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be laden with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office.
D. LAVAN.
marr31

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the travelling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

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 all who may favor him with their custom.
JOHN H'LL.
Apr 17 '72

JOHN WILSON & SON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
297 Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.
une 30, '72

BUTTER COMMISSION HOUSE,
D. T. Buzby & Co.,
No. 6 Exchange Place
BALTIMORE.
Special attention given BUTTER. GLADE

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN
SAVINGS BANK.
120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTED IN 1870.

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JOHN LOWMAN, CONRAD SUPPES,
T. H. LAPSLY, GEO. T. SWANK,
D. McLAUGHLIN, W. W. WALTERS

DANIEL J. MORRELL, President,
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CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor.

Deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards received, and interest allowed on all sums, payable twice a year. Interest if not drawn out, is added to the principal, thus COMPOUNDING TWICE A YEAR, without troubling the depositor to call or even to present his deposit book. Money can be withdrawn at any time after giving the bank certain notice by letter.

Married Women and persons under age can deposit money in their own names, so that it can be drawn only by themselves or on their order. Moneys can be deposited for children, or by societies, or as trust funds, Subject to certain conditions.

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Copies of the By-Laws, reports, rules of deposit, and special act of Legislature, relative to deposits of married women and minors, can be obtained at the Bank.

☞ Banking hours daily from 9 to 3 o'clock; and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 7½ o'clock. apr1 72.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D ROBERTS.
JOHN DIBERT & CO.,
BANKERS,
NO. 240 MAIN STREET,
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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 for 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.

Cambria County
BANK,
M. W. KEIM & CO.,
No. 266 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
Henry Schable'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.

CARPETING.
Henry McCallum,
51 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Imports direct from Manufacturers.
Superior English Oil Cloths,
BRUSSELS CARPETS, &c.,
RAG, HEMP and INGRAIN CARPETS
In every variety.
51 FIFTH AVENUE,
Above Wood street.
mar25.

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.

FAHNESTOCK WHITE LEAD CO.,
Manufacturers of the Celebrated
FAHNESTOCK PURE WHITE LEAD,
Which has sustained such an enviable reputation for many years. Dealers and Consumers should be particular to use none but our Pure White Lead, as there is so much inferior and adulterated Lead in the market.
We not only claim for our Lead STRICT PURITY, but that it possesses greater durability, covers more surface for same weight, and is superior in FINENESS and WHITENESS to any other brand. All orders should be addressed to
Fahnestock White Lead Co.,
OR B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO.,
No. 26 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
oct14

JOSEPH SHEETS & SON,
Undertakers, Berlin Pa., constantly keep on hand and make to order Coffins of all styles and prices, on the shortest notice possible. Having a hearse of the oldest style in readiness, we are always prepared to take orders to and bring corpses from the various cemeteries. april1

LIME. LIME. LIME.
The undersigned having erected lime kilns at Marble Hill, three miles west of Confluence, on the Pittsburgh & Connellsville railroad, are now ready to ship to any point either burnt lime or raw limestone as may be required.
This lime is quarried from the Marble formation many feet below the coves coal vein, and of a very superior quality.
Orders for lime or raw stone can be sent to Confluence to Hugus & Weber, or to Judge McMillen, of New Lexington, Oh. John Weller, of Gethsburg, Philip Wolfersperger, Jr., Mineral Point, George Weber, Meyersdale, Isaac Hugus, Somerset, and Wallace H. Walter, Connellsville, which will be promptly attended to.
HUGUS & WEBER. oct7

Miscellaneous.

APPLETONS'
AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA
NEW REVISED EDITION.
Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps.
The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition, entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.
Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.
The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their practical application to the industrial and useful arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.
Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa.
The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.
In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the new events in history, as the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.
The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.
None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by larger experience and enlarged knowledge.
The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give facility and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufacturers. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character.
This work is sold to subscribers only, payable on delivery of each volume. It will be completed in sixteen large octavo volumes, each containing about 800 pages, fully illustrated, with several thousand Wood Engravings, and with numerous colored Lithographic Maps.
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Eight volumes now ready. Succeeding volumes until completion, will be issued once in two months.
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First class canvassing agents wanted.
Address J. H. WILLIAMSON,
Agent, No. 564 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
dec9

NEW STORE!
SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at
GARRETT,
on the line of the P. W. & B. R. R., and now offer for sale a a General Stock of Merchandise, consisting of
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.
WANTED.—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs,
MAPLE SUGAR,
Bacon, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.
SALT AND FISH.
always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold.
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NOVELTIES IN
Two and Three Plies,
INGRAINS, &C.,
ALL OF WHICH WE OFFER AT
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THE NEW IMPROVED
REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE.
AWARDED
The "Medal of Progress,"
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A FEW GOOD REASONS:
1.—A New Invention thoroughly tested and secured by Letters Patent.
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7.—Design simple, ingenious, elegant, forming the stitch without the use of cog wheel gearing, rotary cams or lever arms. Has the Automatic Drop Feed, which insures uniform length of stitch at any speed. Has our new Thread Controller, which allows easy movement of needle-bar and prevents injury to thread.
8.—Construction most careful and finished. It is manufactured by the most skillful and experienced mechanics, at the celebrated Remington Armory, Ilion, N. Y. Pittsburgh Office, 10 Sixth St. ap22

THE FUSCHIA.

Within the mountain lodge we sat
At night, and watched the slanting snow
Blown headlong over hill and moor,
And heard, from dell and tarn below,
The loosened torrents thundering slow.

'Twas such a night as drowns the stars,
And blots the moon from out the sky;
We could not see our favorite larch,
Yet heard it rave incessantly,
As the white whirlwinds drifted by.

Sad thoughts were near; we might not bar
Their stern intrusion from the door;
Till you rose meekly, lamp in hand,
And, from an inner chamber, bore
A book renowned by sea-shore.

And, as you flung it open, lo!
Between the pictured leaflets lay—
Embalmed by process of Time—
A gift of mine, a fuschia spray,
I gathered one glad holiday.

Then suddenly the chamber changed,
And we forgot the snow and wind;
Once more we paced the garden path,
With even feet and even mind—
That red spray in your hair confined.

The clasps trembled by the porch,
The shadows round the dial moved;
I knew this, though I marked them not,
For I had spoken, unreproved,
And, dreamlike, knew that I was loved.

Sweet wife! when falls a darker night,
May some pure flower of of memory,
Hid in the volume of the soul,
Bring back, o'er life's tormented sea,
As dear a peace to you and me.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

For the Somerset Herald.

Cooking a Cockney!

OR

How to Prepare a Raw Englishman.

BY R. K. RODDY,

AUTHOR OF THE BANDIT OF THE ALLEGHENIES, THE MANIAC'S RIDE, ATHANASE THE AVENGER, &C.

Long years ago, when everybody went "soldiering" at least once a year, muster-day might truly have been called the "American carnival." All able-bodied citizens between eighteen and forty-five years, not members of a uniformed company, generally called volunteers, were enrolled in the "corn-stalk melishy." The annual parade of that redoubtable body was a mad festival, when even the greatest and wisest became for the nonce as frolicsome as the most mischievous boys. The penalty for not answering at roll call was a fine of a dollar or two, and even the busiest preferred to turn out for an hour or so, and have some sport, rather than pay the fine. A dollar in those days was a much larger sum than it is now, though only worth 100 cents. Towards the close of this debatable custom it became common all through the State, to elect as captain of militia the person least fitted for the office, and least able to enforce any of his orders or wishes. At the same time, the more incongruous the dress assumed, the more becoming it was held to be, and the more popular the wearer. "Armed and equipped as the law directs," was among the stately and official phrases used in ordering a parade. This was liberally construed to mean everything, umbrellas, pitchforks, flails, corn-stalks, and in one instance we remember seeing a "bold soldier boy" gravely marching in the ranks with a goodly length of stove-pipe on his shoulder.

The military knowledge of the officers might have been fathomed without line or plummet, when we assure the HERALD readers that one of them, in our own knowledge, being haunted with an indistinct notion of "marking time," a dim remembrance of seeing the volunteers do something like it, gravely commanded his company to "show feet," and gave them an example by holding out first one and then the other of a goodly sized pair of rough-shod understandings.

Another illustrious commander, of the honor of whose acquaintance we could boast in early youth, but not at the time referred to, was elected to the honorable but onerous command of a company of mullen-stalk rangers, and as was not unusual, was exceedingly proud of the honor.

It was not customary to have music for the militia, the volunteers generally claiming it. On this occasion, however, the full drum corps was on hand and headed the company. The captain was so charmed with the music, so elated with his honors, that he could not keep away from the side of the drums, where he marched with a surpassing dignity and grace. Every few rods he would wave his sword, the music would cease for an instant, and he would bellow out his commands in thunder tones. The commands it is safe to say were not found in "Scott's Tactics," the authority of that day.

In marching through the street the captain of course displayed all his military skill and daring, and when in the center of the town he waved his sword, wheeled around to give an important command he had studied out; the music ceased, the captain gave a portion of his command before he discovered he had no followers. They, in passing an alley had quietly filed off and disappeared while the captain was listening to the martial strains.

Poor fellow! It nearly broke his heart, and no persuasions could induce him to take the field again.

In those halcyon days "local option" was not, Good Templars and Rechabites unknown; temperance societies existed and were popular, but total abstinence was unknown, undreamed of. "The Tectotal Obstainin'," as it was called, was of a later date and a changed public sentiment.

Drinking was freely indulged in, even by persons habitually sober. Dancing, horse-racing, fighting, in fact every species of amusement and dissipation known to the people of that day was freely and openly indulged:

"And such for madness fitted the hour,
Would try his own noise-seeking power."

Somerset had, as usual, at that time, a very waggish and frolicsome population. Among the young men especially were as veritable a set of madcaps as the country could produce. Never a set of madder wags heard the "chimes of midnight" or consumed the midnight oil in hatching mischievous plots, in the execution of which neither expense, danger or trouble were spared to make them successful. Muster-day was to them a perfect God-send. They spent months in planning and anticipating sport before, and were sure to have abundant subjects for discussion for weeks after.

Some days before the general muster of 18—, one of the wild blades of Somerset received a letter from one of the Johnstown boys, with whom they always maintained a close alliance, informing him that they had a "raw Englishman" there, whom they wished to induce to visit Somerset. That he was haughty, overbearing, conceited, and never spoke except to sneer at and depreciate everything American. This important missive was discussed in full conclave, and it was suggested to have him forwarded by all means before the muster. A reply was dispatched to Johnstown, almost Cæsaric in its terseness and brevity, "Send your raw Englishman here the day of the muster if you want him cooked." Greatly to their disappointment the Johnstown hack did not arrive till night, which proved to be a very dark one. They were ready for the cockney; told him they had received notice of his coming, and of course were anxious to do all honor to so distinguished a visitor. Distinguished foreigners so rarely penetrate so far; they were specially anxious to make his stay pleasant. He had, unfortunately, come at a bad time, but they would do the very best.

Our trans-Atlantic cousin tried to act as if he was accustomed to distinguished consideration, but accent, walk, dress and manner wrote snob in legible characters all over him. All were of opinion that he was not a gentleman, was not even accustomed to wait on gentlemen. One suggested that he might be an absconding clerk who had robbed his employer, and the suggestion was adopted with unanimity.

"'Ad some notion of visitin' your frontier, but hif the blarsted roads of to-day were a specimen h'oye want no more hof 'em."

(This specimen brick is introduced to give the reader an idea of his style of conversation, pronunciation, etc., and we will not, on account of space, give much more.)

"The frontier!" said one in accents of surprise. "Why you are on the frontier and a very dangerous part of it, too, especially at this time."

"That gentleman," pointing to the one who had first spoken, "referred to that when he welcomed you to our village at this most inappropitious time." John Bull's eyes grew perceptibly larger, and in not quite so assured and pompous tones he asked what was wrong with the time.

"Why this unexpected outbreak of the savages, of which we had no warning and could not send for help or forewarn people from risking their lives by coming. We fear, we greatly fear, a general outbreak. If they unite all the tribes they will sweep the entire border. The general government has treated us shamefully by withdrawing nearly our whole garrison."

The gentleman now manifested unmistakable signs of uneasiness; said he had "rawther been surprised y'know, by seeing soldiers scattered round, but 'ad no thoughts of scei.' hingins, blarst 'em."

"It's a mercy that you were not scalped in that coach. How you got thro' so safely and quietly astonishes me. The only way I can account for it is that they are meditating some desperate enterprise, some attack perhaps on us."

At this point in the conversation another conspirator entered with an air of depression that attracted immediate attention.

"Have any of the scouts returned?" anxiously asked the one who acted as chief spokesman. The other mournfully nodded his head and in a sepulchral tone replied:

"One!"

With a deep sigh and subdued and anxious voice the spokesman asked:

"What does he say? Any hope?"

"A war party of Chew-winks, were at the mile tree, and he thinks they had a good many scalps, although he was afraid to venture near enough to be certain," was the reply.

"Then, gentlemen, we must prepare for the worst. It's useless to longer conceal the danger in which we stand. I think we had better visit the outposts and assure ourselves that no precautions are neglected." Turning to the stranger, he politely asked him to accompany them, saying the danger would not be great with proper precautions. Before he could reply, the door was thrown violently open and a breathless man rushed in. He distractedly inquired: "Do you hear them? Do you hear?"

"What! What is it?"

"The scalp-halloo of the Beulah Sioux; listen!"

Just then a most fearful yell, or rather, succession of yells, were very distinctly heard, and they were certainly calculated to strike terror to the breast of every one who had reasons for thinking they portended bloodshed and death, as by this time our cockney was assured they did.

"My God! My God! this is terrible." "But listen! listen," one hopefully cried. Is not that the war song of the Pawnee Feigers?"

"Alas, no," said another, "and even if it was 'twould not help us; they have dug up the hatchet, and are beating the war-drum as busily as any of the red devils."

"We must make some arrangements for escaping if the worst comes. While our friend here eats his supper we can take some measures."

The victim was led into the dining room of the "White Swan," and despite his fears and uneasiness made a very comfortable meal. He was encouraged to do this by being told it might be the last square meal he would get for a long time, as it might be necessary to fly that night to the block-house at Berlin where there was a small force, and perhaps on to Cumberland.

In explanation of these fearful yells which the graceless scamps called war-cries, they had not thought of getting them up, but when they rang out upon the night, they seized the chance of adding to the terrors of their victim. In those days lived not far away a man we'll call Ephraim, a quiet, modest man when sober, but the noisiest, most restless little creature alive, when drunk. It was his well-known shout that to unaccustomed ears might pass for the scalp halloo of Indians or the exulting shouts of devils, that was passed off on the Englishman as the war cry of the Beulah Sioux.

Shortly after supper a great light arose out on the hill near the Hugus farm, and as it spread and brightened, dusky figures were seen in mad fantastic dances, wildly circling round the flame. The initiated at once discovered they were a lot of the "Milford Rillemen," a company uniformed in hunting shirts and drilled as rangers and scouts. Their dress, actions and occasional yells, were unmistakably Indian, and would have deceived almost any stranger. Of course this was as quickly seized by these "Sons of Sheitan," to more deeply impress the terrors of the situation upon the helpless dandy whose evil fortune led him into their clutches. After assurances in abundance that there was not the slightest danger and that so favorable an opportunity of seeing the savage war-dance might never occur to him, he consented, and was led forth. The sight was one to deeply impress all who associated it with danger and death, and had even its effect on these Godless youths, enabling them to play their parts more naturally. The cockney shuddered and turned pale as the wild figures could for a brief time be seen struggling together and then separating to yell and dance more wildly.

"Poor creature! oh, if we could only help you!"

The dandy trembling asked what the speaker meant, and was told they had just been scalping some poor white man or woman whom they had captured and were torturing at that fire.

How could he get away? That was all his thought now. Oh! if he had never come. "Good God! Hits orrible."

They all felt in honor bound to provide for his safety and the only course open would be to flee across the mountains to Berlin, or on to Cumberland, where he would be safe. It was decided he should go that way and a couple of the conspirators who lived at Berlin, and were going home that night in the coach, volunteered to accompany him that far on the journey. He was very grateful, but did not wish to take them into danger. One of them said his company and arms were at the block-house and he would be obliged to go sometime soon.

As it was near coach time, they mournfully accompanied him to it, and solemnly bade him adieu. Hoping after the campaign was over and peace made with the leading tribes he would return, when they would give him all the information about Indian customs, treatment of prisoners, treaties etc., he could wish.

He said, "It might 'appen you know, but he feared he would hardly have time." Some contended he was only half cooked and ought to be kept a few days longer. Others thought he would be "done brown" in Cumberland if he presented the letters of introduction they furnished him, and that it would be too much trouble to keep up the delusion any longer. That the whole party would have to repent in "sack-coats and ashes" for the lies they had told and acted during his stay. One declared he would freely undergo a still severer penance if he could only be in Cumberland and hear his thrilling accounts of Indian outrages.

Of course the night ride to Berlin was entirely taken up with blood-curdling stories of massacres, tortures, escapes from the savages, etc. The dandy's nerves were so completely shaken that he imagined every moving shade or object on the route was a lurking savage, and every noise was their war cry.

We may at some future time give an account of his reception and adventures at Cumberland. His letters of introduction were, of course, addressed to regular "wildbloods," and fully recounted his remarkable adventures on the frontier.

Physic and Morals.

These are a few cases out of the thousand forms of insanity which take posession of many a man who little expects that his disease is physical, and passes for a sane and healthy person. He says to himself: "I am troubled; I dread my fellow-creatures because I have become a prey to bad thoughts; things I never dreamed would haunt me; my soul is full of noisome reptiles and poisonous things." So he says his prayers, but does not find any comfort from that. Why, of course, he does not; because he has neglected other things. He has not gone to a doctor. He has not gone out of town to change the atmosphere of his mind. No! He has shut himself up, and praying has made him worse. Of course it has. My dear brethren, if you neglect the natural laws of God, the supernatural laws will drive you mad. You can see this every day among religious fanatics. An emotionally overwrought mind requires physical rest and change, and then prayer, or prayer with the other natural remedies; "these ought ye to have done, and not leave the other undone."

If a man dreams the devil is after him, it is a sign he had better settle his subscription bill.

A Maine woman has hair seven feet and five inches long—too long to be available for use in butter.

"Busted, by thunder," is the way the Oil City *Derrick* describes the business situation in the oil regions.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad King.

George Alfred Townsend writes as follows in the Chicago *Tribune*:

Waiting in the Library in Congress last week I saw a portly figure at the head of a body of strangers, walking up and down and explaining things. I recognized that rubicund face, bluish gray eye, and solid unanxious tread and pace—the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad magnate, J. W. Garrett.

He has been in Europe for more than two years. In the *interim* his fellow capitalist and friend, John Hopkins, has passed to the grave. During his absence, although forbidden to attend to business, Garrett wrote by every mail, and had the epitomized work sent out to him. His kinfolks—John King and Mr. Keyser—have been at the quarters of the presidency in his absence, King exercising a viceroyalty, and Keyser moving up and down the road and through the business centres.

Whatever the reasons or philosophy, the management of this railway is vindicated above everything in the Western World. The great panic swept over the country a year ago, and drove Vanderbilt to Wall street and Scott to protest, while these Scotch-Irish Dutchmen of Baltimore were as oblivious of the panic as that Frederick county man who, having plowed all day, said, as he came home:

"I dinks I feels some little pebbles in my boots," and forthwith hauls out a pair of snuffers and a carriage-wrench.

There was no scrip or water in Garrett's boots. All the stock there was old and dry.

"That is the only railroad in America," said Shanly, the Canadian, who built the Hoosac Tunnel, "able in any contingency to take care of itself."

The power of this railroad is no secret. It consists in learning whatever is good from the present age, forgetting nothing that was good in the former ones. Once or twice there has been a movement to divide more earnings or split the stock a little thinner, but the absolutism and the old fashioned sagacity of Garrett have prevented this going through.

His motto has been, "Economy in every detail, from a pound of nails up." "Time" says Garrett, "is longer than speculation. Sell nothing; restrict dividends for the sake of the long-credit of the stock; wait together, stockholders and officers! Invest the surplus in the system. Let politics alone, neither conciliate it nor antagonize it. Particularly do not corrupt it, or you will get its appetite on edge and it will gnaw you all your days. Responsibility in the working force; conservatism in the management; patience in the stock list. Do not fool with localisms.—Side branches must construct themselves. Push for large terminal points, and the side places must build toward the stem we extend in their general direction."

Mr. Garrett took this road a short time before the war. He was a provision dealer, the son of a banker.—Scotch-Irish Presbyterian on one side, Pennsylvania German on the other. He had a hard, round head, a slow and gracious manner, a large, rolling, acute plausibility, which reminded people of a Holland burgomaster. He was never in a hurry, but always very prompt; five minutes reflection he gave to every second of speech, except when he had a great occasion, and then he had done the thinking for weeks before. He was never deficient in confidence, but it was diplomatic and graduated, and it embraced people unctuously instead of carrying them by storm.—His pertinacity was indescribable.—He returned and returned again to the same point, and by weight and the leaning power, not attrition or intrigue, carried the position or persisted until it was lost. He had great Baltimore appetites for food, and his steady animal heat counteracted any intellectual relapse or melancholy, if he could be capable of it. Between work and eating, they say, his organism for a time grew unstrung. He worked on a full stomach for fifteen years around this railroad, and then a tendency to vertigo became so manifest that he had to give over and go to Europe. He told me that he had perfectly capable assistants, and should not resume his labor with so much willfulness.

Garrett is essentially a merchant. He has led this railroad from thirty-five cents on the stock up to $1.65 and more, where it stands, like Mohammed's coffin, against the ceiling. From a road badly off, between Baltimore and Wheeling, it is now a road to Staunton, to Danville, to Cincinnati, to Pittsburgh, to Sandusky, to Chicago. It may yet be a road to Omaha and New Orleans. Its ambition stops at Baltimore. In that city there is an undertone feeling that John W. Garrett may become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Not His Fate.

A New Orleans Judge, rising in the cars recently, from a single glance at a lady by his side imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered:

"Yes."

"Why do you wear a veil?"

"Lest I attract attention."

"It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.

"Not when they are married."

"But I am not."

"Indeed."

"Oh, no; I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly raised her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law.

He has been a raving maniac ever since.

A minister asked a tipsy fellow, leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do now," said he, "I shan't go anywhere. I'll stay where I am.

The Oil City *Derrick* now has got it down fine. He says "a barrel of crude buys three straight drinks."

The Supreme Court.

Somewhat foreign, at first blush, to our government seems such an institution as the Supreme Court—its members not liable to removal, nor its decisions to reversal or even review by any human authority; it is, perhaps, no wonder that Jefferson, the life-long advocate of republican simplicity in government, feared that such an absolute power as that vested by the Constitution in the Supreme Court might some day prove the bane of the Constitution itself. Greatly interested in a tribunal so potent and august, I spent some hours to day listening to the arguments before it, and contemplating the surroundings and the judges. Seated in the court room, formerly the Senate chamber, before the justices entered, I remembered that I was in the very apartment where Webster's great oration, the reply to Hayne, was delivered; where Henry Clay so long charmed the Senate, and where Benton for thirty consecutive years was a solid Senator. Here also did Charles Sumner win renown by his fearful speeches in 1859, and here were these speeches answered by the standard argument of the South, the bludgeon. While musing on such events as these, I was brought back to the present by the clerk of the court, who, by his example, summoned all in the room to rise, and then announced the entry of the Honorable Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; and then, after the nine robed and dignified judges had simultaneously seated themselve, he called upon all persons having business with the court to draw near, and ended his proclamation by saying, "God save the United States and this honorable Court."

In such a dignified and proper manner is justice administered by the Supreme Court; and as I scanned the various justices, who are without exception, dignified and impressive in bearing, and recalled their judicial acts, I could not doubt that here, at least, is found the simplicity, strength and honesty which characterized the administration of the government in the early days.

Washington correspondents often ignore or dwell lightly upon the Supreme Court, and perhaps, therefore, I may not do better than speak in this letter somewhat in detail of its various members, and describe also its method of work.

Chief Justice Waite is the youngest man on the bench, and looks still younger than he is. With a solid and erect form and bearing, square and massive head, covered heavily with black hair, which years are mottling into gray; strong and expressive face, genial but decided manner on the bench, he looks the Chief Justice of the present, being clearly distinct from the ideal judge of the past, when white and scanty locks, a bald and glistening dome of thought, great age, and somewhat of coldness and reserve, marked the typical jurist.

Seated on the right of the Chief Justice are Judges Clifford, Miller, Field, and Bradley, in their order, and on his left Judge Swayne, Davis, Strong and Hunt: the various positions being determined by seniority of appointment, beginning with Judge Clifford on the right, continuing with Judge Swayne on the left, Miller on the right, Davis on the left, and so on through the list. Among the Associate Justices there are three distinct types of men. Swayne Davis and Miller are the large and weighty men, who impress you with gigantic ability to digest either an abundant dinner or an abstruse legal question. Clifford and Bradley, though no pigmies in stature, seem rather the sages of the bench, who, with voices somewhat broken with age, ply the advocate with questions that show there is no lack of mental vigor. Field, Strong and Hunt, on the other hand, are the clear cut, cold and college-bred men who seem to furnish to the bench the culture and polish of the East, as Swayne, Miller and Davis do the native vigor of the West.

Before these hard working men a docket of more than 500 cases looms up at the beginning of the present term. From 12 to 4 o'clock each day they listen to arguments of counsel who, before this court, have learned to condense their speeches to the last degree. At 4 the judges retire to their consultation