The Rutland Daily Globe.

VOL. 1....NO. 1. RUTLAND, VT., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Trades.

TUTTLE & HOADLEY,

BAKERS,

Manufacturers of all kinds of

CRACKERS, BREAD AND CAKES.

Our goods are manufactured from the choicest select Grades of Flour, and as Hoadley knows just how to make them, there will be no doubt in obtaining a good selection.

Particular attention to Manufacturing Frosting and Ornamenting

WEDDING CAKES,

in the neatest style. All orders promptly attended to. J. S. TUTTLE,
L. J. HOADLEY,
No. 88 West St., Rutland, Vt.

☞ Warm Brown Bread every morning, and Sunday morning from 6 until 9 o'clock. may1d3m

RATLEDGE

PAINTS SIGNS

EXCLUSIVELY.

may1d1m.

SHOW CASES, CORNER, CLOCK and Mantle Shelves made to order, with Plain or Moulded edges. BRACKETS sawed in different styles at DEARBORN'S Grove Block.

NEW MOULDINGS FOR PICTURE Framing, Chromos, Lithographs, and Engravings at DEARBORN'S

CURTAIN CORNICES OF BLACK Walnut, or all Gilt, made to order. Curtain Rings, Tassels and Cords. DEARBORN'S

DEARBORN IS AGENT FOR GARDNER'S Perforated Chair Seat, for renovating over Cad-Flag or Rush bottom chairs. Please to call and see them.

Grove Block - - - - - - - RUTLAND, Vt. may1d3m

RUTLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Manufacturers and wholesale dealers in

WOOD AND CHAIN SEAT CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS AND CHAIR STOCK.

Corner of West and Forest Sts,

RUTLAND, VT.

L. Atwood, Agt. G. C. Ruggles, Treas. may1d1y.

O. T. CROSS,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FINISHING LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATH, CLAPBOARDS, AND SPRUCE LUMBER, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, WINDOW FRAMES & CASINGS.

Scroll Sawing of all kinds, Planing, Matching and Glazing done to order. Yard and Mill Corner of Union and Furnace Streets, near Freight Depot, Rutland, Vt. May1d4w3m.

J. W. KING,

Manufacturer and wholesale and retail dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, AND HOUSE FURNISHING MATERIAL,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Furnac Street, Rutland, Vt.

Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. my1d1f

J. J. GUINDON,

BLACKSMITH.

Particular attention paid to Horseshoeing. All work warranted. Shop on

West St., near Oliver Marble Works,

may1d3m RUTLAND, VT.

LOUIS MARTELL,

HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER,

Paper Hanging,

Graining and Decorating, in all styles,

Kalsomining and Hard Wood Finishing, Glazing and Glass Staining.

Marble's New Building, Center Street, Rutland, Vt. may1d1m

THOS. ROSS.

'NCOLN IRON WORKS.

Marble Mill and Hoisting Machinery of the most improved construction. Derricks and pumps, machinery, castings and general machine work.

Steel and Iron Wire Rope at Manufacturer's prices.

Rutland, Vt., May 1, 1873. may1d1f

O. H. MOREHOUSE,

DENTIST,

Opposite Central House - - RUTLAND, Vt. may1d1f

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE IN the world. We have tried them. Can be had at E. N. MERRIAM'S.

Hotels and Dining Rooms.

BARDWELL HOUSE.

CRAMTON & SALSBURY

PROPRIETORS.

THE BARDWELL HOUSE is located opposite the Depot and has long been favorably known to the traveling public. It has been recently improved, now affording the best and most ample accommodation to guests.

The TABLE will be supplied with all the luxuries of the Season, and every attention will be paid to the comfort of its patrons.

In the future, as in the past, the Proprietors intend to make it a first-class House—affording all the comforts of a home to the traveler. The public patronage is solicited.

A GOOD LIVERY in connection with the House.

Attentive PORTERS will be found at the Depot, on the arrival of all trains.

J. W. Cramton, J. A. Salsbury. may1d&wtf

FARMERS' HOTEL,

Freight Street, - - RUTLAND, VT.

A FIRST CLASS

MEAT MARKET

IN HOTEL BUILDING.

may1d3m J. E. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

J. W. FISHER'S

NEW DINING ROOMS,

Central House Block, Merchants' Row,

RUTLAND, VERMONT.

Warm Meals served at all hours of the day and evening. may1d4m

J. F. STINSON'S

DINING HALL,

Quinn's Block, Opposite the Depot,

RUTLAND, - - - VERMONT.

Warm Meals served at all hours of the day and evening. may1d4w

JOSEPH MACCABEE,

NEW DINING HALL,

In rooms formerly occupied by J. W. Fisher.

KINGSLEY & SPRAGUE'S BLOCK,

Merchants' Row,

RUTLAND, - - - - - VERMONT.

EVERYTHING NEAT AND CLEAN.

WARM MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. may1d1f.

Groceries and Provisions.

J. & T. CADEN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

CANNED FRUITS, PICKLES, &c.,

GLASS, EARTHENWARE

AND FANCY GOODS.

Also, Dealers in

DRY GOODS, SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., &c.

An assortment of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Constantly on hand.

AGENTS FOR MAIL STEAMERS TO AND FROM EUROPE.

☞ DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT ON THE BANKS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES.

CORNER FREIGHT AND EVELYN STS.

RUTLAND, VT. may1d3m

BATTY'S NABOB PICKLES Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, Halford's Worcestershire Sauce, Nabob Sauce, in fact nearly all kinds of English Pickles can be found at B. W. MARSHALL'S may1d&wly.

PRUNELLAS, PRUNES, CHERRIES, Peaches, Blackberries, Raspberries, Plums Huckleberries. Also, all kinds of fruits in cans, for sale at B. W. MARSHALL, may1d&wly Grove street, Rutland, Vt.

ELK HORN & MAGNOLIA FLOUR very choice, for sale at may1d&wly B. W. MARSHALL'S8.

TEAS, from 50 cents to $1.75; also fresh Ground COFFEE, at B. W. MARSHALL'S may1d&wly Corner of Grove and West Sts.

1857. 1873.

OLD RED STORE.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

CHESTER KINGSLEY.

may1tf Merchants' Row.

JOSEPH H. GUY,

Successor to

S. HAYWARD & CO.,

Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, HAY AND WOOD,

Washington St., Rutland, Vt. my1dtf

FULTON MARKET.

DUNTON & HAYWARD

Proprietors.

All kinds of Meats, Fish, Vegetables and Fruits in their season.

Kingsley & Sprague's Block, Merchants' Row. may1d6m

PETER F. McMANUS,

GROCER,

And dealer in

PROVISIONS,

No. 93 West St., RUTLAND, VT.

may1d1m

W. B. MUSSEY, No. 11 Merchants' Row. Groceries and Provisions.

Fruits.

WHOLESALE FRUIT DEPOT.

The Subscriber has made arrangements to receive all kinds of

FOREIGN FRUITS

by the car-load direct from first hands in New York and Boston, and is prepared to fill orders from Dealers in Rutland and from on the lines of Railroads centering here, at the Lowest Wholesale rates.

ORANGES AND LEMONS

Repacked and Warranted as represented.

I am also prepared to pay the highest cash price for Potatoes to ship to Market.

E. P. HITCHCOCK,

Opposite the Depot, - - - - - RUTLAND. May1d1m.

Teas.

S. J. LOOP,

Wholesale dealer in

CALIFORNIA WINES AND BRANDY.

Also,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER

in

CHINA AND JAPAN TEAS.

The attention of Town Agents, Physicians and Druggists is especially called to our wines, as they are unsurpassed for medical purposes, coming from one of the oldest vineyards in California. All goods guaranteed pure and satisfactory, or to be returned at my expense.

OFFICE,

CORNER FREIGHT AND EVELYN, STS.,

(Landon & Huntoon's Block,)

Rutland, Vt. my1tf

WRAPPING PAPER.

Merchants using printed wrapping will do well to consult us before ordering, as we make as low figures as New York or Boston Houses, and give better accommodations in assorting lots, while a great saving can be made in freight. GLOBE PAPER CO.

PICTURE FRAMING DONE WITH Neatness and taste, and at reasonable prices. Some new and beautiful styles just received at E. N. MERRIAM'S.

Marble.

RUTLAND MARBLE COMPANY,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BLOCK & SAWED MARBLE.

QUARRIES AND MILLS,

J. N. BAXTER, Supt. WEST RUTLAND, VT.

All the grades of Rutland Marble, in the shape of slabs of various thicknesses required for Furniture, Mantel, and Decorative Work, as well as Cemetery uses; also Cubic Stock for Monumental and Building purposes, including Bases, Strips, and Posts, may be found in our yard at all times.

Our extensive arrangements for the production of Marble, in the way of Quarrying Machinery, and Mills comprising thirty-two gangs of saws, place us in position to supply the wants of the Trade, Wholesale and Retail Dealers, Builders, Furniture-Men, and general Manufacturers will find it to their interest to favor us with their orders.

RUTLAND MARBLE CO. may1d&wtf

OLIVER MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS OF

RUTLAND, VERMONT.

MANUFACTURE

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN MARBLE

AND GRANITE,

AND ERECT

MONUMENTS,

COPING,

TOMBS,

HEADSTONES,

TABLETS, FONTS, &C.,

To order in any part of the United States without risk to the purchaser.

All work executed by this Establishment is done in the most THOROUGH and ARTISTIC manner.

So large a proportion of our work is now going into the City Cemeteries in successful competition with the best city manufactures that our products are as famous and conspicuous for their excellence, in Greenwood Cemetery of New York, Rural Cemetery of Philadelphia, and many of the Western Cities, as throughout Vermont. And we present the fact of our constantly increasing business, justified by the UNIFORM EXCELLENCE of our work during the past five years, as the surest guaranty purchasers can have of our faithfulness in the future. may1tf

General Merchandise.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE!

THERE WILL BE OPENED AT

NO. 9 MERCHANTS' ROW,

On or about May 8th, a large stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Which will be

SOLD AT COST

TO

CLOSE OUT A BUSINESS.

Full Particulars soon.

GEORGE W. CHAPLAIN, Jr.,

Rutland, April 30th. may1d1w

WALLINGFORD.

A. HILL & SON

Will open on Monday, May 5th, the new

MILLINERY ROOMS

Over their store, where will be displayed an elegant stock of Pattern Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Frames, Hats, &c. New York Goods at Wallingford prices. Also Mens' and Boys' Hats and Caps.

Having enlarged and improved our

CLOTHING ROOM,

We shall open on the same day, our Spring stock of

MENS', BOYS' AND CHILDRENS' SUITS.

Can give a good business suit for $10, and we have a good line of Beer good. Elegant Coats and Vests and Nobby Pants. We have remodelled our

SHOE DEPARTMENT,

And can now offer a full stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Rubbers and Slippers; also, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes.

We have a new lot of

CROCKERY

To open; also in stock, Glassware, Hardware, Grass Seed and Flour. We can give the best of bargains in

GROCERIES AND FAMILY SUPPLIES.

Come and get 8 lbs. of the best white Sugar for $1, and good Japan Tea for 67 cents. (N. B.—We have some not as good for 50 cents.) But we cannot give you a list of our goods or prices, so you must call on us and see for yourselves.

A. HILL & SON,

WALLINGFORD.

may1d1d&w3m

A SPLENDID LOT OF NEW BRAIDING DESIGNS, also ALPHABETS, just received at E. N. MERRIAM'S.

Watches and Jewelry.

TO THE THOUSANDS

THAT WILL READ

THE RUTLAND GLOBE,

Allow us to say that

OUR STORE

IS STILL ON

MERCHANT'S ROW, NEAR THE BEE-HIVE

OUR SPECIALTY,

FINE WATCHES.

As Merchant Jewelers, we propose always to be posted and stocked with articles of

ARTISTIC AND INTRINSIC WORTH.

SOLID SILVER GOODS

From Gorham & Co., always Sterling.

RICH PLATED WARES.

CLOCKS, SPECTACLE, &C., &C.

BEE-HIVE,

BEN K. CHASE & CO. may1d1w

BAILEY & PARMENTER,

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELERS

AND

SILVERSMITHS.

We have the largest and best assortment of Watches ever offered in this market,

GOLD CHAINS,

In large supply, embracing every variety of style desirable for Ladies' or Gentlemens' wear.

JEWELRY,

In rich abundance, and more coming.

CUTLERY,

SILVER PLATED AND STEEL, FOR TABLE USE.

Our stock is large, and we sell at low prices.

SILVER GOODS.

SILVER SPOONS OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

ROGERS' BROTHERS PLATED FORKS AND SPOONS.

Tea Sets, Castors, &c., all the best.

SPECTACLES

To fit those who cannot see well.

EYE GLASSES.

A new thing without frames. Very desirable. Call and see for yourselves at

BAILEY AND PARMENTER'S,

17 Merchants' Row.

may1d1f

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS!

WATCHES CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE,

AT

MARSHALL & CADY'S.

Who have just received a large and elegant stock, open cases with flat glasses, in both Swiss and American, key and stem winders.

NEW ASSORTMENT OF CHAINS,

GOLD SETS, RINGS, PINS, &C.

Solid Silver and Silver Plated Ware.

A fine line of Black Jewelry in horn and Jet. Call at the old stand of Clark Bros. & Marshall, corner Merchants' Row and West street.

may1d2m MARSHALL & CADY.

ADAMS & SON HAVE A NICE Stock of

WATCHES AND CHAINS,

JEWELRY, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES,

GUNS, CARTRIDGES, RASORS,

SOLID SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARE.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

Repaired in a workmanlike manner, and engraving executed neatly.

Our customers will find us over C. A. Parkhurst's store, up one flight of stairs, where our rents come cheap, and we can give our patrons the benefit of it in our low prices.

Call and see us at your earliest convenience.

ADAMS AND SON,

No. 21½ Merchants' Row, Up Stairs.

may1d.

PITTSFORD FURNACE,

J. BRICHARD, Proprietor.

Manufacturer of

CHARCOAL PIG IRON,

PITTSFORD, VT. may1d3m

Musical.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To be held at the

TOWN HALL, RUTLAND, VT.,

Commencing on Monday Eve., May 12, and closing Friday Eve., May 16, 1873, under the direction of the celebrated conductor

MR. CARL ZERRAHN, of Boston, Mass.

President, John N. Baxter, Rutland. F. A. Fisher, Sec. R. A. Morse, Treas. George A. Mietzke, Musical Committee. On which occasion the following eminent artists, whose reputation is unrivaled, will appear.

Mme. JENNIE VAN ZANDT, Prima Donna, late of the Parepa Rosa English Company.

MME JULIE DERVIEUX, Soprano of Dr. Chapin's Church, New York.

M. FRANZ RECOKEWITZ, Baritone of Trinity Church, New York.

MR. W. H. FESSENDEN, Tenor of the Barnabee Troupe.

MR. A. J. PHILLIPS, Tenor of Burlington.

MR. GEO. A. MIETZKE and MR. S. C. MOORE, Pianists. The celebrated

GERMANIA BAND, of Boston.

THE LEADING MUSICIANS of the State will also take part.

THE LARGEST CHORUS

Ever assembled in Vermont will render the Choral music, in a style not excelled at any previous musical gathering. On Friday afternoon, May 16th,

FIVE HUNDRED PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Will participate, and this, in connection with the appearance of the artists, will make one of the pleasantest features of the festival.

THREE GRAND CONCERTS AND MATINEES,

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

SINGERS' TICKETS,

Lady $1, Gentleman, $2, admitting to Chorus Seats only.

SINGLE SEASON TICKETS, $3.

Admitting to all Rehearsals, Matinees and Concerts,

Matinee tickets, 50 cts. Concert Tickets, 75 cts.

Matinees commence precisely at 2½ o'clock p. m. Concerts at 8 p. m.

J. B. MEEKER.

MUSIC DEALER.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sold cheap for cash, or on easy terms, with monthly or quarterly installments.

EVERY INSTRUMENT WARRANTED.

SHEET MUSIC

Sent postpaid by mail to any part of the country on receipt of the retail price.

CHURCH CHOIR, SABBATH AND DAY SCHOOL

SINGING BOOKS,

Furnished at publisher's lowest rates.

☞ A liberal discount to Schools, Music Teachers and Clergymen.

Sole agent in Rutland for Moffat's unrivaled Sewing and

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES,

of all kinds.

Warranted the best. Patented in England and America. Sent by mail to any address by

J. B. MEEKER,

my1d1f No. 25 Merchants' Row.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TO RENT at E. N. MERRIAM'S. Also repairing and tuning.

THE PIANO SELECTED FOR USE at the coming Festival is the DECKER BROS. E. N. MERRIAM sells them.

Banks.

BAXTER NATIONAL BANK,

RUTLAND, VT.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $300,000.

DIRECTORS.

H. Henry Baxter,	J. W. Cramton,
H. F. Lothrop,	N. T. Sprague, Jr.
J. N. Baxter,	H. Kingsley,
T. W. Park,	W. C. Dunton,
Geo. E. Royce,	W. C. Landon,
George R. Bottum,	

COLLECTIONS

Made and remitted for at Lowest Rates.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

A general Banking and Exchange business transacted.

H. Henry Baxter, Prest. J. N. Baxter, V. Prest.

George H. Bottum, Cashir.

may 1.

Use Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil.

"It works like a Charm."

Safe to use and delicious to cure Colds.
Safe to use and delicious to cure Cramps.
Safe to use and delicious to cure Catarrh.
Safe to use and delicious to cure Contusions.
Safe to use and delicious to cure Colic.
Safe to use and delicious to cure Croup.
Safe to use and delicious to cure Cough.

For Sore Throat, mix Renne's Magic Oil with water, and use for gargling the throat, and in severe cases swathe the throat at bed time with three or four thicknesses of flannel wet with the Magic Oil. This prevents bronchial difficulty, and cures Canker in the Throat and Stomach, and promotes digestion.

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil—Neuralgia.
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil—Rheumatism.
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil—Sciatica.
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil—Chilblains.
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil—Sprains.
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil—Headache.
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil—Toothache.

Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all honest and prosperous druggists, merchants and grocers. Manufactured only by WM. RENNE & SONS, Pittsfield, Mass.

TAGS.—We have now in stock an assortment of Dennison's Patent Direction Labels and Merchandise Tags, which we will sell at manufacturer's prices.

We have also a good stock of "Phillip's Security Hook-Tags," a very convenient and serviceable article for merchants. Among its advantages are: Goods can be more readily marked than by any other means; the tag is so securely locked that it cannot become detached from the goods; no chance of the tag becoming detached from the hook; no points projecting to tear other goods or your fingers. They are safe, strong and cheap. Call and examine them. GLOBE PAPER CO.

WANTED.—Dry Goods Clerk immediately. An experienced man preferred. Address P. O. Box 256.

The Rutland Daily Globe.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1873.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Payson, Dunton & Scribner Manual of Penmanship; P. D. & S. Authors, J. W. Payson, S. Dunton, W. M. Scribner, G. H. Shattuck, A. S. Manson. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Company. For sale by Spaulding & Co., Rutland.

This is a book of 112 pages, with illustrations and elaborate explanations of the principles concerned in the construction of letters and the art of handwriting. The wonder is that so much could be said on the subject.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

An Illustrious Victim of Intemperance.

BY REV. G. W. M'CEE.

Not a few literary men extenuate intemperance in poets, as if a refined intellect, a brilliant imagination, noble conceptions of life, a clear insight into the beauties of nature, and splendid diction could not consist without indulgence in wine. Some of the most famous poets England ever saw were not inebriates. John Milton, George Herbert, William Cowper, James Montgomery and William Wordsworth had no delight in the wassail-bowl; and if Shakespeare, Byron, Hartley, Coleridge and many other singers of song, had never flooded their brains and blood with strong drink, their worst lines had never been written, and their productions would have been shorn of none of their glory.

The history of Edgar Allen Poe is one of the saddest and darkest ever told. His parents were theatrical performers who died early, and left three children, of whom he was one—in utter destitution. He was born in Baltimore in January, 1811, and after the death of his parents, was adopted by Mr. John Allen, a rich merchant, who intended to make him his heir. Mr. and Mrs. Allen took him with them on a visit to England, and for several years he went to school at Stoke Newington, near London. On Mr. Allen's return to America he was sent to the University at Charlottsville.

He there begun his fatal course of dissipation, and went to such deplorable extremes in vice, that, although a brilliant scholar, he was expelled from the University. He then went to Europe, was guilty of such drunken follies in St. Petersburg, that the police apprehended him, and it needed all the influence of the American Ambassador to save him from the penal consequences of his misdeeds. On his return to America, Edgar Allen Poe was forgiven by Mr. Allen, who procured his admission into the Military Academy, but although popular with his mess, he yielded so completely to his love of wine that he was dismissed from the Academy in disgrace. Once more Mr. Allen, now a widower, forgave him, but Poe behaved so disgracefully that he was expelled from Mr. Allen's house, who, when he died, did not leave him a dollar.

Poetry had by this time began to have some charms for him, and [illegible] small volume containing one of his poems. That he was a poet none can doubt. Just listen to a stanza taken from "The Bells:"

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells! [bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight,
From the molten golden notes,
And all in time,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future; how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells.

One of his biographers, writing of him at this period, gives a deplorable account of his appearance, and relates the kindness of Mr. Kennedy, a literary gentleman, to him. He says:

"Thin and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the want of hose. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice and conversation and manners all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his history and his ambition, and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature."

Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly regained style of a gentleman. His new friends were very kind to him, and availed themselves of every opportunity to serve him. Through their efforts, he obtained the editorship of a magazine published at Richmond Va., to which he contributed numerous articles; but after the lapse of a few months, his old habits of dissipation began to show themselves, and for a week he was in a condition of brutish drunkenness which led to his dismissal.

Edgar Allen Poe had friends who warned him of his folly, and urged him to abstain from "wine and strong drink." Seldom have we read a wiser, kinder, more forcible letter than one which is given in an American sketch of his life. The writer, Mr. White, who was then his literary employer, thus wrote to him:

"I cannot address you in such language as this occasion and my feelings demand; I must be content to speak to you in my plain way. That you are sincere in all your promises, I firmly believe; but when you once again tread these streets, I have my fears that your resolutions will fail, and that you will again drink till your senses are lost. If you rely on your strength, you are gone. Unless you look to your Maker for help you will not be safe. How much I regreted parting from you, is known to Him only and myself. I had become attached to you; I am still; and I would willingly say return, did not a knowledge of your past life make me dread a speedy renewal of our separation. If you would make yourself contented with quarters in my house or with any other private family, *where liquor is not used*, I should think there was some hope for you; but, *if you go to a tavern or at any place where it is used at table you are not safe.* You have fine talents, Edgar, and you ought to have them respected, as well as yourself. Learn to respect yourself, and you will find that you are respetoed. *Separate yourself from the bottle and bottle companions forever.* Tell, me if you can and will do so. If you again become an assistant in my office, it must be understood that all engagements on my part cease the moment you get drunk."

This was the counsel of a true friend, but Edgar Allen Poe did not adopt it as the rule of his life.

About 1837 he married a lovely girl, but this event failed to reform him. He continued to drink, gamble and even swindle people out of money for vicious purposes, and when his young wife died she was released from a world of darkness, sin and woe.

In 1844 Poe went to New York, and there published his wonderful poem 'The Raven.' It made him famous. What is the meaning of the poem? Did 'The Raven represent his deep remorse? It is possible, for listen to these lines:

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door;
"'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this and nothing more.

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my book surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the Lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore—
Nameless here forever more.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a moment stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord and lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou, I said, 'art sure no craven,'
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore—
Quoth the Raven, 'Never more.'

'Prophet!' said I, thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me I implore!
Quoth the Raven, 'Never more.'

'Prophet!' said I, thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels named Lenore—
Quoth the Raven, 'Never more.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul has spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form off my door.'
Quoth the Raven, 'Never more.

Edgar Allen Poe once more fell in love, at least so he said. His hand was offered to a literary lady of brilliant talents and spotless name, and, having been accepted it was announced that the marriage would soon take place. It was of this lady he wrote the following lines:

"Glad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturned faces of the roses,
And on thine own upturned—alas in sorrow!
Was it not Fate that on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name was also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footsteps stirred; the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out;
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and repining trees,
Were seen no more; the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the slowing airs,
All—all expired save thee—save less than thee,
Save only the light in thine eyes—
I saw but them—they were the world to me,
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart histories seems to lie unwritten
Upon those crystaline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene, a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But they were never married, for on the night before the bridal he went to the house of his betrothed in such a state of wild and savage drunkenness that he was given in the custody of the police!

He pursued his evil courses until, at last, he was destitute of money, food, home, and almost naked. At Richmond he joined a "Temperance society," but did not keep his pledge.

He was on his way to New York when his final debauch came. His biographer thus describes his fearful end.

'Arriving in Baltimore, he gave his trunk to a porter, with directions to convey it to the cars which were to leave in an hour or two for Philadelphia, and went into a tavern to obtain some refreshments.

Here he met acquaintances, who invited him to drink; all his resolutions and duties were soon forgotten; in a few hours he was in such a state as is commonly induced only by long, continued intoxication. After a night of insanity and exposure, he was carried to a hospital; and there, on the evening of Sunday, the 7th of October, 1849, he died at the age of thirty-eight.'

Such was the death of a genius who might have lived a glorious life and illumined the world with the productions of his great mind, but whom wine involved in awful ruin and whose name is now a byeword and a reproach. Let young men avoid the claret-jug and the champagne cup, the brandy-flask and the glass of bitter beer. Faithful and heroic abstinence from all intoxicating drinks will save them from the terrible fate of Edgar Allen Poe.

A Bet that May Cost Two Philadelphians their Lives—Descending Falls and Rapids in a Canoe.

Bushkill, Pa., April 24.—Bushkill creek is one of the most rapid streams in this State. It empties into the Delaware river at this place. Between its mouth and Beaver creek, a tributary, there are several high falls. Otts' Barrens Falls are 70 feet high, Reseca Falls 70, Coolbaugh's Falls over 50, other falls are from 20 to 30 feet high. The water falls over almost perpendicular rocks. In some places the water in Bushkill rushes between high walls of perpendicular rocks, 20 feet high, at a rate of a mile a minute. The distance from Beaver creek to the Delaware is almost thirty miles, through a wild and almost primitive wilderness.

A wager has been made by Mr. W. Joyce and Mr. Silas Gill of Philadelphia, who make occasional fishing and hunting excursions to Pike county, that they will go from the mouth of Beaver creek to the Delaware river in an ordinary canoe. The bet is $1,000, which has been taken by parties in Philadelphia. The trip is to be attempted some time in June. A large sum of money has been staked on the result.

This perilous and foolhardy enterprise is not without a precedent. In June, 1869, Josiah Dush of Northampton county and John M. Troch of Monroe county, one an old and experienced hunter, and the other a returned Californian, made the trip in the manner the Philadelphia men propose. Messrs. Bush and Troch descended the stream in their canoe, but was gone so long that it began to be feared they had been dashed to pieces. A searching party were about to be organized to look for their bodies, when they made their appearance in safety. They said that nothing would induce them to repeat the hazardous experiment.

A woman named Wade shoes horses at Fort Scott, Kan., whi[illegible] husband plays billiards around the c[illegible]

A horse-car driver in Chicago gave a penny over to twenty different passengers, to try their honesty, and nineteen of them kept the money, while the other one swore that four cents more were due him.

A writer in Scribner's relates that on a certain evening, when unable to arouse his household by the ringing of the door bell, a policeman suggested the expedient of knocking a brick gently against the outer wall, and that the dull, drum-like booming which resulted, quickly secured for him an entrance to his domicile.

UNPARALLED STORM.

Great Snow Hurricane Out West—Thrilling Incidents.

The storm came on, the 13th, as suddenly as the great hurricane of January. The sky grew pale, then darkened to an ominous yellowish gray. The rain grew colder, then turned to sleet, then to snow, which fell lightly till noon. Then the wind strengthened and shifted; by one o'clock it was blowing half a gale from the northwest; half an hour later it was a hurricane, blowing from the north.

As the wind grew stronger, the air became black with snow. I say "black" advisedly, for no other word will adequately express the impression left by that storm. The heavens were still a dome arched upon the reeling ring of the horizon, but the canopy was no longer of steely blue and silver. It was a sky of tea-lead, bounded, when one caught a glimpse of it, by a livid ring. In the midst was an unnatural smear of nebulous, white light. That was the sun. The snow no longer fell in flakes. The little needles, which at first had been driven tingling against the face and tinkling against the glass, had given place to large, blotchy flakes, which were not too heavy to be driven before the wind. But these, in turn, had yielded to such gigantic splashes of snow as may fall in the realm of Brobdingnag. They were irregular wreaths, patches and aggregations of snow, which could be fairly likened to nothing so much as an atmosphere full of white bats and cotton wool. These great winding sheets of snow were taken by the wind, which was blowing, at the lowest estimate, seventy miles an hour, sometimes attaining a velocity of 100 miles.

At midday it was dark as Egypt. The few people who were caught out of doors groped and guessed their difficult way. The man who held out his hand could not see it at the length of his own arm. Buildings were invisible till one ran against them, and looking up saw a grayer shadow in the gray storm.

The scene, however, which challenged and compelled more imperatively than any other, the observation of the correspondent, was that of the camp where the cavalry had just begun to establish themselves, having arrived on their way to the plains, where they are to protect the working parties on the Northern Pacific Railroad. The camp arrangements had not been nearly completed, when the storm burst upon the canvas city and in a moment reproduced in miniature the retreat from Moscow.

Those sixty-six hours of storm, of sunless day, starless night, nothing but driving snow and howling wind, were as long as ages. Those who had at first realized the danger of the hurricane, whose horses were stabled and who had secured private quarters, could form no idea of what their comrades endured. The total loss of the horses will probably foot up to 100 head. But for the good fortune by which General Custar obtained a large stone store wherein he stabled 300 of the horses, his command would have been entirely dismounted.

The men suffered as severely. The tents were all blown down and torn, so that they were without shelter, and food they had none. It seemed impossible to stay in the camp in that hurricane; to leave the camp was certain death. Some of the men did not realize this, and undertook to reach the city trusting to the wind to guide them, ignorant that the wind had shifted threacherously and now blew from the north. What became of these men, or how many of them there were who thus surrendered their one chance of life, it is as yet impossible to say. The muster-roll shows that many are missing.

Of the extent of the storm in this thinly-settled neighborhood and its effects in so far as loss of life is concerned it will be impossible to say for weeks. All agree that such a storm was never before seen on the Missouri. General Custar's long experience on the plains fails to record a hurricane of such violence.—*Yankton, Dakota, Correspondence (April 18) N. Y. World.*

MISCELLANY.

A clock at Knoxville, Ia., hasn't lost an hour since 1814.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—*St. Augustine.*

The new dictionary will define delirium tremens as a tight fit.

An early spring—jumping out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.—*Lavater.*

Why is nature like a baby? Because there is generally a squall when its face is washed.

One of our bachelor friends supposes a lady's bridal day is that on which she takes the rein.

A French doctor has announced the discovery of a safeguard against hydrophobia. It is a ladder.

Liberty must be a mighty thing; for by it God punishes and rewards nations.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

A Massachusetts school-teacher has struck the thing at last. He makes unruly boys turn a grindstone one thousand times, while another boy bears on with a stick of wood.

Texas babies who don't take castor oil readily, have their jaws pried open with the shears. One was killed that way at Houston, the other day.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has bought a brick cottage on Forrest St. near Farmington avenue in Hartford, which is to be her permanent residence.

A party of "young ladies" was recently dispersed by the police at Springfield, Mass., for disturbing a newly married couple with a tin-pan serenade.

Fon du Lac, Wis., reports the discovery of another miraculous well, the water from which instantly converts a piece of soft iron into a permanent magnet.

A dry-goods dealer of Americus, Ga., availed himself of the recent hanging of a criminal to improvise an auction sale among the crowd assembled in the public square.

The general topic of conversation at Little Rock, Ark., at present is the discovery of a valuable silver mine just outside of that city.

On removing the body of John Sallie from a cemetery at Virginia, Cass County, Ill., last week, a bull snake, four feet long was found in the box containing the coffin.

A communication has recently appeared in the Manchester [Eng.] *Examiner*, from a smoker who "has read with interest the various letters which have appeared in that journal on the tobacco question." This gentleman, it seems, never knew a day's health until he took to smoking. Up to the age of twenty he never smoked, but he was always sickly, and during the winter months was much troubled with affections of the chest. Fortunately for him, at that age, on the recommendation, he alleges, of no less an authority than Prof. Huxley, he "began the use of mild tobacco," and from that day forward he has enjoyed good health; is no longer troubled with