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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 5. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 10, 1879. NO. 49.

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Beaver Dam—J. P. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October. W. H. Blankenship, Marshal.

Cromwell—P. W. Gilstrap, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October. W. T. Tilford, Marshal.

Ceralvo—Henry Tinsley, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October. Vacant, Marshal.

Hamilton—Wm. Hamilton, Sr., Judge, post-office address, McHenry, Courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October. Wm. Hamilton, Jr., Marshal, post-office address, McHenry.

Rockport—H. O. Roby, Judge, Dan. Tichenor, Marshal. Courts held third Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

Rosine—R. R. Wedding, Judge, V. B. Rains Marshal. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

JUSTICES COURTS.

FORDSVILLE.		
R. P. Withers, June 4	Sept. 3	Dec. 3
James Miller, " 6	" 5	" 5
BUFORD.		
P. D. Taylor, June 11	Sept. 10	Dec. 10
J. D. Holbrook, " 13	" 12	" 12
HARTFORD.		
A. B. Bennett, June 10	Sept. 9	Dec. 9
J. D. Byers, " 24	" 23	" 23
ROCKPORT.		
W. L. Rowe, June 25	Sept. 24	Dec. 24
A. N. Brown, " 27	" 26	" 26
ROSINE.		
Wm. Cannon, June 16	Sept. 15	Dec. 15
J. D. Miller, " 18	" 17	" 17
CROMWELL.		
E. O. Porter, June 20	Sept. 19	Dec. 20
Melvin Taylor, " 21	" 20	" 20

CONSTABLES.

Fordsville—George Bradfield, Post-office address, Fordsville.
Buford—Thos. S. Taylor.
Hartford—J. P. Stevens. Post-office Beaver Dam.
Rockport—T. R. Bishop. Post-office Centertown.
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Cromwell—J. W. Daniel. Post-office Cromwell.

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LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.—HARTFORD LODGE, No. 156.—Meets third Monday night in each month.
WM. H. MOORE, W. M.
H. WEINSHEIMER, Secretary

R. A. M.—KEYSTONE CHAPTER, No. 110.—Meets second Monday in each month.
M. E. M. McINTYRE, H. P.
H. WEINSHEIMER, Secretary.

I. O. G. T.—HARTFORD LODGE, No. 12.—Meets in Masonic Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will made welcome.
CLAUDE J. YAGER, W. C. T.
GROSS WILLIAMS, W. Sec.

D. E. THOMAS, L. D.

POST-OFFICE BULLETIN.

The Eastern mail leaves at 2 20 P. M., and arrives at 1 P. M.

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The Owensboro mail, via Beda, Buford, Pleasant Ridge and Masonville leaves on Tuesday and Friday at 7 A. M., and arrives Monday and Thursday at 6 P. M.

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3-1y JOSEPH MULHATTAN, Traveling Salesman.

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I have purchased of Messrs J. F. COLLINS & CO. their entire stock of goods, and will continue the business in the same house occupied by them. I intend to keep a full assortment of the

BEST FAMILY and FANCY
GROCERIES, CUTLERY,
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and all articles usually kept in a first-class grocery house.* I will also keep a full stock of

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Monarch and other first-class brands of whiskies for sale by the drink or otl er wise. I am anxious to supply my friends and acquaintances and the public generally with their goods, and will do so at low prices for cash or in exchange for country produce. I will be thankful for your patronage. Remember the place, J. F. Collins' old stand. Respectfully,

GEO. A. PLATT,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

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THE WORLD RENOWNED
WILSON SEWING MACHINE
in workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.
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Thomas & Kimbley,

Have purchased and will open an entire new stock of

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Physicians Prescriptions carefully filled at any time. They have secured the services of Mr. F. E. Kimbley as salesman and prescription clerk. He has had considerable experience in this capacity. He can always be found in the Store or his rooms over head.

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Price 50 Cts. By Mail.

For the Hartford HERALD.

POPPING THE QUESTION POETICALLY.

BY ORANGE BLOSSOM.

I will write for thee, dear Emma, a line or two or more,
Regarding one who loves you, as he never loved before.
I am the one Adonis, dear, who loves to think of thee;
And that thou art an angel, fair, my heart doth guarantee.

I know thou art a duplicate, of those in heaven above,
I love thee, darling, yes I do, I cannot help but love.
For hovering near me Cupid is, enkindling love's great fire,
And lending now a helping hand, as I compose this lyre.

I wish to "pop the question," dear, my love for thee doth burn,
Oh, canst thou, wilst thou, dearest one, a kindred flame return.
Oh let your answer be a yes, and not that dreadful no—
That oft polluteth hearts of love that once were white as snow.

Oh do not think I'm joking, dear, I mean just what I say,
And if you wish to test my word, just name the wedding day.
And as we journey on through life, we'll never cease to love,
And when we're called from scenes below, why, then, we'll love above.

In heaven above, where all is love, upon the shining shore,
With all the blessed heavenly host, we'll love forevermore.

By crystal rivers—pastures green, beside the golden throne,
Where all is love and peace serene, where naught but love is known.

Oh, do not think it strange, my dear, that I thus write so free,
It matters not, sweet darling love, how long I have known thee.
'Tis long enough thy worth to know, thou angel, pure as snow,
And if thou wilt but say the word, we'll to the altar go.

This style of popping, although rare, undoubtedly is square,
Though rather odd—romantic—queer, yet all in love is fair.
Oh, shall we be but one in life, and trust in heaven to bless?
Oh, do not hesitate, my dear, to say that sweetest, yes.

DEC. 1, 1879.

THE TRAVELLER.

Rambles in the Sandwich Islands.

[BY "DOLLY VARDEN," IN THE OTAGO DAILY TIMES.]

[CONCLUDED.]

The dark forms sat like black witches, grimacing me with their hideous shapes. I had only these ghastly demons of darkness grouped over this wild, weird, unearthly scene for company. The bats, and owls, and lizards had left the scene. No sound came to the ear, or movement broke the solitude of this dreary prison house of silence, as stillness reigned king over the plain. The black crags sat confronting each other as they were thrown when out of the fiery caverns they were formed. My flesh crawled at such a gloomy aspect. No birds were to be seen, not even a cricket or grasshopper broke the monotony with his song. An ant, or scorpion, could not find a living here. Loneliness of the most wearisome nature sat heavily on me.

This great lava-flow burst out of Mauna Loa in '63, and went coursing down to the sea, deluging a fertile plain covering up hundreds of terror-stricken cattle, and burying villages of natives 50 feet beneath its fiery waves, and left this horrid wreck, as gravestones to mark their sepulchres, over the theatre of its devastation. At this great eruption five acres fell in and disappeared out of sight, and the red molten lava, like a boiling river of fire, burst out of the great gap and ran down twelve miles into the sea, and overspread the shore with its fiery flood.

For five consecutive days these flaming vents poured forth a stream of lava a mile in width. The lava was as thin as water, and ran over the mountain and leaped into chasms of crimson cataracts of fire. Streams of lava a mile long were spouted from the mountain, and thrown like red water into the sky to the height of 600 feet, then fell in teeming showers to mix with the roaring flood tearing down the mountain side. Solid waves of fluid lava, a league in length, shot up like sheets of fire 100 feet into the air. The sea boiled around the coast of Kau, and hundreds of fish were cooked to death. The island was at noonday wrapped in a black pall of darkness, and the sea was beclouded with smoke for miles around. Coasting vessels were enveloped, lost, and bewildered in the dense haze that hung like dark curtains over the sea. The sky was a dark blank, distance was void; and dense masses of mist rolled over the ocean.

Farther on I came to the site of a native village, that with all its inhabitants was carried away by a tidal wave that followed this memorable eruption. Rushing in from the ocean in a wave 40 feet high, it plunged inland for miles and receding far out to sea, bore the grass thatched huts of the poor natives, of whom were drowned. A grove of many cocoanut trees stands among the old foundations.

A high bluff overlooks this saddened scene, on whose brow the trembling natives, who escaped a watery grave and a burning casket from the sudden messenger of destruction above gathered from the east and from the west. On its highest top, filled with consternation, they collected together from miles around, without previous appointment, agreement, or any bulletin notice whatsoever, but by universal instinct that it was the highest and safest resort. Some natives who were up in the mountains, contrary to the statutes, seertly distilling native spirits, roused by the earthquake simultaneously fled, and came tearing down the mountain side with suspicious looking implements in their hands. On this knoll they met, and under the excitement, the few dissenters and frightened pagans forgot their idols and superstitious deities, and even the staunchest followers of Pele, the volcanic goddess, let her existence slip their memory, and all prayed aloud to the God of heaven for refuge.

A native minister, who witnessed the scene, informed me that a great number of old idolatrous natives who scorned the religion of the church, and never darkened his sanctuary with their presence, disowned his God and clung to the old Hawaiian heathenism,—when this great test came to try their honesty, they all with one unanimous accord joined the Christian natives in earnest, and even led in the universal chorus to heaven for protection, and had ever since been conducting themselves with becoming propriety.

Passing this noted promontory, I at length emerged from this gloomy world of cinders, and rode out upon the green grass-coated slopes of Kau, where leagues on leagues of luxuriant meadows mantled in a rich growth of verdure, as prolific as the famous plains of Texas or the pampas of Brazil, lay sleeping in waving beauty for 20 miles eastward, and extend up to the black timber-belt high up on the mountain top, and spread in one grand and magnificent sweep of greenery down to the blue ocean, that lay below in sheets of indigo stretched out in the misty distance beyond.

This immense plateau resembled a mammoth meadow verdant with waving grass, covered with herds of romping cattle with tinkling bells, and thousands of bearded goats bounding about, and grazing up to their flanks in the heavy blades of grass. As I rode on among the thick verdure, beauties after beauties multiplied,—grotteos of leafy trees dotted the mountain slope, viney arbors hung with fairy colored blossoms bent their swinging trailers on the breeze. Flowers richly hued and fair to behold beautified the way. What a glorious prospect! how lovely! I thought, as my enraptured eyes dwelt on the picture. Coming out of that dreary lava-flow, the scene was refreshing to the soul. Beyond, all was beauty and lovliness—behind, all was desolation. These black lava-flows, with their trenchant gloom, contrasted with the cool shady groves and green lawns, blooming with wild flowers and sweet-scented blossoms—like a fallen depraved woman, serve as the background to reflect the divine beauty of "the guileless" and pure.

Upon the green slopes I passed a remarkable break in the mountain side—the site of an immense landside, caused by an underground reservoir of water, caught from the mountain above, which, moistened the hillside into mortar, and, jarred and jolted, by a violent earthquake three years ago, broke out of the mountain above and plunged down the mountain side, carrying an avalanche of mud on the slopes below, covering up 40 natives and their cottages in a flow of slush 50 feet in depth and three miles in length. The grass is now growing above the hamlet, whose huts and native are buried 40 feet beneath; and the night cricket sings his twilight songs over their grave.

The turf over which I rode resounded under my horse's hoofs like a drum, indicating that the ground-shell was indeed thin. The whole island and mountain is a hollow cone, filled with boiling lava, with a crust of earth formed over the vast cavern, with fiery cavern, with the volcanic craters as valves, through which it spouts continually. When the craters get choked, or a surplus of lava is boiled up, it breaks through the crust of the earth, runs down the mountain, and pours in avalanches into the sea. The island is only a cooled crust of lava, covered with vegetation, and occupied by the natives, and during a throb of the surging volcano any part of the island is liable to open and deluge its slopes with a river of molten fire.

As I perambulated over the plain, I was in constant dread lest I should fall into some deep pits overgrown with grass, which opened on every hand. Subterranean tunnels ran up the mountain slope, whose interior is unexplored. Many riders have been precipitated into these caverns, and crushed to atoms. Persons out walking have stepped on a rich growth of vines that went down beneath them, and in these dark wells starved to death. A native girl a few days since, while out collecting ferns for a lady tourist at the volcano, rambling about among the growing vines, fell headlong into one of these caves, and was rescued three days afterwards, an emaciated skeleton. My little pony seemed to understand the situation, or had great regard for his safety, as he stepped with care.

Farther on I found a company organised and on the grounds preparing to erect a sugar-mill, and bring this favored region into sugar cultivation. The soil here is extremely fertile.

14,000 feet above me the majestic dome of Mauna Loa stood in solemn majesty, with its lofty heights capped in clouds tinted with the gold and purple shades of sunset, which flushed like airy robes let down around the mountain from the fairy looms of Paradise, and dyed with a celestial halo of beauty. Its dark belt of woods, followed by the lighter green of the meadows, lay off against the sky, reddening in the sunset, while its colossal outlines loomed up grand and imposing in its lofty grandeur. In the distance the lurid smoke of the volcano rose into the sky. Red-tongued sheets of flame leaped high in the air. I looked on the ascending flames with silent wonder. Blue, white, red, and yellow smoke rose in a vast column and drifted off on the sky. I rode on with my eye fixed on that pillar of fire towering in the heavens. The goal of my ambition was in sight, the long-sought picture rose before me.

By early twilight I reached a dairy ranch embowered with trees in the midst of the vast green plain. I was warmly welcomed by the gentlemanly host, and ushered into a sumptuous repast of fresh mountain milk, excellent butter, a fat steak, ripe peaches, and the usual accompaniments. After tea I went out on the verandah to watch the burning fires and ascending flames of the volcano, that blazed up in ruddy torches high into the sky, like a vast red waterspout and formed a rosy canopy over the boiling crater that reflect the blinding redness of the glaring fires beneath, and illuminated the star-spangled firmament with a blazing cloud suspended midway in the heavens. Sometimes it burst out like a powder-magazine, touched off—declining flared up afresh like a burning city, or a great plain on fire, while its red curling smoke rolled off on the heavens like molten clouds. I looked long on the light of that fire not made with hands, and meditated on the glare of those flames whose furnace burns forever—whose fires are never quenched. I sat up late and gazed upon the fiery picture. I felt as though I was at the door of the world's foundry, and at the fireside of the earth's moulding-furnace, and I pondered on the father of volcanoes with veneration and wonder. I finally retired to a downy bed and among fresh sheets, dreamed wonderous dreams of the great volcano and its glories.

About 3 o'clock in the morning I was roused from the sweet realms of dreamland by loud shaking at my door, clashing of windows, banging of shutters, cracking of floors; the big chair had lent its arms to a small table and begun a waltz, a settee took for its partner the centre table, while the bookcase joined hands with the sideboard; the plates down stairs joined in the frolic and set up a clatter; the bells began to clang, and the kettle in the kitchen caught the infection and set up a racket; the bureau bowed to the cupboard, and began to trip over the floor; my boots were committing somersaults, my bed got on a spree; I was on the floor, then on my refractory couch, then on the surging floor; the house was in the throes of an ague, while the earth itself was on a tear. I felt that the very ground was slipping from under me. A rushing sound like the clash and roar of many waters, jostled and slashed against the rocks under ground, whose noise was like the waves on the sea shore, as the subterranean surge rocked and beat against the rocks underneath. Fruitless were my efforts to assume a perpendicular attitude, and finally I lay still and bounced. This was my first earthquake. Quite common here. They have them every morning for breakfast.

Caneyville Letter.

CANEYVILLE, KY., Dec. 4th.

Editor Herald:

No weddings.

A ball occasionally.

Our young and sprightly widower, Mr. Weave Barnes, invited several young ladies to sup with him on his birthday.

South Caneyville has a drug store.

Some time ago the citizens of this place cast a vote in favor of the law of Local Option, and they now have it in the strictest sense of the phrase. We take local to mean confined to a particular place, that is, the whisky must be confined to one or two houses and sold by individuals called druggists. Option, we think, means choice, that is, is optionary with the buyer, how much he takes, a glass, a pint, or a gallon, just as his appetite may, at the time, demand. One of our druggists here can neither read nor write. He keeps a few drugs and a great deal of whisky. He seems to take great pleasure in waiting on his customers, but those desiring medicine have the trouble to examine the labels, point out the medicine, tell him the price, &c. When he sells a drink for ten cents, if he does not get the money, he goes to his book and enters ten straight lines. Why this man above others is allowed this privilege is a question that naturally arises in the minds of many. Well, we do not know; we can only draw conclusions from surrounding circumstances. In the first place, we are sorry to say that this man is backed here by some of the leading and most influential men of the community, men who like to take a drink themselves and like to have it convenient. It may be possible that those invested with power to stay his hand, are afraid of stepping on the toes of those *influential* men.

Another nuisance is that the Grand-jury did not do its duty while in session last week. They had sufficient witnesses before them, but not being interrogated, the witnesses did not volunteer information that would lead to indictment.

Now, worthy gentlemen, we want to ask you why did you not ask witnesses the same questions in regard to this case that you asked other witnesses in regard to similar cases? Why did you in this particular case withhold all questions calculated to elicit answers that would bring about an indictment?

Ah, worthy jurors, you little thought that this man you were handling so lightly would turn again and rend you; but hear, now, what he says of you. He comes home boasting of his success, saying that he took a supply of whisky up and watched for chances to get jurors out to treat them. He names one that he says he treated several times even in the court hall. If his statement be true, we have only this to say, there may have been some worthy men in that body, but it is evident that they were in bad company. Just think of it, readers, a man who will suffer himself to be influenced thus, being placed on a bench to decide questions of life or death. C. B. E. A. R. E. C.

Hoover Hill Items.

HOOVER HILL, Dec. 4.

Editor Herald:

After an illness of several weeks duration, we again assume the liberty of penning a few items for your excellent paper.

Mr. Ras Herm, of near Pleasant Ridge, is recovering from a very severe attack Typhoid fever—which seems somewhat prevalent in this section of the country.

The wife and two daughters of Mr. James Mosley, of McLean county, are paying Mr. Silas Shown and lady of our neighborhood, a visit this week.

Mrs. Frances Humpston, of the Hill, happened to a severe accident not long since, and, strange to say, too, by a wagon axle falling on her head. It seems that Mr. E. C. Hoover or some one of his constituents, who were engaged, at the time, repairing a wagon, had very carelessly inclined one of the axles against the shop-door, of course, not expecting anything of a serious nature to be the result; but Mrs. H., by chance, called out at the shop that morning (we suppose to give an account of the nice yield of feathers Mrs. Nancy King's geese produced last picking) and while seated in the door the axle fell, striking her directly on top of the head which inflicted a severe wound, producing unconciousness for a short time. She is out again, we learn.

The good people of this community (Methodist) are erecting a new church a short distance west of the famous old school house, White Oak, which, we trust, will prove of much benefit to the community. Its a matter of high importance now that the Hoover Hill people should be extremely proud of their situation. Churches are building up rapidly around us, schools first class; but not only this, we can claim the honor of being centrally located between the flourishing little villages, Beda and Buford, which are alive with business just now. The latter especially is receiving valuable improvement. Messrs. Geo. and F. M. Hoover are constructing a neat dwelling at that place which they will occupy as soon as their corn and flouring mill is completed, which we apprehend will be at no distant future. Success to Hoover & Co., as their mill, when put in operation, will be a great advantage to the citizens of this section of country.

A calico party at Pleasant Ridge, famous burg for that article, last week.

Silas Shown lost a few pieces of meat, by a light-fingered, hungry chap is an indication that some are preparing for holidays. PUERILIS GAUDIUM.

LORENA'S LOVER.

History of the Song that Charmed all Hearts Some Twenty Years Ago.

About the year 1858 there appeared in the musical circles of the West a song which, for twelve years, had a run rarely attained by popular melodies. The music had a peculiar charm, the words were singularly touching, and their length, extending to eight long verses, suggested to the reader a story back of them. In fact, the extreme pathos of the words contributed as much, perhaps, as the music to give the composition its wonderful success. It was sung everywhere, in parlors, in concerts, on the street and in the camps of the contending armies. In the Northern army it was immensely popular, and it found its way South through Louisville and Cincinnati, and during the rebellion it was the only piece sung in the Confederate camp. Everywhere was "Lorena." A steamer on the Ohio was named Lorena, engines on Western roads were called Lorena, and a person now sometimes meets in society young ladies named Lorena, called that by mothers twenty years ago. That the song had a story nearly every one familiar with it supposed correctly, and it may not be uninteresting at this late day to admirers of the famous melody to give the facts in the love affair.

The Handsome MEN'S CLOTHES, BOY'S CLOTHES, CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

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THE REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

He studied in the Columbus Academical and Collegiate Institute and was editor of the college paper. In the year 1848, being then twenty-four years of age, and full of peotry and romance, he was enjoying his first pastorate in Zanesville, Ohio. His leading parishioner was a wealthy manufacturer, whose residence was upon one of the many hills which surround that smoky town. The house was about half a mile out, and the eminence upon which it was seated was the one referred to in the song:

'Twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day,
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

There lived in this family a younger sister of his wife, who was the leading singer in the choir. She was nineteen years of age, small of statue, had blue eyes and light brown hair, and was as fair as a lily. She was not only a sweet singer, but she was as full of poetry and romance as her pastor, and they soon became very much attached. Their loving did not, however, "prosper well" for the family were proud and aristocratic, and "had higher notions of the girl's future than to sanction her marriage with a poor preacher." As she was dependent upon them for a home, she was forced to yield to their counsel—Mr. Webster says he now thinks it wise counsel—and they were obliged to give each other up. It was, however, the strong will and the proud spirit of the sister, more than the opposition of her brother-in-law, that separated them, or rather kept Lorena from him. Lorena seems to have been passive, indecisive in character, and submissive in the hands of a strong-willed sister. Mr. Webster saw her for the last time at her home, learned of

THE SISTER'S UNCONQUERABLE OPPOSITION,

Heard his fate, and took a quiet but painful farewell, very little being said. That night she wrote him a letter, in which she used the words, so well remembered by those familiar with song, "If we try we may forget." It was eight years after that he wrote:

For "if we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.
* * * * * * *
Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet,
They touch some tender cords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
There is a future, Oh! thank God,
Of life this is so small a part,
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up There, 'tis heart to heart.

The effect of the separation was to crush the young man, and, writing to a friend five years ago, twenty-six years after the occurrence, he says, "I doubt if all dark lines are erased from my heart yet." He resigned his pastorate and sought another field, smothering his pain by hard study and work. And the only sigh of that pain the world ever saw was the heart-cry in the song of "Lorena."

In 1856 he was residing in Racine, Wisconsin, where

HE MET J. P. WEBSTER,

the composer, who, though of the same name, is no relation to him. They soon became very intimate. J. P. Webster was writing song music, and was troubled to find appropriate words. Rev. Mr. Webster told him that he would write a song, and in two days he produced it, entitled "Bertha," a mere fancy name. When the composer came to set it to music he wanted a name of three syllables, accented on the second, and the author then made up the name of "Lorena."

The young lady's name was not Lorena, however, nor Bertha, but Ella.

It is said that she lost her vivacity and sunny, witching ways after they parted, and never regained them, and that she is now a sad, sickly woman, past the prime of life. She is the wife of a judge, and lived for many years at Ironton, on the Ohio. When last heard from, however, several months ago, she was traveling in Europe. Her proud and haughty sister has long since passed over the river, where "'tis heart to heart, instead of dollar to dollar." Her brother-in-law died only a few weeks ago. Mr. Webster, also past the prime of life, is married, and lives in Neenah, Wisconsin, a minister and the editor of a local paper.

Too Much Preaching.

There is too much preaching, and not enough good preaching. There is too much of "hell and its furies," and not enough of heaven and its glories. There is too much of an effort to make Christians from fear of the devil, and not enough from love of the Lord. There is too much preaching and not enough practice of that religion taught by the Savior. There is too much sanity in the profession of Christians, and not enough in their practice. There are too many Christians who lie awake nights bemoaning their unworthiness and thinking up schemes by means of which they can defraud their fellow men. There are too many Christians who go through rain and storm to be seen at church and who will go around a whole block to avoid the man to whom they owe a dollar. There is not too much preaching. There is not enough. But there is a lack in that earnestness that carries conviction. There is too much of an effort to serve God in a manner acceptable to man—to do those things that are considered popular in the sight of man. That is what ails the preaching and the cause of religion. Any minister who will stop to reflect, and is honest enough to acknowledge it, must see and appreciate this truth, but there is not a dozen in all christendom with boldness enough to make the departure necessary to correct the evils that exist.—*Fort Worth Democrat.*

Friendship in the Family.

It is undoubtedly true that, although many things that render life precious to us are found in the family, friendship, as we commonly understand it, is not often among them. There are strong ties of mutual interest and affection, based partly upon natural and instinctive feelings, partly on the habit of close and constant intercourse, and partly on the duties, responsibilities and dependencies which these relations involve. But when we look for friendship, either in its poetry and romance, its thrilling intercourse, or its sympathy of purpose and endeavor, it is usually outside not within the circles of near kindred.

Many reasons may be alleged for this, the most cogent of which is probably the blunting influence of continual familiarity. Living always together, the members of one family are apt to become monotonous and uninteresting to one another. Having had such abundant opportunity, they fancy they have entirely fathomed each other and that there is nothing more to find out. There is no longer the attraction of curiosity or the stimulus of variety. They are not vividly impressed nor do they feel able to impress in their turn. So there comes to be a sameness and insipidity about home life which is supposed to be inherent in it. The feeling of uselessness of effort deadens effort, and a luke-warm spirit of calm good-will is all that is even aimed at. That this is the case in numerous families may be proved by the change which the presence of the arrival of any valued guest. New life and energy seem to enter with him and pervade the hitherto listless household; each one feels a new pleasure and an unwonted desire to please, which are equally exhilarating, but, after his departure, they gradually sink back into the old apathetic routine. Of course the eager heart of youth especially cannot be satisfied with this; it must put out its tendrils and cling to something; it craves animated intercourse, warm sympathy, earnest purpose, strong emotions, and finds them in *outside* friendship.

Now, while such attachments are not to be indiscriminately discouraged, bringing their special advantages and pleasures, it is to be sincerely deplored that friendships *inside* the home are so exceedingly rare, and that the young are so generally growing up in the idea that they are impossible. There are, of course, many honorable exceptions to this, where not only husband and wife have been life-long and devoted friends, but also parents and children, brothers and sisters. Yet the careful preservation of these instances, and the extreme respect accorded them, proves their comparative rarity. Probably each of us can recall a few such cases, which stand out in bold relief against the multitudes of households who consider themselves highly blessed if they only succeed in avoiding contention and preserving a tolerable civility among one another.

Yet it would seem as if nearly all the materials for earnest and steadfast friendship might be found within a circle already joined by bonds of instructive affection and mutual interest. There is sufficient similarity of taste, purpose and position to win sympathy; and there is sufficient variety of age, sex and circumstance to prevent monotony. There is every opportunity for elevating a natural kindness into loftier affection, for developing the germ of respect and love into the rich and full growth of noble friendship. All the more delicate relations of sex are fulfilled in their utmost purity by the mother and son, father and daughter, brother and sister. Why, then, should years spent under the same roof so often separate and scatter the affections of childhood, instead of cementing and strengthening them into the rich and steadfast friendships of maturer life.

Probably the chief cause of this is that people rely on the instructiveness of natural affection as being all-sufficient, without effort. They imagine that family love is strong enough to take care of itself, so they take but little pains to preserve it from the shocks and jars of daily life. And they also suppose that they are so well known to each other that it is not worth while to present their fairer side. In all this they are mistaken. Natural affection offers a fine foundation on which to erect the edifice of a firm and enduring friendship, but it will not rise of itself. We must build it, stone by stone, if we would possess it. If we have a valued and respected friend, what pains we take to cherish his friendship! how carefully we endeavor to prune away from ourselves that which would displease him, and cultivate those qualities which he admires! how we strive to gratify him by pleasant surprises, and to avoid all that could wound or trouble him! Yet, let the familiar house door shut us in, and how many of us take the same pains? Here are throw off restraint, we air our worst side, that has been sedulously hidden, and allow our better qualities, that have been in full exercise, to fall asleep. How many of us anxiously make the most and the best of ourselves to our own family? How many of us regard the home as the arena for *giving*, not getting pleasure, for spreading, not absorbing comfort? It is the simple working of a natural and inevitable law; that which we sow we shall surely reap. If we cultivate home friendships with the same assiduity that we give to those outside, they will yield us even richer and fairer returns. There is no friendship so pure and beautiful in its nature, so rich and full in its power of blessing, or so singularly rare in its occurrence, as that between parents and their grown-up sons and daughters. Where the parental and filial instincts are supplemented by that and more spiritual affection that binds together minds in intellectual communion and souls in heartfelt sympathy, few deeper or more delightful friendships can be imagined. The guardian and dependent gradually lose themselves in the dear companion and true friend of latter life; and youth becomes wiser and age brighter, and both nobler and happier, in this loving and abiding union. If, however, we would enjoy any of the precious friendships of home, we must preserve the delicacy and freshness of each family relation; we must cultivate those qualities which endear us to one another; we must have faith in the power of love, and regard its obligation as our highest privileges.

A glass of whisky sells for a dime, and is drank in a minute. It fires the brain and deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same table lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million type; it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs half the glass of grog; but it is none the less true that there is