DAMAGED DOCUMENT

URBANA UNION.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY THE

URBANA UNION PRINTING CO.

OFFICE No. 20 North Main, Ground Floor, South of Court Street.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING, such as Books, Pamphlets, Circulars, Posters, Cards, Billheads, Blanks, Programmes, Statements, &c. &c.

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No. 20 North Main-street.

URBANA UNION.

"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOLUME X. NO. 1. URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 167.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 square one week	$1,00
Each additional week	50
1 square three months	6,00
1 " six "	10,00
1 " one year	15,00
½ column, 3 months	18,00
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⅓ " 1 year	60,00
¼ " 1 month	30,00
¼ " 3 "	40,00
¼ " 6 "	60,00
¼ " 1 year	100,00
Local Notices, per line	15

Rail Roads at Urbana.

TIME TABLES.

These tables are given for the benefit of our readers, with the date of the last corrections furnished by the Rail Roads.

CINCINNATI, SANDUSKY & CLEVELAND R. R. (MAD RIVER & LAKE ERIE.)

CORRECTED Dec. 4th, 1870.

Passing South:

Mail and Express, daily, except Sunday	12,42 P. M.
Night Express, daily, except Mondays	3,32 A. M.
Bellefontaine Accommodation	4,18 A. M.
Night Express runs South on Sunday instead of Monday morning.	

Passing North:

Cleveland Mail No. 6	11,08 A. M.
Express No. 10	7,19 A. M.
Bellefontaine Accommodation	5,37 P. M.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis R'y.

(PAN HANDLE ROUTE.)

CORRECTED Nov. 21st, 1870.

GOING WEST.

No. 6, Fast Line	11,08 A. M.	stops at all stations.
No. 8, Accom'n	7,35 P. M.	" " "
No. 10, Express	8,41 P. M.	" R. R. crossings.
No. 12, Way Freight	12,15 A. M.	

GOING EAST.

No. 1, Fast Line	3,38 A. M.	stops at R. R. Crossings only.
No. 5, Express	3,26 P. M.	stops at all stations.
No. 7, Accom'n	8,30 A. M.	" " "
No. 11, Way Freight	1,00 A. M.	

The Pitts. & N. York Express runs daily, all other trains daily Sundays excepted.

ERIE RAILWAY.

CORRECTED Dec. 5th 1870.

GOING WEST.

1,50 P. M. DAY EXPRESS daily, Mondays excepted, for Cincinnati and the West and South. Connects at Cincinnati with the Ohio and Mississippi and Louisville Short Line Railways, for St. Louis and the South and South-West.

2,55 A. M. NIGHT EXPRESS, daily, for Cincinnati.

7,35 P. M. ACCOMMODATION, Sundays excepted.

4,45 A. M. FREIGHT, Sundays excepted.

GOING EAST.

[illegible]

[illegible]

KERSEY ROBERTS, Sec'y.

CAPITULAO MASONRY.

Urbana Chapter, No. 41, of Royal Arch Masons, meets Monday evening, on or before each Full Moon.

S. S. LANCE, M. E. H. P.

KERSEY ROBERTS, Sec'y.

CHIVALRIC MASONRY.

Raper Commandery, No. 19, meet on the 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month.

JUSTUS S. WILSON, E. C.

S. P. TALBOTT, Rec.

I. O. O. F.

Urbana Lodge, No. 46, meets Friday evenings.

Champaign Encampment, No. 29, meets 2nd and 4th Monday evenings.

L. O. R. M.

Minerva Tribe, No. 37, meet every Tuesday evening, in third Story of Weaver's building—Northeast cor. of Public Square.

YOUNG AMERICA FIRE CO., NO. 1.

Meet first Wednesday evening in each month at their Hall over Lem. Weavers Hardware Store.

L. C. BOVEY, Pres't.

JAMES MURPHY, Sec'y.

MOLUNKEE FIRE CO., NO. 2.

Meet second Tuesday evening in each month at their Hall in rear of Court House.

B. F. GANSON, Pres't.

HORACE G. HAPPERSETT, Sec'y.

RESCUE HOOK AND LADDER CO., NO. 1.

Meet first Wednesday evening in each month, at their Hall in Kaufman & Nelson's Gothic Block.

ROYAL J. WINDER, Foreman.

GEORGE F PENCE, Sec'y.

Official Directory.

COUNTY.

Member of Congress	J. F. McKinney
Common Pleas Judge	Ichabod Corwin
Senator	A P Howard.
Representative	B C Follett.
Probate Judge	A F Vance.
Clerk Common Pleas	V Herr.
Prosecuting Attorney	W R Warnock.
Auditor	J Fitzpatrick.
Treasurer	W H Baxter.
Sheriff	T McConnell.
Recorder	G Riser.
Surveyor	Lucius Taylor.
Coroner	Dr W Houston.
Commissioners	Daniel Blose
	T F Woods, Z A Sayers. Regular meetings, 1st Mondays March, June, Sept, and Dec.
Infirmary Directors	G. Ellis,
	W D Knight, Sam'l Williams.
Auditor	T J O'Roark.

TOWNSHIP

Trustees	R H Cheetham,
	T M Todd, C F Colwell.
Treasurer	T H Berry.
Clerk	D W Todd.
J P's	N Rhoads,
	W A Hanes Ed B McGeary, L Adams.
Constables	J C Jones.
	Jacob Zombro, Wm Wharton S H Roach.

CITY

Mayor	L B Long.
Marshal	Thos Farrall.
Police	R R Richardson, Wm Happersett
City Council	R H Cheetham, C H Evanson,
	Dr J H Lentz, D Powers, P B Rice, H H Thompson.
City Clerk	L C Bovey.
Street Commissioner	John Gump.
Board of Education	J H Ayers, Pres., A C Deuel, Clerk, J H P Stone, H H Thompson, Dr H C Pearce.

Church Directory

1st PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—West Court Street.—Rev. J. A. P. McGaw, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 10, A. M., 7½ P. M.

Sabbath School at 2, P. M.

Lecture and Social Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH.—South-east corner Court and Walnut Streets. Rev. A. J. Inloff, Pastor.—Services every other Sabbath. Hours: 10, A. M., 7, P. M.

Sabbath School every Sabbath 2½ P. M.

1st MEth. E. CHURCH.—South-west corner Church and North Main Streets. Rev. —— Stephenson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 10, A. M., 7, P. M.

Sabbath School at 2½ P. M.

General Class Meeting, Monday evening, at 7, o'clock.

Regular Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7, o'clock.

2D METH. CHURCH.—East Water Street. Rev. —— Ferguson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 10, A. M., 7½ P. M.

Sabbath School at 2, P. M.

General Class Meeting, Sundays at 9 A. M. Young Men's Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening at 2nd Church building, opposite Market House.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at Church.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—East Court Street. Rev. B. T. Taylor, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 11, A. M., 7, P. M.

Sabbath School at 9, A. M.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Corner Scioto and Kenton streets. Rev. W. M. Probasco, Rector. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 11, a. m., 7½, p. m.

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH—SWEDENBORGIAN.—North-west corner South Main and Reynolds streets. Rev. Frank Sewall, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 10, a. m.

Sabbath School at 3 p. m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—John Street. Rev. J. A. Kearney, Priest. Services every Sabbath. Hour: 11 a. m.

ASSOCIATE REFORMED CHURCH.—West Market St. Rev. H. H. Thompson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 11 a. m.

DIRECTORY,

Citizens National Bank.

J. B. ARMSTRONG, - - - PRES'T
E. G. WILEY, - - - - CASH'R

Pays interest to holders of United States Bonds without charge. Also, deals in Government Securities, and sells Passage Tickets to and from Europe by the Cunard lines.

Directors:
EDWARD JENNINGS,
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FOR WAGON, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,

CALL ON BINKARD,
At Sanders & Dawson's Shop
WEST CHURCH STREET.

GEO. SOLLER,
BAKER & CONFECTIONER,
North-east Corner Main and Market St's
URBANA, O.
Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies &c., always on hand.
All orders for Parties, Suppers, &c., receive prompt attention.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS AT P. R. BENNETT JR'S., IN HOLIDAY GOODS,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, Gold Pens, Silver and Plated Ware.

DAILY STAR MARKET,
No. 29 South Main St.
SAM'L WARD Proprietor.
Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of
MEATS, SAUSAGE AND LARD.
GIVE HIM A CALL.

R. H. BOAL,
DENTIST.
OFFICE on Scioto Street, Two doors west of Exchange Hotel, (Second Story).
Special attention given to filling the natural Teeth.

22 22
THOS. H. BERRY,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCER,
AND DEALER IN
CHOICE FLOUR, PRODUCE, NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c.
No. 22 North Main Street.

L. H. LONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Will practice in Champaign and adjoining counties.
Will give attention to the collection of claims and accounts, and especially to the collection of Soldiers' Pay, Bounty and Pension Money.
Will do a Notary business.
OFFICE.—On second floor of Kaufman & Nelson's Building, Public Square.
Apr. 26, 1865.-1y

J. H. AYERS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
URBANA, O.
Office over Champaign National Bank, No. 10 North Main St.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Urbana and vicinity.

URBANA ELEVATOR.
BLOSE, BENNETT & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
—AND—
DEALERS IN
GRAIN & PRODUCE,
URBANA, OHIO.
Located at the crossing of the C. C. C. & I. C. & A. & G. W. Railways, and C. S. & C. R. R.

GRAIN STORED OR TRANSFERRED FROM EITHER ROAD.

DR. R. C. HUNTER,
(FORMERLY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.)
HAS located permanently at Urbana for the purpose of treating all
Old or Chronic Diseases.
He does not wish to be called out in bad weather, or nights; but will attend to an office practice, and call on patients who cannot call at the office, if desired.
His office is on Scioto Street, first door west of the Cincinnati Grocery, up stairs, first door to the right. Or at Mrs. Coulter's on Scioto Street.
DR. R. C. HUNTER.

YOUNG & CHANCE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
URBANA, OHIO.
Practice in Champaign and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of Ohio.
Nov. 22, 1865.-n158

JOHN JAMES. HENRY NILES. JOHN HAMES, JR
JAMES, NILES, & JAMES
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
URBANA, O.
Office in Urbana Insurance Company Building.

HOOFLAND'S COLUMN.

CALL

Hoofland's German Bitters,

AND

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in

1825.

They Cured Your Fathers and Mothers

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are not tavern preparations, or anything like them; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

H

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Jaundice, Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN

and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Full Feeling in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by

Hoofland's German Bitters.

O

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some more alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from many others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, those being scientific preparations; these medical extracts; while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good

F

round, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart freshness to the sallow face, and change the patient from a short breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full fleshed, strong, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are Made Strong by using the Bitters or Tonic.

THESE REMEDIES ARE THE

Best Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep you liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

TESTIMONY

Like the following was never before offered in behalf

L

of any medicinal preparation:

HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.
Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

A

HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD,
Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1867.
I have found by experience that "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a very good tonic, relieving dyspeptic symptoms almost directly.
GEORGE SHARSWOOD.

HON. WM. F. ROGERS,
Mayor of the city of Buffalo, N. Y.
MAYOR'S OFFICE, BUFFALO, June 22, 1862.
I have used "Hoofland's German Bitters and Tonic" in my family during the past year, and can recommend them as an excellent tonic, imparting tone and vigor to the system. The use has been productive of decidedly beneficial effects. WM. F. ROGERS.

HON. JAMES M. WOOD,
Ex-Mayor of Williamsport, Pennsylvania.
I take great pleasure in recommending "Hoofland's German Tonic" to any one who may be afflicted with

N

Dyspepsia. I had the Dyspepsia so badly it was impossible to keep any food on my stomach, and I became so weak as not to be able to walk half a mile. Two bottles of Tonic effected a perfect cure.
JAMES M. WOOD.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, $1.00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5.00.
Price of the Tonic, $1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7.50.
The Tonic is put up in Quart Bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the druggists to induce you

D

to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia,
CHAS. M. EVANS, - Proprietor.
(Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.)

These remedies are sold by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to see that you get the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Poetry.

Written for the Urbana Union.

NIGHT.

BY KATE GRIFFITH.

The chilling mid-night wind is sighing
In a low and piteous tone;
And in my heart a voice is crying
Aloud for joys that long have flown.
The stars of night look coldly down,
And smile upon the burning gaze
Bent with a deep, impassioned eye
On their impenetrable rays.

As once I saw, I now can see
An eye as cold as yon bright star:
Which to my gaze appears so near
Yet fleeth from my reach so far.
Thus could that eye curse every pulse
Within my heart to thrill with joy;
Then in an instant snap the thread
And every dream of hope destroy.

Now I stand and silent gaze
Upon the cold, clear mid-night sky;
Then from her calm, celestial rays
I slowly turn away and sigh—
Sigh, that when tired of earth's cold gifts
And all her shallow joys can give,
I may not cast the chain aside
And with those stars forever live.

Still bitter moans the mid-night wind,
Sighing around my quiet home;
And now the dying embers glow
Upon the hearth in the silent room.
So I list the wind as it moans and sighs,
And look on the stars above so bright;
Repeating the words of heartfelt hope,
'It will not be always night.'

DEAF, HAMILTON CO., OHIO.

Romance.

[illegible] the end of the story now being published in the—

'Of course.'

'Does the heroine die at the end?'

'Of course—dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?'

'You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe.'

'I cannot.'

'Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's.'

'Your daughter's?'

'Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too.'

'Come, a life to save is a temptation—'

'Not to be resisted.'

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered, and was happy.

About five years afterwards, Dumas met the marquis at a party.

'Ah, Dumas!' he exclaimed; 'let me introduce you to my daughter. She owes her life to you. There she is!'

'That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Joanne d'Arc!'

'Yes. She is married, and has had four children.'

'And my novel four editions,' said Dumas; 'so we are quits.'

II

In the summer of 1851 Count Sparigni, an opulent noble of Tuscany, was traveling through Germany with his countess and five blooming children, with the intention of placing one of his elder daughters in a celebrated German seminary. The party travelled in a huge family carriage, built particularly for the purpose, and a breakage in the springs of this vehicle obliged the travelers to rest for a day in an out-of-the-way village. While here, the two youngest children were allowed to take a ramble in an adjacent wood under the care of a servant, during which the younger, a beautiful creature named Paola, was inexplicably lost. Upon discovering that the child had strayed, as she supposed, the careless servant returned in great alarm to the inn, and the count, accompanied by a party of villagers, at once started in search of the missing one. Thus began an organized hunt of a week's duration, ending without a trace of the lost Paola. Neither search nor offer of munificent reward sufficed to bring tidings of the child, and the distracted family were obliged to return to Italy without her.

This mysterious bereavement was but the beginning of a fatal decade for the count's house. Two sons subsequently fell in the brief war between Italy, Prussia, and Austria, and two daughters died in the spring time of their lives.

A German paper having recently indulged in sympathetic commentary upon this wholesale mortality in one home and mentioned the first calamity of the lost child, a village priest of a German province was taught whither to direct certain important information which he had in keeping.

This worthy padre wrote at once to Count Sparigni, that a woman of his village had, upon her death bed, confided to his care a beautiful young girl, whom she confessed having stolen from a travelling family of foreigners fifteen years ago, for the sake of the valuable jewelry worn by the child.

The priest believed that this girl was no other than the long-lost Paola, and spoke of her as possessing the air noble to such a degree that she was known in the village as the 'young baroness.'

Upon receiving this letter, the count and countess at once proceeded with all speed to the village designated, and found, indeed, to their unspeakable joy, that the priest's beautiful young charge was no other than their own daughter.

To make the standard romance of the affair complete, it is added that they were also obliged to adopt a young lover whom the recovered Paola would not abandon on any terms.

Of the whole story it may be said that if 'tis true 'tis pretty, and pretty 'tis if 'tisn't true.

Clippings for the Curious.

There lives a Family in Dorchester county, every dark-eyed male member of which for the past fifty years has gone blind at the age of 20 to 25 years. Those with blue eyes escape the terrible affliction. There is a tradition about this singular circumstance which we lay before our readers as we heard it. Some sixty years since, so goes the story, a beautiful black-eyed girl of 20 from some cause lost her eyesight. Her misfortune brought penury and want with it. Being reduced to beggary, she was wont to go abroad asking alms. During one of her journeys she visited the neighborhood in which resided the ancestors of those who are now sightless. Instead of her helpless condition exciting, as it should have done, a feeling of sympathy, she was treated with ridicule by some of the younger members of the house her evil star had led her into. Two of the boys, as a matter of mere devilitry, took her out, promising to conduct her to a place where plenty awaited. Instead of giving her a safe conduct, they carried her into a swamp and left her. It is said that she cried out beseeching them to put her on the public road, but they heeded not her lamentations. Finding herself about to be deserted among the tangled brushwood, she turned her prayer to a curse, asking her Maker, in her revengeful anguish, to punish her betrayers, by making their offspring for seven generations as helpless as she was. It is said that she was found dead in the swamp, having perished from hunger and cold. This may appear somewhat romantic, but whether the traditionary part of it be false or true, it is assuredly a fact that the male offspring of the family referred to lose their sight as indicated. Hundreds of persons in Dorchester county will verify it.—*Cambridge Herald.*

'I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven.'—*Paul.*

I have been requested by many persons to give to the public an account [illegible]

[illegible] of the Saltsburg circuit, began a series of meetings at Kelly's Station, on the West Pennsylvania railroad, where the Methodists have an unfinished church and a very feeble society. A sermon was preached one night and penitents invited forward, when a daughter of Mr. John Taylor, of White Station, young lady of quite and amiable disposition, came forward for prayer. She remained at the altar for quite a length of time, appearing to be calm in mind, and yet earnestly and devoutly looking for the mercy of God. About 9 o'clock her prayer seemed to have been answered. Her face wore an expression of unusual brightness as she, looking upward, repeated several times with distinct emphasis. '*O that beautiful place over there.*' She became entirely unconscious, and was carried to a house near by, it being thought unadvisable to remove her to her father's house, which was about three miles distant. In this condition she remained for seven days, in the meantime taking no nourishment whatever.

On Tuesday she began to speak in a low tone of voice, and for half an hour told of the scenes of another world, after which she spoke of having been conducted to the place of souls, had heard their wailings of despair, and then conducted to the gates of heaven. Her description of what she saw and heard was so vivid and transporting that the large company wept freely. She spoke of those whom she had known who had died, and were recognized in glory, clad in shining raiment, with unknown names on their foreheads. She called them over by name, one after another, including the names of all the children she had known who had died; with all those tokens of surprise and delight that attend an actual greeting of long-absent friends.

The first of whom she spoke were two ministers. One was the Rev. A. H. Thomas, of the Presbyterian Church, once the pastor of the church at Saltsburg, but who some years before had resigned his charge for another in Ohio. He was not known to any present as deceased, but upon inquiry it was found that he had died a few days before. Of this event neither Miss Taylor nor any member of her father's family had heard.

Persons were recognized there whom she did not expect to see, while others for whom she inquired she was informed were not among that number. Many other things concerning another world were written down, and are lying before me, expressed in language most beautiful and appropriate, but which, if given, would trespass upon the columns of your paper.

Many expedients were used to restore her to consciousness, among which were singing and animated religious services, but all without the desired effect. On Friday her friends became very much alarmed, owing to the opinions expressed by the physicians that having been so long without food she would never be restored. The effort, was made to give her some nourishment, but in vain.—She was asked whether she would ever be able to rise, when she replied: 'My Saviour has not yet told me.' At different times she had spoken of her Saviour as present with her as her Guide and Instructor. Shortly after this she told them that her Saviour had just informed her that she might return to the earth on Sabbath evening at 9 o'clock. This statement occasioned a joyful surprise to her anxious friends. The father said that should it thus to come pass he would believe all she would say concerning the future state.

On Sabbath evening a large company of the neighbors had gathered to learn the sequel. There was no clock in her room, nor any way in which she could mark the flight of the hours, for her eyes had remained closed from the first. At 3 minutes before 9 she raised her right hand and waived it as if giving farewell to persons vanishing in the distance, and then raising her left hand in like manner, and at precisely 9 o'clock she opened her eyes, spoke a greeting to her friends, began praising the Lord, and called upon those around to join her in praise for His great mercy. When asked if she was hungry, she replied that she was not so in the least—that she had been fed with milk and honey, and, indeed, her strength was so wonderfully renewed, it seemed that she had been fed by an unseen hand.—*Rev. A. Sinsabaugh.*

Pearls.

'Think of living! Thy life, wert thou the 'pitifullest of all the sons of earth,' is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work then, 'like a star, unhasting yet unresting.'—*Carlyle.*

So every spirit, as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure,
To habit in, and it more fairly dight,
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For, of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spencer.*

'Shall I pray for you?' asked a Sister of Charity of Gen. Renaud. 'No!' he answered vigorously, 'pray for France.' This is the best there is in the highest form of religion—unselfishness. The philanthropist who was 'too busy for others to think of his own soul' could not have met much resistance at St. Peter's gate. Busy to save others—this has no dogma in it, but it saved the souls of Marcus Aurelius, John Howard and many more.—*Exchange.*

The time in which I live is but a small moment of this world's history. It is a dream of vanity; it is the rapid glance of the meteor; it is a flower which every breath of heaven can wither into decay; it is a tale which as a remembrance vanishes; it is a day which the silence of a long night will darken and overshadow. In a few years our heads will be laid in the cold grave, and the green turf cover us. The children who come after us will tread upon our grave; they will weep for us a few days; they will remember us for a few years; then our memory shall disappear from the face of the earth, and not a tongue shall be found to recall it.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

[illegible] bounty and a blessing to all; the royal gifts of the soul that they should be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be an unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the wealth of other men's joys; to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.—*Beecher.*

There is a time when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats low in the veins; when the spirit, which apparently knows no waking, sleeps in its house of clay, and, the windows are shut, the doors hung in invisible crape of melody; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds could be. This is a state of sickness where physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we wish none of it.

What shall raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again, and pulse through the myriad thronged halls in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills for us, with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles, and is a miracle itself, and is not in the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulants. Men try to bury the floating dead of their souls in the wine cup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulse to playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the clock only runs down sooner, and an unnatural stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted. There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.—*Prentice.*

How many a kiss has been given—how many a curse—how many a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasure of the heart.

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business. Go home to your hearth, erring wanderer. Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged waif on life's breakers. Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by.

Leave your books with complex figures, your dingy office, your busy shop. Rest with those you love, for heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you. Forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth.

Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless heaven for giving its weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal Saturday night.—*Pomeroy.*

THE principle of woman's rights is making a very rapid progress in Sweden. Women almost exclusively conduct the business of savings banks, and are extensively employed in the postoffice and telegraph departments. While in mercantile establishments they make efficient clerks and book-keepers. Gottenberg Medical University has been opened to women, with full access to chemical and anatomical lectures.

MUSIC.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

Since the time when the morning stars sang together until to-day, music has made glad the children of men; music, which springs from the *adytum* of the soul; music, the flower of both human and heavenly utterance; music, which links this planet to Paradise—the spirits of the sons and daughters of Adam to the ethereal essence that permeates mind and matter, and guides and governs all.

The harp was the earliest of musical instruments—its chords having resounded to the touch of JUBAL, before the deluge. We can trace its origin to the twanging of a tightened bow-string, and from the Theban monuments we learn that it was formed at first like 'the bent bow of a warrior.' It then possessed *five* chords, the Egyptians and the Irish having brought it to its present perfection. The lyre, the guitar, the lute, and other string instruments are merely modifications of the harp.

The organ was invented by an Alexandrian barber, 115 B. C. It is the most melodious of musical instruments. Its tones, now thundering, now trilling, resemble the richest notes of nature.

Tradition tells us that 'NERO fiddled while Rome was burning;' but the fact is, that imperal monster never so much as heard a fiddle. It was an Irish invention, and was known originally as the *crecamhtnic crout*—a tenor accompaniment to the harp, four of its strings being played upon by the bow, and two by the thumb.

The horn, as we are informed by MOONEY, "does not seem to be peculiar to any nation; it was used as well by the Jews, Egyptians, Phenicians, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Germans, Caledonians, as by the Irish.' Among the variations of this instrument may be mentioned the trumpet, clarion, bugle, flute, pipe, and flageolet.

The hand of the sun-burst and shamrock, was three thousand years ago, in the language of Dr. JOHNSON, "the school of the West,—the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature," while Great Britain and Continental Europe were wrapped in ignorance and crime. It was then and there that musical notes were invented, though Cyclopedia [illegible]

[illegible] Wall Paper [illegible]
[illegible]rns Window Blinds,

[illegible] old system of Credit, [illegible] abandoned to the world will make musical her dirges for all time.

BURKE says the music of Germany is rude and inelegant. PLAPARCH tells us that the hosts of Sparta marched to the sound of singing; but the strains were harsh and discordant, and would shock our more spiritualized people, like the laws and customs of that land. A nation that looked upon woman as the toy or slave of man, and that killed its helpless children, could hardly be expected to possess those finer sensibilities which produce and delight in harmony. Therefore it is not surprising that PLATO banished music from his Commonwealth—he never heard a 'concord of sweet sounds.'

Rome left no music worthy of preservation. She preferred the groan of the dying gladiator, and the clash of contending spears, to the sublimest vocal or instrumental strains.

The music of England is all borrowed—*stolen* would be the better term, perhaps, and it is only within the last century that she has been able to appreciate music other than that to which the feudal laws and customs left her addicted. JOHN BALDWIN, who wrote in the sixteenth century, spoke of 'her bawdy "balades that commonly are sung in "princes' and courtyers' houses," and PRYNN, who wrote in the seventeenth century, calls her church music "the bleating of brute beasts."

Madame DE STAEL says: "Among "all our presentiments of futurity those "to which melody gives birth are not "the least worthy of our reverence." Thus music has naturally become a religious art. DWIGHT pronounces the Catholic mass, "the most perfect, in "many respects, of all the forms of ex-"tended vocal and instrumental music,' and adds, "there is abundant alterna-"tion of sentiment in a mass; it modu-"lates through all the shades of devout "emotions, while the impression of the "*ensemble* is a predominating 'cheerful-"ness—without which it could not be "the voice of any true religion." From the *Kyrie Eleison* to *Dona Nobis Pacem*, evry exalted feeling of the human soul is there represented in strains that lift us up from the slime and vapors of mortality.—*Will. H. Kernan.*

NATURAL LETTER-WRITERS.

I think women are natural letter-writers. I have had hundreds from them, in my day; and I find that they average much above those of the other sex, of the same average educational advantages. And how delicious often is a woman's *home* letter, which she sends off without once reading it over! How surely she puts into it all the little spicy bits of news, and passing trifles—the very things you want to know—and which a man would pass by, as not worth the mention, or at least as undignified in him to speak of. Nor has she the slightest idea she has written a good thing; or when she signs her home nickname, like 'your affectionate 'Puss',' that it gives delight, instead of the stereotyped 'yours, etc.' with which her brother would finish it.

MANNERS.

WELL-BRED people are always delicate, but never very formal towards their friends. Delicacy, however, admits of much refined familiarity and neglect of all rules, save those of kind feeling and cheerfulness of mind. There is no rule for discovering whether an invitation to stay longer be sincere or not: this must be tested by the manner and tone of the invitation. The feelings tells us about such matters, almost without reason. People who are only polite by rule are stiff and awkward. It is dangerous to think too much about rules.—Better make a blunder now and then.—If they are good-natured blunders, they are always forgiven, and sometimes they are much relished and admired.

WOMEN, in order to dress well and look pretty, should consider two things, health and beauty.