

# The Long-Islander.

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An Independent Paper, Devoted to News, Literature, Morals, Temperance, Etc.

G. H. & C. E. SHEPARD, EDITORS

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WHOLE NO. 1725

## THE LONG-ISLANDER

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GEORGE H. SHEPARD, PROPRIETOR.  
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"Home, Sweet Home" there is no place like Home.  
OUR HOME IS SUFFOLK CO !!  
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Insure in the Huntington Mutual, and feel yourself safe against loss.

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\$500,000 00,  
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ON WALL STREET HUNTINGTON,  
( adjoining the Steam Mill.)  
Where can be found the largest and best assortment of Locks, Knobs, Hinges, Bolts, Screws, (Iron and Brass,) Nails, Coffin and Galvanized, Nash Weights and Cord, Burn door Hinges and Lugs for Top and Bottom of Doors, Paints, Pump, Cisterns and Tubing, Well Wheels and Buckets with Galvanized Hoop and Rails.

CARPENTERS' TOOLS, &c.  
Also White Lead, Mineral Paints, Graining Colors, Raw and Refined Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, &c. &c.

All Goods will be sold as reasonable as they can be had from the City.  
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THE GREAT ECONOMIZER.  
Saves labor, saves time, saves money, saves clothing.  
SAVES WOMEN,  
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WHITE, FIRM, PURE & POPULAR,  
Lasts Three Times as Long as Brown Soap.  
Harmless to Clothing and Pleasant to the Hands.  
CHEAPER AND BETTER THAN ANY OTHER SOAP NOW MADE.

Hundreds of Testimonials prove the above. Also, very fine and fragrant Toilet Soap.  
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Surgeon Dentist,  
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OFFICE—Cor. Main and New Sts., Adams' Block.  
Jan 7th, 1872

## ORIGINAL Howe Sewing Machines.

IMPROVED.  
Long Island Agency, 489 Fulton St.,  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.,  
Between Lawrence and Bridge streets.

THE OLDEST MACHINE  
with the latest improvements and decidedly  
The Best Family Machine now in  
the Market.

The undersigned having arranged with the  
proprietor of the Howe Machine for the sole  
Agency of Long Island, is now prepared to  
supply those superior Machines on the best  
terms at the above address. Also at the  
OLD STAND,  
168 late 109 Broadway, E. D., where, as heretofore,

ALL FIRST CLASS MACHINES  
will be sold on the most liberal terms.  
We have a full supply of silk, cotton and Lin-  
en Thread, Needles, Oils, &c., constantly on  
hand.

Refrain Agents wanted in Towns and Villages  
throughout the Island.  
Sept 4, 1871. J. E. McWILLIAMS.

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF HARTFORD.  
HARTFORD, Oct. 11, 1871.  
To the Agents of the Aetna Insurance Co.  
GENTLEMEN:—

We are this moment advised by our Chicago Agents, Messrs. Goodwin & Passer, that our losses by the recent conflagrations which have swept over that city, are less than two million dollars; our assets are full six millions; the "Aetna" will pay its Chicago losses promptly and have its capital (three millions,) entire, and a surplus of a million dollars.

The Aetna was never stronger or more worthy of public confidence than to-day; for a period of upwards of fifty years the Company has met promptly its obligations, without adding a day's delay, and has ever occupied the position of the leading American Fire Insurance Company; this proud position it will continue to maintain, and in the present crisis will preserve and add to its well earned reputation.

Yours respectfully,  
L. J. BENDEE,  
President.

Those who wish to insure their property in an old and reliable company which has never failed to pay its losses promptly during the last fifty years, should insure in the Aetna Company of Hartford, Conn.  
GEORGE H. SHEPARD,  
Agent for Huntington and vicinity

MAIDSTONE MILLS COMPANY.  
FRENCH, COOPER & CO.  
Sig. Hunter, N. Y., Dec. 1871.  
These Mills having been enlarged and greatly improved during the past season, by adding New Bolts, Stones and cleaning Machinery, can now offer to the Trade additional inducements for its patronage.

Our well known brand of "Maidstone" Flour made from none but the best Long Island Amber Wheat, is better than ever before, and is, we believe, cheaper than any other Flour of similar grade in market.

We continue to make "Maidstone" Flour, from the best selected White Wheat; second to none as a pastry flour. As both these brands are of uniform quality they are very desirable for retailing.

Particular attention will, as usual, be paid to Grinding.  
We pay the highest prices for all kinds of Grain, and have constantly on hand Flour, Corn Meal, Fine and Coarse Buck Wheat Flour, Graham, Stamp, &c. Send for Price List.  
County Papers copy six months.  
Dec. 22, 69.

"The Old National  
Fire Insurance Co., in  
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\$2,000,000.  
Equitable Rates. Losses Promptly Adjusted.

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Sept. 20th, 1871. 11

CAIRE'S  
GROCERY STORE,  
HUNTINGTON HARBOR,  
Having recently largely increased his stock of Groceries and Provisions, and having selected them with much care and with especial reference to the wants of his customers, he is confident that all their wants in his line of trade will be satisfied on favorable terms.

TEAS, MOLASSES, SOAP,  
COFFEES, BUTTER, STARCH,  
SUGARS, CHEESE, CANDLES,  
RABBIT, HAMS, SHOULDERS,  
Flour, Feed & Grain,  
and the like, every other article usually found in a Country Grocery. Also, a large and varied assortment of  
BOOTS & SHOES  
All of which he offers at the lowest market prices.

He solicits a continuance of the heretofore liberal patronage of his old customers, and a fall from those who have not examined his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

F. J. CAIRE,  
Huntington Harbor, April 24, 1868

## Select Poetry.

THE SPARROW.  
I am only a little sparrow—  
A bird of low degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—  
It is very plain, I know,  
With never a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain,  
Were it bordered with gold or purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
Neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet;  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows—  
All over the world we are found,  
But our Heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten,  
Though weak, we are never afraid;  
For we know that the dear Lord  
keepeth  
The life of the creatures He  
made.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
I light on many a spray;  
I have no chart or compass,  
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,  
Wherever I happen to be;  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm will come to me.

A Jury of Boys.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury he was very much of a favorite; but his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as dictators.

"Master, John Ziegler is whispering."  
John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his schoolmates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware of what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to me to hand me the arithmetic that contained the rule I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper and escape the punishment, and continued—

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of authority. I will leave it," continued he, "to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether I shall remit the punishment."

John said he would agree to that, and immediately call out three of the boys.

The doctor told them to return a verdict if they soon did, after a consultation, as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on voluntary proxies, and we, the arbiters, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and, with out-stretching hand, exclaimed—

"Master, here is my hand; they shall be struck a blow. I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretense of whip-

ping his face, shielded his eyes, and, telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.

How Yankee Silsbee Got to See the Queen.

It is something of a feat to catch a glimpse of her Majesty when she goes to the Opera in state, as the ruffles and lace of the United Kingdom rush from their country seats to London like a pack of harriers after unfortunate Reynard, so that everything like "squeaking room or standing place" is magnificently bespoken by nobles and their "right true lady loves," all anxious to breathe the same air as their sovereign, on this special occasion. The hall of the Opera House is a jam, the streets leading to it, dirty, and as for a box in the theatre, it cannot be had, as the saying goes "for love or money." They have all been bought a week or two by astute speculators, who, having got wind in advance of the Queen's visit, are determined to make all they can out of the matter.

A number of gentlemen, who had gone up to see her plump little Majesty at the close of last season's opera, returned to Morley's Hotel with faces quite chop fallen, and a dismal report of the impossibility of getting their noses inside of the great hall.

Josh Silsbee, the Comedian, was yawning over a heavy monetary article in "Times," and sporting up like an old game cock, suddenly excited, said:

"Do you see you can't get in there, Smith?"

"At in?" growled Smith—it was Albert Smith the famous author—"curse me! they're as thick as six in a single bed—perfectly wedged sir! You Yankees are blessed ente, as they say, but I think it would puzzle Uncle Sam to get in this time."

"Would you like to have me try it?" coolly remarked the comedian.

"No, I shouldn't for you'd get squeezed out of your wits, and then we'd lose you at the Adelphi," replied Smith, who knew how to turn a compliment as well as Lord Chesterfield.

"Perhaps I would," rejoined Silsbee, rising and drawing himself up, "I don't often bet, but I'll tell you what I'll do. There's six of us in this party, and I don't play till the last piece. I'll just bet you three bottles of wine that I get into the Hall in ten minutes from the time I leave Trafalgar Square!"

"Done!" shouted Smith. "Done!" Silsbee then, without saying a word, made a curved line for Covent Garden, through the market, and down Great Russell street, followed by a self-constituted committee, consisting of Albert Smith, Howard Paul and two others, to see the thing done. He dashed through the throng outside of the doors and tried to get one eye into the Hall. It was no go. Smith was right about the place being heavily packed, for where there was a vacancy there were twenty waiting to take advantage of it.

At one peep the comedian saw that the aspect of a chance was dreadfully dark, and that trying to edge in angular was of about as much use as trying to make three and four count six. The ten minutes had nearly elapsed, and the committee were close on his heels to report progress. All at once his attention was attracted by a band of music in a wagon entering Bow street, in which the Opera House is situated. He turned round and saw, by a huge fairing board posted on the wagon that it belonged to the Burgoyne Zoological Gardens, which is sent out as an advertising van with a tiger in it, by way of making the advertisement more novel. The animal advertisement was just at this moment in front of the Grand Hall and the thought flew into his brain. His eye sparkled, and jumping to the entrance of the Grand Hall, through which the Queen had to pass, he thrust in his fat neck and roared:

"Tiger!—Tiger! They say the animal is loose!"

This report, blending with the sobbing of the bassoon, and the chirping of the starlings in the van, brought about

a violent commotion among those near the door. Silsbee again stretched his neck and roared—

"Take care it don't jump over your heads!"

Instantly twenty heads were seen in motion, a dozen hats were elevated above the crowd—several exquisites, with point lace moustaches, grew blue under that portion of the physiognomy popularly known as "the gills," and not less than fifty rushed toward the doors to the spoliation of any quantity of bouquet, fans, and "such things." One or two delicate ladies sighed a shriek, and called for "salts," and a couple more expressed a wish for their "pas" and a drop of musk water.

Nature, they say, hates acid dispises a vacuum, and so does Josh; and when all this rushing and tearing about was going on among the white kids, he had slipped, slick enough, in a good place, where, if needs be, the Queen would touch "his trousers" with her train as she passed him.

Before the excitement had died away, and the originator of the tiger rumor could be sought for, the Queen, in her flouting gilt coaches, with her courtly attendants, dashed up, and all was again renewed bustle and confusion. Every body rushed right and left. "Make way for her Majesty," cried the policeman, flourishing his trenchon of office with as much unnecessary fuss as he could make, in the faint hope that his zeal might perhaps be noticed by the Prince. "Clear the road!" screamed the usher with his bronzed stick. The satins and doe-skins pressed thick and close, and her Majesty passed in.

Now as the "deed was done," and the great object of interest had, like a shadow, come and gone, some of the disappointed had time for a moment of reflection. One draper little man, with a red face, and a half a peck of white cravat twisted round his throat, which terminated in a bow something like a tippy letter Q, bristled up to Silsbee, and said—

"Ain't you the man that 'olered there a tiger hout hof his cage?"

Silsbee looked down on him for an instant, and replied, with a very long face—

"Me? why, my dear sir, do you know who you're talkin' tew?"

"I 'aven't the honor," replied Cravat, thinking he might have made a mistake.

"You have the honor of addressing the Duke de Silsbee," replied Josh, without moving a muscle.

"I really beg your pardon, my Lord Duke!" exclaimed the little man, dancing about in a paragon of delight at bandying words with a man of such blood; "I sincerely beg your pardon, my Lord Duke—it's quite a mistake, I assure you! Quite a mistake!" and he frisked off, redder in the face than ever before.

Silsbee's friends, Albert Smith and young Paul, even, who are both up to all sorts of jokes themselves, were all taken aback by this last piece of cool impudence. Nobody smoked the joke. Josh saw the Queen, the gilt carriages rolled off, Grisi sang "Norma," the committee reported at Morley's, and the bottles of wine were cracked with "three times three" and a tiger!

Lady Isabel Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bed chamber to the Princess Amelia, Lord Bath one evening, having no silver, borrowed half a crown of her; he sent it to her next day, with the gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was ready to accept it."

"I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with request for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

"Father, it tells here of illuminated MSS—what are they lighted with?"

"Lighted with? Oh—why—my son they are lighted with—with the light of other days!"

## Sure Cure for Hydrophobia.

Hydrophobia can be prevented, and I will give you what is known to be an infallible remedy, if properly administered, for man and beast; a dose for a horse or cow should be about four times as great as for a person. It is not late to give the medicine any time before the spasms come on. The first dose for a person is one and a half oz. of clean-purified root, bruised, put in a pint of new milk, reduced to one half by boiling, then taken all at one dose—in the morning, fasting until afternoon, or at least a very light diet after several hours have elapsed. The second dose the same as the first; except take two ounces of the root; third dose same as the last, to be taken every other day. Three doses are all that is needed, and there need be no fear.

This I know from my own experience and I know of a number of other cases where it has been entirely successful. This is no guess work. These persons that I allude to were bitten by their own rabid dogs, that had been bitten by rabid dogs, and were panned up so that they would go mad; they did go mad and did bit the persons. This remedy has been used in and about Philadelphia for forty years or longer, with great success, and is known as the Goodman remedy. I am acquainted with a physician who told me that he knows of its use for more than thirty years, but never knew of a case that failed where it was properly administered. Among other cases he spoke of was one where a number of cows had been bitten by a mad dog; to half the number they administered this remedy, to the other half, not; the latter all died with hydrophobia, while those that took the clean-purified milk showed no signs of the disease.

A lawyer, having some legal business to transact with a widow lady, took occasion to inquire her age. The widow, who had long since duffed the "widow's weeds," attempted to look plain and much younger than she really was, as she replied: "Thirty five, sir." Then, turning to the daughter, she said: "May I be so bold, miss, as to inquire your age?" "Certainly; I am a little past thirty-two—most three years younger than mother."

Among the reminiscences told of the Franco-Prussian war is the account of a curious duel between two subordinate officers of the French army.

"You intend to fight a duel, eh?" asked the commandant.

"Yes, Colonel. Words have passed which can only be wiped out by blood. We don't want to pass for cowards."

"Very well, you shall fight, but it must be in this way: Take your carbines, place yourselves on a line facing Malmaison, where the enemy is. You will march upon their position with equal step. When sufficiently near their posts you will then fire upon them. The Prussians will reply. You continue to advance and fire. When one falls the other may turn upon his heels, and his retreat shall be covered by one of my companies."

"The matter was arranged as the commandant had dictated. At twenty paces from the walls of Malmaison, one the adversaries was wounded, staggered and fell. The other ran to him, raised him up and carried him off on his shoulders amid a perfect hail storm of balls—both thereforth, entitled to the greatest honor and respect from the whole regiment."

"The man that was kicked by a sawhorse last week, was obliged to submit to an amputation. His trousers legs were taken off just above his boots. His case is a sad one."

The Boston Post advises that "farm work for next April" be undertaken as follows: Now clear the snow from your hot-beds, shovel walks from the house to the highway, make paths for the cattle to go out and take the air and browse, and prepare seeds and tools for planting in July, in case of a favorable change in the weather.

Books should have no patrons but truth and reason.