BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us See to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. Lincoln.]

W. W. BROWN, A. B. HUTCHISON, } Editors.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FEBRUARY 3, 1869.

VOL. 1, NO. 5.

OUR TERMS
FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING.

The "BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN" is published every Wednesday Morning, in Bellefonte, Pa., by

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,

at the following rates:
One year (invariably in advance,) $2.00
Six Months,....."....."....."....$1.00
Three Months,....."....."....."....50
Single Copies,....."....."....."....05

It is Republican in politics—devoted to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining interests of Central Pennsylvania.

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

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Advertisements of 10 lines, or less, $1.00 for one insertion, and 5 cts. per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisements by the quarter, half-year or year received, and liberal deductions made in proportion to length of advertisement and length of time of insertion, as follows:

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
One inch (or 10 lines this type)	$5	$8	$12
Two inches.....	7	10	15
Three inches.....	10	15	20
Four inches.....	11	17	25
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Half column (or 11 inches).....	20	35	55
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All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

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Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Paper Books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications relating to business of this office, to

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

LODGES.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No 268, A. Y. M. meets on Tuesday evening of or before the Full Moon.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets second Friday of each month.

I. O. O. F. Centre Lodge, No. 153, meets every Thursday evening at their Hall, Bush's Arcade.

For the conferring of Degrees the 1st Saturday evening of each month.

For Degree of Rebecca, second Saturday of every month.

I. O. G. T.—This Lodge every Monday evening.

Bellefonte Church Directory.

Presbyterian church, Spring St., services at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m.; No pastor at present. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.

Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H. C. Pardoe, pastor.

St. John's Episcopal Church, High St., services at 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Byron McGann, pastor.

Lutheran Church, Linn St., services 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. J. A. Hackenberger, pastor.

Reformed Church, Linn St., no pastor at present.

Catholic Church, Bishop St; services 10½ a. m., and 3 p. m. Rev. T. McGovern, pastor.

United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of creek; services ——

African M. E. Church, west side of creek; services at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinnell, pastor.

DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

President—Andrew Johnson.
Vice-President, pro tem.—Benj. F. Wade.
Secretary of State—William H. Seward.
Secretary of Treasury—Hugh McCullough.
Secretary of War—J. M. Schofield.
Secretary of Navy—Gideon Wells.
Secretary of Interior—O. H. Browning.
Postmaster-General—A. L. Randall.
Attorney General—Wm. M. Evarts.

STATE.

Governor—Jno. W. Geary.
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Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth—Isaac B. Gara.
Auditor-General—John F. Hartranft.
Surveyor-General—Jacob M. Campbell.
Treasurer—W. W. Irwin.
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Dep's Sup't of Com. Schools—C. R. Coburn.
Sup't of Soldier's Orphan Schools—Geo. F. McFarland.

COUNTY.

President Judge—Charles A. Mayer.
Associates—John Hosterman, William Allison,
Prothonotary—James H. Lipton.
Register & Recorder—J. P. Gephart.
Sheriff—D. Z. Kline.
Dep'ty Sheriff—D. Woodring.
Dist. Att'y—H. Y. Stitzer.
Treasurer—A. C. Geary.
Commissioners, Wm. Keller, Wm. Furey, John Bing.
Clerk—John Moran.

BELLEFONTE BOROUGH.

Chief Burgess—E. M. Blanchard.
Ass't " Capt. C. T. Fryberger.
Chief of Police—Wm. Shortlidge.
" Wm. Felty.
" Amos Mullen.
" Charles Cook.
Town Council—Wm. P. Wilson, *Pres't.*
" S. M. Irwin, *Clerk.*
" Robert Valentine,
" A. S. Valentine,
" Jas. H. McClure,
" F. P. Green,
" John Irwin, Jr.,
" Elias W. Hale,
" Jacob V. Thomas,
" Geo. A. Bayard,
High Constable—James Green.
Borough Constable—James Furey.
School Directors—John Hoffer, *Pres't.*
" Geo. B. Weaver, *Sec'y.*
" Wm. McClelland, *Tre'r*
" S. T. Shugart,
" D. M. Butts,
" Dan'l McGinley.

BELLEFONTE MEAT MARKET
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE PA.

The oldest Meat Market in Bellefonte.—Choice meat of all kinds always on hand.
ja6'69.1y. B. V. BLACK.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High St. ja6'69.y

JAMES H. RANKIN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Armory building, 2nd floor. ja6'69.1y.

SAMUEL LINN. A. O. FURST.
LINN & FURST, Attorneys at-Law. Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.tf.

EDMUND BLANCHARD. EVAN M. BLANCHARD.
E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law, Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.1y.

H. N. M'ALLISTER. JAMES A. BEAVER.
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte Penn'a. ja6'69.1y

W. W. BROWN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Penn'a., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care

E. C. HUMES, *Pres't.* J. P. HARRIS, *Cash'r.*
FIRST NATIONAL BANK Of Bellefonte. Allegheny St., Bellefonte Pa.

JOHN H. ORVIS. CYRUS T. ALEXANDER.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Conrad House, Allegheny St. ja6'69.1y.

URIAH STOVER, Licensed Autioneer, will attend to all sales entrusted to his care.—Charges reasonable. Address, Uriah Stover, Houserville, Centre Co., Pa. ja6'69.6m.

GEORGE F. HARRIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon; Pension Surgeon for Centre county, will attend promptly to all professional calls. Office on Hight Street North Side. ja27'69.1y.

J. D. WINGATE, D. D. S., Dentist. Office on the corner of Spring and Bishop streets, Bellefonte, Pa. At home, except the first two weeks of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. ja6'69.1y.

JAS. H. DOBBINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office up-stairs in J. H. McClure's new Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession, faithfully at all times, and all hours. ja13'69.y.

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO'S. Job Printing Office, "Republican" Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Penn'a. Every Description of Plain and Fancy printing done in the neatest manner, and at prices below city rates. ja6'69.

D. G. BUSH. GEO. M. YOCUM.
BUSH & YOCUM, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to them, with promptness. Office on Northeast Corner of the Diamond, in Mrs. Irvin's stone building. ja13'69 y.

WILSON & HUTCHISON, Attorneys at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections, and all other legal business in Centre and the adjoining Counties, promptly attended to. Office in Blanchard's Law building, Allegheny street. ja6'69.

CENTRE CO. BANKING COMPANY. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
HENRY BROCKERHOFF, *President.*
J. D. SHUGERT, *Cashier.* ja13'69y.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte, Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain.—Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja13'69.1y.

AARON R. PAUP. JNO. SALMONS. LEVI PAUP.
PAUP, SALMONS & CO., Contractors and Bricklayers, Bellefonte, Pa., adopt this method of informing those wishing to build that they will furnish Brick and lay them by the job, or by the thousand. Will set Heaters, and do all kinds of work in their branch of Business. ja20'69.1y.

J. H. TOLBERT, AUCTIONEER Would respectfully inform the citizens of Nittany Valley in particular, and the people of Centre county in general, that he has taken out a license and holds himself in readiness to cry Vendues, Auctions, or other sales at all times, and at all places with in the limits of Centre and Clinton counties. Charges reasonable. ja27'69.1y.

J. W. RHONE, DENTIST, Boalsburg Centre Co., Pa., most respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute any description of work in his profession. Satisfaction rendered, and rates as moderate as may be expected. Will be found in his office during the week, commencing on the first Monday of each month, and at such other times as may be agreed upon. ja13'69.1y.

INSURANCE—LIFE & FIRE. Joseph A. Rankin of this Borough, insures property for the following Stock and Mutual companies, viz: Lycoming Mutual, York Company, Pa., Insurance of North America, Enterprise, and Girard of Phila., Pa., Home, of New Haven, and any *other* reliable company desired. Also, Provident Life Company of Phil'a., and other good Life Companies. ja6'69.1y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD W. MILLER,
(Late of Young, Moore & Co.,)
WITH
ISAAC V. CHALFANT,
AUCTION JOBBERS IN HOISERY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.,
No. 57, NORTH THIRD ST., PHIL'A.
ja13'69.tf.

SCREWS and Hinges of every variety and kind at IRWIN & WILSON'S.
AMMUNITION—Cartridges, and other ammunition at IRWIN & WILSON'S.
NAILS, all sizes and kinds, at IRWIN WILSON'S.
GLASS, all sizes and qualities, at IRWIN & WILSON'S
CARPENTER TOOLS, of every description at IRWIN WILSON'S.
SADDLERY, to suit the trade, at IRWIN & WILSON'S
CARRIAGE and BUGGY bolts, all size used at IRWIN WILSON'S

Original Poetry.

For the Bellefonte Republican.

I AM MUSING.

BY AMICUS.

I am musing to-day of the world as it is,
And not as it *ought to be;*
I am musing and sighing, to think what's amiss,
And can find no remedy.

There is much that is right, far more that is wrong,
And wrong it need must be,
E'er the author of maxims, of logic or song,
Can change its wonted sway.

So many are blinded, yes, obstinate blind,
By wealths pyrotechnical glow;
Scarce one in a hundred of riches we find,
Who is not *sold* to fashion and show,

Now this of itself, is commendable, quite,
So long and so far as 'tis right,
But with bigoted malice or envy and pride,
It is rather *too big for its size.*

Not *old for its age*, for it never lives long,
Nor has it the wisdom of years;
It sings its own requium, writes its own wrong,
And drowns in its own flood of tears.

He's a rich man whose heart is rich, *rich* in itself,
With means to develop its store;
Who discards all the vices of ill-gotten pelf,
Who is noble and rich to the poor.

Whose hand is ne'er drawn from the grasp of a friend,
Whether kid gloved or tanned in the sun;
Who has knowledge and worth for himself, and to lend,
And kindred he will not disown.

Who lives like a monarch in triumph and peace,
Whom the honest and good may adore;
Nor reigns like a tyrant to die like a beast,
All wishing he'd died long before.

Thank God for a land where a man is a man
And wealth, a convenience at best;
When honor's not bought nor sold by a clan,
But where brains and true worth are the test.

BEDFORD, PA., Jan., 25, 1869.

Select Miscellany.

Protection to Home Industry.

We write these lines for the perusal of the truly patriotic men and women of the American Republic. That there are such—and multitudes of them—in both the great political parties into which our citizens are divided, we joyfully admit. We ask them, for this once, to lend us their attention. Meanwhile, let the fools of false theories, and the tools of foreign conspirators, rave on about what they are pleased to call "Free Trade," and so pursue the tenor of their wild and wicked way. Conscious of the strength of right which is with us, we are content, so far as our opponents are concerned, to bide our time. Truth can afford to wait. The sincerely mistaken are sure to be convinced and converted in the end. While those who act under sinister influences—who, in plain words, are bribed by the enemies of their country—will either die in their corruption, or be made a present of, like Jeff Davis & Co., to the tyrants of Europe.

For reasons which we have often stated, and which are well and widely known, the Democratic party has allowed itself to be lashed to the chariot wheels of "British and foreign" Free-Traders, who have nothing to lose, and everything to gain by foisting their fair-faced theories and fustian manufactures on the people of America. This is part of the accursed legacy bequeathed by Southern slavery—now, thanks be to God, not only dead and rotten, but buried forever out of human sight—to that class of politicians who, in flagrant defiance, not only of the rights of men, but of the very name by which, as a party, they were called, became the abettors and supporters of one of the most atrocious systems that ever trod the heart's blood out of the helpless and the poor. "The chivalry" had no manufactures, as a matter of course.—They would not soil their lily hands with honest work. Oh, no. These members were only made to wield whips and lock chains on the blacks, and take the proper range to mow down their white brothers with their murderous artillery, as at Fredericksburg, for instance. They could get their cotton coats, and linen shirts, and table cutlery, for half the cost from their brother enslavers in England that the freemen of Massachusetts could make them for. So slavery was for Free Trade. And Democracy, who was its doer of all work, dirty and clean, stood up for the same, and does so to this day.

Of this confederacy—not the defunct one of St. Jefferson Davis, but the unhapily still existant one of St. Tammany—August Belmont is the prophet. As England's agent, he can do valuable work for his employers, and thus makes himself worth more than his wages. And, as we all know, Free-Trade is the chief spoke in the wheel of this Anglo-Saxon Juggernaut, which, like its Indian prototype, crushes the life out of all those who lie down and worship it. *Vide* Ireland. *Vide* India. *Vide* Turkey. *Vide* every place on earth where this deified devil is permitted to set up his robber altar

The whole blame, we candidly admit, is not to be laid at the Democratic door. There are, here and there, a few fast and loose Republicans—fast in their professions as they are loose in their practices—who, for reasons best known to themselves, are more fond of foreign productions than of home manufacture. We shall have a word to say to these gentry one of these days. In the meantime, our present object is to draw public attention to the important fact, that while the overwhelming majority of Republicans are friends of Home Industry, the overwhelming mass of *the rank and file* of the Democratic party *are not Free-Traders.*—This we shall proceed to prove.

The Irish population of America is universally admitted to amount to not less than five millions. Our own very decided opinion is that it amounts to much nearer seven millions. This, as a matter of course, includes those who came from "the old sod," and their children born in this country. This means that there are upwards of a million Irish citizens in these United States. And of these, about two-thirds vote with the Democratic party.

They are not Free Traders in point of principle—no, not a single man of them. And if they allow themselves to be used as "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the party that sustains it, it is simply through the force of party prejudice and defective information.

Nineteen-twentieths of them are workingmen. And but a small minority of those are of the *skilled* class. They are, on the contrary, to an immense extent, the laborers who do with their hands the hardest and heaviest work of the country. It is by their thews and sinews that the coal and the ore are dragged from the deep-sunk mines; and that the giant machinery of the country is fed and tended. Free trade, which means the flooding of America with English manufactures, would take the work out of their hands, and the bread out of their mouths. It would consign them to the cheerless homes, and ragged clothing, and scanty fare of the toil-worn serfs and paupers of England. It would reduce the free citizens of America to the dread level of the white slaves of Europe. Such men are not free Traders. They cannot be. It is contrary to nature, as well as to truth and justice, to suppose such a thing. And the men and the party who make such an assertion simply belie those whom they injure.

For another, and even a more conclusive, reason the Irish citizens of America are not, and cannot be, Free Traders, and that is, that Free Trade in America means *English supremacy* in this Republic, and over all the countries of the world. England is either a manufacturing country, or she is—nothing. Her commerce is her wealth. And money is power. Let her become, what she insolently calls herself, "the workshop of the world," and the world lies at her feet, and the workingmen of the world will be her slaves. But limit her commerce, and Sampson's locks are shorn, and he is but as another man. Now, A HIGH TARIFF IN AMERICA IS THE WALL OF BRASS which says to English power and arrogance, "hitherto hast thou come, but no further shalt thou go." It makes America mistress of her own wealth, and the powerful rival, as she will soon be the sole possessor, of that power which English tyrants have so long and so grievously abused.

Now, if there be one feeling which lives and burns in the heart of every true Irishman, no matter in what land his lot is cast, or to what political party he belongs, it is hatred of the tyrant power which has ruined his country and murdered his kindred. This we, who know them well, assert, and defy contradiction. Yes, the unslaked vengeance for centuries of wrong and insult is there, and looks and longs, and thirsts and prays, for—

"A day upon its own green land
Like that of Fontenoy."

Can such men—knowing as they do, and must, that Free Trade would not only impoverish themselves, and destroy the American Republic, but aggrandize England, and enable her to hold Ireland in perpetual bondage and torture—can they, we ask, be Free Traders? The idea is absurd and impossible.

We know the reverse; and if the friends of Protection are willing to supply the means, we are ready to go out and to pledge ourselves to get two-thirds of all the Democratic miners of Pennsylvania, and a like number of all the Democratic mill-workers of New England, to sign a petition to the American Congress *demanding immediate and effective Protection to the Industry of this country.*

These men's instincts are right, and the men themselves are honest, even where they are mistaken. Why are not proper measures taken to enable them to utter their honest sentiments, and to deliver them from the knaves and tricksters who make them the tools of their own ambition and of the aggrandizement of these foreign tyrannies by which they, like their fathers, were robbed and ruined?

The great Andrew Jackson was the son of an Irish rebel. He was the real founder of the Democratic party, which, in his day, was true to the principles of a *real* Democracy. Mercifully, for the man who declared "by the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," he was taken away from the evil to come, before the dark and disastrous day arrived when the party he organized became the aider and abettor of slavery and secession, and the Free Trade instrument of that English enemy whom he thrashed into "a cocked hat" at New Orleans.

That Andrew Jackson was as earnest a friend to Protection to American Industry as Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, Daniel J. Morell, of Pennsylvania, John A. Griswold, of New York, Capt. Ward, of Michigan, and, in fact, nearly all the leading men of the great Republican party, is proved to a demonstration by the following letter, written by his own hand, and subscribed with his own name. We call on all Irishmen in the Democratic party to follow their illustrious leader. And we advise all our friends, Irish and American alike, to keep this important document carefully by them, and demand from every politician who solicits their support, ARE YOU FOR OR AGAINST THE PROTECTIVE POLICY OF GENERAL JACKSON?

"GEN. JACKSON TO DR. COLMAN.

"WASHINGTON CITY, April 26, 1854.

"SIR; I have had the honor this day to receive your letter of the 21st instant, and with candor shall reply to it. My name has been brought before the nation by the people themselves without any agency of mine; for I wish it not to be forgotten that I have never solicited office, nor, when called upon by the constituted authorities, have ever declined where I conceived my services would be beneficial to my country. But as my name has been brought before the nation for the first office in the gift of the people, it is incumbent on me when asked, frankly to declare my opinion upon any political or national question pending before and about which the country feels an interest.

You ask me my opinion on the tariff. I answer that I am in favor of a judicious examination and revision of it; and so far as the tariff before us embraces the design of fostering, preserving and protecting within ourselves the means of national defense and independence, particularly in a state of war, I would advocate and support it. The experience of the late war ought to teach us a lesson, and one never to be forgotten. If our liberty and republican form of government, procured for us by our revolutionary fathers, are worth the blood and treasure at which they were obtained, it surely is our duty to protect and defend them. Can there be an American patriot who saw the privations, dangers and difficulties experienced for the want of a proper means of defense during the late war, who would be willing again to hazard the safety of our country, if embroiled, or rest it for defense on the precarious means of national resources to be derived from commerce, in a state of war with a maratime power which might destroy that commerce to prevent our obtaining our means of defense, and thereby subdue us? I hope there is not; and if there is, I am shure he does not deserve to enjoy the blessings of freedom.

Heaven smiled upon and gave us liberty and independence. That same Providence has blessed us with the means of national independence and natinal defense. If we omit or refuse to use the gifts which He has extended to us, we deserve not the continuation of His blessings. He has filled our mountains with minerals—with lead, iron and copper—and given us a climate and soil for the growing of hemp and wool. These being the grand materials of our national defense, they ought to have extended to them adequate and fair protection, that our own manufactories and laborers may be placed on a fair competition with those of Europe, and that we may have within our own country a supply of all those leading and important articles so essential to war. Beyond this, I look at the tariff with an eye to the proper distribution of labor and revenue, and with a view to discharge our national debt. I am one of those who don't believe that a national debt is a national blessing, but rather a curse to a republic, inasmuch as it is calculated to raise around the Administration a moneyed aristocracy dangerous to the liberties of the country.

This tariff—I mean a judicious one—possesses more fanciful than real dangers. I will ask, what is the real situation of the agriculturist? Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus products? Except for cotton, he has neither a foreign nor a home market. Does not this clearly prove, when there is no market, either at home or abroad, that there is too much labor employed in agriculture, and that the channel of labor should be multiplied? Common sense points out at once the remedy. Draw from agriculture the superabundant labor, employ it in mechanism and manufactures, thereby creating a home market for your breadstuffs and distributing labor to a most profitable account, and benefits to the country will result. Take from agriculture in the United States 600 000 men, women and children, and you at once give a home market for more breadstuffs than all Europe now furnishes us. In short, sir, WE HAVE BEEN TOO LONG SUBJECT TO THE POLICY OF THE BRITISH MERCHANTS. IT IS TIME WE SHOULD BECOME A LITTLE MORE *AMERICANIZED*, AND, INSTEAD OF FEEDING THE PAUPERS AND LABORERS OF EUROPE, FEED OUR OWN, OR ELSE IN A SHORT TIME, BY CONTINUING OUR PRESENT POLICY, WE SHALL ALL BE PAUPERS OURSELVES.

It is, therefore, my opinion that a careful tariff is much wanted to pay our national debt and afford us the means of that defense within ourselves on which the safety and liberty of our country depend; and last though not least, give a proper distribution to our labor, which must prove beneficial to the happiness, independence and wealth of the community.

This is a short outline of my opinions generally on the subject of your inquiry, and believing them correct and calculated to further the prosperity and happiness of my country, I declare to you I would not barter them for any office or situation of a temporal character that could be given me.

I have presented you my opinions freely, because I am without concealment, and should, indeed, despise myself if I could believe myself capable of acquiring the confidence of any by means so ignoble.

I am, sir very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

From the Wilmington Daily Commercial.

What Shall I Do About It.

MR. EDITOR—I am married. Being so, I naturally have a wife. Not unnaturally, I have several children of varying ages.

The question is partly concerning them, and partly concerning their mother.

She is an ardent admirer of Miss Anna Dickinson. She heard her lecture the other night, and ever since has been possessed with a mighty desire to enter upon "a struggle for life."

It is her great grief that she does not have money enough."

I am working upon a salary, and only a portion of it—not a large sum I admit, can be devoted to the purchase of the indispensable feminine "things."

Entirely unable to keep up with the style and display of her richer neighbors, my wife is inevitably aggravated. May I be permitted to say that not the neighbors, but I, suffer in consequence?

The most recent development in the case is my wife's resolution, firmly announced and doubtless firmly held, to leave her home and go forth into the wide, wide world, conquering and to conquer. She has no fears but that in the great race of life she can carry off a first-class prize. In my house, she asserts, she is but a servant, and her noble soul revolts at the drudgery of making beds, sweeping rooms, washing, dressing and combing little children.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, but in the days—*were* they happy?—when I was a bachelor, I myself have swept a room, and crawled night after night into a bed of my own making. Since I entered upon the enchanted state of matrimony, I have on many a morning held round, little arms through the intricacies of skirt-bodies and waists, and dress sleeves, and coaxed chubby little feet through the labyrinth of stockings and shoes—Rosy little faces have looked smilingly up through the intervals of soap and water, and silken little tresses have clung lovingly about my fingers as I arranged as straight a "part" as I could achieve.

So then I claim to know something about these duties, which, in the present day, are represented as so harrassing, and so unworthy of refined and delicate womanhood. It may be owing to my weakness of spirit, my inability to rise to the sublime heights from which the female lecturers of the present day, and their disciples look down. But I did not find that all my time was taken up by these maternal attentions to helpless little ones, nor do I consider that my manhood suffered, in the days of my single blessedness, because I made the necessary arrangements for decency and comfort in my own apartment.

But Sarah Jane says she is a drudge, and that her noble spirit shrinks from this servitude. So she declares she will leave the children with me, and go out to seek a career for herself. That she may not say I have hindred her in her walk to glory, I have given my consent. Some fine morning we will all accompany her to the train—a weeping procession—and wave our tear-soaked handkerchiefs in a passionate farewell. We will return to our melancholy home, while she will be borne with lightning express speed to the scene of her future triumphs.

What shall she do? What can she do? I do not think she is a genius. I do not believe she can leap at once into a position like Miss Dickinson's. She has talents as a lecturer. I confess, but so had the late lamented Mrs. Caudle. Sarah Jane's are of the same kind.

Perhaps she will "go in a store." She knows nothing of any business whatever, and there are plenty of young girls who *have* had some training as saleswomen who are now vainly seeking situations.

Nevertheless, S. J may find a place. She will be obliged then to go every morning, hot or cold, rain or shine, and take her stand behind a counter in a close and dusty store with the smell of dye-stuffs exhaling from the piles of goods, and the light of heaven almost excluded, necessarily, even if not intentionally. All day she must remain upon her feet, running hither and thither to get down goods and carry change. She will be under the command of the proprietor, at the call of customers, exposed to the envy and rudeness of the other girls, liable to insulting proposals from men.

For Sarah Jane is pretty still. Ten years of married life have not dimmed her eye nor quenched the brightness of her smile that haunts me still.

For all this she will receive, under very favorable circumstances, eight dollars a week. Out of that she must pay for board, washing, car-fare, dresses, bonnets, sacks, mantles, pannier and "things." She will be obliged to share her room with a strange feminine or femININES. She will have no privacy, no home, no husband, no children. Perhaps the rescue from the latter item will compensate her for the lack of all the rest.

Or, she may secure an engagement in a millinery or dress-making establishment, where all day and many nights she must snip, and stitch, and baste, and pin, and shape. She will be obliged to sit with little change of position for many weary hours, still in a hot and breathless room, associated with people more or less disagreeable, who may not be possessed of that soaring spirit which so nobly animates my Sarah Jane. What will she gain in that case? Our home is roomy, airy, with pleasant apartments and agreeable surroundings. She can walk and sit and lie down at her sweet will now, and is her own mistress and mine. How will she profit by becoming a paid and bound employee of somebody who will only regard her as a machine by which money can be made?

She may become a school teacher. For five or six hours a day she must be cooped up with unwashed, disorderly, diabolically, possessed urchins, more or less gifted with individuality and proportionately hard to manage, over whom she has a very restricted authority, and for whom she cannot feel any very fervent gushings of affection. What will it profit her to abandon her own children and for a paltry hire be tormented by the offspring of strangers?

Will she become housekeeper for some widower, or take charge of the domestic economy in a family where the mistress is a confirmed invalid? If she rightly discharges such duties, will she be less worried and troubled than she has been by the arrangements of her own little home? Perhaps she might receive a higher salary than her present allowance and so could buy more "things." Are "things" then, the one supreme desire, the highest good of the feminine heart? Is fine clothing the one thing needful? For that shall a mother forsake her children and depart from under her husband's roof?

It is not Miss Dickinson only who has carried these momentous questions into the current of my calm and uneventful life. It is most of all Olive Logan. She is not married. She despises household duties as domestic slavery. She has a soul above buttons and babies. The latter she describes as "limp backed." That is her favorite epithet for helpless little immortals who in the divine order of creation are the weakest of all young creatures and need the tenderest care. From their birth she would hand them over to the wonderful, uncovenanted mercies of hired nurses, leaving the mother free to go out and earn a part of the living of the family. Not because the husband refuses to labor, but on the ground that by both parents being engaged in some occupation, more servants can be hired and a greater degree of liberty secured for the wife and mother.

Are good servants then so easily obtained? I thought it was one of the grave questions of the present time in this country—not how to be able to hire more servants, but rather how to be able to dispense with them almost entirely if not altogether.

Are children simply an annoyance?—They may be to Miss Logan. I suppose she has none of her own. Is there no delight in their caresses, no joy in their society, no pleasure in watching the development of their mental and bodily faculties, no high and holy occupation to be found in training them for usefulness, honor and goodness? Is there a better work for the noblest womanhood than shaping the dispositions and the destinies of human being? Are they not better than bonnets or dresses or even "things?"

Do not cry out that I am restricting woman's sphere. When a woman can lecture well, let her do it and be well paid for it. Let her fill a clerkship, or "stand in a store," and get as much for it as would be paid a man in the like situations But if she has a home of average comfort, a husband of average amiability, and children of average angel-ity, is she justified in forsaking them to follow the precepts of Miss Olive Logan?—Did somebody once follow a shining Will o' the Wisp?

"Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,"

and bring up at last in a Dismal Swamp? Did a bird in the hand ever commend itself as being worth more than two in the bush!

Ought Sarah Jane to leave her disconsolate husband and weeping children for the sake of more "things?" I pause for a reply.

Yours afflictedly,
PETER PIPER,
of Pickle Street.

P. S.—We keep one servant.

P. S.—Sarah Jane wants half the household goods.

P. P. of P. S.

PA, SAID a young hopeful the other day, didn't I hear you say you wanted to get a cider press?

Yes, my son; where can I get one? asked the parent.

Why you jest try Jake Stokes. By the way he hugged sister Sal the other night, out by the gate, I should think he might be about the thing you want,

Sal suddenly left to see to things in the kitchen, and the old gent recollected that he had not "seen to the piece of fence that neighbor Jones' critters broke down 'tother day.'

—Without *deer* ladies we should become a *stag*-nation.

—An editor out West has been elected town constable and now arrests the attention of our readers.

—Why, is a pawnbroker like a drunkard?—Because he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

Odds and Ends.

—I see you are on the watch," as the thief said to the guard-chain.

—A Kansas paper, sneering at the stupidity of a contemporary, says:

"The best thing he has got off this week is a dirty shirt."

—People who can't stand a joke should set it down.

—If you would look "spruce" in your old age don't "pine" in your youth."

—Feel it my duty to dilate," said a tedious orator. "Better die late than never!" shouted a voice in the crowd.

—Slight changes make great difference: "Dinner for nothing" is very good fun; but you can't say as much of "nothing for dinner."

—The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication-table. It was constructed more than two thousand years ago, and is yet as good as new.

—The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the Morning" found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitters, so he lies abed rather late now.

—What is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fedder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because de tickin' ob de watch is on de inside, and de tickin' of de bed is on de out-side."

—When Beau Brummel was asked what made the gentleman, his quick reply was, "Starch, starch, my lord!" This may be true, but it takes a great deal more to make a lady.

—A Fop, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

—John Rager, of Milroy, Mifflin county, while out hunting recently killed a panther measuring eight feet six inches, and weighing two hundred pounds.

—From an English paper we cut the following mortuary advertisement:

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lay the landlord of the Lion,
His son keeps on the business still,
Resign'd unto the Heavenly will."

—It is undeniable, says Prentice, that in America it takes three to make a pair: he, she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Able and "raise Cain."

—A thirty-two months girl thus accosted her parental relative a day or two ago:—"Papa, will you buy me some holes to put in my ears, so I can have some ear rings? Papa is now looking for the holes.

—A little boy in South Carolina in 1864, whose father was unable to give him any Christmas presents, said: "Papa, Santa Clause did not put anything in my stocking last night. Have the Yankees killed him, Pa?" "No, my child, but they have taken him prisoner."

—THE WAY IT CAME ABOUT—

Old Adam mounted his lonely walk,
And nothing found to please him;
He sadly needed one to talk,
To tickle and to tease him.

So when the Lord a rib besought,
To make another human;
"Yes, Lord," said he, "take all I've got,
An fix me up a woman".

—A Countryman, not long since, on first sight of a locomotive, declared that "he thought it was the devil on wheels?" "Faix, an' ye're worse than meself," said an Irish bystander; "for the first time I saw the craythur I tho't it was a shtame boat huntin' for wather."

—The penalty for walking on a railroad track in England is ten pounds," said one, while discussing the numerous fatal accidents on a railroad.

"Pooh!" replied Uncle Jerry, "is that all? The penalty in this country is death,"

—Why don't you get married?" said a young lady the other day to a bachilor friend. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "I guess you haven't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

—I say, pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said an impatient passenger on a steamboat which was lying to in a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the pilot.

"Well, it is starlight now, overhead."

"I know," replied the pilot, "but we're not going that way."

—Vat's de matter? vat's de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutchman as he tucked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood. "Vat's de matter?"—"There is a man killed, said a bystander. "Oh? ish dat all?" said our friend, in disappointment, "ish dat all? shust a man kilt! Humph! I tought it vash a fight."

—In a recent case in Indiana a justice complacently remarked, in summing up the testimony:

"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

—A poor Scotchman put a crown peice into "the plate" in an Edinburgh church, on a late Sunday morning, by mistake instead of a penny and asked to have it back, but was refused. In once, in forever.

"Aweel, aweel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven."

"Na, na," said the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gi'."