THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - June 8, 1877.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic voters of the several Wards, Boroughs and Townships of Cambria County are requested to meet at the places for holding the general elections,

On Saturday, July 7, 1877,

and elect two delegates to represent them in County Convention, to be held in the Court House, in Ebensburg,

On Monday, July 9, 1877,

at one o'clock, P. M., to nominate a County Ticket, select one Senatorial and two Representative delegates to the State Convention, to make a change, if thought advisable, in the present system of electing delegates and nominating candidates, and to transact other business.

The polls will be open in the Boroughs between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock, P. M. and in the Townships between 2 and 6 o'clock, P. M.

By order of the County Committee.

L. D. WOODRUFF, Chairman.

Johnstown, Pa., June 6, 1877.

GEN. J. M. COMLY has been appointed Minister to the Sandwich Islands. It is needless to say that he hails from Ohio, and is editor of Hayes' home organ.

ACCORDING to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, Hayes advocates the grant of a subsidy of lands in aid of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The unfounded charge that Tilden favored such subsidy constituted one of the Republican arguments against him. Hayes is doing a good many of the things which, with or without reason, the Republicans said Tilden would be found doing.

THE Democratic county committee met at the Court House on Monday last, and as will be *seen* from its proceedings, published elsewhere, fixed on *Saturday, July 7th*, for holding the delegate elections, and *Monday, the 9th*, as the day for the meeting of the county convention. The unusually large attendance of the members of the committee, nearly all the districts being represented, shows that the camp fires of the Democracy of Cambria are still burning brightly, and that they are fully prepared to aid their brethern throughout the State in achieving a brilliant victory at the election in November next.

EDWARD J. KEENAN, Esq., died at his home in Greensburg, on last Friday, in the forty-third year of his age. As an active and leading Democratic politician Mr. Keenan was widely known throughout the western portion of the State. When quite a young man, and before he studied law, he founded the Greensburg *Democrat* and conducted it with great ability. He served as First Lieutenant in the Eleventh Penn'a Reg't during a portion of the late war, and was afterwards transferred to the Signal Corps. He was a warm hearted, generous man, and his wide circle of friends will sincerely regret to hear the sad news of his death.

THE Russian army is still encamped on the northern bank of the Danube, and even if it was prepared to cross, which it is not, the high flood in the river for several days past would have rendered the attempt impracticable. The Emperor Alexander left St. Petersburg on last Saturday and was expected to arrive yesterday at Bucharest, the headquarters of the army. In Asiatic Turkey the Russian arms have been successful in some trifling engagements, but no decisive results have been achieved. Rumors that peace will be made before the Russians attempt to cross the Danube prevail in certain quarters of Europe, but no great importance is attached to them.

THE familiar adage that "straws show which way the wind blows," is well illustrated by the present inharmonious condition of the Republican party in this State. At the Presidential election last November the strong Republican counties of Allegheny, Bradford, Lancaster and Philadelphia gave Hayes an aggregate majority of over *thirty five thousand*, more than double the majority given to him in the State as a whole. In each of these Radical strongholds county conventions have recently been held, or county committees have met, and all of them adjourned without paying Mr. Hayes and his administration the honor of even a passing compliment. It has not heretofore been thus with *loyal* Republicans so soon after the advent to power of an administration of their own choice, and it clearly discloses the deep but partially suppressed feeling of opposition to Hayes and all his works which pervades the Republican ranks in Pennsylvania. The same feeling will animate and control the Republican State convention in August unless all present signs are devoid of any political significance.

ABOUT 2 o'clock on Saturday morning last it was discovered that a fire was in progress in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, and the indications then were that the structure could not be saved. Fortunately, however, the flames were extinguished after having destroyed the sacristy, altar and large rear windows. The loss, estimated at $3,000, is fully covered by insurance. The Pittsburg papers, all concur in the opinion that the fire was the work of an incendiary. When it was first discovered one of the doors leading to the sacristy was found open, although it had previously been locked by one of the priests, and in the basement of the building a gas jet which is very seldom used was found lighted. About six weeks ago an attempt was made to fire the cathedral by placing a lot of combustible material in a small closet under the winding stairs leading to the choir gallery, but the villain was balked in his purpose by closing the door of the closet and also the outer door, so that the fire had no air and of course died out. As the cathedral, which replaces the old edifice destroyed by fire on the 2d of May, 1851, is a magnificent structure and a decided ornament to the city, its loss would certainly bea great calamity,

WITH what eagerness do Republican editors seize every opportunity to defame and misrepresent Samuel J. Tilden. Not satisfied with seeing him basely cheated out of the Presidency, to which they knew all the time he had been fairly and honestly elected, they roll under their tongues as a sweet morsel all that ingenuity or malice can invent against him. Mr. Tilden is proverbially a prudent, self-poised man—never permitting his tongue to run away with his brains, nor addicted to hasty and imprudent utterances. What he means he always says in a way not to be easily misunderstood. The latest falsehood concerning him, concocted of course in that paradise of political gossip and lies, Washington city, and sent by its correspondent to a Republican paper in Boston and republished all over the country by the papers of that party, is to the effect that "a prominent Democrat and Judge of Alabama, who was recently in New York, called upon Governor Tilden, and during the course of the interview Mr. Tilden said he knew that he had been legally chosen President, but he felt that if he had attempted to force his way into the Presidential chair civil war would have ensued and the country been drenched in blood; that he had considered the subject very carefully, and after much deliberation concluded to authorize his representative here (Washington) to accept a compromise and consent to an electoral commission, and that in accepting the electoral tribunal the Democratic leaders in Congress had acted with his full knowledge and approval." Such is the story, and, if true, sounds nicely and reads well on paper. If Governor Tilden had entertained the views thus imputed to him he would not have concealed them under a bushel, but would long since have given them to the public over his own signature, instead of withholding them for the special information at this late day of an Alabama conservative jurist. Mr. Tilden's attention having been called to the matter by a friend he has authorized him to say that he has had no interview with any one from Alabama—that he made no such remarks as are attributed to him, and that he has never said to any living man that in accepting the electoral tribunal the Democratic leaders in Washington acted with his knowledge and consent. This is plain and explicit enough. Mr. Tilden's calm and dignified course in the face of the greatest political crime of the age, and of which he was the victim, has given him a hold on the affections of the people of this country which can never be loosened or destroyed. Who would not rather be Samuel J. Tilden, honorably engaged in the pursuits of private life, than Rutherford B. Hayes, discharging the duties of the highest office in the Republic under a fraudulent title?

THE marauding bands of Mexicans that have made it a regular business for several years of crossing the Rio Grande into Texas, and stealing cattle and horses and driving them back into their own country, are likely to come to grief. Although our government has frequently called the attention of the Mexican authorities to these lawless inroads into Texas and demanded their interposition to prevent them, nothing has been done in that direction, and they have been periodically repeated. Four years ago, Col. Mackenzie, on his own responsibility, pursued a number of these cattle thieves across the river into Mexico and punished them severely. The Mexican Minister at Washington entered a protest against the incursion of Col. Mackenzie, but our government took no notice of it, thus justifying the act. At a cabinet meeting last Friday, General Sherman was instructed to direct General Ord, the commanding officer in Texas, to notify the Mexican authorities along the Rio Grande that these forays into Texas could no longer be endured, and that if the government of Mexico fails promptly to suppress them, that duty will be undertaken by the United States and will be performed even if it should become necessary to cross the boundary in doing so. General Ord is a fighting man and will literally carry out his instructions. The result of all this may be more serious than is apprehended, if Mexico should regard an invasion of her soil for the purpose stated as a sufficient cause for declaring war. However that may be, Gen Sherman at least will feel happy, for in a speech in New York a short time ago he advanced the monstrous doctrine that an army was necessary in this country, and that without it the people would degenerate into a mere *mob*. It will now have something to do unless the Mexican government deprives it of the opportunity by punishing its own criminals.

—The Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise* of a recent date says: Yesterday noon the residents of the eastern portion of the city were surprised, and not a little terrified at first, by the appearance in the heavens, and apparently hovering over them, of a fiery, flying serpent of immense dimensions. Its head appeared a lurid flame, while its eyes rolled as if in search of victims. Its motions through the air, as it billowed here and there, were like the contortions of a huge snake. This monster was subsequently ascertained to be a Chinese kite. Its head was red paper, with eyes half red and half white, which rolled as the wind found its way through the apertures representing the sockets. This head kite was followed by eighteen others, about eighteen inches apart, made of tinted paper, oblong in shape, through the centre of which passed slender rattans, the tips extending some distance on each side and trimmed with fire-red paper tassels. Similar tassels along the tail and pendant from the head gave the whole a flying and fiery appearance truly startling.

FROM the Pittsburgh *Post* of Wednesday we learn that the Pennsylvania Company held its annual meeting in that city on the day previous, and re-elected the old board of directors, except that Mr. Du Barry takes the place of A. J. Cassatt. The aggregate earnings of the lines operated by the company last year were over fourteen and a half million of dollars, on which there was a net profit of $404,623, after paying running expenses, interest on bonds, dividends, rental and all charges connected with the leased lines of every nature and kind.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 4, 1877.

THE SOUTH UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

The pious radicals of the North are howling very loud over the deplorable condition of the society of the South. The most horrible crimes may be committed at the North, and the murderous proclivities of the people are passed quietly over by condoning the depravity of the individual, whilst in the South a murder of a single individual, from personal quarrels entirely, is characterized as that of the whole people of that section, and is made the pretext for Federal interference, as is the case in the Chisholm affair in Mississippi. The Governor of Illinois has taken no steps to capture and punish the assassin of the sixty miners at Streator, Ill., and yet there is no talk of asking Secretary Evarts to write the Governor of Illinois a letter reminding him of his duty. Where be thy consistency, oh! ye radical Rads!

THE BALTIMORE POST-OFFICE.

The long heated and hotly contested Kilkenny cat fight over the Baltimore P. O. has reached its finale. The agony is over, the fiat has gone forth in the appointment by the Administration of one Erastus B Tyler, of that city, to the position, and quiet once more reigns supreme over the Monumental city.

CARPET-BAGGER WITMORE.

This ex-Congressional carpet bagger's sudden flight from South Carolina, it is reported here, was owing to the recent developments in the Legislature very seriously complicating him with a large, steal and he has returned to his native State, Massachusetts, where it is hoped his own people will visit upon him the punishment he so richly deserves.

DISTINCTION ON ACCOUNT OF RACE.

Mr. Hayes is about to appoint one Alfred C. Anderson (colored) to the position of Minister to Hayti, as he comes endorsed by the prominent colored men of the country, but the right of a *black* man to represent a *white* man's government abroad, even in Hayti, is what puzzles the ruling classes of this country, and his preference for the black is certainly in violation of the 15th *commandment*.

THE VACANT JUDGESHIP.

It is somewhat reliably rumored here that Attorney General Devens will be appointed to the vacancy on the Supreme Bench in consideration of his urgent regrets for leaving the bench of his native State for a cabinet position. His regrets are very outspoken, and he would gladly return to the more congenial shades of his former occupation.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1877.

The yearly custom of decorating the graves of the soldiers and sailors was observed with even more than the usual zeal. The Grand Army of the Republic had been busy, assisted by a committee of ladies, for a week previous gathering flowers and evergreens with which to bedeck the grassy mounds, and the success which attended their efforts was made manifest in the profusion of floral tributes placed on the graves in the various cemeteries and on the many monuments throughout the city. The day was most auspicious for the beautiful commemorative service. The sun shone resplendent and the warm rays were pleasantly tempered by a most refreshing breeze. Business generally was suspended, and the two District cities wore a holiday look. As early as nine o'clock and from that hour until after mid-day the avenues were lined with carriages and pedestrians, and the usually quiet streets of Georgetown were alive with people wending their way to the grand city of the dead, Arlington. Each recurring season adds to the loveliness of this attractive place. Nature keeps pace with art and the lofty oaks on the hillside seem animated, as the foliage undulates in the soft breeze of a spring morn, whilst the air, fragrant with opening blossoms, enlivens the scene with the songs of myriads of feathered songsters. The principal ceremonies were at the central stand, where at about 12 o'clock the Presidential party arrived and were received by the executive committee, and at 12:30 o'clock the grand procession, consisting of the decorating committee, ex-soldiers, and the orphan children, formed in front of the Arlington Mansion, headed by the Marine Band. They then marched to the tomb of the "Urknown," where halting the band played a dirge, after which the march was continued by the main road to the cemetery, where the procession separated and proceeded with the decoration of the graves; at the conclusion of which the procession re-formed and counter-marched to the central stand, where the services were closed with appropriate singing and prayer. Thus the cloud of darkness has been dispelled, the night of gloom has ended. We bask in the daylight of happiness, we live in the sunshine of prosperity. Balm has been poured on the nation's wounds, and we are offered of the oil of joy.

SHERMAN BACKS DOWN.

The Secretary of the Treasury has concluded not to force his financial policy upon the country in which he disowned that silver was specie, and will execute the existing laws in regard to the resumption of specie payments, thus obeying the will of the people instead of his own egotistical and false ideas. The press was too many for him and he "caved in."

MEXICAN POLICY.

The Administration has decided since notifying the Mexican authorities that they must instantly put a stop to raids across the Rio Grande, as well as the depredations committed upon our people, to send Gen. Ord with a sufficient force to carry out the intimation of the government and chastise these marauders upon their own soil should another breach of international law occur. So it will be perceived our "Uncle Samuel" has his back elevated.

HAMPTON AND NICHOLS.

We have it from a member of the Cabinet that the Administration feels assured, satisfactorily, that both Govs. Hampton and Nichols are carrying out in good faith, to the best of their abilities, the assurance given Mr. Hayes in regard to the equal protection of all in their respective States, the howling of Blaine, Morton & Co., to the contrary notwithstanding.

POLITICAL SINECURES.

Old Fuss and Feathers Sherman, of the Treasury portfolio, has at last been awakened to the fact that numerous of the Federal appointments in New Orleans are *political sinecures* and can well be dispensed with for the public good, and has accordingly ordered quite a reduction in the force on duty at the Custom House in that city, the efficiency of which has long been questioned.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Quite a commotion exists here in consequence of the visit of a number of U. S. officials who have been indicted by the State Courts of N. C. for violation of State laws, and the question now arises, who has jurisdiction, the U. S. or N. C.? Both sides are ably represented, and the affair having been laid before the Cabinet, is about up to "white heat." It is not known what can be done by the authorities here, except that the Federal officials have the privilege of a change of venue to the U. S. Court. ANDERSON.

—A steer weighing 1,950 pounds was shipped to Philadelphia from Shippensburg last week.

An Eloquent Tribute.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS OF HON. RICHARD O'GORMAN.

Among the many chaste and elegant orations which the ceremonies of Decoration day called forth, we have seen none more eloquent and touching than the following delivered by Hon. Richard O'Gorman at Calvary cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., which, although in a special manner a tribute to the gallantly of the brave Irish soldiers, is withal broadly national in tone and spirit, in which all trace of partisan or sectional hate is buried in the ample folds of the white mantle of charity and fraternity. It is proper to say, in explanation of a reference made to that fact by Mr. O'Gorman, that among the graves visited was that of an unknown Confederate soldier, over which the Sixty-ninth's veteran corps planted a palmetto tree that had been sent to them for the purpose by the Irish volunteers of Charleston, S. C. The ladies of that city also sent magnolias to be scattered over the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers alike. Following is Mr. O'Gorman's address:

MR. O'GORMAN'S ADDRESS.

There are days in the summer time, so calm, so clear, so still, in their soft and dreamy splendor, that it seems as if cloud could never come to darken their brightness, nor storm, with its rude breath, disturb their repose. Yet all the while, far away in the lonely ocean, the tempest may be brooding and mustering its forces and driving before it the cruel blasts that shall shake the lofty steeples and lend and break the groaning forests, and turn the smiling day into a night of terror and desolation. So, too, a nation, in its hour of peace and prosperity, is slow to believe that an era so happy may not last forever, and can hardly dream of the dark conspiracies that may menace its security—of the growing antagonisms, whose ripened point may be civil commotion or foreign war. And not more quickly does the summer sky darken at the first breath of the coming storm, than does the heart of society tremble with alarm, when it hears the clang of arms, the boom of cannon and the stern summons of the trumpet and the drum. Then, the weakness and the strength of the nation become apparent. Then, wealth, affrightted, flies to labor for protection. Then, from peaceful toil, come, eager and willing, scores to the starch and stalwart manhood of the nation, to defend its rights and guard its honor. Then, the sons of toil, elevated and ennobled in the glorious companionship of arms, lift up their plumed heads to the level of the highest in the land, rival them in valor, share with them the fierce delight of battle, the exultant joy of victory, the agony of defeat, or sleep with them, side by side in the soldier's grave. Aroused by the great crisis, all the innate heroism of the people flashes out, and daring deeds are done, sacrifices undergone, sufferings endured of which men in after days read with wonder and admiration. For such services no adequate reward can ever be paid. They are priceless, they are the title deeds of the nation's honor, the proofs of her right to wear the sceptre and take rank among the sovereign powers that guide and rule mankind. Of such a crisis, of such gallant deeds, done in our own times, in this American land, we are here day by day to renew the remembrance. We are here to show that mankind does not forget its benefactors, when their work is done; but cherishes the memory of them in its heart of hearts, fresh and living as are the fair and fragrant flowers which we strew to-day upon their honored graves.

Sixteen years have gone by since the American people found themselves divided into hostile armies and arrayed against each other in the terrible antagonism of civil war. Since then a generation has passed away, and yet it seems to me but yesterday when the streets of yonder great city echoed to the frequent tramp of armed men as regiment after regiment of citizen soldiers hurried on to the scene of conflict. It was on April 15, 1861, that Fort Sumter capitulated to the Southern forces. The die was cast, the last hope of reconciliation was gone, and both sides prepared to meet the terrible ordeal. The Seventh Regiment of New York State militia, a corps unrivalled, almost perfect in organization, discipline, and equipment, composed mostly of the sons of families of American birth, with cheerful and gallant alacrity tendered their services to the Federal Government, and on the 19th of April, in all the pride of arms, in all the flush and glow of young enthusiasm, they left New York for the defence of Washington.

But the population of the city of New York was then, as it is now, largely made up of men not of native but of foreign birth, on whom the wise and liberal provisions of the Federal Constitution had imposed the duties and conferred the rights of citizenship, so that they might feel all a citizen's interest in what should concern the common weal. On these adopted citizens, then, the anxious eyes of American statesmen were cast. They had taken little share in the strife of factions from which the quarrel had sprung. They felt no sectional prejudices; of bitterness between Northern and Southern men they knew but little. Their hearts, generous and loyal, beat with pride for all the great republic, and looked on it, in all its wide extent, as their home, the proud inheritance of their children. What would be their conduct now? Would they stand aloof, unmoved, uncertain, and apathetic, when discussion had come to blows and the very existence of the republic was imperiled?

There was in the city of New York in those days a regiment of militia composed altogether of men of Irish birth. They were hurt at the time, and offended at what they regarded as a gratuitous insult to the historic sentiment of their race. Their Colonel had refused to parade the regiment in military display to welcome the representative of the British Crown, and was smarting under the apprehension of military censure. How would they act? The moment was critical. On their conduct very much depended the course of the whole Irish element in the United States. What the Sixty-ninth Regiment did was this: They forgave the affront; they forgot the slight; they saw the danger to the Republic, and they heard its cry for help. They remembered only that they were citizens of the U. States, pledged to defend its integrity and obey its constitutional behests, and with one impulse, one heart, one voice, they answered the summons. "We are ready; count on us to the death!" One thousand men were called for, above six thousand at once volunteered, and on April 23 the regiment, with overflowing ranks of stalwart men, hurriedly armed, hurriedly equipped, impatient of delay, rough and ready for any work, with smiles on their lips and in their hearts, wheeled, company after company, into Broadway, and with universal acclamation, with grasping of hands and tears at parting, and words of encouragement and good cheer, with all the exuberance of emotion which Irish feeling can display, in a storm and whirl of excitement, took up the line of march to the front. This was the quick reply which the men of Irish race in New York made to the appeal. It was echoed all through the United States, from the Hudson to the Mississippi; and all through the war, wherever that starry banner waved, Irishmen were found among its most loyal soldiers and defenders. How they bore themselves through that fierce struggle, through battle after battle, contested with a valor and tenacity of purpose rarely shown but on American soil, it is not for me to tell you to-day. Time would not permit me, nor is it needed. A more eloquent tongue than mine has portrayed the character of the Irish soldier and vindicated his fame from reproach. That he was fearless, ready, gallant in action, recoiling from no peril, breasting the surges of battle with a vigor that never failed, enduring with a light heart the toils and privations and hardships of the campaign; that he was generous, merciful and pitiful to the vanquished—this is the concurrent testimony of friend and foe. These are but the immemorial traits of the Irish soldier, known and recognized in the European wars, in many a hard fought field, from Fontenoy to Waterloo; and if he had acted otherwise here, he would have shamed his lineage and cast discredit on the character of his race. For not for himself alone, not for the passing hour alone, not for the space alone of this republic, which is his dear and honored home, did the Irish soldier strive to achieve distinction. For the sake of the well-remembered island of his birth—to uphold her ancient renown, to keep her historic fame untarnished, to prove that her valor in battle is as strong as of yore, that though disorganized, disunited and denationalized, there is life in the old land yet. For this, wherever the Irish soldier marched or fought, there waved above his head another flag, side by side with the flag of the United States—the green banner of Ireland, on which, living or dying, his eyes were fixed with love, the symbol of sacred memories and hopes, the ensign of her people's unsubdued, unsubduable longing for national existence. To suffer that flag to be touched by dishonor would be disloyalty to all the past, treason to his pride of race, falsehood to its vital principles, to the gallant and chivalrous sentiment which forbids a brave man to desert what is frowned upon by fortune, but commands him to rescue it, and raise it to its due honor in the eyes of men. Thus the Irish soldier carried into the war a double responsibility and a double trust. He failed in neither, and neither the home of his fathers nor the home of his children has cause to be ashamed of him.

But why should I speak these things to you here to-day? There are men around me, some of the veterans of the war, who have seen the two sister flags waving together proudly side by side, amid the crash of musketry, when shot and shell struck all around, when death rode on the sulphurous vapor, when the doubtful battle hung trembling in the balance, when but to blench or waver for an instant was to be lost in such scenes—you saw those two flags wave side by side through all the dreadful day, struck and torn, but still defiant and unconquered to the last. Around me are some of the gallant men who served under Corcoran in the Legion, under Meagher in the Brigade, and under other captains of our race, whose name and fame are historic. I dare not praise you; I dare not speak of your achievements to your face. Your own consciousness of having deserved well of your country, your own proud memories of perilous duty, honorably performed, speak more feelingly to your hearts than could any weak words of mine. Be it your office to scatter these flowers of spring on the graves where lie your companions, your brothers in arms, the unnamed heroes whose blood helped to cement the edifice of our Union. Be yours the duty, yours the honor, and not on these graves alone, not on the graves alone of those who fought by your side in the same ranks let your fragrant honors be laid.

There lie here, too, some children of the Gael whose fate it was to be opposed to you, to be for awhile your foes. For them, too, let the flowers of your sympathy, your compassion, your generous affection be shed. They, too, were your brothers. They, too, were citizens of the republic. They, too, believed that they were in the right, and that their cause was the cause of justice and freed m. Submitted to the stern arbitrament of war, the issue has been decided against them. They met their doom, and there they lie in death. But time is merciful; it considers circumstances, makes allowance for motives, mitigates the sentence and strips it of dishonor. There is great virtue in time. It heals many a wound, dries many a tear, and teaches men the blessed lesson of forgiveness. Time has quenched all the fire of ancient anger. The common sense, the magnanimity, the instinctive statesmanship of the people have approved their sway, and reconciliation, long delayed, is now not only a virtue, it has become a necessity. The horrid nightmare, the dark fever of strife and struggle, with all their memories, have vanished in the returning light of day, and all men, North, South, East, and West, have awakened to the consciousness that we are all *one* in destiny, united by or in sorrow, for triumph or defeat; one in language, in culture, in traditions and structure of law, and that the blow which strikes one section, one class, one race, one city, one village or hamlet in the land, sends the shock vibrating through it all. Take, then, that palmetto tree, and set it with all reverence, on the Confederate soldier's grave. He lived where it grew. He was, I could not, a brave and faithful man, loyal to the cause he loved and which he believed was worthy of his love. May the tree grow and flourish and spread far its bountiful shade. And so, rich in its elevating, purifying and ennobling influences, let this day of commemoration be passed through all the land. May no word be spoken that could arouse ancient unkindnesses, or stir the embers of an angry thought. The soldiers, by whose graves we stand, had little anger in their hearts. I have been told, that in the midst of battle, in the very heat and fire of conflict, Federal and Confederate soldiers have been known to pause for awhile by mutual consent, lay down their arms, drink at the same brook, out of the same cup, exchange friendly courtesies, and, for the time, forget the deadly work which but a few moments before had set them in arms against one another. Could it be that we, after sixteen long years of peace, have fallen to acquire the same magnanimity which they, in the short hours of fiery battle, were used to display? The experience of all life teaches us no worthier lesson than the wisdom of forgiveness. Look there on the graves, and receive the silent admonition of Death. There, at last, the soldier of the North and the soldier of the South are comrades, and sleep side by side. On their graves falls the same sunlight. They are wet by the same dew, covered now by the same verdure, clothed in winter by the same mantle of snow. Their battle is all over; their life's campaign is done, and with equal fervor and devotion we pray for them all: "May they rest in peace." "God's mercy to their souls." And if it were possible, as I believe it is, that departed spirits could join us in our thoughts, and whisper to our souls the prayer which should arise to-day to the Throne of mercy from them, from us, from every house hold and heart, I think it would be this: "May all this land rest in peace." Rest from the jealousies and prejudices and senseless quarrels which distract and exhaust the mind. Rest from the bitterness of factious strife that wears away truth and virtue and patriotism and honor. Rest from all dissensions. Rest in peace, that we may recover the family of goodthought, the tacitly of considerating and unitiing spirit, and unselfish measures to restore the fallen prosperity of the republic and lay anew the basis of a happy and honorable career. Let this, too, be our prayer. Let us take it with us as if it were indeed a message from your comrades in the grave. Let us leave them to their rest, until another May comes around, when, in other lands, we pay them the same loving tribute we offer them to-day.

America is young in sorrow; she has had no need to learn yet the devices by which in other nations, older and more used to affliction, the names and honors of their martyrs and heroes are made immortal. Here, we have raised no splendid edifices, in which sculptured marble and graven brass and pompous pentaph keep alive the memory of great men and great achievements, and educate the living to imitate their examples. It may be better as it is; temples decay and tumble into ruin; brass and marble wear away in time. But the fair flowers that the bountious earth bestows on us, year after year, never fail, and the grateful custom we keep to day will be continued when other records shall have faded; and while grass grows and flowers bloom these honors shall be paid to the graves of our departed heroes, and their memories shall live forever, green in men's souls.

The Papal Jubilee.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE POPE'S EPISCOPACY—LARGE DEMONSTRATIONS IN NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS AND ELSEWHERE.

NEW YORK, JUNE 3.—The semi-centennial of the consecration of Pope Pius IX. as Archbishop of Spoleto was celebrated today at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Solemn high mass was celebrated. Dispatches from various quarters report that the Catholics generally celebrated the Pope's Golden Jubilee with appropriate and impressive ceremonies.

ST. LOUIS, June 3.—The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius IX. to-day was one of the most notable in some of its features that has ever been witnessed here. It has been many years since an occasion has occurred to bring out the Irish and German Catholics together, and therefore but little opportunity has previously been had to observe the numerical strength of the various organizations of the different nationalities. To-day, however, brought them all out, and a splendid display they made. The weather could not have been better. The rain of last night completely laid the dust, and cooled the atmosphere to a degree that made marching delicious. The different parts of the procession began to organize long before noon, and the streets were alive with societies, forming and marching to take their places preparatory to falling into the main line. At 2 P. M. everything was ready, and the column took up its line of march from Twenty-first street and Lucas avenue, headed by squads of mounted police.

There were between seventy and eighty societies and organizations of different kinds in line, all gaily dressed in handsome uniforms and regalias, with beautiful banners and proper floral decorations. About forty brass and martial bands furnished the music, and at frequent intervals the column was made brilliant with large, finely embellished wagons filled with elegantly dressed little boys.

It is estimated that 20,000 persons were in line, including children. The streets along the line were densely thronged with spectators, and many houses were handsomely decorated with American flags, the Pope's colors, portraits of the Pope, and floral designs.

LOUISVILLE, June 3.—The celebration of the Pope's Jubilee to day was simply immense. It is estimated that 8,000 persons were in line, including all Catholic societies in the city with others from a distance. The procession was fifty minutes passing a given point. Eighty-seven carriages and a large number of wagons containing children were in procession. A grand concert was given at the Cathedral to-night, in which 150 performers participated. The church contained over 3,000.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 8.—The Catholics celebrated the Pope's golden jubiles by appropriate services in all the churches, and by a procession through the streets in the afternoon, a feature of which was wagons containing 85, 50 and 31 young girls in white decorated with the Papal colors, representing the age of the Pope, the years of his Episcopate and of his Pontificate.

—John Southworth and Mrs. Carr eloped from Pownal, Vt., and rode in a carriage across the line into New York State. Mr. Carr pursued them on horseback, and overtook them in Rensselaer county. He drew a pistol, seated himself in the carriage by the side of his wife, and returned home with her, compelling Southworth to walk ahead all the way. Once back in Vermont he had the offenders arrested.

News and Other Notings.

—Rev. John M. Friday, pastor of the Lutheran church at Harper's Ferry, West Va., was drowned Friday.

—The railroads in England are covered with millions of cater pillars, and trains as a consequence are greatly delayed.

—Notwithstanding complaints about the potato bug, the potato crop in this State this year will probably be the largest for many years.

—Near St. Mary's, Elk county, a few days ago, Elbridge Terwilliger was sawed in two by being drawn between a pair of revolving saws.

—On Wednesday two negroes, father and son, were taken to the penitentiary at Baltimore, the former for six and the latter for three years.

—George A. Blaney of Woburn, Mass., annually refuses to pay his taxes, is locked in jail, pays the tax under protest, and is then allowed to go free.

—A Scranton negro caught a white man in bed with his wife the other night and beat him so badly that it is thought a fatal result is not improbable.

—A Catholic church in Wieschen, Posen, was struck by lightning on Sunday during service. Six persons were killed and about seventy seriously injured.

—The wedding clothes of a young woman in Troy, O., were stolen by a spiteful rival, and the ceremony had to be postponed until more could be made.

—Cadet Flipper, who graduated with honors from the West Point Academy on Friday, will be the first colored cadet in the history of the military academy.

—The village of New Centerville, on the Chester Valley Railroad, about six miles west of Norristown, Pa., was almost entirely destroyed by fire early Friday morning.

—Bob McCullough stole money from his father, in Louisville, and gambled it away; and, when reproved for it, he took a club and broke $6,000 worth of mirrors in the father's furniture store.

—Gold bonnets are one of the last extremes. They are made of straw, which is then steeped in a bath of gold. The trimming consists of a large velvet bow and a humming bird.

—A sewing woman has been discovered at Raleigh, North Carolina, who works hard at making heavy pants at five and two-thirds cents a day. That is nearly down to the hardpan of civilized brutality.

—The Overseers of the Poor of Shippen township, Cameron county, have been arrested for neglect to publish the annual statement of finances. The law requires this, but the provisions of the law are often neglected.

—The trial of Peter H. Powell, at Elmira, N. Y., for the murder of his wife, has resulted in his conviction of murder in the first degree. The prisoner, who is sixty-six years of age, was sentenced to be hanged July 20, 1877.

—An old man died in Deckertown, N. Y., the other day, and in obedience to his dying request, his coffin was carried to the grave by his six sons, who are all young men and lawyers. It was a mournful sight—six lawyers in one family.

—Lucy A. Mink, a young woman who shot her illicit lover dead in her room in Lowell, was convicted of manslaughter. She was once tried in Maine on a charge of murdering another lover found dead in her room, but escaped conviction.

—Two burglars, while entering the house of Samuel Roder, at Blue Bell, Montgomery county, on Friday night, were surprised by Mr. and Mrs. Roder. A scuffle ensued, during which one of the thieves shot and instantly killed Mrs. Roder.

—The Owentown, Ky., *Examiner* says that a pair of shoes, measuring fourteen inches in length and five inches across the bottom, were manufactured in that city last week for a man in Ohio county. They looked like Saratoga trunks with the tops smashed in.

—A woman hermit has lived in Twenty-one Mile Desert, Nevada, for ten years and in that time has not left her but except to procure the bare necessaries of life at a small trading place on the Carson river, distance eight or nine miles. She lives in squalor and extreme poverty.

—Mr. Davis, who has charge of slate quarries in Northampton county, recently sent Albert Lewis, an employee, to the bank with six hundred dollar bills to have them changed. Lewis has not been seen in the neighborhood since, and he is supposed to have escaped to England.

—A farmer in Ohio was prevented seven weeks ago from cutting his throat with a razor. He said he would starve himself. He has since been kept alive on such liquids as he could by any pretext be persuaded to swallow. He has had his coffin made, and it stands in his house, ready for use.

—There was a general strike of the laborers in the transfer department of the Pennsylvania depot at Pittsburgh on Saturday morning. A committee called on the superintendent, who said he would endeavor to have the men exempted from the recent reduction. The laborers then resumed work.

—Joseph Healy, aged 28 years, and Joseph Grace, aged 11 years, were drowned on Monday in the basin at Albany, N. Y. The boy fell overboard, and Healy, in attempting to save him, was also drowned. Two brothers, named Demand, were drowned in the Mohawk at Cohoes, Sunday night, while bathing.

—The Board of Aldermen elected in March took charge of the city of Wilmington, N. C., on Friday. It consists of six Democrats and four Republicans. This is the first time the city has been under Democratic control since negro suffrage was established. The new board elected John Dawson as Mayor of the city.

—One of the Decoration day orators said the time may come "when the names of Davis, of Lee, and of their comrades will be cut in imperishable marble on the capitol grounds at Washington," and it was no Copperhead who said this, but the irrepressible Killpatrick, who wanted "a bloody shirt campaign" in Indiana.

—Horace Milburn, who is credited with having stolen nearly all the chickens in the Tioga valley, has been sent to the penitentiary. He and another party stole thirty from Judge Bently and next morning borrowed his wagon to take them to market. When the wagon was returned two of the chickens were found under the seat.

—A game rooster near Columbia had a fight with a woman, who attempted to drive him away with stones. He stood his ground and attacked her right and left, bombarding her shins in the most ferocious manner. She finally retreated, and the rooster celebrated his victory by flapping his wings and indulging in a lusty crow.

—The fine residence of S. R. Lobaugh, in Brady township, Clearfield county, was burned to the ground on Thursday. Mr. L. succeeded in removing nearly all his household goods but his loss is, nevertheless, over $2,000. The adjoining dwelling of Mr. Heberling took fire and was also laid in ashes. His loss cannot be less than $500.

—Although the coroner's jury in the case of Rev. J. M. Friday, whose body was found in the canal near Harper's Ferry, last week, rendered a verdict of accidentally drowned, it is now believed that he was murdered. The water where his body was recovered was only four feet deep, and there were marks of several blows on his head. A gang of roughs from the Virginia side had been in the habit of visiting the neighborhood for the purpose of gambling and they are suspected of the deed.

—The trial of Sidgeman for the murder of a man named Stevens in Tioga county last fall, is a exciting one. It will be remembered that Stevens finished a term in the penitentiary, returned there, found Sidgeman living with his former wife, and proceeded to do things intensely interesting, when the man put a ball in him, instantly killing him.

—Sunday last was an event among Catholics throughout the world. There over two hundred millions, it is said, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the Pope. Fifty years ago was consecrated Bishop. In remote countries pilgrimages have been made in great numbers, and religious ceremonies on a magnificent scale were celebrated in the great temple of St. Peter's.

—There is said to be a paper-mill actually existing near Berlin, which is capable of containing nearly a million persons. It is circular with windows all out. The reliefs outside and inside, in the roof, ceiling, the columns, etc., are papier-mache, rendered waterproof by saturating in vitriol, lime water, and white of eggs.

—John Zoerb, of Point county, a few days ago went to his bed room, and having knocked his son down with a flat iron, placed the muzzle of a gun in his mouth, pulled the trigger with his toe and blew himself into eternity. He thought he was partially insane, the trouble having preyed upon him. He was sixty-four years old.

—A young man of Penn Yan, Yates, has just beaten Kinney, of Geneva, in New York for the championship at checkers. There were to be forty games played, but Mason won the forty-ninth. The score stands: Yates, 2; Mason, 1; drawn, 46. Yates leaves young Yates the champion of the world, he having beaten Ryan, of Buffalo, some time ago.

—Richard Ennis, of Philadelphia, entertained an audience at Clearfield county, last week, with a lecture. He is seventeen years old and has saved from the wreck of his father's estate $8,000, all of which he has invested at half a dozen different places in the county, and has loaned out at interest to the workingmen for two years past. Since December he has been a man.

—Gen. Grant is to be presented with the freedom of the city of Liverpool, the seat of this high privilege being inclosed in a gold box. The city possesses the right to confer the freedom upon only three persons, the rare honor conferred upon Wellington being among the number. The other two are Napoleon III, the exiled emperor; the others of the Napoleonic family, and themselves responsible to the people for his good citizenship.

—A "startling and sensational story" that has been published for some time past is now exploded. The story was to the effect that a "young, beautiful, and attractive man, in St. Louis, had wounded his purity by eloping with a young woman to the institution." The story was to the effect that a young woman, who was married to a man, and had taken to a life of misery, returned to the arms of her husband and was received by him and her friends respectably with her friends.

—A Chicago dispatch of June 2d says that information