Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - JAN. 6, 1882.

AN article in another column from the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, an ably edited independent Republican paper, presents a truthful picture of the factional contest in the Republican party that is rapidly developing itself, and which promises in the near future to be the crouching lion in Mr. Arthur's path.

BEWEEN December 1, 1880, and December 1, 1881, the number of Irish immigrants who arrived at New York was 62,406, and the number of Germans 188,225. This exodus from Germany is enormous, and it isn't much wonder that Bismark is badly frightened at the exhaustive drain his country is suffering by the great Republic of the West.

THE trial of Guiteau drags its slow length along and is now in its seventh week, having commenced on the 14th of November. It seems to be a great waste of time on such a phenomenal villain as Guiteau has shown himself to be during the whole of the trial, but the good sense of the country, will, we think, justify Judge Cox in according the prisoner the fullest latitude in making out his defense. The trial will not be concluded before the last of next week, and may possibly extend into the week following.

THE Pittsburg *Weekly Telegraph*, see prospectus for 1882, elsewhere published, can be obtained for one year, postage prepaid, together with a copy, handsomely bound in cloth, of Allison's Webster's Dictionary, for the trifling sum of $1.25. That is certainly very cheap, but we will discount even that by furnishing the *Telegraph* for one year, a copy of the Dictionary and a copy of the FREEMAN for one year, for the paltry sum of $2.50. If any man can make a more economical and at the same time a more renumerative investment than this, we would like to be informed in what possible way it can be done.

THE prospectus for 1882 of the Harrisburg *Patriot*, the organ of the Democracy at the seat of the State government, is published in the present number of our paper. A long familiarity with its columns warrants us in saying that the *Patriot* has always been a consistent and vigorous advocate of the Democratic party, its measures and its public men, and that it deserves the fullest confidence and support. The *Weekly Patriot*, a large eight page paper is furnished at the low price of $1.00 per annum, or we will send it and the FREEMAN to any subscriber for one year for $2.25, which is still better.

A REPUBLICAN paper doubts whether Grant ever wrote a letter to President Arthur recommending the appointment of George S. Boutwell, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Clifford. Why should there be any doubt about Grant having done so? Didn't he nominate George H. Williams to the Senate as Chief Justice of the United States, and wasn't he forced by the indignant protest of the whole country, laymen and lawyer alike, to withdraw the nomination before it was taken up and rejected? Boutwell is a man after Grant's own heart—just the man he would select as one of the Justices on the bench of the highest Court in the country.

THE Legislature of New York met at Albany on Tuesday last and ought to have promptly effected an organization in both houses, but it didn't succeed in doing so in either branch. There is a Democratic majority of *two* in the Senate and of *six* in the House, but it happens that *three* of John Kelly's followers were elected to the Senate from New York city, and *six* or *seven* men of the same stripe to the House. All these henchmen of Kelly refused to attend the two Democratic caucuses on Monday night to nominate the usual officers, and although all the remaining Democratic members met and made the nominations, they could not elect them at the meeting of the two houses on Tuesday. In the Senate the Lieutenant Governor presides and certain matters of business can be transacted, but the House can do nothing until a Speaker is chosen. The demands of the Kelly members as the conditions on which they would enter the caucus were so sweeping as to cause their certain rejection. When and how the deadlock will be broken remains to be seen.

LAST WEEK Judge Biddle of Philadelphia, sent some of the scoundrels who change election returns to the place where they can do the most good—the penitentiary—the notorious Dave Monast, who was one of Cameron's third term delegates to the Chicago Convention, being among the list of unfortunates. This result is due to the fact that Philadelphia has a District Attorney who has the courage to discharge his duty, and also to the fact that men who attempt to set aside the verdict of the ballot-box will be severely dealt with when they come before so fearless a Judge as Craig Biddle. These convictions create a well founded belief that the time has at last arrived when an honest election can be held even in Philadelphia. The following extract from the report of Mouat's trial is particularly interesting, the "Mr. Ker," mentioned being a leading Democratic politician, as well as a late assistant District Attorney, and acting as Mouat counsel, "Mr. Lane," the witness, is a well known Republican leader and knows all about how elections are conduced in the city of "Brotherly Love." Here is the extract:

"Mr. Lane," said Mr. Ker, "as you are an experienced politician I wish you would state whether it is not customary for election officers to invite outsiders into the polls to assist in making up the results."

"Has it not been customary to violate the election laws?" said Judge Biddle sharply to the counsel for the defense. "Is that what you mean, sir? You might just as well ask a man if it is customary in Philadelphia to commit larceny."

"I wish to ask the witness if this cu tom—

"If there is any such custom," broke in the Judge, "it is a violation of law and immaterial in this case."

"Then your Honor rules that way?"

"I do, most decidedly."

THE palm for beauty at Washington this winter is said to be carried off by Mrs. Moore, the wife of William R. Moore, Congressman from the Memphis (Tenn.) district. Let us see now what kind of a man Moore himself is. He is a Republican and a new member, and by a most singular freak of political fortune he defeated Casey Young, his predecessor, at the election a year ago last November. It takes a well equipped member of Congress a good while to establish his reputation for aptness and ability, but Moore achieved greatness and bounded to the first place in the front rank of orators and statesman on the very first day of the session. While the roll of members were being called in order that they might be sworn in by the Speaker, and when the State of Mississippi was reached, Moore marched down the aisle in front of the Speaker and in a highly dramatic style delivered himself as follows:

"In the interests of justice, in the interests of common fairness, in the interests of good government and the civilization of the nineteenth century, I respectfully and solemnly protest in the name of the American people against the administration of the oath of office to the Hon. J. R. Chalmers, of the sixth district of Mississippi, to a seat in the Forty Seventh Congress of the United States."

This outburst of genuine, impassioned eloquence, which Moore no doubt supposed would bring down the House and make him famous for all time to come, only provoked a long continued shout of derisive laughter from the astonished members, as well as from the vast throng of spectators in the galleries. Moore's turn was now to come and a dose of his own medicine was about to be administered to him. When the State of Tennessee was afterwards called, General Bragg, a Democratic member from Wisconsin, and also a very great wag, rose to the height of the solemn occasion, and admirably mimicing the style and manner of the "gentleman from Tennessee", said:

"In the name of humanity, in the name of the civilization of the nineteenth century, on behalf of the American people who love good order and expect to see a postmaster appointed from Tennessee fulfill the duties of his office; in the memory of the name of Casey Young (Moore's predecessor), I do most earnestly object to the taking of the oath by William R. Moore, of Tennessee."

This was something that Moore had not bargained for—something that fell upon him like a sharp clap of thunder from a cloudless sky—and under the perfect storm of applause which greeted General Bragg, the member from the Memphis district, feeling no interest in the subsequent proceedings, quietly disappeared, having fully and beyond all controversy established his claim to the honor of being the champion fool in the present Congress.

AFTER the conference in Washington, early in December, between Cameron, Quay, and a few other machine Republicans from this State, at which it was decreed that General Beaver should be nominated as the next Republican candidate for Governor, Beaver promply disclaimed being subservient to the Cameron or any other faction, and asserted that if nominated for Governor it would not be done at the dictation of the "bosses" in his party, but by the direct and untrammelled action of the Republican majority. This is a pleasant view of the situation, if it did not unfortunately lack the important element of truth, That, however, is a matter of trifling concern with a politician in these degenerate times, and especiall of one who has gone to school to Simon Cameron. The managing "bosses" of the Beaver campaign have all their plans well matured, and every few days some movement having a direct bearing on the grand and final result comes to the surface. There has for many years existed in Washington what is known as the Pennsylvania State Association, composed of office-holders from this State, in the different departments of the Government. The members of this Association always run with the machine and are as submissive to the demands of the Cameron as the Southern slaves in the old plantation days were to the rule of their masters. On Thursday night of last week, at the instance of Cameron, a conference of the Association was held, and the wonderful discovery made that its members were pretty unanimously in favor of Beaver's nomination. This Washington straw shows which way the Cameron wind is blowing. There will be several more straws blown about within the State between now and the first of April all wafted by the same breeze and in the same direction.

WHAT a disgusting spectacle it is to see the Governor of a State hanging around Washington, week in, week out, for the purpose of controlling Federal patronage in behalf of his office-seeking friends. Gov. Foster, of Ohio, is a man of that sort. When Hayes was acting as President, Foster had immense influence with him, and during the last year of his seemingly honest, but, as the sequel has shown, really profligate administration. Foster spent about one-half of his time at Washington, engaged in all manner of intrigue in reference to Ohio appointments. He followed up his low business for a Governor during the four months that Garfield was able to discharge his duties as President, and when he died and Chester A. Arthur succeeded him, Foster was promptly on hand to see that no Ohio man who had been a campaign worker for him, should be invited to take a back seat, although he knew that Arthur and the men by whom he was surrounded despised him and all his picayune political ways. Tom Young, who represents one of the Cincinati districts in Congress, and who is a pretty rough sort of a customer and has always been a Grant man, concluded at the opening of Congress that it was about time for Foster to take a rest, and that he himself would not only assume the responsibility of running all the Ohio appointments, but take upon himself all the airs incident to so high a position. A few night after Young had defined his position, he and Foster met in one of the leading hotels, and had a disgraceful personal wrangle, amounting to almost a fist fight, over an application for a petty clerkship. This is truly a nice piece of business for a Grant Congressman and a Garfield Governor to be engaged in, but then it is a fitting and instructive illustration of the beauties of Republican reform in the civil service of the country.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

WORDS OF CONDOLENCE—A SNOWLESS CHRISTMAS—BUT ONE MORE PRIZE TO CAPTURE—WHO SHALL THEY BE—THE CONTINENTAL INDEPENDENTS—THERE'S A NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE—OLD CONGER'S BASSOON—TWISTING THE BRITISH LION'S TAIL—THE "BLARSTED" BRITISHER AND WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 2, 1882.

[Regular Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR OLD FRIEND—I am deeply pained to learn that the fell destroyer death has again entered your domicile and despoiled it of two more of your children. It has pleased God to lay His afflicting hand upon you, but you may rest assured that when He raises His hand to strike, it is guided by His heart, and you have naught to fear from a heart that loves you. "Whom God loveth He chastiseth." All things fall out by God's appointment. What the world calls an affliction is an advantage, a grace, a favor from heaven, when considered in the order of Providence. It was pleasing to God to take your loved ones to Himself. They are now exempt from all evil, and happy in the felicity of God. They are better in His hands than they possibly could be in yours. Renounce your will, and beg of God that His will may be accomplished in yours. May God bless you with grace to bear in a spirit of penance, all the trials and tribulations with which He in His merciful Providence may be pleased to visit you. May God grant that the New Year will have a happier ending for you than was that of the closing of the year that has just ended. May all your happy friends share their joys with you in your utter misery. May they bear in mind that charity is an inexhaustable fountain of pleasure and profit to those who gather at her shrine, and that the tythes she takes are returned to her votaries increased a thousand fold in the most delectable ways. May a liberal stream of patronage be accorded by a discerning, generous public, to encourage and sustain you in your journalistic course in reference to all the great questions of the day. May you long continue and prosper in your good work of exposing and denouncing fraud and villainy, that the vitality of our Government, Municipal, State and National, may not be impaired, but may be perpetuated in purity and in strength to those who shall come after you. A Happy New Year to you and to all the patrons of the FREEMAN.

A GREEN, SNOWLESS CHRISTMAS.

A loveller Christmas never dawned on Philadelphia than December 25th, 1881. A green Christmas to our fore-fathers was a sign that there would be a fat graveyard during the twelve months. But a green Christmas instead of a snowy one has been the rule of late years rather than the exception, and instead of making fat graveyards tends to make fat livers. In modest homes, where coals are a luxury and firewood a rarity, a green Christmas is one of comfort. While there is a luxury for the affluent or well-to-do in a snow-covered ground, inviting the exhileration of sleigh bells and the like, for the millions held on the verge of want, a mild Christmas is a blessing. It is a sign and a token that some of the woes of want, such as perishing cold from lack of fuel or raiment, are not to be added to their other hardships. While the snow is a gift of Santa Claus to the rich, the green is the gift of God to the poor, the homeless and the hopeless. The reverent can detect in this world of inequalities, where chance birth or some fortuitious incident set the few above the calamities most painful to the flesh, while the millions are the creatures of all the vicissitudes of time, that a balmy Christmas comes as a benediction, imparting in some degree that original purity inalienable to all the children of the same humanity.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It is impossible to resist the influence of a Christmas—the day that means so much, the day on which our Lord and Saviour made his way to a spiritual empire—the day on which fell the full light of the glory of the conquest of the cross. The cross, the emblem of a disgraceful and cruel death, has become the symbol of man's best and highest hopes. Each year the feast of Christmas seems to bring a wider and still more widening circle within its blessed influence.—Christmas awakens a tender sentiment, a human sympathy, that sanctifies it even to those who have little heart to take part in holiday merry-making. Though Christmas comes to me in my older days with less of eager anticipations than in my younger days, and while I hail it with much less of simple pleasure and with more of pathos and sorrow, yet the more does it awaken in me a tender sentiment of human sympathy—a sympathy that sanctifies the day even tho' I take no part in the merry-making. Christmas this time was made doubly enjoyable by the mild weather. The observance on Sunday was confined to the churches and the quiet home circles, but on Monday humanity indulged itself freely. The juvenile horn, for a rarity, was conspicuous for its absence, enabling citizens to enjoy the season untrammelled by the screaching noises which have been the terror of the past. Monday was generally observed as Christmas day throughout the city, the day being thus given a dual celebration.

BUT ONE MORE PRIZE TO CAPTURE.

Every branch of the United States Government but one (and that one will soon come) is now under complete control of the Stalwarts. There is but one more body for them to capture, and that is the Supreme Bench. The capture of the Senate and House of Representatives were real substantial victories. Even the Garfield State was captured and reconstructed on a Stalwart basis. McVeagh, the embodiment of progressive independent politics, did not linger long enough in the Executive antechamber to be kicked out. Windom lingered long enough to receive the kick; James, who had refused to side with Messrs. Arthur, Conkling and Platt in the New York Senatorial fight, was made to walk the plank, and Blaine, the "Plumed Knight," was retired to obscurity to give place to Freylinghuysen, the Grant Stalwart. All of Garfield's Cabinet has gone by the board. In less than three months after Garfield was buried the Stalwarts captured every branch of the Government. The sweep in the Post Office Department is a clean one, and the place that knew James will know him no more forever. The Stalwarts have now got what Grant and Conkling imperiously demanded at the beginning of the Garfield administration.

THE CONTINENTAL INDEPENDENTS.

The reform-within-the-party 'Continental' Independents are not making much headway. It is real independence that is bothering them, and they have not yet fully resolved to be independent. They are holding confidential conferences and issuing addresses to the people, but issuing addresses is very harmless pastime, and bosses are not in fear of addresses. They read declarations of the Continental King of independent addresses with calm satisfaction. The reform-within-the-party independents are far more independent with the tongue than with the ballot, and they will find out that the ballot is mightier than the tongue. The reform-within-the-party independents are the great humorists of the day. Everybody laughs at their jokes.

THERE'S A NIGGER IN THE WOOD PILE.

Gen. Grant and his chaplain, Parson Newman, of fragrant hot scotch memory, have jumped the Methodist Church and joined a Congregational one with an $80,000 debt upon it. "There's a nigger in the wood pile." The public has seen Grant a sot, a soldier, a President, and a mendicant, and now he appears as a churchman.

OLD CONGER'S BASSOON.

Those who are driven to the verge of despair and suicide by the Christmas horn of the depraved urchin may remember with pleasure that the United States Senate will have to stand old Conger's bassoon for six years.

WHO SHALL THEY BE?

Now that it is known to be a certainty that General Beaver received the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania at a Stalwart conference in Washington city, the names of various Pennsylvania Democratic leaders are being freely discussed in connection with the Democratic nomination for Governor. It is conceded among the political leaders of both parties that the one that wins the Pennsylvania battle of 1882 will have a lease of power as long as it keeps on its good behavior. The contest this year will be for the control of every political department of power in the State—Governor, Congress, Legislature, Pardon Board, and the Congressional, Legislative and Judicial apportionments. The early selection of Gen. James A. Beaver as the Stalwart Republican leader in the desperate battle to be fought this year, is precipitating an active discussion of the merits of numerous nags who would like to become the Democratic leader. While some of the suggested candidates have neither brains, pluck nor merit, others of them are gentlemen of ability, and good and honest party warriors, among whom are a few who will not allow their names to be thrown into the Gubernatorial contest.—Among the names prominently discussed, the most prominent in the Western part of the State is James H. Hopkins, of Allegheny. Mr. Hopkins is a strong man, able either in court or on the hustings. He has a brilliant record as a popular candidate, having achieved victories against adverse majorities. He defeated General Negley in that strong Republican Congressional district in 1874. He comes from noble old Democratic stock, being the son of the late William Hopkins, Speaker of the House of Representatives during the Buckshot war. James H. Hopkins was the chief competitor of Senator Dill for the Gubernatorial nomination in 1878, and there are many who to-day believe that had he received the nomination he would have been elected. The entire people of Pennsylvania have unqualified faith in his private and public integrity. No man has better standing in his party, and with him as the candidate for Governor, and Major Moses Veale, of this city, as the candidate for Lieutenant Governor, they would lead the Democracy of Pennsylvania to victory. Let there be no Democratic machine candidates set up for Governor and Lieutenant Governor. Let such men as Hopkins, of Pittsburgh, and Veale, of Philadelphia, be selected as commanders to lead the Democratic assault against the Stalwart line.—Let the Democrats understand that the defeat of the Stalwart Beaver will be no child's play.

TWISTING THE BRITISH LION'S TAIL.

The gaudy scarf of the great Michigan banderillo seems to have fallen upon the shoulders of Mr Robinson, of New York, a member of Congress from one of the Brooklyn districts. When ruin and death had put old Zachariah Chandler out of the way of all living lions, it was supposed that we would not have another political Van Amburg to tame lions after the fashion that a Mexican ranchero subdues the bull of the prairies. If the late Zach. Chandler was renowned for one thing more than another beyond the fact, that he concocted and gloried in the fraud which gave Hayes the Presidency, it was that in his infrequent sober moments he was greatly given to twisting the tail of the British lion. The vulgar and coarse old bully, whenever opportunity offered, was accustomed to snap his jimber jaws, froth at the mouth and unload himself of an amount of billingsgate against the British government which was very disgusting to the United States Senate, and which he was pleased to call "twisting the British lion's tail." In old Zach's absence, Mr. Robinson is possessed of a desire to twist the tail of the aforesaid beast, who is now quietly combing his mane and licking from his chops the coagulated blood of the slaughtered Zulus and Boers. It is very cruel that just because Mr. Arthur, with a politeness that was as considerate as it was commendable, ordered the United States men of war to salute the British flag, that Mr. Robinson should go for the British lion, whose candle appendage must yet be sore and tender from the Stalwart twists of the horny hands of old Zach. Immediately after the organization of the present Congress, Mr. Robinson rose to a question of privilege, but the Speaker and the House, having a premonition of what was coming, denied the privilege. Mr. Robinson, however, is still desirous of giving the tail a twist, and will not desist until he gets an opportunity to twist it, by introducing a resolution reciting that the salute given to the British flag at the Yorktown Centennial was without authority of Congress. The resolution declares that Congress does not approve of the salute, and extends sympathy to the patriots and members of Parliament under unheard of despotism. It may seem somewhat cruel, but since the gaudy scarf of the Michigan banderrillo has fallen upon the shoulders of the New York ranchero, it may be well to allow him an opportunity to give the British lion's tail one more Chandlererian twist.

THE "BLARSTED" BRITISHER AND WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

It was at first seriously considered if it was the proper thing to permit her Majesty's representative to mingle in Washington society. The elite of Washington society, with charming prudery, looked out for a place at which to draw the line against the English Ambassador. The "Blarsted" Britisher, however, could not be kept away from the Monday morning dancing school at the Marine barracks, for that is a government affair, and all the girls go there. Besides, the Queen's representative has a palace to live in and a princely income to support it, so a ball at the embassy at once brought Washington society at his feet. He had traveled much and lived in the society of European capitals and knew that a reputation for gallantry would not be a bar sinister in the society of the American capital. Before the end of the season he can drop the handkerchief to the pick of Washington society girls, with the assurance that she will gladly take the head of his table and title and become a mamma to the sweet little cherubs whose ties of kindred came only from a common father. Washington society was at first shocked and scandalized on account of the British minister having three different little sets of "accidents." But Washington society has recovered from the shock. Minister West is the peer in blood and ancestry of any man in England, and as Washington society had abased itself in the dust before Sarah Bernhardt, will not look askance at a British Minister who like Sarah, has met with several "accidents." Mr. West has not brought any of his "accidents" with him, however. Taking into consideration the meretricious characteristics of Washington society it will be readily admitted that it should take something "naughty" but "nice" to shock and scandalize it.

THE GOVERNMENT FOOT TO THE BILL.

If Gitean escapes the hangman, it will be because of lawyers, doctors and experts. Fame is capital to a man, and fame is keeping the Guiteau trial alive and kicking. This is the 24 of January, six full months since Garfield was shot, and Guiteau not hanged yet. At first nothing but threats were received by the assassin; but now he receives letters of condolence and enclosures of money. If Guiteau had as much money as the Government he could beat it out of countenance; but the Government foots all the bills on both sides of the case, and as long as the Government does that, so long will lawyers, doctors and experts keep the thing going. Opportunities are said to make men. Guiteau made his own opportunity, and with it made the opportunity of many others. He made opportunities for doctors and lawyers—first for the doctors then for the lawyers and next for the experts. The Guiteau is a grand combination case for all three, and I reiterate that if Guiteau escapes the hangman it will be because of the lawyers, doctors and experts. Law is a big thing, medicine is a big thing, and science is a big thing. These three big things have all taken hold of the assassin Guiteau, and their hold can only be broken by some more accurate Mason, some more careful Jones, or some more courageous McGill. The doctors first pounced upon the case and fought and scratched until the unfortunate victim died, and now they are at it fighting over the spoils, but they must wait until the lawyers and experts get through, and lawyers never let go while there is money in a case. Death has no quieting influence on gentlemen of the bar. The public must not get impatient—but wait until the lawyers get through. The 2d of July, 1882, may come and Guiteau not be hanged. The Government has a deep pocket, and as long as lawyers, doctors and scientists can reach it Guiteau will not be disposed of. Guiteau fired his fatal shot on the 2d of July, 1881, and this is the 2d of January, 1882. Arthur is President, Garfield forgotten, *and Guiteau not hanged.* G. N. S.

MARRYING TWICE IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.—In the matter of marrying, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, a young woman of Seneca county, Ohio, plainly appropriates the cake. Her maiden name was Melissa J. Remsburg, but whether it is now Mrs. Chauncey L. Wyant or Mrs. Wesley M. Kline, or both, the future must disclose. As the story is chronicled, Miss Remsburg told Mr. Wyant that she would meet and marry him in Tiffin, fifteen miles from her father's house, at 8 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday succeeding Christmas. She also told Mr. Kline that she would see him and wed him in Tiffin at 8½ o'clock on the same day. She kept both promises, for she became the wife of Mr. Wyant at one end of the town, and married Mr. Kline at the other end, twenty-four minutes only elapsing between the performance of the ceremonies. Immediately after the first wedding the bride had excused herself, "just to run down the street to see a friend," and thus it came about that she had time to marry Mr. Kline and take a westward-bound train before Mr. Wyant suspected treachery. As to the purpose of the woman everybody seems to be in the dark.

F. H. Drake's Sufferings.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease, which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

—A few nights ago a thief entered the bed room of Henry McGowen, hotel-keeper and stock dealer at Burnt Cabin, Fulton county, and after chloroforming him robbed him of about $800 he had that day drawn from the bank for the purpose of purchasing stock. No clue to the perpetrator.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—*Dear Sir:* I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.

Yours truly. Mrs. A. M. Rankin.

141 Bates Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE WAR OF THE FACTIONS.

It was generally, because naturally, supposed that when the government reassembled at the capital after the Christmas recess it would begin the work which Congress and presidents are chosen to do; that is to say, the work of governing the country in such wise and honest fashion as to secure for all the people the highest degree of prosperity, peace and happiness. Such is the duty of all governments, and it was but a just a reasonable expectation that the country indulged when it expected the president and Congress to devote their time, intelligence and labor wholly to public interests. But reports, rumors and more tangible and reliable evidences multiply to indicate that the government's first work will be that of making a policy for use in the next presidential campaign. Political interests, personal ambitions are to be served, and if there should be any time or opportunity or energy left over, possibly they may be devoted to the real affairs of government.

The situation, either as it concerns the welfare of the country or that of the Republican party, is not at all brilliant. Old quarrels should be permitted to pass, ancient feuds forgotten, and personal aspirations and interests should give place to patriotic purposes and national needs. But the old quarrels are not to be permitted to pass, the old, distracting, sundering feuds are to be revived, and the aims of the leaders are to be as narrow as personal amoitions can make them. At least so all reports and rumors, and all likely circumstances indicate. President Arthur would like to unite the party to close up the breach between the Garfield Republicans and the Stalwarts, for he sees that if the party is to achieve victory in 1884, it must show a solid front to the Democracy, who in each new national contest lessen the majority which defeats them. "Out upon Arthur," said Senator Logan, at that notable conference of the Stalwart leaders who had assembled together at the capital to instruct Speaker Keifer how his committees should be composed—"General Arthur is going to have no split Congress. He will be backed by the united party there."

Doubtlessly Senator Logan spoke out of an ample knowledge of the men with whom the president had to deal. Bismarck is thought to be a rather powerful autocrat but, powerful and arbitrary as are his methods, it is not for him to command a united Reichstag. Probably because he has another sort of men to deal with in that august body; men who are statesmen and patriots, and not mere place-hunters. But what Bismarck, with all his influence, cannot do, the Stalwart Logan declares Arthur can do. It is not that he wishes a united Congress, it is that he will have one, as if he were to tell his lackey that he would have his boots blacked of a morning. But the signs of such a harmonious united Congress are not propitious; it is possible, even probable, that some or many of those who in 1880 shouted themselves hoarse for "Blaine, Maine" in the Chicago convention, and who at his command went over in a body to the support of Garfield, will be no longer found in Blaine's ranks, but may rather be looked for eating their porridge in the camp of Arthur, for where the booty, is there will the political soldiers of fortune be found. But, after all who can be are conciliated by rich largess of official booty, there will still be left in Congress enough Blaine men to render it hardly anything but a united Congress. There are Kasson and Hiscock in the House, and Hale and Frye in the Senate, and others, who will work and watch for Blaine as long as he bids them do it.

It was announced in a leading New York daily of yesterday, which thus far has been the strongest supporter of any of the newspapers of that city, namely, the *Herald*, that the *Tribune*, representing the Garfield Republicans, would soon appear with a declaration of war against Arthur. If anybody had turned to the same day's issue of the *Tribune* he would have there found in the leading article the promised declaration of war, and in the first sentence of it he would have seen the administration styled with infinite contempt 'this *ad intdrim* administration." The *Times* that hates the *Tribune* and tries always to espouse the cause it opposes and to oppose that which it espouses, is one with it in this business. One loves "this *ad interim* administration" no better than the other, and between them they are likely to make its path a thorny one. Behind them stands "the man from Maine," and behind him stands the whole corporate and money power of the East.

In this coming battle of the political giants Arthur is thus far, way ahead, and the only question is: Can he keep his lead? His henchmen—Logan, Cameron and Robeson—have well Keifer and made his committees for him, which are not only woodenheaded but dangerously made. Their composition has offended the Democrats in a body, and also the Garfield Republicans. Not only do they represent every species of jobbing and extravagance, but the chances are many that they will make so bad a record before the first session closes as to give the opponents of the administration all the ammunition they need to blow it to pieces. In this factional fight what is to become of the party? That should be considered before the old quarrel is renewed and the breach becomes too wide for the Stalwarts, or their opponents, to close or overleap. What is the use of Arthur or Blaine fighting for the empty honor of a nomination if, by dividing the party, they are going to give the next president to the Democrats at the polls? To set up a convention is easy enough, but to carry a national election is more than difficult enough. In the interests of party success, why does it not suggest itself to the two great contestants to agree to the tossing up a penny for the office of president? That would be quite as respectable as their other little games and would probably save the party from defeat by divisions.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

DISPATCHES from London and St. Petersburg announce the discovery of a part of the officers and crew of the lost steamer Jeanette. The steamer was crushed in the ice on June 11 last, in North latitude 77°, longitude 157° west. The officers and crew embarked in three boats, which were separated by wind and fog. No. 3, with eleven men, Chief Engineer George W. Mellville commanding, reached the mouth of the Lena river, Siberia, September 19. Subsequently Nos. 1, with Lieutenant-Commander De Long, Dr. Ambler and twelve men crew on the Lena in a pitiable condition. Prompt assistance was sent. No. 2 not heard from. The Jeanette sailed for the Arctic regions in July, 1879. Where she spent the winter of 1879 can only be conjectured, but since it has been ascertained that she did not winter at Wrangel Island, and since there is no other known land in the Arctic ocean in that vicinity it is probable that she wintered in the open pack northeast of Wrangell Land, as the Austrian exploring steamer Tegetthoff did north of Nowaya Zemlya. The winter of 1880-'81 she seems also to have spent in the open pack since she was crushed in the ice. The locality where she was lost is about 150 miles northeast of the Island of New Siberia 300 miles from the nearest part of the Siberian main land, and a little more than 500 miles from the mouth of the Lena.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—The large frame boarding house of Garrett Abois, near Richburg, N. Y., was destroyed by fire at 1 o'clock Sunday morning. Gas from an oil well was used as fuel in the cooking stove, and an unexpected pressure set the kitchen on fire. Mrs. Abois was sick with fever in a front room up stairs at the time, and her husband, who is seventy years of age was sitting at her bedside. He was much exhausted from prolonged watching and fell asleep, but was awakened by the smoke and discovered that the entire rear part of the building was in flames. Seizing his wife he carried her out and laid her down in the snow in her night clothes. He then went back to awaken three children who were sleeping in a rear room up stairs but could reach them. There were two girls, aged 13 and 11 years, and a boy, aged 10. Their legs, arms and heads were burned off and their trunks blackened and charred. Several persons up stairs were also dangerously burned in making their escape.

The exposure Mrs. Abois was subjected to will, it is feared, hasten her death.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

GORHAM, N. H., July 14, 1879.

Gents—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were.

It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and as good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow men that was ever conferred on mankind.

TIM BURCH.

FATHER STEFFES, the Catholic priest at Rochester, Beaver county, died with smallpox on Friday, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery in the afternoon. This was the only case of small-pox in that town. He was twenty eight years of age.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A Norristown man has lost fifty-six hogs within two weeks from cholera.

—The Prohibitionists will meet in State convention at Harrisburg on the 19th inst.

—Twenty-four horses were burned up in a livery stable in Worcester, Mass., on Saturday.

—Rev. Father Sheehy, who came here from Ireland in the interest of the Land League, is lying ill at Hartford.

—The hotel-keeper at Bechtelsville, Montgomery county, has a dog that catches a mess of fish for the family every day.

—George Valentine and wife, of Toronto, returning home in a wagon on Thursday were killed by a train at a railroad crossing.

—Edward A. Drysdale, an alleged Missouri murderer, was captured near Uniontown, Pa, and taken to Missouri on Saturday.

—The boiler in a saw mill near Winemac, Ind., exploded Friday, killing John Helm and fatally injuring Daniel Drit and a third man.

—A barn belonging to the Centre House, Imlay City, Mich., burned Saturday, and with it Blair's livery stable, in which were 12 horses.

—Sidney Nana, a fourteen-year-old boy living near Athens, Ohio, looked into a pistol when it was loaded. He only lived fifteen minutes.

—Judge Cox is certainly a lenient judge. On Monday he permitted the notorious embezzler Howgate to leave the jail and hold a reception in his house, at Washington.

—There were 306, remarks the Chicago *Tribune*, now there are 305. Mouat, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, has gone to the penitentiary. But Flannigan is still at large.

—Henry Wefel, and John Evans were instantly killed and John Wefel fatally injured by the fall of a scaffold at Cincinnati on Thursday night.

—Thomas H. Henry, colored, has been admitted to the Philadelphia bar. He is the first colored man passed there. Another negro practicing in that city brought his certificate from Boston.

—A train coupler and two workmen in the machine shops of the Pennsylvania railroad were crushed to death between the cars at Jersey City on Thursday.

—Henry Hopper, colored, of Sayre, Bradford county, dug up the clothing of a smallpox patient that contained a small amount of money, took the disease and died.

—Mrs. Ellen Beckwell, a helpless invalid, and her sister were burned to death in a Philadelphia tenement house on Saturday night. The sisters clothes were ignited while kindling a fire.

—The 12-year-old-son of Dr. T. P. Russell of Oshkosh, Wis., shot and killed the 6-year-old son of A. F. Turner Friday last. The boys were playing with a gun which they supposed was not loaded.

—Wm. Alexander, died at Eastbrook, Lawrence county, on Thursday, from wounds inflicted upon himself by his son during a family quarrel a couple of weeks previous. The son is now in jail on a charge of murder.

—A Los Angeles, Cal., dispatch, states that Mrs. Cruse, living at Florence, Los Angeles county, gave birth on Friday last to six perfectly formed female children, the most remarkable instance of the kind ever known in the State.

—Francis Dermer, who was burned by an explosion of gas at Otto Calliery, Pottsville, Pa., nearly three weeks ago, died Sunday night. He leaves a large family of helpless children, having buried his wife two days prior to the explosion.

—A lover undertook to commit suicide in the presence of a girl who rejected him at Chattanooga, but she prevented him by force, first dashing a bottle of poison from his hands, and then, after a hard struggle, dispossessing him of a razor.

—Two woman called on a Maine dentist simultaneously, one to have all her teeth extracted and the other only three. The dentist mistakably put the latter under the influence of ether, and rendered her toothless. A jury will estimate the damage.

—Having been troubled with a very bad cough for about two years, and having tried every cough mixture that was ever made, I have found none that has given me such great relief as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and I earnestly recommend it to all afflicted.—Benj. F. Duggan, 14 Park Place, N. Y.

—The Denver *Republican's* Silverton special says that on Saturday last, Edward F. Ryan, Michael Ryan and Richard Adkins, employed in the Paradise tunnel, were buried one hundred feet deep in a snow slide. Parties left Silverton on Monday morning to recover the bodies.

—Mr. Gibbons, who was suspected of killing his children and Miss Thomas and setting fire to his house, at Ashland, Ky., returned home on Monday last, and has brought such overwhelming proof that he was elsewhere on the night of the murder that he has not even been arrested.

—Willis Hockaday, a colored barber, has been arrested at Louisa, Ky., for the murder of the Gibbons children and Miss Thomas on December 23. The detectives, however, have settled upon the theory that Gibbons, the father of the children, was the murderer, and that he has drowned himself in the Ohio River.

—There is in Keokuk, Iowa, considerable excitement or was a few days ago over the fact that between thirty or forty students have been stricken with a disease that has been pronounced by the President of the Board of Health and several prominent physicians to be smallpox. It appears that a body received from Chicago was used in the dissecting room of the medical college, and that the subject had died of smallpox.

—A street car at the crossing of Virginia avenue and the Union railroad tracks, Indianapolis, Ind., was run into by a freight train of the Wabash railroad on Monday morning. Sister Mary Assumption Conway of St. Mary's Catholic Academy, in attempting to get out of the street car was thrown under the freight train and instantly killed. One other passenger in the car had his foot crushed.

—On Saturday George S. Read, widower, a clerk with Macondray & Co., San Francisco, shot and killed his mother-in-law, Sarah A. Smith, wounded his eight-year-old daughter Ella, probably fatally, then killed himself. Read has been in a state of nervous excitement for several days, attributed to close attention to business, and was undoubtedly laboring under temporary insanity, as his family relations were of a pleasant nature.

—At Bentonville, Ark., Thursday night, Eson Bollin, aged fifty-five was shot through the head while asleep, by his wife and killed instantly. At the coroner's inquest the woman confessed the crime and was arrested. While in her cell next day she requested the loan of a knife from the turnkey, saying she desired to cut out some clothes for her child, who was in the cell with her. The knife was handed to her, and while the turnkey's attention was attracted to some other part of the cell she cut her throat, expiring in a few minutes thereafter.

—A few years ago, Mary Craddock, a little daughter of Mr. James Craddock, of Mystic, Conn., lost her eyesight during a protracted illness. The child was treated unsuccessfully by local physicians. A few weeks ago Mr. Craddock procured some mortar from the famous Chapel of Knock, in County Mayo, Ireland. The Cement was dissolved in holy water, and the solution was applied to the eyes of the blind girl. The patient