

DEMOCRATS IN THE WAR.

The Republicans have been banking on putting down that "infernal rebellion," until, as Gen. Steadman said, "almost every man who belongs to the party believes he is a patriot and hero." This claim is to be questioned, and brought face to face with the facts of history. Thereat the *Gazette* is troubled. It gives the individual Democrats credit, but says the party, "as such opposed the war," and singularly enough cites McClellan's nomination in 1864 as evidence. McClellan represented the Democratic sentiment in regard to the war, and we would ask no better exponent. He believed the war was for the overthrow of the secession heresy, the preservation of the Union, and the maintenance of the rights of the States unimpaired. The overthrow of slavery was an incident of the conflict, and very likely an inevitable result once the sword was drawn. Mr. Lincoln hit the nail on the head exactly when he said he would save the Union no matter whether slavery was destroyed or maintained. Nationality was what the people were fighting for. The Democrats opposed the civilian conduct of the war by Republicans, especially their corruption, inefficiency and jobbery, which found its strongest illustration in the brood of shoddy patriots, and they carried the North with them on this issue in the elections of 1862. The Republicans in civil office, and the great army of contractors, quartermasters, commissaries, and paymasters, used the war as a means to an end; that end was *stealing*. The fruits of these thefts, their shoddy aristocracy, vulgar display, and above all things their monopoly of "loyalty," insult even at this day the honest common sense of the people in every section of the North. We know men in this State, high in rank in the Republican party, who make constant boast of their superior loyalty, whose only service to the Union cause was cheating the Government of hundreds of thousands of dollars in contracts, secured by the connivance of the rogues in office. We are getting tired of the assumption of these fellows that they carried the Union cause on their shoulders, and that they and they alone now represent fidelity to our form of Government. They took advantage of the necessities of the Government to rob it; they gathered fortunes by sending the soldiers on the field rotten clothing and tainted food. Napoleon and Wellington hung such people. They are to-day high priests of the Republican party, and blatant as donkeys in their professions of loyalty. They sent Don Cameron to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania because of the fortune he made in mules during the war; and they "never went back" on old Simon for the reason of his corruption in giving out contracts induced Mr. Lincoln to kick him out of his cabinet and congress to formally censure him. These are sample Republican heroes.

That Mr. Lincoln well understood the character of the greater portion of the men who voted for him, General Steadman showed in his speech to the Ohio Democratic convention, in this anecdote, which is good enough to repeat:

I make another statement here to-day—and there is a living witness in the State of Ohio who was present when Mr. Lincoln made the utterance. The first I ever saw him was after the battle of Chickamauga, when I was ordered by telegraph to report in person to him. [Applause.] I went up and called upon him, and James M. Ashley, who is living, heard the conversation.

Mr. Lincoln took me by the hand, greeting me warmly, and told me he was glad to see me. Still holding me by the arm he said to Mr. Ashley: Brother Ashley, what would have become of us in this war had it not been for the fighting Democrats from the North and West. [Prolonged Applause.]

With a shrug of the shoulders Mr. Ashley said:

"Mr. Lincoln, I don't know."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "I believe our rebel friends would have their flag floating at the Capital, sir." [Applause.]

He said: "The truth is, brother Ashley, that our party is made up, to some extent, of the religious and sympathetic, and they don't make first class soldiers. [Laughter and applause.]

"They don't make first-class soldiers," was Mr. Lincoln's shrewd verdict as to his own party. It was true at least as regards the free soil and abolition element. They wanted the Union dissolved and not maintained. These long-haired gentry had no fancy for villainous saltpetre. At their New England anniversaries their favorite text was there can be no honorable war as there can be no dishonorable peace. Massachusetts made up its quota of soldiers in the federal army by emptying its coffers and sending agents into the border states to buy up negroes as substitutes. The fighting State of Kentucky placed its quota of men in both the federal and Confederate armies, and sold—yes, sold Massachusetts enough darkies to help the Yankees out of the draft.

There was a million majority in the country against Mr. Lincoln. If the fighting element of the Republican party, throwing out the long haired gentry, had set about suppressing the rebellion on its own account, as Mr.

Lincoln said to General Steadman, fresh from the bloody field of Chickamauga, "our rebel friends would have had their flag floating at the Capital." It was the Democrats of the North and West, in the army as private soldiers, that saved the Union cause. Without them the rebellion would have been successful. Whole regiments went to the war without a Republican in the ranks. Democratic New York city sent more soldiers to the field than Republican Massachusetts, and while there were few Republicans in the New York regiments, the Democrats had more than their fair proportion in those of Massachusetts. Governor Curtin tells of a flag he presented to a regiment from the Democratic "Tenth Legion," of this State, in which there were not a single Republican in the fourteen hundred men in the ranks. They were all Democrats.

The Republican politicians at Washington and in the States controlled the bestowal of honors, and his being a Democrat was a bar to an officer's promotion. Armies were sacrificed rather than success should crown the head of a Democratic General. When it came to award contracts, and the quartermaster, commissary and paymaster places, with their contingent stealages, only Republicans were found fitting; and it is these heroes who have been most industrious in cultivating the idea that "old Chickamauga" annihilated at Columbus, that the Republican party is the only loyal party in the Union. Said Steadman, and it is a good point to keep before the people:

Now I say here to-day, fellow Democrats—and I defy contradiction when I make the statement—that at the close of the war with two or three honorable exceptions, every soldier who had won distinction, who was in command of any department of the army, or of a corps, was furnished by the Democratic party. [Great applause.]

Remember that the men who failed in the war and brought disaster to the Union cause, and brought disgrace to our country, were not Democrats.

It is time, high time, fellow Democrats, that the Democrats of this country assert their claims—their right to the full measure in the honor and glory of the success of our armies in the late war of the rebellion. [Applause.] The war put down by the men of iron nerves and fearless hearts—men who come from all the vocations of life. It was not Republican politicians who did it and they have no right to attempt to throw this stigma upon the Democratic party which furnished its full measure of all the soldiers that bore our arms to victory.

"Old Hickory's" Death Bed.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Mrs. Wilcox was present at General Jackson's death, one bright and beautiful Sunday morning in June of 1845, and she describes it as a scene never to be forgotten. He bade them all adieu in the tenderest terms and enjoined them, old and young, white and black, to meet him in heaven. All were in tears, and when he had breathed his last the outburst of grief was irrepressible. The congregation at the little Presbyterian church on the plantation, which the General had built to gratify his deceased wife, the morning service over, came flocking to the mansion as his eyes were closing and added their bewailment to the general sorrow. Shortly after this mournful event Mrs. W. encountered an old servant in the kitchen who was sobbing as though her heart would break. "Ole missus is gone," she brokenly said to the child, "and now ole massa's gone; day's all gone, and dey was our best fren's. And ole massa, not satisfied teachin us how to live, has now taught us how to die." The poor, unlettered creature did not know she was paraphrasing one of the most beautiful passages in Ticklell's elegy upon the "Death of Addison."

He taught us how to live, and (oh, too high) The price for knowledge, taught us how to die.

What is Put Into Letter Boxes.

From the Boston Herald.

The carriers who collect the mail from street boxes sometimes find queer deposits therein. Loose silver coins and loose postage stamps are among the principal discoveries, while a carrier the other day brought in a bank book containing \$85 in bills, which he had taken from a lamp-post box. The most remarkable instance of absent-mindedness in this direction was the case, not long since, of a young man who daily carries two leather bags—one for mail and the other for money, etc. He deliberately, in a fit of abstraction, walked up to the box in the Boston post-office, and emptied the contents of one bag, containing several bank books and bills and checks, amounting to thousands of dollars, into the mail box, and did not discover his blunder until he went into the bank and handed the receiving teller a bunch of letters. That young man's face, it is said, grew so pale as to frighten every one who saw him rushing through the streets, eyes distended and heart thumping in his wretched bosom. He was made a happier and a wiser man on receiving, at the business office, the bank books and money, in place of which he gladly tendered his bundle of mail matter.

The *Railroad Gazette* says that the world appears to be provided with works sufficient to produce about thrice as much iron in a year as the world has ever consumed in a year.

EWING AND RICE.

A Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record* draws the following excellent pen picture of Generals Ewing and Rice, the Democratic standard bearers in Ohio:

"From an Ohio standpoint it must be admitted that the Democratic ticket is a strong one, however much one may differ with its political complexion and meaning. Personally Ewing and Rice are both excellent men. Politically they are both strong in Ohio. Together they will undoubtedly poll the full strength of the Ohio Democratic vote, for while there are many hard-money Democrats in Ohio, the financial creed of Sherman and his proxy Foster is, if possible, more objectionable to them than that of Ewing and Rice, and personally both Ewing and Rice are popular with Ohio Democracy. Both are in the prime of life; Ewing will not be fifty until August, and Rice will not be forty-four until November. Both are natives of Ohio. Both were educated at the East, Ewing at Brown University, Providence, R. I., where he graduated in 1854, and Rice at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he graduated in 1860. Both served with conspicuous gallantry in the Union army, and both earned their promotion—Rice to the rank of Brigadier General and Ewing to the rank of Major General. Both enlisted at the beginning and served until the end of the war, and Rice left a leg on the battlefield to attest his loyalty. In view of these records and the fact that the head of the Republican ticket never faced the Southern bullets, but devoted the years of the war to getting rich by the sale of groceries in the peaceful shades of Fostoria, it is hardly probable that the Republicans in Ohio will make the bloody shirt and the new rebellion prominent issues in the pending canvass. Ewing is a lawyer, and has been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, to which State he went after he left college. Rice started out to be a lawyer, but in April, 1861, he left his law books for the battlefield, and since the war has been manager of the private banking house of C. H. Rice & Co., at Ottawa, Ohio, his home. Most of his time, however, since the war, has been spent in politics, and he has served two terms in Congress. Ewing was elected as a Democrat to the Forty-fifth Congress and is now serving his second term as a member of the Forty-sixth. Physically, the two men are very dissimilar. Ewing is tall, five feet eleven at the least, and of the massive, imperturbable order of men. Rice is short, of wiry build and nervous temperament. Imperturbability is Ewing's most striking characteristic. He is almost the equal of Grant in this regard. Nothing excites him. Nothing throws him off his balance. Nothing disturbs his equanimity. Rice, on the other hand, is of the enthusiastic, excitable order. Ewing has brown hair, clear gray eyes, a pallid complexion and wears a close beard and mustache, well sprinkled with gray. His head is large, especially on top and about the temples, and well balanced. His face is flatish, but his nose is of the generous type, and his lips full and firm. He is a hard student and a cogent debater. His voice has wonderful power, and he is accounted one of the strongest campaign speakers in the country. In Congress he always commands the attention of the House both by reason of the matter and manner of his speeches. He seldom speaks except on financial matters, and always speaks well. Personally he is one of the most agreeable and enjoyable of men. Quiet, genial, whole-souled and true as steel, there is no taint of superciliousness or hauteur about him, nor yet is he one of the hail-fellow well-met with everybody class. He is always dignified, always quiet, yet always approachable. In his family relations he is exceedingly happy, in his personal habits temperate and abstemious.

General Rice, as I have said, is a smaller, more wiry, more nervous, more enthusiastic man than Ewing. His hair is dark, his eyes ditto, and both hair and beard have a tangled, negligent look, which comes of his habit of running his hands through them when excited. He walks with a cane, has a decided limp, and the general air of a locomotive under a full head of steam. He is a good talker, though not so good as Ewing, and is personally an exceedingly popular man with all who know him. He is not quite such a radical Greenbacker as Ewing, but is an earnest silver man and essentially an advocate of the "Ohio idea." Together, they certainly make as strong a team as could be found to pull that idea to victory in October.

Beer Drinking in the United States.

From the Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.

For some years past a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whiskey and strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and bitters and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medicinal quality which will neutralize the alcohol it conceals, etc. These theories are without confirmation in the observations of physicians and chemists where either has been used for any length of time. The constant use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deceptive. Fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both liver and kidneys, are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, precipitating all the higher faculties into a mere animation; sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger, that are senseless and brutal, in his general appearance the beer drinker may be the very picture of health, but in reality he is the most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, severe cold, or shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally.

Compared with inebriates, who use different forms of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no time for recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces; it is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of inebriety closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. It is asserted by competent authority that the evils of hereditary insanity are most positive in this class than from alcoholics. If these facts are well founded, the recourse to beer as a substitute for alcohol, merely increases the danger and fatality following.

In bitters we have a drink which can never become general; but its chief danger will be in strengthening the disordered cravings, which later will develop a positive disease. Public sentiment and legislation should comprehend that all forms of alcohol are more or less dangerous when used steadily; and all persons who use them in this way should come under sanitary and legislative control.

A PENNSYLVANIA ROMANCE.

Every day proves the verity of that trite old saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction." Here now we have from our own State and from Tioga county one of the wildest regions of the State, a story romantic enough for the foundation of a novel, and one which we condense as follows: Kate Hanson, a girl of odd masculine ways and only 18 years old, disappeared from her Tioga home twenty-two years ago. She used to spend much of her time in the woods, being fond of hunting and expert with both rifle and rod, and one day, taking the rifle presented to her by her father, she disappeared in the woods never to return. Everything possible was done to find trace of her, but at last she was given up as lost. It was thought by her companions that Kate having formed an attachment for a worthless young man, Johnson by name, and her parents having forbidden marriage with him, had eloped with him. Colonel Wilson, of this city, spent the winter of 1876 in Cuba, meeting while there Major James Hopkins, of Ohio, who served in Thomas' division during the war. Hopkins owned a fine plantation in the interior and warmly invited him to become his guest. The home was a delightful one, presided over by Mrs. Hopkins, a handsome and dignified lady of about forty. He had two children, and all were living happy and contented. In the confidence begotten of acquaintanceship, it finally came out that Mrs. Hopkins was none other than Kate Hanson, of Tioga county, and Wilson was intrusted by her with the salient points of her history since her disappearance, and requested to inform her relatives that she would, as soon as possible, pay them a visit. The story she told is a singular one.

When her father ordered her to cease receiving Johnson's attentions, she concluded he was right, but could not get rid of Johnson's company but by leaving home. She passed that night in the woods, and the next day found a hunter's cabin—the owners absent. Appropriating a suit of their clothes, she disguised herself, travelled to Dunkirk, and found a situation as cook on a Detroit and Buffalo lake boat. One day she read an advertisement giving a minute description of her and offering a reward for information. This alarmed her, and she wandered to Cincinnati and found employment on an Ohio river steamer, in which position she remained until the outbreak of the civil war, when she joined an Ohio regiment, and was in all of the engagements of Gen. Thomas' division. In 1863 she was promoted to sergeant in her company. In 1864 her captain met her one day as she was returning from stationing a guard. He said to her that he had long suspected that she was a woman, and demanded to know if such was the case. The charge was so sudden and unexpected that she lost her self-possession and convicted herself by her reply. She begged the captain not to reveal her secret, but he took her before Gen. Thomas and made the strange fact known to him.

Kate was at once sent back to the rear, and ordered to resume her proper attire. She became a nurse in the hospital, and soon had in her care the captain, he having been wounded in a skirmish. Between the captain and the nurse, whom he had detected in the ranks of his company, a strong affection formed. At the close of the war they were married, the captain, meantime, having been promoted to the rank of major. Major Hopkins' family was one of the best in Ohio, and it refused to recognize his wife. She had \$900, which she had saved from her earnings on the steamer. This was in a Cincinnati bank. She drew it out, and, with her husband, went to Cuba. There they prospered and were found by Colonel Wilson in 1876. Word has been received from Mrs. Hopkins that she and her husband and children will sail for New York in August, and visit the home she so mysteriously left nearly a quarter of a century ago.

An ill-natured man being seen to blush, it was asked what the cause was. "Oh!" said a witty lady, "the cross old creature happened to smile and feels ashamed of it."

Education in Greece.

Thomas Davidson in *National Review* for June.

In spite of poverty, and though they have little or no notion of how to rear their children, parents are most anxious that they should receive a good education, and are ready to make large sacrifices for that end. In this they are vigorously seconded by the children themselves. In no country are children and young people so eager to learn as in Greece. It might be the paradise of the schoolmaster. The hardships that young Greeks will undergo in order to obtain an education are often touching to relate. Perhaps a fourth of all the students in the University of Athens at this moment, and they number about fourteen hundred, are young men who earn their daily bread as house servants. I have before me a score of newspapers with advertisements like the following: "A young man of good character wishes to find a family in which he may serve, with opportunity to attend three lectures at the University." The great majority of the Athenian students are poor beyond belief. Many of them have not decent clothes, and come to the lectures without neckties or collars. How they obtain books I have never been able to discover. It is a pity that so much endurance and self-denial should, for the most part, lead to so little result as it usually does. There is no place in Greece for half of the young men educated at the University. Many a graduate has to spend his life in a menial position, his education doing little more than helping to render him discontented. Some of the cab-drivers in Athens are men who have passed with credit through the University. And, after all, these are better off than the prouder ones, who prefer to starve as lawyers or doctors. In Athens alone, whose population is about sixty thousand souls (the Piræus included), there are about five hundred lawyers; the majority of them starving and intriguing in favor of some political champion, from whom, when he comes to power, they expect to obtain some miserable government office with a yearly salary of two or three hundred dollars. Thus the abject political condition of Greece turns even the best virtues of her citizens into a curse.

The Pope's Denunciatory Letter.

LONDON, June 14.—The text of the Pope's letter upon the proposed marriage law has been received here and excites much comment. It is addressed to the archbishops and bishops of Turin, Verceili, and Genoa. A bill making civil marriage obligatory before the religious rite can be performed, was recently passed by the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and is now pending before the Senate, and the Pope has issued this letter in the hope of preventing its passage. He starts with the assertion that the state has no right whatever to interfere in matters connected with marriage. "To affirm," says he, "that matrimony is a creation of the state and nothing more than a civil contract, is to deny the fundamental principles of Christianity, and even the elementary ideas of national law. Marriage is not an invention of man, but of God, who commanded by this union the propagation of the human race and the constitution of the family, wherefore marriage, in what concerns the substance and the sanctity of the tie, is essentially sacred and religious, the regulation of which belongs to the Church by the mandate of its divine founder. The Church has no wish to ignore the political authority of the state; it acts only to protect the sanctity of the tie and the religious forms proper to it. The new law has been dictated by the desire to cause new tribulation to the Church, and not by a wish to maintain order." He instructs the bishops to warn the faithful that except in form established by God and Church, there can be no honesty or sanctity in the marriage tie, but also to remind them that the church, after having placed in safety the integrity of the principle and dignity of the sacrament, permits the faithful to take the benefit of whatever social advantages civil legislation affords. The letter is hotly denounced by some of the papers here, and by others praised.

A Broken Heart.

From the Denver News.

Miss Prince was the only daughter of a Pittsburg merchant and two years ago was wedded to Mr. Savage, of Baltimore. Six hours after the ceremony the train upon which they had started on their bridal tour was wrecked and the husband of less than a day was killed. The shock of the terrible calamity robbed the young wife for a time of her reason. From this mental death she recovered to go into a slow decline. All the blossoms of her life were withering, and the world once so robed in beauty and delight became a prison from which her spirit longed to be free. They took her across the sea, but the panorama of scene and incident had no power to renew the love of life, and the young thing faded as a flower fades. At last they took her to the south of France, and there, amid the bloom of flowers—on the spot where Petrarch once sang songs to Elvira—in the home of Leonardo da Vinci's exile—this fair American girl found the peaceful quiet of the grave. Our correspondent who relates the incident draws a vivid picture of the sorrowing family around the death-bed.

Reduced Rates.

The Adams Express Company has adopted a new rate of charges which will probably largely increase its business. According to the new rates, books, periodicals, pamphlets, newspapers, etc., not exceeding two pounds, will be carried for 15 cents, over two or more than three 20 cents, over three and not more than four pounds in weight will be charged 8 cents per pound, in addition to the rate for four pound packages. Money packages under \$20 will be carried a distance not over 500 miles, for 15 cents; from \$20 to \$50, the same distance, 20 cents. The special rates and conditions for regular shippers are exceedingly liberal. Under the new tariff shippers of money and small packages will take advantage of the express company as being the safest and most expeditious, being in some respects preferable to postal money orders and registered letters, as the Express Company is responsible for loss or non-delivery while the post-office department is not.

The father overwhelmed with grief, the mother wild with despair, while a young sister clasping a hand of the dying girl looks with pallid face and rigid lips into the glazing eyes.

"The anguish is nearly over—my race of life is done," came in a feeble intonation from the lips of the dying.

"And you are willing to die?" asked a minister, bending low to catch the whispered utterance.

"Oh, so glad! Listen to me. I die, as many of my sex have done, of a broken heart. I had put my all of life and hope on the hazard of an earthly love, and God has smitten me for my sin."

"It was no sin to love."

"No, not to love—but to build an idol as I did—and to worship the creature instead of the Creator. I have been terribly punished. The horror of these two brief years no words can tell."

There was a flutter of the feeble heart. The blue eyes sheathed themselves beneath palely tinted waxen lids, and the fair young form, once so full of subtle life, was frozen into death.

An English Girl's Impressions of an American German.

Some English lady, possibly quite a young one, has contributed to a leading Scotch periodical a description of a German given at Troy, N. Y., with some rather amusing details of the supper and the dress and appearance of American women and girls. In the figures of the German the English girl, following her leader, has to pin a rose in a gentleman's button-hole, and then dance with him. She blushes redder than a rose, (so the *raconteuse* tells it,) but plucks up courage, pins the rose to the gentleman's coat, gets bravely over it, and concludes by stating: "Before we left America we regarded it with all the philosophical indifference of American belles." The supper, however, pleases our young lady immensely. It was so delightful to "camp out anywhere on the stairs and partake of terrapin, oysters, chicken-salad, and an enormous plate of several kinds of ice cream—perhaps strawberry, banana, pistache, and lemon—a large spoonful each." It is solemnly asserted that in America it is considered exceedingly ill-bred to eat all that is on your plate. In order to assume a certain amount of languor, young ladies just nibble a little, as if eating were a vulgar habit, but "an unaffected, healthy American will eat twice the quantity an English girl will," and girls who are blessed with a good appetite are overheard to say: "I am frightful hungry, but I must leave something. I think a few lettuce leaves would make a great show." When an American girl receives more bouquets at a party than they can conveniently carry they tie them around their dress. As to personal beauty, the conclusion is arrived at that English mists and rain are more favorable to the continuance of bloom and beauty than the extreme heat and cold of America. Girls of eighteen looked ten years older than they really were, and ladies past thirty were wrinkled and scraggy, "as are seldom our women of fifty." Something that quite shocks our British maiden is the unfortunate fact "that Americans adopt the fashions directly, without reference to age, complexion, or style." As to the matrons, old ladies were quite low dresses, their poor, thin arms and necks looking terribly cold and unlovely. As to "the Boston," the concluding figure of the dance, it was no dance at all, people moving languidly up and down and showing off their trains. Notwithstanding all this mild disparagement, our insular girl, in her dreams that night, acknowledges that she danced her first German all over again. This little commentary on American manners at Troy may be more or less truthful. We want some little return for Mr. James's "International Episode." We are afraid that the fair chronicler of the German, though as pretty as could be, was not very well attired, and ignorant of Emerson's clever saying about the American woman: "That feeling herself perfectly well dressed imparted a tranquil happiness that religion itself could not bestow." That memorable speech of Mrs. Westgate, when the Duchess of Bayswater calls, "she won't even know how well I'm dressed," is to be resented for years to come by Englishwomen.