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Bradford Reporter.

THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.

Ever since the Reformation commenced in Europe, there has been a conviction steadily growing in the minds of the common people, and that is that the rights and privileges with which nature had endowed them as men, were usurped by another class; whose only claim to them was the accident of birth and position. To this fact we may ascribe the efforts of Algermon Sydney and his compeers in the times preceding the revolution of 1688, and also the spirit of the Puritans who sought a retreat in the wilds of the New World, where they might worship their common Father in peace. Every one knows the result of their labors and sacrifices—that a spirit of Liberty grew up directly antagonistic to oppressive exactions of the ruling class, and that this spirit culminated in the Declaration of American Independence of 1776.

That declaration was a manifesto to all the world that all men were equal in natural right,—that God had not endowed one class of men with privileges he had withheld from another,—that free government, representative government, self government was a natural right which man possessed, or was entitled to, by virtue of his manhood and power to preserve it; and that kings had no *divine right* to exact the submission of their subjects to their rule.

Republics had had a prior existence, but here was one established upon the express idea that men were rational beings, and had sufficient intelligence to choose the right, rather than the wrong; and not upon that of expediency, which had been the ruling principle in the foundations of those, which in earlier ages, had preceded it.

The world beheld with astonishment the operation of free government, and felt the working of the leaven. A new element was infused into the effete nationalities of the Old World. They began to think, to inquire, to compare, to reason, to know. History informed them, duty to the present and the coming age, urged them, and that nameless aspiration for a free life, which the ardent soul ever cherishes as the true condition of its being, impelled them France was rocked by the tempest from its centre to its furthest circumference, and she responded to the call by shedding the blood of her tyrants, and often of her friends. The conservative spirit of Europe was aroused, and then followed the wars of the First Napoleon, the dynasties, hoary with age and reeking with the blood of the true and the brave, until the last final carnage of Waterloo, where conservatism won its *last* victory, and the treaty of Vienna secured its *last* diplomatic triumph.

There is nothing more true than that "freedom's battle once begun" will in the end be "won." The host enlisted under her banner, represents a principle of universal interest, one springing from the mental constitution of every son of Adam, intertwined with all his interests and affections, and duties and responsibilities. Her battle-field is the wide earth, her soldiers the entire family of men who love her, and her warfare will endure through the long ages of the life-time of the world. Every life lost, every drop of blood spilled, is a sacrifice upon her altar calling for vengeance, a vengeance as sure to be rendered as that a just God rules in the affairs of men.

There is every indication that we are about to witness a great European war. People at this distance are inquiring what the respective combatants are expecting to gain. Are the little Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein of sufficient importance to either belligerent, to warrant the loss of so many lives and the expenditure of so much treasure? In one little battle, or march, more treasure would be sunk than both are worth. So, is Venetia so necessary to Italy or to Austria, that these great states should absolutely peril their future prosperity for their possession?

But in this reasoning we overlook the whole philosophy of the matter: It may be true that the belligerents themselves do not exactly understand their position. The fact is, each state is impelled by motives the grasp and significance of which is known only to Providence, who permits this struggle. They are in the hands of a destiny which brings them into a warlike contact for the sake, and in the interests of humanity—into a struggle for life, in which the power they have so long wielded for oppressive ends is in jeopardy, and may escape from their grasp. Nearly all the great wars of the last three hundred years have ended in the establishment of some condition which has elevated that of the masses, and done away some foul wrong to their moral interests and natures. Those of William of Orange in Holland, those of Queen Anne with Louis XIV, those of Frederic II, of Prussia, each and all, served to lift some oppressive weight from the crushed spirit and open to it a pathway nearer the throne of its Maker, to let some light into the soul benighted by the ecclesiastical darkness of a thousand years. If Prusia is victor in this contest, which may God grant, such a result is inevitable; for Prussia is Protestant and intelligent, while Austria is ignorant and steeped in the foulest dregs of Romanism.

Italy is also a party in this war. She goes into the struggle to recover Venice, a state that is purely Italian; handed over to the tender mercies of Austrian rule by the Congress of Vienna and Paris, in 1814, and 1815. No one can blame Victor Emanuel for the part he is about to take. The people of Venice have besought him through long years to come to their aid. Deserted by Napoleon III at the very moment when the door seemed opening for their enlargement, they have mourned their sad fate without the power to free themselves from it. There are not words in our language to describe the utter hopelessness of their situation, unless released by this war, and no pen nor pencil can portray the depth of their debasement, as Italy now is. She maintains a large army of her own sons to enslave herself,—she is subject to a grinding taxation to fill the coffers of the Austrian State, her sons are torn from her hearthstones to fill the ranks of the Austrian Army. Austrian officers desecrate her firesides and altars, robbing beauty of its bloom and purity,—in truth, the slavery of ancient times had no features so revolting as that has which now curses the proud city Venice.

If Germany were united under one head, with a government like that of the United States, her law would be the law of Europe. Her population would then equal sixty millions, occupying a territory having a most fertile soil and a healthy temperate climate. The largest rivers of Europe would water her provinces, bestowing upon her sites for great centres of population and commerce. But here stands that eternal, everlasting, bug-bear of tyrants,—the "balance of power" the theory of which is, that these crowned robbers having spent their lives in robbing their subjects, and acquired the habit of robbery, to prevent mutual encroachment have fenced themselves within certain boundaries and limitations, outside of which they have agreed to rob no more, and to exercise their talent at robbery within their own borders, or in a direction which will not intrude on each others territory. Thus England has agreed to rob no Continental Power, but to bestow her attention upon helpless, famine stricken Ireland, or upon her Indian subjects in Asia. France, having been so great a robber in the time of Napoleon the First, now obliged to disgorge some of her plunder and confine herself to her old limits; though upon Algiers and Mexico, neither of which seemed to tempt her predatory appetite much then, she might try her cunning hand. Russia was to perpetrate no robbery upon Turkey—she might rob all around the further coast of the Black and Caspian Seas, all over Asia, and particularly China, but she must play no tricks of her trade upon any portion of the Mediterranean or Atlantic coasts. Austria, having acquired all her possessions by wholesale robbery, agreed to be satisfied with the plunder of Lombardy and Venice, with now and then an inroad upon the Turkish Principalities; and Prussia, overjoyed to retrieve her Rhenish Provinces, felt well paid for the dozen drubbings Bonaparte had given her. Denmark was to keep the Duchies now in dispute, but to her and to the lesser kingdoms and sovereignties, were given no foreign field to steal in, the greater Powers solemnly agreeing to respect them as makeweights in any bargain they might have on hand, or wanting that, to protect them as they were.

These self-imposed restrictions and agreements constitute the treaties of 1814 and 1815, and in them we find the far-famed "balance of power," which became the public law of Europe in the policy of each state, as regards its intercourse with the rest. It will be a study for the historian, furnishing a dark chapter of human depravity and greed. It has crushed the spirit of the people, resting like a dead weight upon their moral aspirations and hopes. It was a league of tyrants, a conspiracy against truth and right, a pledge to hunt down each effort of the nobler nature to rise in the scale of humanity and to assert its equal claim to the free air of Heaven. It has banished Mazzini from the land of his birth, set a price upon the head of Garibaldi, and loaded Kossuth with chains. The hopes it has crushed, the blood it has spilled, can only be known in that day, when the tyrant, stripped of his power, shall stand naked by the side of his victim, at the bar of a just God.

The parties to this treaty broke it themselves. Nicholas wanted Constantinople, and then came the Crimean War. Louis Napoleon, to humble Austria, took sides with Victor Emanuel, and then came the Italian War, and now we have this quarrel of Austria and Prussia, ostensibly about the Duchies. But the greatest infraction of the treaty was when Louis Napoleon Napoleon seated himself upon the imperial throne of France, as the executor and avenger of his "Uncle."

It is barely possible that we have exaggerated impressions of the rigor and injustice resulting from a system like the above; but it is said to cast its shadow over the commonest affairs of life. We hesitate to award to human actions their just claim to condemnation or commendation, irrespective of the position of the actor. If in any portion of our civilized land a dozen men in the common walks of life should conspire against the peace, prosperity, and lives of those around them, if they should pry into the motives of others, spy out their domestic affairs, maintain spies in their kitchens, cast them into prison upon suborned testimony, banish them from their native soil, or bring them to the gallows and then seize upon their property as confiscated to their sole ownership, we should think such men depraved to the very marrow of their bones, and hunt them to their death, and yet, we are told such a system is in daily operation in nearly every portion of Europe, except that the authors and originators of the foul wrong wear crowns upon their heads, and are regarded as the source of all honor, and power in the state. The Ireland of to-day is cursed with it. Every fifth man in Paris and Rome, is a spy, every third in Naples, Venice and Vienna, every fourth in Petersburg and Constantinople. In every city of Continental Europe, men feel little security compared with that perfect confidence in Government which is the lot of an American citizen.

In view of all the circumstances of the present situation of affairs in Europe, have the friends of humanity much to fear? War has become inevitable, not from the fact that a more humane solution of the difficulty is in wanting, but that the Powers most nearly concerned will not embrace it. Each complains of each, each has long averted the present moment, each has made due preparation, and each expects a triumph. Let them fight, fight to the bitter end. Nothing can be lost to Freedom and humanity, and since in just such struggles they have gained all they have, let them hope to gain more, and at last, to gain all.

There can be little doubt in the mind of one who looks camly upon all that is passing, that Louis Napoleon is the genius who is directing the element of discord. He has found in Bismark one who is willing to take the initial step while he affects a neutrality. Does any one believe that Prussia would have been so determined on war, if France had withheld her consent? They act in concert *now*, knowing they are to separate when certain objects are accomplished. England has already signified her neutrality. Russia will interfere only in certain contingencies. Austria is to be thrashed out of Germany into the Turkish Principalities. Italy is to be liberated from Austrian domination and will find her master in France. Having gone thus far together they will quarrel, for Louis Napoleon, having kept Bismark in countenance to the end of his complete triumph in Germany, will demand the Rhine as his boundary, Prussia proud of her position in the very center of European civilization will demur, even through her consent is at this moment registered in the Tuilleries. A French army will now cross the Rhine, and while the toiling millions of France and Prussia are cutting each others throats, Russia will march upon Constantinople; for Turkey is still sick,—sicker even than in the days of Nicholas, and less disposed to receive Russian physic. And now every element of strife is let loose, old ties are severed, new combinations arise, every power in Europe as principal or auxiliary hasten to the war. Then will be fought the great war of modern times, the great war of all times,—the great battle of Armageddon.

If Louis Napoleon and Bismark shall both live through the next ten years, or if but one through the next twenty years, the above predictions, within the periods mentioned, will be accomplished.

MRS. GRUNDY SPOILS OUR GIRLS.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who, by the way, is a good teacher, gives some good advice about the girls, and it is a pity his counsels could not be heeded. By-and-by there will be no girls and children, they will all be women from ten twenty years old. Mr. Beecher says:

A girl is not allowed to be a girl after she is ten years old. If you treat her as though she were one, she will ask you what you mean. If she starts to run across the street, she is brought back to the nursery to listen to a lecture on the propriety of womanhood. Now it seems to me that a girl should be nothing but a girl until she is seventeen. Of course there are proprieties belonging to her sex which it is fitting for her to observe, but it seems to me that, aside from these, she ought to have the utmost latitude. She ought to be encouraged to do much out of doors, to run and exercise in all those ways which are calculated to develop the muscular frame. What is true of boys, in the matter of bodily health, is eminently so of girls.

It is all important that woman should be healthy, well developed. Man votes, writes, does business, etc., but woman is the teacher and the mother of the world; and anything that deteriorates woman is a comprehensive plague on human life itself. Health among woman is a thing that every thing that every man, who is wise and consideratd for his race, should more earnestly seek and promote.

[MR. EDITOR—One morning very early I found this manuscript upon the side-walk. It manifests such a profundity of thought, such an acquaintance and familiarity with the writings of learned men, that I cannot withhold it from the public.—I presume also, that the author will not object to seeing it in print. I give it word for word, as I found it. It is possible you may think the poetry not sufficiently meritorious to be embalmed in print, but it conveys a moral lesson and deserves preservation.]

The wind roars,
The rain pours,
Do up your chores,
Fasten your doors,
And go to bed.

And thus every night,
May you take your delight,
In doing the right,
Indifferent quite
To everything said.

The rain does indeed pour from the clouds, and, I would have you, under the rule of right, determine your position, by dutiful consideration respecting the basis or underlying principle of all philosophical investigation. To analyze the theory of mechanical force as it may be applied to morality, and ethics, you are to prove all things holding fast to nothing, for nothing venture nothing have, and nothing is the result. Mr. Carlyle has written the life of Frederic Bradenburg, our old school-master, whose theory of volcanic phenomena is contained in Paul's speech to King Agrippa, on the occasion of his coronation by the Lord Bishop of Durham, at Schone, in the highlands near Cape Matapan. You will understand from this fact, that water is a fluid of a specific gravity of one in ten, or a hundred, or a thousand, as you may chance to place your numeral on the right or left of your decimal remainder.—But all this counts for nothing in the great calculation of antipathies, or as some theologians say, idyosyncrasies, but whether of pleasure or pain, whether of justice on the one hand or of conglobation on the other, this deponent saith not. Further than this, my Lord, I cannot assert; for I am bound by conscientious scruples and have no doubt of the atomic theory of individualities and infinitesimals, as contradistinguished from Mr. Emmerson's History of the Russian Campaign in Algiers, and the duel between Peter the Great and Emanuel Swedenborg.

That we may proceed in order, we are to consider, first, the positive Philosophy of John Calvin, and compare it with Swift's Tale of a Tub; for in these we find the sum total of the Unconditional Philosophy of Alexander Hamilton—but of this more when we come to our second part. The American drama is founded on incongruities and impossibilities. We are lost in meditations upon the starry heavens, and borne away upon the wings of our own fancy; for where is the proof of the Divine afflatus in reconstruction and gravity. Sir Isaac Newton and P. T. Barnum, have filled the measure of their country's glory, and the style of Naval Architecture has been vastly improved since Boswell wrote the Life of Andy Johnson, and the Loves of the Angels. Ours is not the degenerate age some cynics call it, for the sun, the moon, the stars, the nebula, and other bodies belonging to the solar system, prove the universality of nature, and men are taught by irrefragible evidence the vanity of human reason, and the folly of common sense.

Our second part treats of man in his social aspect, as an individual entity, as a compound of body and soul, or of matter and spirit. In his social relations man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn. This is not a text from the Bible as some divines quote it, but a melancholy truth, nevertheless. See Josephus, where not only a thousand, but a thousand thousand mourned, not only in sackcloth and ashes, but in starvation and death.—See also—but it is too long a list to mention here. Julius Cæsar says, or said, that cowards die many times before they are stabbed in a Senate house, as he was, when the ideas of March obtained such a fixture in his brain as to banish all fear of death. Pity for him and all the world too, for had he lived, Rome would never had a Pope to write such nonsense about Troy, and Paris, and Helen, the —(but we won't call names in a moral discourse,) and a wooden horse crammed with a thousand living men. I doubt it somewhat,—a Pope should'nt tell fibs for he sits in Peter's chair, and is Peter's legitimate son in the church. But enough of the Pope, and Peter too—let all who read this history, bear in mind what our great American poet has written of Truth, one line of which I quote lest it be forgotten:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again in her majesty and beauty in some one of the long years which are hers."

Alas, alas, how long deferred is her resurrection from that death dark tomb which error is one day to fill.

Now, nobody ever quotes the above line in these days of premiums on Gold and Fenianism; but we must hasten to a conclusion, nevertheless. Man is an individual, and life is a forced state. He breathes, but the breath is forced into his body—how did Adam get his first breath? The air enters our lungs by its levity. Hippocrates says by its gravity, but I beg to differ from that learned modern author.—Any one may be assured that it is just the opposite property of air that carries it through the bronchial tubes, if he will remember the time honored principle of all physical truth, that nature abhors a vacuum. Let a man persist in consecutive breathing, will he ever die? No, verily, and this answers the long agitated question propounded by the ancients but never solved by the moderns, respecting the seat of the soul. When one stops breathing is not the breath *forced out of his body?* Now here is a logical conclusion deduced straight from the premises—it is a syllogism having its major and minor terms, and the ergo is that the human body is a musical machine,—in fact, a harp of a thousand strings, and animal life a jig—Who has not heard of the statue of Memnon in Lower California, that played a tune every morning when the sun rose; or of St. Simon Stylites who stood erect forty years upon the top of Bunker Hill Monument?

But we must not, on this account despair of our race and country. Some philosophers say that apes are our progenitors, and Adam and Eve gorillas of the most approved pattern. But here again observation and speculation are at loggerheads. Who believes that Uncle Ezekiel Webster was more gorillious than was Dan himself?—or that the present age is ahead of that of Stonehenge or the pyramids—those extraordinary works of ancient art and architcture that taxed the energies of the ancient Peruvians through the lapse of a thousand years?

Everybody regards China as a model nation; but does the China of to-day equal the China of Confucius, and will our own model republic, which embodies the wisdom of modern thought, compare with that venerable empire that dates its origin in an antiquity whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary?

Original Poetry.

FOR THE REPORTER.

REST.

BY PAUL PEMBERTON, JR.

Ch! this strong mother-love, why was it given?
Up from my heart comes the passionate cry,
Say shall we learn in His beautiful heaven,
Why our lost darlings were given to die?
—*Mrs. J. P. Oliver.*

Thus on my ear from a mourner's lip,
Falls the low moan of a mother distressed;
Joy's cup a moment 'twas hers to sip,
To know how earth fails when promising best.

The beauties of Nature her spirit gave joy:
The song-bird, the cloud, the bloom on the rye,
But the pride of her heart was her beautiful boy—
Ah what were all else if the darling must die?

The sun shines the same, the stars are as bright,
The rose-buds they burst, and the sparrows are gay,
But over one heart is a limitless night,
The joy of her home is extinguished for aye.

Oh, let the sighing forever be still,
Tears all be dry, and hushed every moan,
Where Baby is now he can never know ill—
JESUS has claimed him in love for his own.

Listen, fond mother, and hear his light wing,
Rustling above you so softly at even,
Hear the sweet voice of a cherub who sings:
"Come to me Mother, oh! come up to Heaven!"

Miscellaneous.

MR. NASBY PRESIDES AT A CHURCH TRIAL.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, wich is the Stait uv Kentucky,) June 9, 1866.

They hed a ruction in the church at the Corners yisterday, wich bid fair to result in a rendin uv the walls uv our Zion, and the tearin down uv the temple we hev reared with so much care and hev guarded with so much solissitood. When I say "we," I mean the members thereof, ez the church wuz re-organized sence the war by returned Confedrit soljers and sich Dimokrats ez remained at home nobtrel, but inasmuch ez I am the only reglerly ordained Dimokratic paster in these parts, I ginerly conduct the services, and hentz hev insensibly fell into a habit uv speekin uv the church ez "my" church, and I feel all the solissitood for its spiritooal and temporal welfare that I cood ef I wuz reglerly ordained ez its paster, wich I expect to be ef I fail in gettin that postoffis at the Corners wich is now held by a Ablishnist uv the darkest dye, wich President Johnson, with a stubborness I can't account for, persistently refooses to remove.

The case wus suthin like this:

Deekin Pogram wuz charged by Elder Slather with hevin, in broad daylite, with no attempt at concealment, drunk with no attempt at concealment, drunk with a nigger, and a free nigger at that, in Bascom's grocery, and to prove the charge Deekin Slather called Deekin Pennibacker.

The Deekin wuz put onto the stand, and testified ez follows:

"Wuz in Bascom's grocery a playin seven up for the drinks with Deekin Slather. Hed jist beet the Deekin one game and hed four on the second, and held high, low and jack, and wuz modritly certin uv goin out, particklerly ez the Deekin didn't beg. Wuz hevin a little discussion with him—the Deekin insistin that it wuz the best three in five, instead uv the best two in three, jest ez though a man cood afford to play five games between drinks! The ijee is preposterous and unheard of, and there aint no precedent for any sich course. We wuz settlin the dispoot in regler church style—he hed his fingers twisted in my neck handkercher and I held a stick uv stove wood suspended over his head. While in this position we wuz transfixed with horror at seein Deekin Pogram enter arm in arm with a nigger and—

The Court—Arm in arm did you say, Bro. Pennibacker?

Witness—Certainly.

The Court—The scribe will make a minuit uv this. Go on.

Witness—They cum in together, ez I sed, arm in arm, walked up to the bar and drank together.

By the Court—Did they drink together?

Witness—They ondeniably did.

By Myself—The Court desires to know what partikeler flooid they absorbed.

Witness—Can't say—spose 'twas Bascom's new whiskey—that's all he's got ez the Court very well knows.

By Myself—The Sexton will go at once to Bascom's and procoor the identicle bottle from which this wretched man, who stands charged with thus lowerin hisself, drunk, and bring it hither. The Court desires to know for herself whether it wuz really whisky. The pint is an important one for the Court to know.

A wicked boy remarked that the pint wood be better onderstand by the Court if it wuz a quart. The bottle wuz, however, brought and the Court, wich is me, wuz satisfied that it wuz really and trooly whisky. Ez the refreshin flooid irrigated my parched throat, I wished that trials based upon that bottle cood be perpetooal.

I considered the case proved, and asked Brother Pogram what palliation he hed to offer. I set before him the enormity uv the crime, and showed him that he wuz by this course sappin the very foundashun uv the Church and the Democratic party. Wat's the use, I askt, uv my preechin agin nigger equality, so long ez my Deekins practis it. I told him that Ham wuz cust by Noer, and wuz condemned to be a servant unto his brethren—that he wuz an inferior race, that the Dimocrisy wuz built upon that idea, and that associatin with him in any shape that indicated equality, wuz either puttin them up to our standard or lowrin ourselves to theirn; in either case the result wuz fatal. I implored Bro. Pogram to make a clean breast uv it; confess his sin and humbly receive sich punishment ez shood be awarded him, and go and sin no more. "Speak up Bro. Pogram," sez I paternally and yet severely.

Bro. Pogram to my unspeakable rslief, for he is the wealthiest member of the congregashun, and one we darsn't expel, replied:

"That he DID drink with the nigger, and wat wuz more, he wuz justified in doin it, FOR THE NIGGER PAID FOR THE WHISKEY!!

"But shoorly," I remarked, it wasn't nessary to yoor purpose to come in with the nigger arm in arm, a attitood wich implies familiarity ef not effeckshun.

The Prisoner—The nigger and I hed bin pitchin coppers for drinks, and I, possessin the most akootnis, won. I took the nigger by the arm, fearin that ef I let go uv him he'd dodge me and not pay. They are slippery.

Overjoyed, I clasped him around the neck, and to wunst dismist the charge as unfounded and frivolous.

"My brethren," sez I, "the action of Bro. Pogram is not only justifiable, but is commendable and worthy of imitashun.—Ham wuz cust by Noer and condemned by him to serve his brethren. The nigger is the descendant uv Ham, and we are the descendants uv the brethren, and ef Noer hed a clear rite to cuss one uv his sons and sell him out to the balance uv the boys for all time, we hev ded wood on the nigger, for it is clear that he wuz made to labor for us and minister to our wants. So it wuz, my brethren, until an Ape who hed power interfered and delivered him out uv our hand. Wat shel we do? Wat we cannot do by force we must do by financeerin. We can't any longer *compel* the nigger to furnish us the means, and therefore in order to fulfill the skripter, we are justified in accomplishing by our sooperior skill wat we used to do with whips and dorgs. There wuz no confession uv equality—no degredashun, but contrarywise the spectacle of Bro. Pogram's marching into Bascom's with that nigger, wuz a sublime spectacle, and one well calculated to cheer the heart uv the troo Dimekrat. He hed vanquished him in an encounter where skill wuz required, thus demonstratin the sooperiority uv the Anglo-Saxon mind—he led him a captive and made uv him a spoil.

"Wood, o wood that we all hed a nigger to play with for drinks. The case is dismissed, the costs to be paid by the complainant."

The walls uv our Zion is stronger than ever. This trial, ez it resulted, is a new and strong abutment—a tall and strong tower.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Pastor uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun
—*Toledo Blade.*

THE PROPOSED CLYMER-SOLDIERS' CONVENTION.

We noticed in the *Post* of July 10 a call for a State Convention of honorably-discharged officers, soldiers and seamen of Pennsylvania, to be held at Harrisburg on the 10th day of August. Who may be the *prime movers* in this affair we know not and care as little. But it is a singular fact that a call for a convention, professedly originated to represent such a large body of honorable and influential citizens of this Commonwealth should have appended such a very large majority of signers who are of little or no consideration either in military, political or social life. Its avowed object is to meet and adopt resolutions (to be endorsed by the so-thinking military) supporting Hiester Clymer, Democratic candidate for Governor of this State.

We have no objections to this call for a convention. But why is it that none of our renowned military leaders from this State—and we have many of them—have signed it? There is not the name of one major general to the call, not one brigadier general, and but five brevets; but there are forty-one sergeants and corporals and one hundred and eleven privates; whether even these have honorably served in the army we have not the records to show. We cast a hasty glance at the call, and by reference to the adjutant general's report, are able to inform the public as to whether these men are properly to be called the fighting representatives of our grand old army. The following are some of the officers whose records we examined:

Captain T. McDonough, (marked Geary's old regiment,) in services from July 4, 1861, to November, 1861.

Lieutenant Alfred Robertson, (marked same) in service from July 28th, 1861, to February, 1862.

Colonel W. W. Corbet, in service from July to October, 1861—two months.

Captain R. C. Johnston, in service from October, 1861, to July, 1862—ten months.

Lieutenant Augustus F. Bartlow, resigned August 11, 1861.

Captain David V. Feaster, in service from April, 1861, to October, 1862—resigned.

Francis R. Genger, served (with distinction) as hospital steward awhile.

A. N. Light went into the army in 1864 as assistant surgeon.

Captain W. W. Murray, mustered out of the service in 1862.

Colonel John B. Emblish, not on record, but commanded hundred day men.

Second Lieutenant N. D. Bennett, in service from November, 1862, to April, 1863—six months—resigned.

Major James B. Treadwell (published Frewell), in service from June, 1862, to September, 1862.

Major S. C. Simonton, discharged from the service in June, 1863, after serving seven months.

Lieutenant McLean Thorn, in service from August 20, 1862, to September, 1863—resigned.

Lieutenant Colonel B. McDermitt, resigned in January, 1863—was not in the service one year.

Major R. E. Taylor, resigned in July, 1862—

Adjutant W. H. Powers, in service from August, 1861, to July, 1862.

Captain W. Aughinbaugh, discharged from the service in July, 1862.

Major James Ellis, can't be found in reports, (must be a Revolutionary hero.)

Colonel Joseph Jack, drafted man.

Captain Lewis A. Johnson, in service from September, 1862, to September, 1863.

Lieutenant Archibald Douglass, in service from September, 1865, to January, 1863—three and a half months.

We are sorry we had not time to run through the whole list, but we think enough has been seen to show of what military material the convention will be composed.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

LABOR.

There's a never-dying chorus
Breaking on the human ear,
In the busy time before us,
Voices loud, and deep, and clear,
This is Labor's endless ditty;
This is Toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city,
Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle
Are the trophies of the loom.

See the skillful mason raising
Gracefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing
Stand the noblemen of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
Who the wealth of nation's raise;
Every dome, and spire and steeple,
Raise their heads in Labor's praise.

Glorious men and truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold;
That shall lay the brand and sabre
With the barbarous things of old.
Priests and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow;
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow,
Than the cannon or the sword.
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak oppressions rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

A CAPITAL STORY.—Some years since an eccentric old genius, named Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly of the Penobscot river, Maine, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly of sand old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going to work that the well had essentially caved in, and was full near to the top. So, having the desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them when they are dead, and no one being astir, he concealed himself in a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his frock and hat on the windless of the well. At length breakfast being ready, a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided to first eat breakfast and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was to be heard and what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is beyond the temptation of sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was effectually buried, and therefore coincided with the minister.

His wife thought as "he had left his hat and frock it would hardly worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes," and so it was decided to let him remain. But poor old Bornes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed to parts unknown. After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went) at the door of the old farmer, for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it quietly, and at length informed them, that on finding himself buried he waited to be dug out again, until his patience was exhausted, he set to work to dig himself out, and had only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being much confused, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river.

No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE CAREER OF MAN AND WOMAN.—Man lives in the contentious crowd; he struggles for the palm that thousands may award, and far-speeding renown may rend the air with the loud huzza of praise. His is the strife of the theatre where the world are spectators—and multitudes shall glorify his success, or lament his full, or cheer him in the pangs of death. But woman—gentle, silent, sequestered—thy triumphs are only for the heart that loves thee—thy deepest griefs have no comforter but the secret communion of thine own pillow!

No matter how long you have been married never neglect to court your wife.

If a toper and a gallon of whiskey were left together, which would be drunk first.