The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXVII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2. 1876. NUMBER 19.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

☞ As certainty in all cases exclusive of subscriptions to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line, for the first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS A LINE.

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JOB PRINTING, of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. THE REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office, corner of Main and Pine St., opposite Dr. Porter's Drug Store.

JOHN F. SANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store). mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Elwell House. [mch9-76

S. W. & WM. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Patton's Block, cor. Main and Bridge-Sts. Towanda, Pa., April 18, '76.

H. STREETER. LAW OFFICE, aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store. [may675. D'A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. April 12, 1876.

PATRICK & FOYLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Towanda, Pa. Office, in Mercur's Block, jly17-73.

E. C. GRIDLEY. ATTORNEY AT LAW, April 1, 1873. TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON. ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office first door south of C. B. Patch Esq. second floor. Nov. 18, '75.

E. L. HILLIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office on Main-st., two doors north of Ward House, TOWANDA, PA. Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75

J. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, Offices over Cross' Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

McPHERSOM & KINNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Potter. [nov18-74.

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Oct 1-75. TOWANDA, PA.

C. L. LAMB, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WILKES-BARRE, PA. Collections promptly attended to. July 27, '76.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public, special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. E. OVERTON, JR. [apr4-70] N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs. H. J. MADILL. [jans-731y] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX. ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND U. S. COMMISSIONER. TOWANDA, PA. Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MERCUR BLOCK Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession. Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [Jan6-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, LeRaysville, Pa. March 18-87.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872tf*.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D. jan1-75tf.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State Street. Business solicited. Sept. 3-74tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Moe's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas apparatus. may1375.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 26-74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.,

1864. 1876.

TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY. Main Street, opposite the Court House. NOBLE & VINCENT, MANAGERS.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Diseased feet treated. Manufactures the celebrated CALIFORNIA PICK. Shop on Plank Road, near old Agricult. Works. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, '76-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE. PHŒNIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. March 19-74tf. O. A. BLACK.

FREDERICK TAFT & CO., GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NO. 9, 8th WATER STREET, PHILADELPHAI,

REFERENCES: HON. JUDGE TAFT, Secretary of War. HENRY SANFORD, Esq. Supt. Adams Express Co., New York. JEREMIAH WALKER, Esq., Philadelphia. HON. D. S. BENNETT, Buffalo, New York. JNO. J. BATES Corn Exchange, New York. 4pr15w9.

Taylor & Co.

TAYLOR & CO!

Are receiving, *this week*, a

LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE!

Assortment of

DRY GOODS

For the

FALL & WINTER SEASON!

EVERY DEPARTMENT IN OUR STORE WILL BE FILLED WITH

DESIRABLE GOODS!

And we propose to sell them at

LOWER PRICES!

THAN HAVE YET BEEN OFFERED IN THIS SECTION!

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

TAYLOR & CO.

Towanda, Sept. 20, 1876.

Kent & Bliss.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!!

NEW GOODS!!!

KENT & BLISS

Have just received their first invoice of

FALL & WINTER GOODS!

All the new styles in

DRESS GOODS—DRESS GOODS,

&c, &c., &c.

We offer Bargnins

HERETOFORE UNEQUALED!

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK

And be convinced for yourselves.

KENT & BLISS.

Towanda, Sept. 6, 1876.

Political.

[For the REPORTER.]

HAYES AND WHEELER.

All hail the day of Freedom's birth!
It's fame be echoed round the earth,
Til every State shall learn to praise
Our next President, R. B. Hayes.

Oppression's power our sires repelled,
And from our land the foe expelled.
We'll rally forth to victory still,
And shout for Hayes and Wheeler!

Our Flag floats proudly o'er the seas,
Her stripes and stars on every breeze;
Yet gallant sons of freemen bold,
Shall in their hands her standard hold,
And shout for Hayes and Wheeler.

O! may our country long possess
Contentment, peace and happiness,
And may her sons and daughters hence
Be richly blessed by Providence—
We'll vote for Hayes and Wheeler.

Fair Freedom—let thy ensign wave
Till stern Oppression finds a grave;
And let thy eagle proudly soar
Till Tilden's power is felt no more—
By electing Hayes and Wheeler.

ECONOMY.

The only road to real prosperity and business revival lies in thorough individual economy. In a recent speech Hon. EDWARD MCPHERSON, of this State, shows how the Republican party has practiced economy and how the Democracy never did. He said:

"It is further charged against the Republicans that they have not kept the Government within its income. On the other hand the official figures of the Treasury show that in no single year within the last eleven has the Government lived beyond its income. Not only have ordinary receipts paid ordinary expenditures, but in each year a payment has been made upon the principal of the public debt, and in the last eleven years over six hundred and fifty-six million dollars have been paid upon it; and in the last fiscal year, which ended June 30, 1876, $25,000,000 of debt were paid. These are samples of Republican keeping of the national household. What are the facts respecting the national housekeeping during the last Administration chosen by the Democratic party? If these carping critics of us will study themselves, they will find that during the fiscal years 1858, 1859, 1860, and up to March 4, 1861, when Mr. Buchanan left office, the annual expenses of the Government were in excess of its annual income nearly fifty-eight million dollars, to meet which bonds and Treasury notes were issued to the amount of $68,425,900, and so bad was the credit of the United States in that time of peace that the Treasury notes were placed at a discount equivalent, as to part of them, to twelve per cent. interest, and a five per cent. bond of the face value of $100 brought only $89 10. Contrast such facts with the other undeniable fact that at this moment the Administration is engaged in calling in six per cent. bonds, and replacing them with four and a half per cents.; that the money-lenders of the world are freely offering us their money at those rates, and that, by the 4th of March next, $300,000,000 of six per cents. will be retired to the annual saving, on interest account, of $4,500,000. Bad national housekeeping! During the last eleven years, not only has public debt payment gone on, and conversion of bonds of a higher into a lower rate of interest, with a resulting reduction of annual interest account from $143,781,591 in 1867 to $100,243,271 in 1876, but there has been, concurrently with this, a repeal of the war taxes, until no citizen now pays a direct tax to the United States, unless he consumes articles of foreign manufacture, or holds bank stock, or drinks spirituous or malt liquors, or indulges in tobacco, or uses a few stamped articles. Even the income tax has been abolished, to the relief of such tender consciences as Gov. Tilden, who need no longer be distracted between the duty which they owe the laws of their country and the "higher allegiance" they may deem due to their Democratic prejudices and interests Meanwhile, the number of civil officers employed has been gradually reduced, except as new Post Offices have been created, chiefly on the frontiers, and the collection and disbursement of the public moneys have been made with less loss than at any time within the last forty years."

A CHILD'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE CANVASS.

Wednesday evening of last week, as the Hayes and Wheeler companies were parading, they were agreeably surprised to find the house of a life-long Democrat brilliantly illuminated. On the piazza were placed a number of pitchers, which one of the organizations, the "Molly Pitchers," appreciated as a neat compliment. On inquiring it was found that, while the "life-long Democrat" had not changed his politics, he had a little girl, nine years old, an adopted daughter, who is as staunch a Republican as he is a Democrat, and it was in response to her entreaties that the demonstration was made. As a sequel to this, on Saturday, Captain Foster received the following letter from the little girl enclosing a fifty-cent piece:

"*To Mollie Pitchers:*

"I can't parade and carry a torch, but my heart and pocketbook are with you. Please accept the enclosed stamp to buy powder and oil with to carry on your good cause. Had I more I would give it willingly. Very kindly,

"JENNIE HAYDEN MIDDLEBROOK."

The letter was read at the next meeting of the Molly Pitchers, and met with great applause. A silver Centennial medal was voted to the young lady, which Captain Foster sent her with an appropriate reply. —*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard, Oct. 17th.*

VOTE EARLY!—We desire to impress upon every Republican the great importance of voting early. No matter if you have to lose an hour or two in order to do this. The momentous interests which hang upon the result of the contest, demand any sacrifice. Don't neglect this great duty.

EXAMINE YOUR BALLOTS.

Every voter should examine his ballot before depositing it. The enemy are unscrupulous, and will resort to all sorts of tricks in order to compass success. It is especially important that our Congressional and Senatorial votes be carefully scrutinized. See that every vote for Congress reads EDWARD OVERTON, Jr., and for Senator WILLIAM T. DAVIES.

HE GOT AN ANSWER.

The Cleveland *Leader* in a late issue prints the following:

While Gen. Geo. A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, was speaking Monday night on the West Side, he was interrupted by an adopted citizen with this question: "What is the matter with the Democratic party, any way?" Quick as lightning Sheridan turned from the line of argument that he was pursuing and gave an answer to his interrupter which all who heard it will remember as long as they live. It was as follows:

"What is the matter with the Democratic party? I will tell you my friend. The Democratic party was born under planets that were in opposition. It lives in the objective case Like a mule, "it has no pride of ancestry, no hopes of posterity!" It never originated anything. It shines by borrowed light. It has never been joined in honest wedlock to a principle, but lived for years in open adultery with a harlot called Slavery; lived with her till she died of corruption, and was buried amid the sobs and groans of her paramour. The atmosphere that surrounds Democracy is full of noxious vapors that breed moral pestilence and death. The sun never shines through it; vice seeks its shadow, and corruption grows lusty under its unholy influence. Springs of purity are never found in Democracy. Its waters are torpid, lifeless—covered with the filth and scum with which stagnate pools and moveless waters always offend the eyes of men. The soil which Democracy has cultivated has failed to yield harvests to the nation, but has given crops of worthless weeds and briars. Democracy has no love of country; believes in states instead of a nation; drives loyalty from its doors and welcomes treason to its habitations; holds the deeds of our soldiers and sailors as naught; strives to blacken the name of our heroes; weeps over the lost cause; hates the blue and loves the gray; stabs loyalty in the back; binds up the wounds of treason and speaks words of hope and comfort to its devotees; applauds when helpless blacks are stricken down in the South and caresses the hands red with their innocent blood; denies the rights of American citizens to make homes for themselves in the South; justifies the men who shoot them down or drive them out; Democracy is a curse to the land; the source of our bitterest woes; the haven where vice finds friends, and crime its apologists and defenders. Democracy is original sin let loose to rend and destroy; it is the spirit of evil filling the swine of the nation; the incarnation of unholiness, the child of the devil; its home should be in that outer darkness where there is weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Such, faintly pictured, my friend, is what is the matter with the Democratic party."

THE REPUBLICAN ADDRESS.

The address issued by the Republican National Committee is in marked contrast with the one put forth by the Democratic National Committee. The document written by Mr. Hewitt—or rather, lest we should do him a gross injustice, let us say the document to which his name was signed—was doubtless intended to be ringing. It really was ridiculous. Anybody who read it and who was able to put two and two together so as to make four, could see that it derived a victorious conclusion from premises of certain defeat. It asserted that if the people voted throughout the country in November as the people of Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia voted on the 10th of October, the Democratic ticket would be elected. On the 10th of October the people voted in the proportion of twenty-two Republican electoral votes to twenty Democratic. At this rate it would take as long to elect a Democratic President as to evolve a Tammany statesman from an Orohippus.

The Republican address says nothing about the "ratification" of "flats," but neither does it say anything to offend the intelligence of the members of the party for which it speaks. It is a straightforward business-like document, taking note of grounds for encouragement and urging the necessity of a "vigorous prosecution of the canvass." It makes no extravagant claims of Republican gains. It errs indeed on the side of moderation when it says that the Democratic majority of 17,000 in Indiana has been reduced to a majority of 5,000. It should have said a plurality of 5,000; there was no Democratic majority in Indiana in October.

The Republican address treats Republicans not as fools or children, but as men of sense. Whether the Democratic address discriminated nicely and wisely in treating Democrats differently it might not be courteous for us to say.—*Evening Post.*

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) says: "We will have to mourn for Colorado." If the Democracy just delay their mourning for Colorado one week, they can mourn for the whole country at the same time.

THE Rochester *Chronicle* shoots a hot shot at the Democracy in these words:

"Democrats object to Republicans waving the bloody shirt. If the Democrats had not made it bloody, Republicans could not wave it."

That was a "bull's eye," certainly. It will never occur again. There was but one Centennial for the United States. Thank God I lived to see it. Would to Heaven your children would live to see another," and as the old man turned his eyes heavenward, they filled with tears, he trembled and his story faltered.

"Do I distress you, grandpa? You wept last night when you spoke of the Centennial. Why is this?"

"Why is it, my son? Do you know that all the nations of the earth came to Philadelphia, with their offerings, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of our existence. Great Britain was there congratulating her child upon having taken her position alongside of her parent. France was there, glorying in what she had done for us in the Revolution. Germany came and shook hands with the thousands of her children who had found a happy home here. Russia, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, even China and Japan, were there with their treasures of nature and of art, all paying respect and homage to the one idea of national unity of the United States of America. But to-day where is our national unity? These same nations laugh at and deride us. Do you wonder that I am sad? Do you not wonder that I am not crazed, when I realize that I helped to disrupt that nation?"

"Well, grandpa, perhaps I ought not to ask you to tell me about the Centennial. It makes you too sad."

"It does, my son. Some other time—some other time—you shall hear all. But I will go on with the history since then you want to hear, for I am warmed up to it now, and it will be a relief to me to tell it."

"Thank you, dear grandpa; I have often longed for this opportunity to hear all about it, and you promised you would tell me on New-Year's Day."

"Well, my boy, your father had served his country faithfully as a soldier, and honestly in the halls of Congress, but he and I wearied of the eternal sectional strife which existed between the North and South—the dominant party had in its ranks and among its national leaders men who were dishonest, men who would not step aside to make place for statesmen and men of culture and integrity; a financial panic had swept the country, and thousands of skilled mechanics were without employment. There was a demand for a change in the administration of public affairs. The Republican party nominated for President the Governor of Ohio; the Democrats nominated the Governor of New-York. One had been a soldier in the Union army; the other a lawyer of ability, who had acquired great popularity as a reformer of political abuses. Your father and I, in Philadelphia, both resolved to vote for the Governor of New-York. We were told that if we did so we would be turning over the Government to the Southern people; but we replied that any change would be wholesome, and if it resulted disastrously we could correct it at the next election. Alas! that opportunity never came. Mr. Tilden, the Governor of New-York, was elected President, and from that moment the Confederate army, which had served under Lee, and Johnson, and Hood, ruled the nation, North and South. I believe poor Mr. Tilden did his best to avert the natural consequences of his election, but he failed. He was an old man, unused to the affairs of Government; his spirit gave way, and then he physically broke down and died. He was at once succeeded by Mr. Hendricks, the Governor of Indiana, and then our real troubles commenced. The post-offices, mints, and custom-houses were filled with rebels and Northern sympathizers, who organized a political revolution, which they carried by fraud and force until both houses of Congress were in the hands of their party, and they had re-elected Mr. Hendricks for four years more. Then came a succession of enactments which plunged the nation into insolvency and aroused the passions and hatred of every Northern man who was not in the pay of the General Government. The Supreme Court of the United States was reduced to five members, by pensioning off four, and afterwards increased to nine, by appointing four Southern men. The Constitutional amendments abolishing slavery and enfranchising the negro were declared by the court to be null and void, because the Southern States had not been permitted to vote upon their ratification; the officers of the army and navy who had resigned in 1861 were all restored to rank; the wounded rebel soldiers were placed upon the pension-list; the negro man who committed a petty crime was sentenced to servitude at the hands of his prosecutor; a loan of two thousand million of dollars was created to compensate the Southern people for the loss of their slaves; the army was increased to 100,000 men and placed under command of General McClellan; Generals Sherman and Sheridan (who, you know, were brilliant Generals of the Union army) having thrown up their commissions in disgust; the old flag was discarded, and a white one adopted in its stead, typical of a white man's government; and many other things were done, my son, during the eight years which succeeded Mr. Tilden's election, which brought about a condition of anarchy and ruin.

It is nearly twenty years ago that the largest meeting I have ever seen was held in Independence Square, in Philadelphia, from which a message was sent by an indignant populace to the Northern men in Congress imploring them to permit the Southern States to withdraw from the Confederation; but there came back, with an insolent and triumphant jeer, the message from President Hendricks that "the war of 1861 had established the inviolability of the American Union; if any man hauled down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" This bold and defiant message staggered the Northern people for the moment, and they paused; but when large bodies of soldiers who had served in the rebel army were marched into our midst under the lead of Beauregard and Wade Hampton, the camel's back was broken, forbearance became a vice, and the Northern people seized their muskets and sought to protect themselves. An army of a quarter of million of men were organized in the Southern States and marched into Maryland. Pennsylvania was quickly subdued and placed under martial law; New-Jersey was seized, and from the spot on which we stand New-York was shelled and forced to acknowledge her allegiance to the General Government. Your poor father fell mortally wounded upon that occasion."

"And was he a rebel, grandpa?"

"This is what they called us, my son, and I suppose they were right, though we always fought under the old stars and stripes. Your poor mother's house was burned to the ground; you were a babe in her arms, and she and hundreds of other women and children fled, as best they could, towards the Northern States; your mother reached Boston only to learn that she was a widow; but she found herself only one of thousands similarly afflicted. Well, by boy, there then followed five years of bloody war. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in Illinois and Indiana, the elections were carried by force of martial law—New-England still stood firm—New-York became the battle-field; yonder, once proud metropolis, for two years was neutral ground, held alternately by the North and South—a few years ago she boasted of great blocks of storehouses, institutions of learning, and museums of art; to-day she is simply the seaport of a single State; whilst once she had a greater trade than New-Orleans or Richmond or Savannah have to-day."

"Is that possible, grandpa? and would she have been great as ever if we had not separated?"

"Yes, my son; the greatest seaport in the world. But I am losing the thread of my story. As I said, New-York became the battle-ground, and for five long years more than two millions of men had contended for the mastery; one fighting for the Union, as they called it; the other fighting to be released from a slavery worse than death. Thousands of Americans emigrated to other more peaceful climes; thousands fled to the northern extremity of New-England. All home ties were severed; society was utterly disorganized, and anarchy reigned supreme. It was in the year 1886, just ten years after the election of Mr. Tilden, that peace was declared. And what a peace, my son! A peace not prompted by fraternity of the two people, but dictated by foreign powers. The New-England States, glad to free themselves from the yoke of the Southern government, became attached to the Kingdom of Canada, which, though now an independent nation, was then a colony of Great Britain. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana remained with the United States, a government which to-day owes a billion of debt, and does not own a dollar of gold to pay it with. The extreme Southern States, after driving to the North every infirm black man, have reopened the African slave trade, and will, perhaps, soon become involved in a European war in consequence; the extreme Western States, which in olden times were called the Pacific States—after a bloody strife for possession of the Union Pacific Railroad, which was then the great artery of communication between East and West, but which does not exist to-day at all—finally broke up into independent States; and New-York, where you and I reside, remains another independent State, without trade or commerce, with her people divided as to whether Canada or the United States is her proper place, and a fit subject for another battle-ground when the next war comes, as it assuredly will."

"And how was all this ruin brought about? Could it have been prevented, do you think, grandpa?"

"Yes, my son, easily. There was a time when your father and I, and every sensible man, could have seen the hand-writing on the wall had we not been blinded by the desire for change, and tickled by the deceptive cry of Reform, which was then so popular. It was just after the October election in the old State of Indiana in 1876, where the Democratic party gained a victory. This victory elated the Southern Democracy to such a degree that in the streets of Indianapolis they cheered lustily for Jefferson Davis."

"Who was Jefferson Davis, grandpa?" asked the boy.

"I'm rejoiced to hear you ask that question. There is still some comfort in all this desolation to know that such men are forgotten. He was the head and front of the Southern rebellion."

"But, grandpa, in 1876 there was no Southern rebellion. Why did they cheer for this man?"

"Because his name best illustrated the hope that was nearest to their hearts. The South was a unit against a divided North. A few Northern States were needed to carry the Southern element into power. Indiana secured, was a great gain. Things looked hopeful and the cloven foot could hide itself no longer. That shout ought to have warned every loyal man of the danger ahead; but it did not; some were apathetic; others wanted a change; others really believed the success of the Democrats would bring better times. God help us, how woefully were we deceived! Come, my son, our passport to cross the river is good only until sundown; let us leave the United States and return to the poor old Republic of New-York."

"Well, grandpa, these wonderful events are startling enough for a romance. I could not believe them true had you not seen them with your own eyes."

"My boy, truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction. In 1861 I told your poor father that before ten years had passed four millions of slaves would be emancipated and enfranchised. My prophecy was fulfilled in less than five years."

A CLOSE-FISTED man invited a friend to dinner, and provided only two mutton chops. Upon removing the cover he said, "My friend, we have a Lenten entertainment; you see your dinner before." Taking the two chops upon his plate, his friend replied, "Yes, but where is your dinner?"

Selected Poetry.

SCANDAL.

When Cannibal savages, after a fight,
Make a feast of the bodies of those they have beaten,
The grisly repast yields a keener delight
From the knowledge that every unfortunate wight
Would have deemed it the deepest disgrace to be eaten.

Though the custom is fast dying out in Fiji,
As the influence of Western example increases,
In civilized countries you often may see
A circle of friends, in the highest of glee,
All busily picking some neighbor to pieces.

And the best of it is that the neighbor is not,
As in barbaric countries, a person deceased;
His flesh has been baked in no cauldron or pot;
They don't even trouble to serve them up hot;
For the victim still lives in the midst of the feast.

Some good-natured friend, p'raps, may make him aware
Of the nature of these hungry monsters' employment;
And, though in reply he may stoutly declare
That such vivisection won't hurt him a hair,
Yet he writhes at the thought of their fiendish enjoyment.

Still one comfort remains. In the isles of Fiji,
No possible vengeance is left for the victim.
He is cooked and defunct. But in Europe he's free
To seek satisfaction; and sometimes we see
That he wounds in exchange for the wounds which have pricked him.

Then beware, Mrs. Smith; beware, lovely Miss Brown;
Young Jones, whisper nothing that is n't quite true,
Be a little more careful of others' renown,
For Thompson in yonder recess has sat down
With Miss Green, and is quietly cutting up *you!*

Miscellaneous.

1900.

"A NEW YEAR'S STORY."

It is the first day of the year—the first year of the twentieth century. The scene is opposite New-York harbor; the parties to this brief story are a bright boy of sixteen summers and an old gentleman of perhaps seventy winters. Their relationship is discovered by their discourse, as they walk briskly along the Jersey Heights on a clear mid-winter frosty afternoon.

"Grandpa, tell me more of the history of our country which you were reciting to us last evening. I am very much interested in it, and have really been dreaming of those eventful days of which you have been telling me," asked the younger.

"The remembrance is not a pleasant one, my grandson. It is a sad page. Would to God I could recall *my* contribution to it," replied the elder.

"But," rejoined the lad, "it can't be helped now, you know, and perhaps the consequences could not have been prevented."

"Not so, my child; they could all have been presented. To-day you and I might belong to the proudest, grandest, greatest nation on the planet if our people could have seen a few years ahead; but to-day what are we? At this moment we tread upon a foreign soil, which twenty years ago was as much our country as is the city of New-York where you and I reside. But for the politicians and their infernal strifes, in which they grasped for the shadow and lost the substance, a hundred million of people would be living here to-day under one flag and under one government."

"But," asked the boy, "are we not just as well off as we are? Wouldn't it be a great deal of trouble to manage so many people all under one government?"

"No more trouble than to manage the Republic of New-York, if the people lived at peace with one another; but a truly difficult task, if divided into sectional parties."

"Well, now come, grandpa, sit down here behind the shelter of these rocks and tell me all about it. I want you to commence at the Centennial Exhibition; that part of your story I shall never tire of."

"No, nor shall I ever tire of it, my son; it is the only bright spot in the history of this continent for half a century. But I must go back beyond that just a little."

"But I know all about Washington and the Declaration of Independence, you know; and the original thirteen States; and about the Southern war and the assassination of President Lincoln; and the election of Mr. Hendricks, the last President of the United States; but I want to hear what you saw with your own eyes, and then I shall know it must be true."

"Well, my boy, I must go back a few years; but only a few. The Southern war was brought about by a refusal of the Southern people to acquiesce in the election of Abraham Lincoln."

"Oh! yes, I no that."

"They thought Mr. Lincoln was elected by the Abolitionists, and that war was at once to be made upon the institution of slavery. They were mistaken in this. I lived in Philadelphia then, and voted against Mr. Lincoln. In Pennsylvania many Republicans voted for Mr. Lincoln simply because they knew him to be opposed to the doctrine of secession. Well, the war, you know, lasted four years. During that time my sympathies were always with the North, for I believed the war was uncalled for. I was what was known as a War Democrat. Your father, then a warm-hearted, hot-headed youth, espoused the cause of the North, served in the ranks, behaved with great gallantry, and left the war a brigadier general. He was shortly afterwards elected to Congress, and re-elected, as you know."

"Yes, poor, dear father; his was a glorious but short career," sadly spoke the boy.

"Well, I have to take a share of the blame for his early death. I remember well when we both made our fatal escape. It was during a visit to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia."

"Now stop just here, grandpa. I want to hear all about the Centennial, as you saw it with your own eyes," and the youngster stared entreatingly into the old man's face, as though he would see reflected the World's Fair in the old man's eyes.

"I don't wonder, my boy, you want to know all about it. It will never occur again. There was but one Centennial for the United States. Thank God I lived to see it. Would to Heaven your children would live to see another," and as the old man turned his eyes heavenward, they filled with tears, he trembled and his story faltered.

"Do I distress you, grandpa? You wept last night when you spoke of the Centennial. Why is this?"

"Why is it, my son? Do you know that all the nations of the earth came to Philadelphia, with their offerings, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of our existence. Great Britain was there congratulating her child upon having taken her position alongside of her parent. France was there, glorying in what she had done for us in the Revolution. Germany came and shook hands with the thousands of her children who had found a happy home here. Russia, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, even China and Japan, were there with their treasures of nature and of art, all paying respect and homage to the one idea of national unity of the United States of America. But to-day where is our national unity? These same nations laugh at and deride us. Do you wonder that I am sad? Do you not wonder that I am not crazed, when I realize that I helped to disrupt that nation?"

"Well, grandpa, perhaps I ought not to ask you to tell me about the Centennial. It makes you too sad."

"It does, my son. Some other time—some other time—you shall hear all. But I will go on with the history since then you want to hear, for I am warmed up to it now, and it will be a relief to me to tell it."

"Thank you, dear grandpa; I have often longed for this opportunity to hear all about it, and you promised you would tell me on New-Year's Day."

"Well, my boy, your father had served his country faithfully as a soldier, and honestly in the halls of Congress, but he and I wearied of the eternal sectional strife which existed between the North and South—the dominant party had in its ranks and among its national leaders men who were dishonest, men who would not step aside to make place for statesmen and men of culture and integrity; a financial panic had swept the country, and thousands of skilled mechanics were without employment. There was a demand for a change in the administration of public affairs. The Republican party nominated for President the Governor of Ohio; the Democrats nominated the Governor of New-York. One had been a soldier in the Union army; the other a lawyer of ability, who had acquired great popularity as a reformer of political abuses. Your father and I, in Philadelphia, both resolved to vote for the Governor of New-York. We were told that if we did so we would be turning over the Government to the Southern people; but we replied that any change would be wholesome, and if it resulted disastrously we could correct it at the next election. Alas! that opportunity never came. Mr. Tilden, the Governor of New-York, was elected President, and from that moment the Confederate army, which had served under Lee, and Johnson, and Hood, ruled the nation, North and South. I believe poor Mr. Tilden did his best to avert the natural consequences of his election, but he failed. He was an old man, unused to the affairs of Government; his spirit gave way, and then he physically broke down and died. He was at once succeeded by Mr. Hendricks, the Governor of Indiana, and then our real troubles commenced. The post-offices, mints, and custom-houses were filled with rebels and Northern sympathizers, who organized a political revolution, which they carried by fraud and force until both houses of Congress were in the hands of their party, and they had re-elected Mr. Hendricks for four years more. Then came a succession of enactments which plunged the nation into insolvency and aroused the passions and hatred of every Northern man who was not in the pay of the General Government. The Supreme Court of the United States was reduced to five members, by pensioning off four, and afterwards increased to nine, by appointing four Southern men. The Constitutional amendments abolishing slavery and enfranchising the negro were declared by the court to be null and void, because the Southern States had not been permitted to vote upon their ratification; the officers of the army and navy who had resigned in 1861 were all restored to rank; the wounded rebel soldiers were placed upon the pension-list; the negro man who committed a petty crime was sentenced to servitude at the hands of his prosecutor; a loan of two thousand million of dollars was created to compensate the Southern people for the loss of their slaves; the army was increased to 100,000 men and placed under command of General McClellan; Generals Sherman and Sheridan (who, you know, were brilliant Generals of the Union army) having thrown up their commissions in disgust; the old flag was discarded, and a white one adopted in its stead, typical of a white man's government; and many other things were done, my son, during the eight years which succeeded Mr. Tilden's election, which brought about a condition of anarchy and ruin.

It is nearly twenty years ago that the largest meeting I have ever seen was held in Independence Square, in Philadelphia, from which a message was sent by an indignant populace to the Northern men in Congress imploring them to permit the Southern States to withdraw from the Confederation; but there came back, with an insolent and triumphant jeer, the message from President Hendricks that "the war of 1861 had established the inviolability of the American Union; if any man hauled down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" This bold and defiant message staggered the Northern people for the moment, and they paused; but when large bodies of soldiers who had served in the rebel army were marched into our midst under the lead of Beauregard and Wade Hampton, the camel's back was broken, forbearance became a vice, and the Northern people seized their muskets and sought to protect themselves. An army of a quarter of million of men were organized in the Southern States and marched into Maryland. Pennsylvania was quickly subdued and placed under martial law; New-Jersey was seized, and from the spot on which we stand New-York was shelled and forced to acknowledge her allegiance to the General Government. Your poor father fell mortally wounded upon that occasion."

"And was he a rebel, grandpa?"

"This is what they called us, my son, and I suppose they were right, though we always fought under the old stars and stripes. Your poor mother's house was burned to the ground; you were a babe in her arms, and she and hundreds of other women and children fled, as best they could, towards the Northern States; your mother reached Boston only to learn that she was a widow; but she found herself only one of thousands similarly afflicted. Well, by boy, there then followed five years of bloody war. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in Illinois and Indiana, the elections were carried by force of martial law—New-England still stood firm—New-York became the battle-field; yonder, once proud metropolis, for two years was neutral ground, held alternately by the North and South—a few years ago she boasted of great blocks of storehouses, institutions of learning, and museums of art; to-day she is simply the seaport of a single State; whilst once she had a greater trade than New-Orleans or Richmond or Savannah have to-day."

"Is that possible, grandpa? and would she have been great as ever if we had not separated?"

"Yes, my son; the greatest seaport in the world. But I am losing the thread of my story. As I said, New-York became the battle-ground, and for five long years more than two millions of men had contended for the mastery; one fighting for the Union, as they called it; the other fighting to be released from a slavery worse than death. Thousands of Americans emigrated to other more peaceful climes; thousands fled to the northern extremity of New-England. All home ties were severed; society was utterly disorganized, and anarchy reigned supreme. It was in the year 1886, just ten years after the election of Mr. Tilden, that peace was declared. And what a peace, my son! A peace not prompted by fraternity of the two people, but dictated by foreign powers. The New-England States, glad to free themselves from the yoke of the Southern government, became attached to the Kingdom of Canada, which, though now an independent nation, was then a colony of Great Britain. P