The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1878. NUMBER 3.

Business Cards.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

PAINTINGS.
PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES
Painted to order at any price from $5 to $500. Old Paintings Re-Painted, Re-Touched, or changes made as desired.
All work done in the higher style of the art.
H. HANN P. BENDER.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, 1878.

I. ROGALSKI,
Employed with M. Heidelman for the past four years, begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has removed to the Boston 25-Cent Store, one door south of the First National Bank, and opened a shop for the repair of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. (Apr 17'78.

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Room formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. (jan.31'78.

F. B. SWISHER,
DENTIST.
Office over Mrs. Mingos' store, Tracey & Nobles' Block. Treatment of diseased teeth a specialty. Gas and other anæsthetics used when desired. Terms reasonable.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.
H. V. WILLIAMS. (jan.17 '78) E. J. ANGLE.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
In Mercur's Building. (jan.17,'78.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa. Office over Baird's & Tracy's, Main st.
G. F. MASON. (jan.17 '78) ARTHUR HEAD.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith A. Wilson.

E. F. GOLF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Main Street (Office in house of Wm. H. Hood), Towanda, Pa. April 18, 1877.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Will attend to business in Bradford and adjoining counties. Office in Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa. April 18, 1877.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TUNKHANNOCK, PA.
All Business promptly attended to. (jan.17,'78.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1878.

DAVIS & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE—OVER WALD'S STORE,
TOWANDA, PA.

DR. S. McVOOBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over C. A. Minier's Store. Residence, Mercur House. Towanda, May 1, 1877.

MADILL & CALIFF,
NEW SHOP.
Main St., Towanda, Pa., Opposite Wood's Store. Repairing done on short notice and warranted. Prices reasonable. Call and see us. MADILL & CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Montanye's Block, Main St., Towanda, Pa.
GRIDLEY & PAYNE.

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

CHAS. M. HALL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary,
Will attend to business in Bradford and adjoining counties. Office over Montanye's Store, Towanda, Pa.

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE,—Means Building, 1st door north of Post Office.
Towanda, Pa., Jan. 16, 1878.

GEORGE D. CROLL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Office in Mercur's Block, Towanda, Pa.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
H. B. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MANWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Patrick Building, Towanda, Pa.

PATRICK FOYLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Will practice in Bradford and adjoining counties. Towanda, Pa., May 1, 1877.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
Towanda, Pa.

INSURANCE AGENCY,
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
ANCSHIRE, PHENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
March 16, '74. O. H. BLACK.

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main St., opposite the Court House.
W. S. VINCENT,
MANAGER.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda.

W. B. KELLY, Dentist.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth extracted without pain.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Mercur's Store. Office hours from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 4 P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear.—(jan.4,'78.

Clothing.

FAME.—In every community there are some men who become famous in some particular branch of trade. The history of

M. E. ROSENFIELD,

THE LEADING AND POPULAR

CLOTHIER!

Has enrolled his name on the roll of successful

ENTERPRISING MERCHANTS.

With his usual excellent taste and judgment Mr. Rosenfield has just opened an immense stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Selected with the greatest care, and every article guaranteed

to be as represented. He is selling elegant

SPRING OVERCOATS

at prices placing them in the reach of all.

Don't buy anything in the clothing line until you have examined

ROSENFIELDS STOCK

If you do you will regret it.

April 18th, 1878.

JACOB'S

Is now receiving his

Spring & Summer

STOCK OF

CLOTHING!

WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED BEFORE IN THIS MARKET,

either for

Quality or Low Prices.

Every Article First-Class.

PLEASE CALL & EXAMINE BEFORE PURCHASING.

Patton's Block, Main-St.

Towanda, Pa., May 9, 1878.

Wagons and Carriages.

THE OLD ESTABLISHMENT STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

CARRIAGES CHEAP! FURNITURE CHEAP! Spring Wagons CHEAPER THAN CHEAP.

JAMES BRYANT

Is now prepared to offer his old customers and the public generally a large and well selected stock of Carriages, Buggies, Spring Wagons, Furniture, Coffins and Caskets, at the lowest cash prices. Repairing done to order and warranted. Shop on Main St., Towanda, Pa.

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES AND PLATFORM WAGONS.

All of his own manufacture, and warranted to be the equal of any other shop. Call and see for yourselves. Shop on Main St., below the Union School House.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Office and Factory on Main St., below the Union School House.

JAMES BRYANT.

Towanda, June 21, 1877.

NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY

East of the Reporter Office.

McIntyre & Spencer

Respectfully announce to the public that they are prepared to manufacture all kinds of

FAMILY CARRIAGES,
TOP AND OPEN BUGGIES,
COUPS & PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS,
TROTTING SULKIES & SKELETONS,

Made of the best material and in the best style. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PAINTING A SPECIALTY.

We have one of the best Carriage Painters in the country, and do all work in this line at the lowest rates.

All kinds of

REPAIRING

Neatly and promptly done at reduced prices.

Making new springs and repairing old ones a specialty. All work guaranteed. Please give us a call.

McINTYRE & SPENCER.

Towanda, April 26, 1877.

Poetry.

THE DESERTED ROOM.

The fire flames leaped about the logs,
As in the days of old;
About the silent room they played,
In cheerier work of gleam and shade.
The Persian carpet on the floor
Showed its dimmed beauty as of yore;
The portraits from the walls looked down,
And eye and lip, in smile or frown,
The tale she taught them told.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth;
The cricket sang its song;
The ivory notes she loved so much
Lay waiting for her wakening touch;
Her own or sister flowers drooped
Where the great crimsoned curtains looped;
And by her chair her favorite book
Its place, mute pleading for her, took
To rest, unopened long.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth;
A sense of something gone
Hung heavy on the listening ear,
That used her joyous voice to hear;
The echoes of the silent house
Waiting her flying foot to rouse,
It seemed as ghosts her brightness laid,
In the dull stillness woke and strayed,
And long-lost empire won.

The fire flames leapt, and paled and died;
And in the night gloom
Sad memories gathered round the hearth,
Where she brought joy, and youth and mirth;
And fancies mingling with them said
Odd tales of half-forgotten dead;
And faded prayers and visions met
With less, and longing, and regret,
In the deserted room.

A FANTASY.

BY LEWIS H. COVERT.

Why wears my spirit the form of dejection?
Why am I cold when others are so gay?
Why do I pass in a dim-hazy reflection
Heights that are delights at though each living day?

It is not because life hath no pleasure
More than is evident in each passing hour—
It is not because I lack of treasure
That will purchase a smile, or raise it to power:

Ah! it is none of these, nor is it that nature
Has taken from me remembrance I love—
For I see and I with all beauty, her every feature,
Pulsative with the glory that comes from above.

Though sunshine and joy I have not the choice to—
For I know my soul's skies and order some pills,
Yet it was not hath I my to dispose it,
Lest—see my heart, and its woes distils.

Yes, my thoughts, excluding it—open confession,
Such—[illegible] I am—I confess unto thee,
[illegible] and the impression
[illegible] Heaven far better than me.

Miscellaneous.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

The private character of William of Wurttemberg, unlike that of the good Chevalier "Bayard, though "sans peur," was not "sans reproche." Yet Wurttemberg is indebted to him not only for its present excellent constitution, but for many other acts of public enterprise. Among them was the founding of the Volksfest at Cannstatt, which has since become a national institution. We had read the Harper's guide book advice, regarding it, viz.: "Endeavor to be at Cannstatt on the 2nd of September, at which time the Volksfest takes place. This is the day after the King's birthday, on which occasion he distributes prizes to the successful breeders of cattle in the presence of the different members of the royal family." This notice savored to be sure very strongly of the County Fair inducement, and as, next to Presidential inaugurations, were among our pet aversions, this low could a republican mind resist that saving clause, "the king distributes prizes in the presence of the different members of the royal family." Minor considerations vanished, and we resolved that he *would* "endeavor to be there."

The people of Wurttemburg were anxious to show that such a king as William, though dead, could yet speak through the hearts, affections and purses. Therefore they had determined to erect an immense equestrian statue to his memory, the *overall* of which, was to form an especial feature of the particular Volksfest, in which we (be it understood) were to participate. Ceres must now look out for her laurels. Henceforth, over the Fest, founded in her honor and for his own glory, the patron king of Swabian agriculture, astride upon a mighty charger, is it to preside in person. But the mail queen, true to her feminine instincts, did not fancy this division of her honors. In revenge, she enticed into a league with the god of the tempests, who maliciously sent a drenching rain upon the good, upon the just and upon the unjust, who had assembled to witness the ceremony. The Fest, originally three days in duration, was thus virtually reduced to one.

Few days previously, a ghostly sentinel met the eye of the Cannstatt passer by. Mysteriously and at period of night, the statue had been erected and completely enveloped in a huge winding-sheet. The removal of this was to constitute the unveiling.

The 28th dawned upon us cloudlessly, giving not the slightest warning of the weather god's malevolent intentions. Loud and prolonged acclamations greeted the king and queen, "with the different members of the royal family," the brilliant cavalcade appeared and took possession of the beautiful pavilion prepared for them. A hush of expectancy ensues. The transformation scene is about to be enacted, and with a result so life-like that we should not have felt the least surprise had horse and rider sprung from their lofty pedestal; and a voice like Lenore's knight had been heard to say, "The dead ride quick, the dead ride quick."

Fortunately for the crowd this did *not* occur; the worst that followed being the fore-mentioned drenching. The preparations which precede these Volksfests are most laborious and painstaking. Vast triumphal arches wonderful and curious specimens of vegetable architecture, are erected with a skill worthy of a Christopher Wren. Upon a scaffolding of Wood a ground-work of evergreen is fastened by the aid of hammer, tacks and cord, which looks as smooth as a shaven lawn. Imagine the labor of covering an arch over twenty feet high in this way, and then decorating with scrolls, columns and figures of every imaginable device formed of miniature turnips, carrots, squashes, apples, onions, etc., each held to its separate place as firmly as Sisera's head and by the same process. Where else would the products of an humble kitchen garden be put to such artistic use? And who but these patient Germans would do it? No sooner is the Fest over than this labor of weeks is ruthlessly demolished.

The amusements of the Volksfest are unrivalled in variety. A live American circus graced this one; perhaps I should say *disgraced* it. For competition between it and the entertainments "to the manner born," rose to such a pitch that the law interfered to close it until, by an appeal to the American Consul, this unwelcome restriction was removed. Punch and Judy are to be seen here by the score; jugglers out juggling Senor Blitz; great whirligigs filled with delighted children, booths and stalls where anything can be bought from a tooth-pick to a dressing gown. And above all, and through all and in all, *mud*, ancle deep, and noises suggesting pandemonium let loose.

The distinctive dress, worn by the genuine German peasant, quite captivated us. The accumulated savings of years are often represented in the solid silver buttons with which coat and vest are ornamented. The fashion of these garments, together with the buckskin pants and broad-brimmed hat that complete the costume, never varieth. They often descend as a precious heir-loom from father to son.

The prize animals exhibited on the first day, and which are a sort of prelude to the races, are, perhaps, the most lively objects of interest in the consolidated whole that goes to make up a Volkfest. Unless we except the jockeys in their scarlet yellow and blue silk blouses.

How suggestive to the disciples of Pythagoras would such a procession of prize animals have been; presenting to them such choice specimens (the best of their kind) from the soul's future occupancy! But I should really protest against having mine grovel for any length of time in the carcass of yonder huge swine! Behold with what conscious procine pride he invites the public gaze to his first floral wreaths, on ornament, methinks; as ill bestowed as the pearls disapproved of in Holy Writ.

The stately bullock which follows, tossing its horns so proudly, as though to say, "look at my wreaths," is a far more sightly object. Its cousin, the cow, appears in no wise elated by her promotion. Slowly and separately she paces along, all unconscious of her hollyhocked and dahliaed necklace, chewing as ever the cud of solemn reflection. What more decorous receptacle, O Pythagoras, can you suggest than this?

Among the members of the royal family whom we that day so curiously scanned, one face especially interested us, that of the Herzog Eugen of Wurttemberg, after Prinz Wilhelm heir presumptive to the throne. He had married the Princess Vera, niece and adopted daughter of Queen Olga. Young popular, and beloved, life, we thought, must have especial charms for him. Not long since, he was called away from Stuttgart to take charge of a Dusseldorf regiment. But in the midst of the festivities which greeted his arrival, appeared a Mightier than he, and without warning or time for leave-taking, he was snatched from his loving wife and from the people who idolized him. A sudden cold, a congestive chill, and all was over. The telegram which bore the sad tidings to Stuttgart, brought grief and mourning to many hearts, from whom the strangers who "intermeddled not" felt at least unfeigned sympathy.

After the appropriate honors had been paid at Dusseldorf, the lifeless remains were brought back to Stuttgart, and conveyed by night, attended with all the pomp and circumstances befitting so high a rank to the Alte Schloss, to rest beside his kindred.

AFRICA.

To know that a vast continent existed, stretching from the Mediterranean to the Southern ocean, or even that it contained some 180,000,000 of a black race scattered over its surface, divided by great deserts, rivers, lakes and primeval forests, would not be an adequate motive for strenuous exertions and great sacrifices. But if this country, with its teeming population of millions, were known to be the scenes of wrongs which were an outrage to humanity, and for which, in part at least, christian nations and the whole civilized world were more or less directly responsible, a desire to remedy the evil would naturaly arise. If, in addition, it were known that the greatest proportion of these millions of the human race were steeped in barbarism, and given over to the most hideous idolatry, cannibalism and devil worship, in furtherance of which human victims were annualy and daily sacrificed by thousands—are there any Christians who would not at some time of their lives feel that a duty was laid upon them, by the simple knowledge of the fact to take some steps for the redemtion of a whole race from such heathenish and revolting cruelty by the influences of civilization and religion? The missionary feels this, and so devotes life and energy to that end. The humanitarian philanthropist, even of the most lukewarm temperament, contributes his money to such an object; and the supression of slave dealing and of human sacrifices to idols, by the inculcation of a purer religion, becomes the common object of both missionary and philanthropist. But other and more mundane interests come into play.

Governments and states which formed colonies and settlements to promote the slave trade, found colonies and traders remained after the slave traffic had been abandoned, whom they were bound to protect. Colonial and political interests dictate exploratory expeditions and demand geographical knowledge of territories beyond their limits. Commerce gradualy increases, while geographical discovery opens up new fields for enterprise and legitimate trade to step in and take the place of the suppressed slave traffic, thus promptly utilizing the work of geogrphical and scientific explorers. Without the knowledge which it is the special business of these to collect, the merchant is helpless and ignorant, and no exchange of goods or trade on a large scale can be established.

The merchant and the manufacturer soon join their interests in appeals to the government for extension and more information, and that which began with purely scientific exploration and geography, ends in largely promoting religion and philanthropy, as well as meeting political requirements and the demands of commerce. Who is there that is wholly without interest in any of these objects, and what state can afford to despise or neglect them? To all of these, African explorers have rendered incalculable service this last twenty-five years, and neither the extent nor the importance of this service can be reduced to a money value. For putting aside all considerations of justice and humanity, comerce has not had, since the discovery of the new world, so vast a field for profitable enterprise opened to it as Africa will soon present.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE PANAMA WHARF.

Charlie and Lucy were sitting one evening on their Uncle George's knee.

"Uncle," said Lucy, who was a dear child, "what did the minister mean this afternoon at church when he said that 'the man who despises small things shall fall by little and little?'"

"Well, Lucy, my dear," replied Uncle George, "I think that you will understand me better if I tell you a story.

"Many years ago I was visiting at Panama. This is a place which you will find on your map, south of United States and Mexico.

"I remained here for many months. Near my hotel was a very large wharf. Year after year the ships had come up to it, and had unloaded their cargoes. It was built at very great expense, and every person thought it entirely safe. Merchants often permitted thousands of dollars' worth of goods to remain on it over night. It was the custom of the wharf superintendent to examine it every month. Now, while I was there, the report was spread that some little insects were eating away the wood. He looked at the place, but said it was of no consequence—that there were only a few insects that could do no harm. Month after month passed, and still these little creatures ate away at the wharf. They did not seem to be numerous, and but little attention was paid to them.

"One day, as I was looking out of my window, I heard a dreadful crash, and behold, the whole immense wharf had sunk into the sea. Sixty or seventy persons were killed, and an immense amount of property was destroyed—all by the work of these insects. Afterward it was found that they had been eating for years at the wood. Had they been stopped at once no harm could have come; but the superintendent thought them too small to notice; he despised them because they were so small.

"Children," said Uncle George "be careful of little things. Whenever you discover a bad habit kill it at once. If you don't it may kill you. Ask God, for Jesus' sake, to help you, and he will; for he he has promised to hear those who ask him."—*S. S. Visitor.*

ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.—All things are fair, so it is generally thought, in war, in a horse trade, or in a law case. It is probably on that bad rule that the late President Lincoln acted when he defeated an antagonist before a jury. The anecdote is thus told by Dr. Bateman:

He was often pitted against eminent lawyers during trials in the Sangamon County Circuit Court. On one occasion he was opposed to a very able advocate, who made a powerful, eloquent and convincing speech to the jury. The gentleman, moreover, was a man who was very precise in his dress, as well as manner and oratory.

But Mr. Lincoln had been observing him, and saw a flaw in his usually faultless attire.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said 'Old Abe,' when he arose to speak, "the gentleman who has just spoken has made a strong argument. He has quoted the law and evidence, and it is not for me to say that he is wrong. He may be correct in all he has said. But I want you to take a good look at him. Look especially at the upper half, and then, gentleman, tell me if any man who comes before you with his standing collar buttoned 'wrong end to,' with the points sticking away out behind his ears, may not be altogether mistaken in his arguments."

The plan was successful. Mr. Lincoln had broken the spell which the oloquence of his opponent had thrown over the jury.

LOOK most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads gets bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the top leaks but a drop a minute; when you mean to save begin with your mouth; many things pass down the red lane. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will stretch, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitible and lasting stuff, and not tawdry finery. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Woman tempted man to eat, but he took to drink himself.

THE SOUL.

Sweet morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall at night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose—whose fragrance now I crave,
To glad my sense and joy mine eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,
That thou must die.

Sweet music—e'en the lovely song
Which from thy harp, in window nigh,
Is floating on the breeze along,
E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glittering train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky,
Must they all perish—none remain
To glad the eye?

And rales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dream?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face—love's melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All—all that must die.

And man, frail form of senseless clay,
Tho' now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon his passing day
He, too, may die!

But the bright soul?—that, shrined within
The quenchless light in mortal form—
Tho' dimmed by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And suns in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
Within wand'ring fire,

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joy or woe—
Eternity.

ADDRESS DELIVERED ON DECORATION DAY AT ULSTER, MAY 30th, 1878.—BY REV. H. N. BEERS.

Soldiers and Fellow-Citizens:

To-day forty millions of people, either personally or by representative assemblies, will do honor to the memory of their brave defenders who fell in the late civil war. This is just as it should be. All civilized nations, especially *Christian* nations, have ever held in grateful memory their fallen braves, and have delighted to do them honor. Not to regard our soldiers thus, both *living* and *dead;* and not to honor the *fallen* by appropriate ceremonies, would be in contravention of the suggestions of Christian civilization. Not that *war* is an element of Christian civilization; it certainly is not. A resort to beligerent force to settle difficulties between nations or individuals is repugnant to the principles of Messiah's kingdom. The inauguration of that kingdom on earth was accompanied on earth by a proclamation by angelic heralds of "*Peace on earth and good will toward men.*" In the good time coming, which the prophets in vision saw, when "Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth;" when the benign and peaceful principles of His kingdom shall be universally received, and all hearts shall be swayed by them, the nations shall "*Learn war no more;*" "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks," and "There shall be nothing to *hurt or destroy* in all God's holy mountain." But as the world *now* is, beligerent forces are often arrayed against *non* beligerent, against those who would be glad to be at peace. In that case it would be in harmony with the principles of Christ's kingdom, as our *last* and only *resort*, to defend our life and liberty by opposing force *with* force. If the assassin should enter my dwelling and attempt to murder myself and family, it would not only be *right* but my *duty* to resort to physical force, even to the taking of *life*, if necessary, in order to prevent the execution of his murderous designs. This was precisely the attitude of our nation in the late civil war. We marshaled our forces, not for conquest, not for military glory, but to defend the life of the nation, which was threatened, and to preserve our imperiled liberties. We come, therefore, to-day, not to do homage to military heroes as such, to men who have won our admiration by deeds of chivalry and prowess in arms, merely; we come to honor the *graves* and the *memory* of the men who saved the life of our nation by the sacrifice of themselves. Our soldiers were indeed military heroes,—many of them entitled to first rank as such, for their *bold* and daring deeds. But they were *more;* they were *patriots*, who left their homes and fought and suffered and died in defence of their country.

There are three considerations that render the memory of our fallen heroes precious to us: First, the spirit and motives that actuated them in going into the field of conflict; second, the sacredness of the cause for which they suffered; and third, in very many cases the severity of their sufferings.

As we have said, they were *patriots.* They were actuated by love of country to imperil their lives for its defence; a motive *immeasurably higher* than mere ambition for military glory. In the course of our remarks we shall refer to the sufferings of our soldiers; but we now ask your attention to the *cause* for which they suffered. No holier cause ever marshaled a military force for its defence than the cause of our country in the late war. Many of the wars that have devastated the world have originated in an unhallowed ambition for fame, and have been prosecuted for conquest and military glory. Such were the wars of Alexander of Macedon, whose towering ambition was such that, after conquering all the nations of the civilized world, he wept, it is said, because there were no more to conquer. And history records that this same ambitious Alexander died from the effects of a drunken debauch at the age of 33 years. It would have been a grand thing for him if he had turned his thoughts towards the kingdom of his own heart and conquered that. Of the same character were the wars of Napoleon, the haughty military chieftan of France. But God does not smile upon such ambition. Napoleon the Conqueror was defeated by Wellington in the battle of Waterloo, and died at last a lonely exile on the barren, rocky island of St. Helena.

Defensive wars on the part of beleaguered nations are conceded to be, and doubtless are, *patriotic* and *right.* All the better feelings of our nature become enlisted for such a people struggling for their own defence. Who can help admiring the heroic Spartans in the narrow pass of Thermopylæ, resisting with wonderful slaughter the overwhelming forces of the invading Persian army under the command of Xerxes? The invading army consisted of 1,700,000 foot and 80,000 horses, while the little band of Spartans under command of Leonidas numbered less than 6,000. Before the battle Xerxes sent messengers requesting them to lay down their arms; their heroic answer was, "Let Xerxes come and take them." Though but a mere handful, in comparison, and overpowered at last by superior numbers, yet they fought with such wonderful bravery that 20,000 of the enemy were found dead on the field. They fought in defence of their country, and their cause was just, but it was not equal to ours. Theirs was a heathen country, their institutions were heathen, their civilization and their liberties were not equal to ours, but only such as are found in heathen lands. Our fallen heroes fought for the defence of a Christian nation with its Christian institutions. They fought and suffered and suffered and died in defence of Christian *altars*, Christian *schools*, Christian *homes*, and Christian *liberties*. The cause of the Crusaders in their wars to recover the sepulcher of the Savior from the hands of the Mohamedan Turks bears no comparison with the sacredness of ours. It matters but little who may possess the spot of earth where the body of the Savior rested only for the short space of a *part* of three days, provided any one *knew* or could determine where that spot was. But our Christian institutions, so pure, so good, are valuable beyond all price, embracing everything that is *dear to us* on earth; and furthermore, as we believe, they are destined to become a beacon light to other nations, lighting them up the pathway of Christian civilization to *higher* and *serener* national and individual life than they have ever known. We need only to look around us to see the fruits of our influence on the nations. In every land where the light of our Christianity has penetrated the darkness, the people are reaching up and longing for the *higher manhood* which it reveals for them.

A vast amount of logic has been spent on "*the Divine right of kings*," and many a tyrant has used the plea to cover his most diabolical acts; but their oppressed subjects are to-day confronting them with the Divine right of the people to be *free*,—their right to *civil* and *religious liberty*. Japan in the dark past has been proud of her barbarous institutions, and intolerant toward the introduction of anything new from other nations; but during the last ten years, she has been waking out of her Pagan sleep to find that she is 300 years behind in the race in civilization and enlightenment, and she is now making herculean efforts to catch up. She is reaching out her hands towards our country for our Christian civilization. She has already introduced at home a system of common schools modeled after our own. I will present another fact of the same character. It may not be generally known that the government of China has sent to this country more than a hundred picked young men to be educated at the cost of the empire for the public service. The present number of students is 112. They are being educated in Hartford, Connecticut, where the Chinese Government has erected for their use a large house at a cost of $55,000. The history of this Chinese educational movement, as given in a recent lecture by Rev. Joseph H. Twitchel before the Yale Law School, is stranger than fiction. "Its projector, Yung Wing, was a pupil in a Christian Mission School in China, and was brought to the United States in 1847 by the Rev. S. R. Brown, a missionary of the American Board. In 1850 he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself in English composition, and graduated in 1854. While at college he formed the purpose of returning home and inducing the government to send young men to America to be educated. He was without friends or patronage in China. It cost him 16 years of unsparing exertion to reach a position where he could influence the Emperor's advisers. At length, in 1871 his scheme was approved, and the sum of $1,700,000 appropriated for its execution. Two commissioners direct the education of the young men. The projector, Mr. Yung Wing, has long been a Christian."

Evidently, there is a far-reaching value to our free institutions, beyond even what the partiality of our most ardent love of country would place upon them. In the defence of these institutions our fallen heroes sacrificed their lives.

Nationalities are not of mushroom growth. They do not spring up to maturity, like Jonah's Gourd, in a night. All good governments especially require many years of growth through storms and sunshine, involving a great amount of labor and watchful care to shape and bring their institutions to maturity. And it costs immense sacrifices of treasure and of blood to defend them against both foreign and home invasion. The Grecian States were involved in many and severe wars, civil and foreign, in the defence of their liberties, including the terrible sacrifice at the renowned Thermopylæ. Rome had her baptisms of blood in the shape of repeated foreign wars and two civil wars of serious extent, besides the assassination of her Julius Cæsar in her own Senate Chamber. All the modern nations of Europe have struggled into existence, and attained whatever of consequence they possess in the same way. We have had our wars, and we may have others in the time to come, for we are comparatively young as a nation. It is only 102 years since the declaration of our independence. We had our first great struggle for liberty in the infancy of our colonies. We had another way with England of less magnitude in 1812. We had a serious war with Mexico, lasting some two years, from 1840 to 1848. We have had our Indian wars; and we have but recently passed through the most gigantic civil war ever known, the army of the insurgents numbering nearly a million of men and the National army that confronted them numbering nearly a million and a quarter. And a part of our baptism of blood in the terrible strife was the assassination of our greater than Julius Cæsar, our own immortal Lincoln.

If we would know the cost of our blessed country, the fairest, sweetest land on earth; if we would know the cost of our institutions, the best that the sun in the heavens ever shown upon; if we would know what our liberties and free institutions have *cost*, we must realize something of the *unutterable* sufferings involved in the prosecution of these wars. The sacrifice of mere money treasure does not express it. We can easily take our pencil and figure up the millions of money that our last war cost; we have it already figured out and recorded on the archives of the nation,—*three hundred millions of dollars!* A vast sum, indeed, but this is only an insignificant item in the account. Who shall figure of the value of the immense sacrifice of human suffering and human life? No man can do it; there is no arithmetic known to man that can express it. If we would realize something of it, we must go and witness the carnage on a thousand battle-fields and number the dead and dying; we must go into the hospitals and watch the surgeon as he removes the mangled limbs and dresses the ghastly wounds; we must take account of the malaria of the camps and the prevalence of fevers that come of exposures and hardships, and the mortality resulting. Then we must go into Rebel prisons, those *inexcusable, heathenish hells of torture*, where so many of our noble boys died with all the horrors incident to starvation and insufficient clothing. The facts in regard to their terrible treatment and sufferings have come to us from different reliable sources, and they have been detailed to us by those who experienced them; so we cannot doubt if we would.

During the last year of the Rebellion, while traveling in the cars at one time, I fell in company with a Union soldier by the name of T. T. Whitcomb, a sergeant in the 6th Michigan Cavalry. He had been a prisoner at Andersonville, but was one of the fortunate ones who had been exchanged and was home on a furlough recruiting his health. Sergeant Whitcomb gave me a detailed account of the treatment and sufferings of the Union soldiers. The *scarcity* and the *character* of their food was dreadful. What little they were allowed to have some of the time consisted of corn ground with the cobs; at other times it consisted of spoiled and magoty meat. They were almost entirely without clothing, and were entirely without beds; they were obliged to lie down at night on the damp ground without even a blanket under them, and with nothing to cover them,—and the nights in that Southern clime are often very damp and chilly, especially near the sea coast, as my own experience has verified. Some years before the breaking out of the war I spent some five months on St. Helena Island, near Beaufort and Port Royal. I found the nights exceedingly damp and chilly, and death-dealing to Northerners not accustomed to that climate. Think of the half-naked soldiers lying night after night for months on the damp ground, with nothing under or over them, in such a climate as that. To protect themselves as well as they could, several hundreds would lie down in a van close together, spoon fashion; in this way they could better preserve the warmth in their bodies; and when they became weary of one position, or chilled on one side, they would all turn over and face the other way. Fellow-citizens, the sacrifice of money treasures cannot be put into the scale opposite such sufferings—it cannot be mentioned in comparison.

But we must go deeper even than *this* to understand the cost of our defensive war. We must go down into the depths of the land and take gauge and dimensions of the great *heart agonies* in the soldiers longings for the *loved ones at home*, and in the equally painful longings of those loved ones for their soldier friend—son, brother, husband or father, whose life was imperilled on Southern battle-fields or in Southern prisons. As we said of the disparity between sacrifices of money and physical sufferings, so it is equally true that physical sufferings bear no comparison with soul sufferings. When the Man of Cavalry was hanging on the Cross, he endured a depth of soul agony infinitely greater than the smart of the wounds made by the smart of the nails and the soldier's spear. It was these unutterable soul agonies that caused Him to cry: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Look at the spectacle of a great nation, at the same time passing through such a baptism of sufferings. While a million of soldiers in Southern camps and hospitals, and prisons, were enduring these painful lacerations of heart, *four* or *five* millions at home were passing through the same sorrows, while often the sorrows of bereavement were added to those of separation. God only can fathom this tidal wave of human grief. It began in the scene of parting when the soldier left his home; when he looked upon the faces of loved ones for the last time, and when they looked for the last time on him; when the last good-bye was said, not knowing whether there would ever be another meeting on earth or not. As one has sung in another case,—

"I saw him look behind and weep,
His last farewell I heard him say,
As the proud ship launched the swelling deep,
And bore him from his home away.
I saw him when the storm arose,
And ocean's billows mounted high,
Still far away his heart repposed,
On other scenes he fixed his eye."

These mutual and painful longings continued through all the weary months and years of the war; in the hardships and privations of the camp, and in the sadness and loneliness of the home circle; filling their dreams by night and their thoughts by day. O how often in these night dreams have come to the sufferers sweet visions of a return home, and a joyful meeting of loved ones. But they awoke all the sadder to find that visions were not real—only a deceptive mirage of the dead. What a precious memento to the soldiers heart, was that photograph which he carried with him ever in all his marches, and in all the conflicts of battle. And when a quiet hour permitted how he would take it out and fondly *gaze* and *weep*, and try to solace his aching heart with what was only a *shadow* of the loved face far away.

That song of unsurpassed sweetness and tenderness, "*Minnie Minton*," written by James G. Clarke, originated in just such a case. The photograph of Minton was found on the dead body of a soldier who fell in the battle of Gettysburg. No doubt many thousands of similar cases existed. Some one has put into poetic verse the dying words of a soldier, a young man who had borne our colors through the fight. He said to his Chaplain, "I am to die then, how long first?" The Chaplain replied, "You have made your peace with God, let death come as soon as it will, He will carry you safely over the river." "Yes," said the dying youth, "but this is so awfully sudden—awfully sudden,"—and with quivering lips he added, "And I shall not see my mother."

"Tell my mother, when you see her,
That I fell amid the strife;
And for freedom and my country
I have given up my life;
Tell her that I sent this message
Ere my tongue refused to speak,
And you tell her, Comrade, won't you?
Tell my mother not to weep.

Tell her that the truths she taught me
Nerved my arm and led my feet,
And I trusted in the promise
'Mid the battle's fiercest heat.
Tell her, while my life was ebbing
That I kissed her face so sweet,—
Kissed the *picture* that she gave me,—
And you tell her not to weep."

One bereaved mother with her bleeding heart, wrote to those who had nursed her dying son, "O, can it be that my Willie will return to me no more? Shall I never see my darling boy again, until I see him clothed in the brightness of Christ? Thank God I shall see him then—I shall see him then." These are some of the indications of a sorrow greater than physical sufferings from mangled bodies. Have I not said truly, that God only can fathom the depth of this great *tidal wave of human woe*, that swept over this land of the Pilgrims during the great rebellion? One has touchingly said:

"In the city, in the village,
In the hamlet far away,
Sit the mothers watching, waiting,
For their soldier boys to-day.

They are coming, daily coming,
One by one, and score by score,
In their leaden casings folded
Underneath the *flag* they bore."

Fellow citizens, *such* and *so precious* were the *sacrifices* laid upon the *altar of liberty*, for the defence of our *country* and our *homes*. We observ