BUSINESS NOTICES.

Bargains offered in Summer Clothing and in Summer Goods, in order to close out stock. Assortment still good, but being rapidly closed out.

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EVENING BULLETIN.

Friday, August 14, 1868.

☞ Persons leaving the city for the summer, and wishing to have the EVENING BULLETIN sent to them, will please send their address to the office. Price, by mail, 75 cents per month.

OBITUARY: JOURNALISM.

The old axiom, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" has long ago been carried to such an extravagant extent in the matter of obituary journalism, that it is refreshing to see any token of a reaction toward the better principle of telling the truth about the dead as well as the living. If it were possible to believe all that is written or spoken in public journals and by mortuary orators concerning the character and lives of the dead, it would be necessary to hold that this world of ours is as exclusively the abode of innocence and of virtue as when its inhabitants were compelled within the limits of the first den of Eden. Judging by these tests, all men are saints and heroes; all have the noblest attributes of a perfect humanity spring up in wild luxuriance around the bier of men who had so effectually veiled their vices and good qualities through life, as to walk among their most intimate fellows, utterly unsuspected and unknown. Men who have successfully worn the mask of meanness, dishonesty, cowardice, ignorance, stupidity, avarice and every other vice and imperfection of mind and soul, shine out with a sudden and startling brightness, under the magic touch of Death, and the eulogies that are pronounced or written upon their lives often make it hard for their poor relations and friends to recognize familiar features of their character under the bold and glowing touches of profuse coloring that make up the posthumous picture of their lives.

We say that any sign of a reaction from this almost universal extravagance is worthy of notice and of encouragement. Such a sign we find in the obituary notices of Thaddeus Stevens, already published by most of the leading journals of the country. As a rule, they are remarkable for their free impartiality; and from whatever cause this freedom arises, it deserves to be remembered and imitated. Many of them are highly and exclusively eulogistic of the distinguished subject of their criticism; many of them are harsh, unjust and ignorant in their strictures upon his character as a politician and statesman; some, from the pens of political adversaries, are liable at all events to misrepresent, if not written from his own point of view, but all seem to have felt an unusual freedom to speak simply what he held to be the truth about the great man who has just passed away.

The impartial way in which the character of Thaddeus Stevens has been discussed has arisen, mainly, from the fact that all classes of writers have been compelled to recognize so much of political prominence in the man, that they have felt that they could afford to speak so much truth in his praise as to warrant their added criticisms upon what they believed to be the faults and defects of his public career. It has arisen, too, from the unconscious influence of his own sterling honesty. Men who might be tempted to write false and fulsome panegyrics upon Thaddeus Stevens have been hushed and silenced by the recollection of his own scathing contempt for cant and all hypocrisy. And men who might have been tempted to indulge the bitterness of their partisan rancor even against the dead have been silenced, too, with a conviction of the bravery, the sincerity, the single-minded consistency of the often misunderstood, misrepresented, but never false or treacherous old man who lies to-day beneath the dome of the nation's capitol.

The precedent established by the general tone of the obituary notices of Thaddeus Stevens deserves to be carefully remembered and followed by the public press. It breaks up upon a habit of indiscriminate eulogy which is false in fact, and very demoralizing in tendency. It sets an example of speaking about dead men which should not be forgotten. We naturally step lightly on all graves, and there is never a need to indulge in intemperate abuse or to drag to light secret defects and infirmities. If the dead must be spoken of at all, it should be done in simple kindness, but with equally simple truth. Where the truth cannot be spoken, a decent silence is the best kindness to those who are gone. Men are powerfully influenced by public opinion, and many a man would strive harder to leave a good name behind him, if he felt assured that the stone-cutter, the editor and the orator would only do for him when dead, what he had done for himself while alive. But however that may be, there is a virtue in truth-telling which is sadly vitiated by—the obituary—practices of—our times, and the sooner we can get back to the habit of impartial, honest criticism of the dead as well as of the living, the better it will be for society and the cause of truth.

The old heathen who originated the axiom that "nothing but good of the dead" must be spoken, was either preparing the way for his own obituary, or he lived in a more "Golden Age" than the world has since been favored with. His doctrine has the ring of a very profound idea about it, but while "charity speaketh no evil," it should also be remembered that it "rejoiceth in the truth."

THE CHURCH IN TEXAS.

In addition to the other penalties pronounced by the Democracy against Republicans for their adherence to the faith, we are now threatened with excommunication from the benefits of religion. We ascertain this important fact from Mr. H. Clay, an obscure elder in an obscure town in Texas. Mr. Clay having been delegated—perhaps by the Democratic party—to speak with apostolic authority for the Church of Christ, announces that "the Church can have no fellowship with a Radical." This highly important declaration is contained in a note to a backsliding brother who is summoned to appear before the Church, to answer a charge of "inconsistency as a follower of Christ, in having openly avowed himself a Black Republican." The Texan apostle expresses his affectionate solicitude for the wandering sheep, by signing himself "Your brother in Christ."

It will perhaps excite some surprise and alarm in this latitude that Democracy is necessary to salvation, and sorrow for our own pitiable and hopeless condition is deepened by regret for the unhappy fate of Paul and the other Apostles, who lived in that dark time when Democracy was not, and also for those martyrs who died without beholding the light of the unwashed dispensation. But perhaps they were saved by faith in a future Democracy. If so their credulity was greater than ours. We do not believe in it yet, and we hope never to be converted to it. If only sound Democrats are to go to Heaven, the character of that blessed abode has been misrepresented. We had thought that its mysterious gates opened to receive all, even the lowliest, and that in its courts the humbles are the equals of the greatest, and the mightiest are those who are mighty in humility. The Texan dogma teaches differently. Its Church rejects the sublime fundamental doctrine of Christianity—the common brotherhood of man, and the equality of all men before their Creator. Its Saints are those who live by the sweat of other men's brows,—by the labor of men who are kept in dense ignorance, that they might better rob them of liberty, the Bible, possession of their own wives and children, and of every opportunity to elevate themselves to intelligent manhood. Its apostles are those whose deeds are consistent with the moral code of the Church. Floyd, who stole the money of the Republican heretics; Forrest, who cut the throats of his black chattels; Jackson, who prayed God to aid him in the destruction of his country; Davis, and Wirz, his accomplice, who starved the pagan Radicals in Andersonville, and shot them down like dogs, when, in a raging delirium of thirst and hunger, they staggered over an insanitary line; Blackburn, who infected the Christian cities with the plague; Semmes, who scuttled their ships and butchered their crews; and Lee, and a multitude of others, who perjured themselves to the core, renounced their allegiance to their government, and inaugurated a rebellion which cost a million human lives and endless human misery. These are the shining examples in this church, whose golden rule is: Hate one another; whose emblems are the bowie knife and the revolver, and whose missionaries are the members of the Ku-klux Klan who come in the night and murder, as thieves in the night.

It is well for Messrs. Seymour and Blair that they make their election to "fellowship with the Church" sure. It is the only election of which they can have any hope, and it is certainly that for which they are best fitted. As for the members of the Republican party, they will probably bear the sentence of excommunication and the anathemas of Mr. Clay, with commendable serenity, and endeavor to reach Heaven by the old route. Perhaps they may even feel a charitable pity for these poor fools who insolently and blasphemously proclaim their belief that, in spite of partizanship, and in their bigoted assumption to speak for the Christian Church, endeavor, in this free land, and in this enlightened age, to exercise supremacy over the opinions of their fellows, and to damn those who do not think as they do. No better evidence exists of the imperative necessity for the triumph of liberal principles in this country, so that we shall be enabled to deliver the South from the tyranny of such absurd and ignorant bigots, and by universal education teach just such people as these what Christianity with its doctrines of freedom and equality really is. In the meantime, those whose minds are troubled for fear the Church as it is in Texas may be the true path to a happy hereafter, are advised to turn to the New Testament and follow its precise instructions in regard to the virtue of modern Democracy, the necessity for voting its tickets, and the frightful penalties pronounced against Republicans.

The English people are paying a precious price for the privilege of worshipping their royal idol. Generous allowances to the royal family were all well enough when the members could be numbered on one's fingers, but the extraordinary fecundity of the present branch has made liberality ruinous, and caused the British tax payer to weep and tear his hair between his loyal huzzas, as addition after addition was made to the number of the claimants upon his beneficent devotion to monarchy. The Queen's productiveness amazed and bewildered him, and his grief for Prince Albert's death was softened by the reflection that she was still a widow. But the end was not yet. All the Princes and Princesses had to be married off, and dowered handsomely, and then the prolific peculiarities of this highly respectable Dutch family were again displayed, and at each new birth the popular cheer grows fainter as the subsidy fund increases in size. The Prince of Wales already has four children for which the nation will have to provide liberally, and although he has not some placed at his own disposal, he is now sending up a cry for more guineas. His latest request is that Parliament will increase his allowance by 25,000 pounds a year. His reason for making the demand has some apparent force. His mamma's overwhelming grief has compelled her to live in seclusion and to neglect those duties for which she is kept in office. Her sorrow has been prolific. During this period she has added the vast sums of money placed at her disposal for purposes of entertainment, and—upon—Wales has devoted the expense of attending to her social duties. The British people naturally think she ought to furnish him with the necessary cash, but this she flatly declines to do, and he professes his inability to make both ends meet upon his present income.

Wales, by-the-way, is his eldest son. In education he would have the world believe, if he simply attended to his business, and lived the honorable and virtuous life of a gentleman, his present income would suffice. Instead, he is a libertine who rushes into the wildest extravagances and excesses, and displays a looseness of morals and a want of decency and propriety that is paralleled only by the conduct of George the Fourth, of infamous memory. Naturally, the virtuous British people are shocked and disgusted, and his appeal for pecuniary assistance is coldly met. It will perhaps need just one more such monarch as George the Fourth to ruin the faith of the English in royalty. The Prince of Wales seems destined to be the iconoclast who will break the idol, and if he continues in his dissolute courses, there is a fair chance that his will not remain upon his mother's throne. In this day kings have need to be careful of the people and less indulgent to themselves.

The Mobile *Register* has been giving some advice to the Democracy of Alabama respecting the methods to be used to induce the negroes to vote the ticket of the faithful. Here is one of the suggestions:

"Impress upon them that Northern immigration brings with it Yankee improvements; machinery that one man can take and do the work of ten men. This leaves nine idle; and it makes hands worth fifty dollars per acre that can now be bought for five."

This is about a fair illustration of the spirit of Southern misrepresentation, and of the miserable falsehoods used to influence the blacks to vote with their enemies. The writer of this paragraph is either a fool or a knave. If he sincerely believes that the application of machinery to mechanic and agricultural arts reduces the laboring population to enforced idleness, his ignorance is pitiable. Occupying the position of a public journalist, he has no better comprehension of the laws of supply and demand than had the poor English workmen who were frightened by a spinning jenny. He does not know that "Yankee improvements" not only increase the supply, but also the demands of a country, and that machinery lightens the toil of the laborer, while it pays him better wages and employs a greater number of his brethren.

The machine power in English mills is equal to 600,000 men, and there is more certain employment for operatives than there was seventy years ago, before these "improvements" were introduced. In the States' times, England raised her two million quarters of wheat, now she raised fourteen million, and the harvest lacks reapers. The South has the same capabilities, and she stands to-day in as sore need of these very improvements in the methods of agriculture, as ever England did, or as did our Northern States, where, with a crowded population, labor is scarce and commands a high market price. Whitney's cotton gin did not compel the planters to part with their slaves, and this foolish writer knows it well, that instead of leaving nine men out of ten idle, and depreciating the value of land, this single improvement, and a "Yankee" one at that, enhanced the value of the product, and effected good results for employer and laborer alike.

But we do not believe in the sincerity of this fellow. He knows these things well, but he is an unscrupulous demagogue, who does not hesitate to stoop to the practice of deceit and falsehood upon the poor blacks, in whose welfare he professes so deep an interest. From cursing the negroes, he and his coadjutors are now about to soliciting from them the votes that we placed in their hands as a defence against their oppressors. So far the result of enfranchisement has been good, for it has changed the attitude of the slave-drivers from one of fierce dictation to that of supplication. We have no fear that the negroes will not perceive the magical virtues of the franchise sufficiently to enable them to use it in behalf of their own welfare.

The New York *Evening Post*, in its notice of Thaddeus Stevens, says that "as a statesman he was singularly ignorant and narrow-minded." It also says of his personal appearance, "the was of a slight frame, &c." The *Evening Post* seems to have been as ignorant of the mind of Thaddeus Stevens as it was of his body. Both were broad, stalwart and above the ordinary average of men. The capacious, arching brow was suggestive of the untiring brain that worked beneath it, the massive chin and resolute mouth bespoke the domitable will that Death himself almost seemed to struggle with in vain; and the large, iron-built frame was in harmony with the brave spirit that animated it, in a half century's fight for education, freedom and the progress of all true American development. The *Evening Post* needs to improve its acquaintance with the mental and physical qualities of our public men before it paints pictures of them for the people.

On the principle of "Honor to whom honor is due," we are glad to commend the fairness, and, in the main, true analysis of the career and character of Thaddeus Stevens, published in the *Age* of yesterday, an extract from which appeared in yesterday's BULLETIN.

The same number of the *Age* contains an obituary notice of the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, of which we could speak in a more complimentary way, if it had not been premature, bodily, from our own columns, and adopted editorially, and without credit, by our contemporary.

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Of pestilent beef,
Consequently vex us,
And bring us to grief.
While cargo on cargo
Of such diseased meat
Is sent from Chicago,
Unwholesome to eat.
We'd rather unwilling
Our breakfast to make
On poisonous sirloin,
Or rinderpest steak.
We look on such victuals
With uttermost loathing,
But vast is the pleasure
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So cheap and so splendid
For gentlemen, all,
At Rockhill & Wilson's
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DANCING.

THE PARTIES WHO TOOK THE LADIES' CLASS at Concert Hall last season, are respectfully informed that the Gentlemen's Class commences on Tuesday, September 1. Circulars containing terms, &c., may be obtained at the Hall. Ladies' Class commences September 15. aug 14 6t

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