OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 30, 1876.

THE COACHING CLUB.

It is a terrible thing to have too much money. Indeed, I am not certain that it is not better to have too little. The last agony of young New York, with too much money, is coaching. What is coaching? A very simple thing. Men with fine horses who think there is comfort in the old-fashioned stage coach, went to England and had built for them old-fashioned stage coaches—just such, gentle reader, as you saw on the roads thirty years ago, fitted out complete with boot for baggage, and everything else, as it was in the days when coaches, or stages as we call them, were the only means of conveyance. They put to them four blooded horses, and they put themselves in the uniforms of drivers, and they load on the roof all their lady friends, and they drive them. That is all there is about it. It means that a certain number of rich young men choose to transform themselves into stage drivers. There is a club of these amiable lunatics in New York, the head lunatic being young James Gorden Bennet, the proprietor of the *Herald*. Last Saturday the club made its first parade. Seven stage coaches, rather more costly in style than those you used to see on your roads, drove up in front of the Union League Club, seven very rich young men habited as coachmen took their places on the seven boxes, forty-five very rich, and not at all beautiful, young ladies mounted the roofs, and with the utmost solemnity the cortege drove off, up fifth avenue to the park, and back again. The streets were lined with people to see the procession, from Maison square all the way to the park: and if the object of the parade was to attract attention, the gentlemen-stage drivers may be congratulated. But isn't it queer that in the day of steam men should attempt so absurd a thing as the revival of the stage coach? The horses on these coaches are the very best that money can buy, and they are groomed to a degree that is almost painful. By the way; the absurd English fashion of cutting the tail of the horse into the shape of a club, has been adopted here. Pray let it be confined to New York, for it is as ugly as sin.

POLITICAL.

The Democratic State Convention did two foolish things, viz:—It endorsed Sammy Tilden and snubbed John Morrissey. The Convention by its acts made it a certainty that every Republican in the country will vote his straight ticket, no matter how much he may have been disposed to bolt. For Tammany—John Kelley's Tammany—ran the machine from first to last. John Morrissey made a vigorous fight, but he was routed, horse, foot, and dragoons, and the Kelley was left in complete possession of the field. Tilden was endorsed, and if he wins the nomination he goes before the people as the nominee of the most villainously corrupt organization that ever existed. He goes into the canvass as the especial creature of the old Tammany ring reorganized—the Tweeds and Connollys under other names. I have no especial admiration for John Morrissey, but I must say that he did make a good fight, and an apparently honest one, against these villains. But Tilden's money, and the Tammany organization were too much for him, and down he went. The decent portion of the Democracy of New York are very sore of the result, and with a good candidate the Republicans can easily carry the State. Tammany has recovered from its defeat last fall, and is arrogant as ever. Let the Cincinnati Convention give the Republicans a good candidate, and let the St. Louis Convention nominate Tilden, and we can carry New York with perfect ease.

THE CHILDREN'S OPERA.

"in aid of the Centennial," stares one at head of every pleasant project now-a-days, and people are pretty pillaged on one pretext or another. The last was the very pretty spectacle of "Cinderella" at the Academy of Music, given by two hundred and fifty children of fashionable families. Tableaux from Mother Goose followed, and it was a pretty sight, the curled darlings, with flowing flossy hair, and cloudy white silver-spangled dresses, with gauzy wings and wands as fairies, and all the romantic Mother Goose people—Red Riding Hood with her basket, the Sleeping Beauty and the Enchanted Prince; and it won plenty of compliments and plenty of dollars from the admiring families and friends who filled the house. Perhaps the best fun was the next day when the young performers all went down to Mora's the Spanish artist who takes the beauties and celebrities of the stage with such delicacy, to be photographed in costume. A crowd stood about the entrance to the gallery on Broadway for hours, to catch a glimpse of each snowy clad little figure as it fled from mamma's carriage up the steps. The boys were the handsomest in my eyes. There was one little prince in blue satin and silver court dress, whose mother ought to pray that he might go to heaven before he grows up to spoil one trace of his open, laughing beauty; and the fair boy in black satin Continental dress, with white silk stockings and ruffles at his wrists, looked as if he had just stepped out of a picture, with his noble countenance and grave, sweet air. The girls had marvelous, delicate complexions—too delicate for pleasure, and, with their shrinking manners, seemed like wandering moonbeams. Even the slender, fragile creatures of fifteen who will be debutantes next season, who held the parts of Continental dames in flowered trains and powdered hair, there was hardly one of them that looked substantial enough to kiss. Like sugar angels, they were to look at, but not to taste. But fancy how charming was the interior of the photograph saloon, with groups of miniature court people in gold and satin, with blue and purple and rose mantles, figures *a la* pompadour and watteau, niched in the window seats, delicate faces, happy, tiny sprites, hardly as tall as their golden hair was long, presided and hovered over by anxious mammas in black satin and white bonnets. What fun it was to be hidden in the photographers' closet, and among the villainous smelling acids and chromates, and peep out at the gorgeous little sitters as they were taken.

SOMETHING ABOUT PICTURES.

The gallery of the late Wm. T. Blodgett sold at auction this week for over $90,000, a tidy sum to have locked up in pictures. Mr. Taylor Johnston, whose private gallery is one of the choicest in New York, opens it to the public in his own house in aid of the Women's Centennial Fund, charging $1.00 admission, and the chance is eagerly sought. It is expected that Mr. Stewart's pictures, for which he paid fortunes, and which he kept jealously guarded from the public, will now be accessible. Those who do not care for pictures on any other account will have some interest in this collection, knowing that it represents a value much above $500,000.

THE FASHIONS.

Mhe mediæval linens are something for which the present has to thank modern skill and old design. They are stout damasks, in natural and half-bleached shades, releived by soft dull colors, and form a desirable class of fabrics for use, coolness, and artistic merit, as they have much the appearance of antique brocades, copied from old pictures. Linens are taking their place at the head of textile fabricks, not excepting silk, for no other material takes more variety, or can be adapted to more purposes of utility and beauty. It rivals brocade in lustre, and cotton in service, while it is now made to resemble wool in finish and comfort. The heavy furniture brocades and tapestries, used in art furnishings, which look like silk and woolen, are, one is surprised to learn, of linen, durable, and what is worth every other consideration, wholesome, as they will not absorb dust and bad oders as reps and brocatelle always do. The Venetian carpets, largely made of flax, are handsome as the choicest pattern of brussels, and wear wonderfully, while they can be kept clean and sweet longer than wool carpets. Fine mixed cotton and linen lawns are sold at the low price of 30 cents a yard, and make most comfortable underwear for summer, while for dresses that do up like new every time they pass through the laundress's hands.

RELIGIOUS.

Moody and Sankey have gone, and the ministers of the city churches have undertaken to carry on the work that they began. That is to say they are endeavoring to run revivals on their own hook, in the same manner that the evangelists did. They have employed better singers than Sankey, to sing Sankey's songs, and as they all think they are better orators than Moody, they believe they carry on the work better than did those men. They have all failed. The fact is they may preach better than Moody, and their paid singers may sing better than Sankey, but it don't amount to a straw. They have not the soul in it that the evangelist had, and soul is what counts. Moody and Sankey were in earnest, they believe in what they are doing, and they were successful. They agonized: they never ate or slept while at their work, and having no clap-trap or nonsense about it, they did good everywhere; revivals by machinery won't do, and never did and never will. It won't answer to put an opera singer in the place of Sankey, for while he may be a better singer than Sankey, he will sing it as an opera singer, and not as a man who feels that he is responsible for the salvation of men. It is sad, but it is true that with the going of the evangelists, the interest in religious matters in the city is gone. New York will have to go on in its sin till they or some other equally zealous men come to lift it out.

BUSINESS

is as dull as it can be. There is little trade going, rents are falling day by day, thousands upon thousands are out of employment, and the outlook is gloomy. The interior cities are doing better, it is only the metropolis that is suffering. Take courage outside, and pity us who are sweating here. Perhaps it is as well, for big cities are great curses after all.

PIETRO.

Good Walks.

When a walk is made, it should be well done, as it is for a life time. In the first place, procure all the cobble stones that will be needed to fill in eight to ten inches deep, and place them where they can be easily reached with a wheelbarrow. Then excavate the walk a foot deep and remove the earth to some other place; then fill in with the stones, topping off with small ones, leaving the top about an inch below the surface of the ground. Then procure enough coarse gravel to make the walk in the centre about six inches higher than the level of the adjoining ground; and as you apply this gravel, rake off the courser parts as you proceed, so that the finer portions shall lie on the surface. If a short walk, wet it with a water pot as soon as finished, and roll it with a hand roller as soon as the ground is sufficiently dry; and for extensive walks, the rolling may be done soon after a rain. Such a walk will endure for ages, and always be dry.

Weather Signs.

In response to a circular sent to all the station observers by the chief signal officer asking for the signs preceding storms, Signal Service observer Dumont has recently sent to Washington a report for his locality, based upon his own observations, and the weather notes which Maj. Ingersoll has kept for several years, and Foreman Allin's record. After detailing the action of the instruments before storms, the report gives the weather signs by which the approach of a storm is heralded, and these, by the way, are considered more reliable than the instrumental signs. Old weather prophets will be interested in comparing these rules with the maxims which they have drawn from their own observations. We append the signs:

1—As a rule, if the wind touches northeast or east for two or three days it is a sure indication of rain.

2—Dense smoke and haze in early morning portend falling weather.

3—Summer showers of light character often follow two or three days of smoke or haze.

4—Fog, frost and dew precede rain twenty-four to forty-eight hours, except fog at close of storm.

5—Wind veering from north or west to south and southeast precedes falling weather.

6—Halos, lunar and solar, also fairly defined and brilliant auroras, precede rain twenty-four to sixty hours.

7—Barometer rising or falling considerably away from its mean forebodes falling weather, subject to modifying influences of the neighboring ranges of mountains and hills.

8—Precipitation generally follows a rapid influx or reflux of atmosphere.

9—If wind is in southwest and rain sets in, the rain is of short duration and light yield.

10—Banks of watery clouds or heavy haze on southand southeastern horizon indicate rain.

11—An area of low barometer at or near Fort Monroe and running up the coast surely reaches here as a northeaster.

A Centennial oath: "Don't care a Continental."

Wisconsin refuses to tax church property.

TARBOX COURTS BY PROXY.

If there is any man in this world whom I admire, it is my cousin, Simpson Plumper, of New York.—And I admire him simply for his excessive coolness and *sang froid*, a quality which I am entirely destitute of. I have always looked upon my cousin with a sort of reverence, notwithstanding he is five years my junior. I have tried in vain to imitate him, but I find it impossible.

I am constitutionally bashful. I have blushed—a sort of chronic blush—ever since I came into the world. If there is anything I feel sensitively it is my inferiority to mankind in general, and Cousin Sim Plumper in particular. I never go into society but I fell that all eyes are upon me. Of course that confused me, and the consequence is I make a blunder every time I attempt to move, if I feel that any one is looking at me.

But Cousin Sim never knew what it was to be bashful. It does me good to see him enter a room filled with young ladies. You would not suppose he was aware of the presence of any one; and if one speaks to him he has an answer all ready upon his tongue's end. Alas, how different it is with me.

It is unnecessary to inform you that at the age of thirty I still remained a bachelor. I had never looked but one woman in the face in my life and that was my mother. I had been in society some, of course. I did so—in fact I forced myself to go—thinking by that means to overcome my bashfulness; but as I never appeared at a party without making a dozen blunders you may easily understand that this did not have the desired effect.

Meantime my cousin, who was but twenty-five, had been engaged in at least a score of flirtations, and had gained an enviable reputation among the fair sex. Every summer he came out to Riggleby with the intention, as he said, of curing me of my weakness; but in spite of all he could do I still remained the same bashful mortal that I was in my sixteenth year. I never learned what to do with my feet and hands while in company; and must confess I experienced a feeling of envy when I saw a soldier who had suffered the loss of both legs and arms.

When I attained my thirtieth year I gave up all hope of ever looking a woman in the face, and of course all dreams that I had ever entertained of wedding joys vanished. "It is no use," I said. "I know I never can gain sufficient courage to ask a woman to marry me. And even if I did I could not survive the wedding ceremony. I should probably faint at the altar. I should be as apt, in my confusion, to put the ring upon the bride's toe as upon her finger.—I know I could never go through with it."

I was walking down the main street of Riggleby at the time these thoughts were passing through my brain. It was a cold day in January, and I was wrapped up tightly in overcoat and furs. I was so deep in my reveries that I paid little attention to the passengers upon the street or the course I was taking. Suddenly I found myself in close juxtaposition with a woman. We had collided. Her nose was within three inches of mine! What an awful proximity! I blushed to the roots of my hair.

"Beg pardon, Miss," I stammered.

"It was my fault, sir; I did not notice where I was going," she answered in a voice as sweet as four nightingales.

I could say nothing in reply, and if she had not moved on just then I think I should have sunk through the pavement. I turned to look after her. She looked back at the same moment and smiled. O, the glory of those dark eyes—methinks I see them now.

You will easily understand that this young lady had made an impression upon me that never could be effaced. Her image was enshrined in my heart forever. She was the first young woman of whose face I had ever got a fair view. I thought I saw the finger of fate in this. I felt that this young woman was to be my wife some day. But how? Ah, there was the rub.

When I reached home I asked my mother if there were any new arrivals in town.

"Why, yes, there's a family come to live in the Edward's house. I believe they have bought it."

"Do you know the name?" I asked.

"Gogglei, I believe."

"What a very euphonic name! Are there any young ladies in the family?"

"One—a daughter. Quite pretty, I understand."

"Pretty? Beautiful!" I cried.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes, I met her upon the street to-day."

"Did you dare look up," mother asked, smilingly.

So I told her about our meeting.

"I think that meeting was predestined, mother."

"But that will be the end of it, Augustus. You will never dare to look in her eyes again."

"Mother," I exclaimed, seized with a sudden impulse, "I mean to marry her."

My mother smiled, and so our conversation ended. Of course she knew how it would be; but I had inwardly made some very strong resolutions, and I meant to carry them out.

For weeks after that I haunted the street, hoping to get just one glance at that beautiful woman, but without success; and so, at last, in a fit of desperation, I accepted an invitation to attend a party at Mrs. Swingleton's.

I did attend the party. By a series of somersaults I managed to obtain a seat in one corner of the room, and there I sat, blushing like a red rose, with my eyes fixed upon a figure in the carpet. No one molested me, for most all of them knew my weakness, and knew that I should consider it a favor to be let alone. By sly glances from the corner of my eyes, I gained a general idea of what was going on. Miss Gogglei was at the piano, surrounded by half a dozen gallants. O, that I could only muster up courage enough to take my place among them and contend for the prize! But it made my head swim to think of it.

At last she turned from the piano. I felt that her eyes were upon me, and the warm blushes mantled this sunny brow. I began to perspire freely. Truly this was such agony as I had not counted upon. I was meditating whether it would not be best for me to make a rush for the door, and so escape my torments, when I heard Mrs. Swingleton's voice.

"Mr Tarbox," she began, I wish to make you acquainted with Miss Gogglei. Miss Gogglei, Mr. Tarbox."

I sprang to my feet. What I did I knew I must do quickly. Casting a hurried glance at Miss Gogglei's beautiful face, I made the most awkward bow that I believed I ever made in my life.

"I think we have met before, Mr. Tarbox," she said, holding out her hand.

"Yes," I stammered, at the same time advancing to take her hand; but as my ill luck would have it, my foot caught in a lady's crinoline and I fell into Miss Gogglei's arms.

"This reminds me of our first meeting," said she laughing.

Unlucky words! Without heeding my entanglement I sprang for the door and fell in a heap under the table. There was a suppressed titter around the room. Miss Gogglei giggled mellifluously. I shut my eyes tight and rolled out of the door.—Seizing my hat and coat I rushed out of the house and hurried home.

"My usual luck, mother," I cried as I entered the house. "I have been introduced to Miss Gogglei, and of course I gave her a specimen of my grand and lofty tumbling."

I did not stop for words of consolation, but went immediately to my room. For full half an hour I sat considering the situation. Never having loved a woman before, I think I entertained the most highly concentrated affection for Miss Gogglei that man ever did for woman; and now must I give her up? In all probability I had disgraced myself in her eyes forever.

"But then," thought I, "it may not be so. If she is a sensible woman she will understand my weakness, and perhaps pity me. Pity is akin to love, they say. I will not give up all hope—she may yet be mine. But then, I could never survive a long courtship. Well, what use of a courtship at all? I love her already. All I need ask her is simply to be my wife. But I could never do that. O, I have it now—I'll send for Cousin Sim Plumper. He'll make short work for me."

I sat down at once and wrote for my cousin, telling him to come immediately; and then, in a very hopeful condition, I retired for the night.—Three days after that Sim arrived.—He came just in time for dinner, and after that was discussed we repaired to my apartments.

"Well, what's up now?" asked Sim, throwing himself upon the lounge.

"My dear Sim," I said blushing, "I am in love."

Plumper whistled!

"Don't say so!"

"Fact!"

"Well, what next?"

"I want you to help me."

"My dear Tarbox," said he, "if there is any way in which I can serve you, I shall be most happy to do so."

"I knew you would, Plumper."

"But what can I do?"

"Do? Why my courting of course."

"Ha! ha! Well, that is good. Do your courting! Who will do my courting, meantime?"

"Do that yourself."

"Ah!" Plumper mused a moment. "Do I understand you to say that I may do your courting and my own at the same time?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Very well. I agree. Now who is the lady upon whom you have set your affections?"

"Miss Matilda Gogglei."

"Ha! Gogglei! Is she as beautiful as her name seems to warrant?" asked Plumper, laughing.

"Beautiful as Venus!" I exclaimed. "But you will see her, and that will be better than any description I can give you."

So it was settled. That same day Plumper called upon his friend, Miss Vickins, and together they called upon Miss Gogglei. When he returned I was walking the floor with impatient strides.

"What success?" I asked, as he came in.

"Good. I've gained a footing."

"Did you mention my name?"

"Of course. I told her that we were cousins. But she is handsome, Tarbox."

"You are not smitten?" I asked in some alarm.

"Oh, no, not bad I guess. Impressions don't strike very heavy on my heart," he replied, laughing.

Next day he called again. I waited anxiously for his return, but he seemed in no hurry to leave such good company. When he did return his face was all aglow.

"Getting along swimmingly, Tarbox. Told her all your good qualities, my boy. She asked why you didn't call with me."

"Did she?"

"O yes. Said she'd met you twice. Placed a good deal of emphasis on the word met. Said you seemed to be a very active young man, and wondered if you had ever traveled with a circus."

I blushed violently, for I had never told him of our meeting.

"You must call with me the next time I go there."

"No, Plumper, not just yet, not till you have settled it."

"Very well," he answered, "I'll do the best I can for you, my dear Tarbox."

And so my courting went on.—Every day I received fresh encouragement from Cousin Sim Plumper. I was very anxious that an understanding should be reached as soon as possible.

"No," Sim said, "haste may spoil all. My motto is to always keep cool. There is no use in hurrying such matters. I'll let the knowledge of your love dawn upon her gradually, my boy. It will be much more agreeable to her, I assure you. You don't want to storm a woman's heart. Best way is to take it by siege."

Of course Cousin Sim knew best about such matters, and so I let him have his own way. A month passed away. I had almost exhausted my patience, when one day Plumper came running into my room.

"I've proposed!"

"You have?" I cried. "And the answer?" becomeing highly excited.

"She accepts."

I was quite overcome with joy.

"O my darling Matilda!" I cried, in rapturous accents. "I shall at last clasp thee in these arms! I shall feel thy warm kisses on my lips. I shall hear thy sweet voice telling me that thou lovest me! I shall—I shall blush myself to death in thy dear arms! O Matilda—my darling, my adorable Gogglei, come to my heart!"

My transports were so great that I sank upon the lounge, completely exhausted.

"Tell me all about it, Plumper.—Tell me all about it. Tell me in her own words, just as they fell from her ruby lips."

Cousin Sim took a seat beside me on the lounge.

"Calm yourself my boy. You seem to be greatly agitated."

"Well, I am calm now. Go on."

"Ahem! My dear Tarbox, when I undertook this task, I did'nt understand how difficult I should find it," Plumper began. "I would not have attempted anything of the kind for another man. But you know I'd be willing to do almost anything for you. I could with *honor* perform. Ahem! I have spoken of you, my dear Tarbox, many times, and always in terms of the highest praise. To-day I renewed the subject. First, I told her of your remarkably saint-like disposition, then of your noble intellect; and lastly, of your great wealth. I told her that I thought you would make a model husband and father. Any woman, I said, might be proud of such a man."

"He's one of a thousand. Miss Gogglei," said I. "There are very few like him."

"I think you are right, Mr. Plumper," she answered. "*Very* few like him. I have *met* him twice."

"I am glad you think so, Miss Gogglei, for I have come to you with a proposal of marriage from Mr. Tarbox," I replied.

"From Mr. Tarbox!" Matilda exclaimed.

"Yes, from Mr. Tarbox."

"O!" and she sighed. "I thought it was from you."

"Would it make any difference if it was?" I asked, taking her hand (in your place, you know, my dear Tarbox). "Would it make any difference—dear" (I knew you would have me address her thus.)

"Yes," she replied, leaning her head upon my shoulder—doubtless fogetting that it was not your shoulder, my dear Tarbox. "Yes, it would make all the difference in the world."

"Well?" I questioned.

"Why, I would marry you; but I could not think of accepting the proposal of Mr. Tarbox, though I thank him all the same."

"Simpson Plumper," I shrieked, springing up.

"Wait a moment, my dear Tarbox; I have not finished.' 'Plumper was exceedingly cool—altogether too much so. "Well, as I was saying, my dear Tarbox, she said she would marry me."

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Ditto," said I. "When shall we be married?"

"Whenever you choose."

"I folded her in my arms, and ki—

"Simpson Plumper!"

"Keep cool, my dear. You are too excitable, Tarbox. I kissed those ruby lips that you spoke of a moment ago, and between you and me, Tarbox, it was the most blissful of anything I ever experienced."

"Mr. Plumper!" I yelled. "Are you a man of honor?"

"I'm noted for my honor, my dear boy, but don't get excited—keep cool," Plumper said, patting me on the shoulder.

"And you are going to marry her?"

"I hope to. Did you not say that I might do your courting and my own at the same time?"

"Yes," I groaned.

"Well, ahem! I did," with something that sounded very much like a chuckle

That was all. I had no particular desire to hear any more. Plumper and Miss Gogglei were married shortly after, and I believe are living very happily at his home in New York at the present time.

I am a bachelor still, and Plumper and I are the best of friends; but, between you and me, dear reader, I shall either do my own courting in future, or let it remain undone.

The Tigers of Jeypore.

There were nine residents of Jeypore, however, who were not allowed to witness the royal entry, albeit their dwelling place was not a hundred yards from the Prince's route. Nine residents of Jeypore, in cages, not so much because they were wicked in the past as they might possibly be troublesome were they allowed to mingle at present with the crowd in the streets. It was well that they were confined, for few more savage than they were never seen. I have, in different parts of the world, visited zoological gardens, and wondered at the animals collected therein, but never did I see such fearful beasts as were these nine. There was a tiger fully twelve feet long, which had made twenty-five hearty meals of as many unoffending men, women, and children. There was a tigress which, so often as she saw Europeans waxed furious and frantic, and endeavored to tear down the slight cage in which she was pent up. There was an old tiger whose powers and propensities were such, that even Jeyporeans had thought fit to vote him a double set of bars, eating half a goat and growling as though he would leave it and spring into the street every moment. There was a lank tiger, which, it was said, could spring further than any of its kind in he world—an acrobatic, athletic, wiry beast, that once, some months ago, leaped up into a tree and took therefrom a thoughtless shikaree, who imagined that at the height of fifteen feet from the ground he was perfectly safe, and could laugh any savage animal in the kingdom to scorn. And there were three more, about each of which terrible tales were told of ravaged villages, plundered flocks, and desperate struggles before they were enticed into traps, and thence conveyed to the Maharajah's cages. Two leopards, who appeared at the border of frenzy, completed the nine who, alone in Jeypore, were not invited to bid the Prince welcome. All the rest were there; even the convicts, with their heavy leg irons, were allowed a glance at the royal guest—a day of happiness in a life of gloom.—*London Telegraph.*

Disorganizers and Traitors.

While professed Republican journals at the North are engaged in the disreputable business of smirching the reputations of prominent Republican candidates for the Presidency, Democratic journals at the South are engaged in the equally disreputable business of urging the people to politically ostracise every public man who, during the late rebellion, stood by the Union. This is about the position assumed by the Northern journals referred to:

1. They declare that the nominee of Cincinnati must possess a "spotless character."

2. His associations must be shown to have been of a particular kind, that is to say, it must appear that he has not supported the administration, nay, had not been identified with it.

3. They proceed to show, by innuendo, insinuation, and rumor, that some of the prominent Republicans named for the Presidency do not possess "spotless characters," and that others have supported and been identified with the administration of President Grant.

Thus it happened that those against whom innuendos, insinuations, and rumors do not hold are easily convicted on the general charge of having repelled the slanderers of President Grant's administration and of having recognized its Republican character by recommending them to fill the places within its gift. This species of assault is cowardly in the extreme; it constitutes the grist that fills the hopper of the scandal mill. Southern Democratic journals do not fight their battles in this way. They strike out from the shoulder; they denounce Union men as traitors, and extol rebels as patriots. There is a contest now in progress in Texas which illustrates our point. John Hancock, a Democratic member of the present Congress, who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and was expelled from the Legislature therefor in 1861, is a candidate for the United States Senate. He is admitted to be a good Democrat, as good a Democrat as there is in the State of Texas; but Democratic journals assault him with a degree of bitterness only paralleled by the passion and hate exhibited by those journals against the Union during the rebellion. One of those journals now lies before us. We quote from it:

"On the election of Mr. Lincoln Mr. Hancock was made a member of the convention of the State of Texas. The action of that convention is well known. Texas quickly followed the example of her Southern sisters and seceded. Hancock opposed it; the war was soon inaugurated, and every man in the South who had a spark of chivalrous and manly feeling in his bosom prepared for the conflict. He, like a craven, turned his back upon the people who had honored and trusted him, and fled to the enemy."

* * * *

"At the moment when 'freedom shrieked' and the Southern heart stood still we find him among our enemies secretly praying, if his callous heart ever felt the emotions of prayer, for our destruction, or looking on with stoical indifference to the conflict."

* * * *

And this is the man whom some of our brethren of the press would honor with a seat in the United States Senate over the heads of patriots who had never known an aspiration but their country's good. We can 'shake hands over the bloody chasm,' yea, we can take the hand of the Yankee, all reeking with the blood of our kindred and friends, for they only followed the instincts of their brutal hearts; but sooner would we see our strong right arm fall from its socket and lie at our feet a mass of putrid flesh than vote for a Southern traitor."

* * * *

"We appeal to our Legislature in the name of our fallen heroes! We appeal to them in the name of our country and our whole country! We appeal to them in the name of justice and decency not to elect John Hancock to the United States Senate! But rebuke his infamy and arrogance in such a matter that he will retire to well-merited obscurity. Let them remember that the Democratic party is now in power by one of the most overwhelming majorities on record, and that the day of retribution is at hand."

Is it not plain that while Northern professed Republican journals are engaged in relentless persecution of certain prominent members of the Republican party, thereby demoralizing and distracting its counsels, Southern Democratic journals are engaged in an equally relentless persecution of every Southern man who dared during the rebellion to lift voice or hand in defense of the Union? They pronounce Hancock infamous, because he supported the Union in 1861. They pronounce him a traitor, because he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. They declare that there is at the South retribution in store for every Southern man who, in the hour of the nation's peril, declined to take part in its assassination. They offer to "take the hand of the Yankee, all reeking with the blood of [our] their kindred and friends, *for they only followed the instincts of their brutal hearts.*" But against the brave Southern patriot who, surrounded by scowling traitors, stood for his country they pronounce the edict of social and political ostracism! We submit that since, at the South, treason is exalted into a virtue worthy of canonization, and patriotism degraded to the level of a moral crime, it is time for the Republican party to face about and set itself seriously to work to stem the o'remastering tide of scandal against its most trusted representative leaders. To treat as enemies to be crushed all those who, in the ranks of the Republican party, honorable aspire to high official station is to disorganize and weaken the only political party in this country that can breast the tide of disloyalty which, a year and a half ago, bore three score and ten Confederate generals, colonels, and captains into the national halls of legislation. To those professed Republican journals that cloth themselves with scandal as with a garment, that maintain a high carnival of insinuation, rumor, and open slander against Republicans who defended the Union on the field of battle and in the halls of Congress, who saved the country from anarchy and the government from dismemberment—to such journals we commend a careful consideration of the realities of the Southern situation as shown by the envenomed opposition to John Hancock, of Texas. While these journals are assaulting with deadly intent the reputation of public men, the latchets of whose shoes they their editors are unworthy to unloose, the Democratic party is preparing to seize possession of the government with the purpose of visiting retribution upon the heads of men who in the hour of danger stood by the nation, the Constitution, and the flag. The infamous assault of the Texas press upon Hancock, and the groundless assaults of the Northern pirate press upon the reputation of prominent Republicans, are arrows from the same quiver; the one shows the deadly animosity of the Democratic party to the nation, and the other tends to distract and weaken the only political power that can be opposed to the party of reaction.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*

Choice Apples.

The old Baldwin and Rhode Island Greening stand at the head of the list yet among the hundreds of new varieties, as fine winter apples; and for a sweet sort Tolman's Sweeting cannot be surpassed as a cooking variety. As good autumn varieties, the Duchess of Oldenburg, Fall Pippin, Gravenstein, Maiden's Blush Jersey Sweet and Porter are among the best. Good summer varieties are Red Astrachan, Early Bough, sweet, Early Strawberry, Golden Swesting and Red June, a fine variety for the Middle and Southern States. It is not always safe to purchase choice varieties of apple trees for a locality, till it has been ascertained whether they do well in that, or about that latitude; as it is quite too important a matter to set trees for the use of future generations, and not have evidence of their being adapted to your climate.

New Advertisements.

"PEOPLES' DRUG STORE!"

G. W. SPEERS,

N. E. Corner Diamond,

SOMERSET PA.

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

and CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY,

FINE SOAPS,

TOILET ARTICLES,

DYE STUFFS,

and KEROSENE OIL.

Pure WINES and LIQUORS for medicinal PURPOSES.

Also an assortment of

Fine Cigars,

and Tobacco.

Particular attention given to the compounding of Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes, by experienced hands.

March 15, 1876.

THE PENN MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office: No. 291 Chestnut Street,

Incorporated in 1847.

ASSETS, ... $5,500,000

The Penn is a strictly Mutual Life Company. All of its surplus premiums are returned to its Policy-holders every year, thus furnishing them Insurance at the lowest possible cost.

The Life Rate non-forfeiting Endowment Policy issued by the Penn, while giving protection to the family of insured in case of early death, provides at moderate rates of premium, a fund for future support, should he reach old age.

All Policies are non-forfeitable for the value after third year.

SAM'L C. HUEY, President.

SAML. E. STOKES, Vice President. H. S. STEPHENS, 2d Vice President.

JAS. WEIR MASON, Actuary. HENRY AUSTIE, Secretary.

SOMERSET BOARD.

ED. KIERNAN, President. C. J. HARRISON Treasurer.

E. D. YUTTZ, F. S. HAY, Vice Presidents. J. G. OGLE, Attorney

A. B. ADAMS, Secretary.

April 10.

LEATHER! LEATHER!

The largest assortment in the city of the best annages of sole leather, the best brands of French kips and calf skins, just received. Also, a full line of domestic stock on hand and offered at low prices for cash by SIEBERT & BERG,

106 Penn Street,

PITTSBURG, PA.,

April 28.

CARPETS.

CARPETS OIL CLOTHS, CARPETS

Linoleum,

MATTINGS,

Window Shades,

At Low Prices.

A liberal discount made to Ministers and on Carpets for Churches.

BOVARD, ROSE & CO.,

29 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh,

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ATTENTION! BLACK HILLS MEN.

RIFLES, single and repeating of the best makes all prices, from $8 00 to $60 00.

SHOT GUNS double and single muzzle and breach loading, *all prices*, from $3 00 to $200 00.

REVOLVERS, 5, 6, or 7 shooters, for ball and cap or metal cartridges, $3 50 to $25 00.

Call and examine, or write for Illustrated Price List, address, GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 275 Liberty Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

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WOOD

PUMPS

With all valuable improvements, linings and chambers of HEAVY TUBE COPPER, etc., etc.

Our manufacturing facilities are unsurpassed, our stock and assortment LARGE and prices will be made to SUIT THE TIMES. Try the "G" Pump and test its merits. Ask for it at your Hardware store, and see that it has the above trade-mark. ORDERS may be sent to GRAFTON PUMP CO., Grafton, W. Va., Inquiries and Remittances invariably to GRAFTON PUMP CO., 508 Commerce Phila., Pa. April 12.

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our NewStore on

MAIN CROSS STREET

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectioneries, Notions,

Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,

We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the

BEST QUALITY OF

FAMILY FLOUR,

CORN-MEAL,

OATS, SHELLED CORN,

OATS & CORN CHOP,

BRAN, MIDDLINGS

And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

FOR

CASH ONLY.

Also, a well selected stock of

Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of al kinds, and

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 2, 1873.

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER

Cheap Grocery and Feed Store of

C. B. COLBORN & CO.,

Cross Side, No. 2, Baer's Block, Somerset, Pa.

This space is reserved for the

C. & G Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,

Dress Goods,

Felt Skirts,

Hoop Skirts,

Bustles,

Gloves,

Shoes,

Gum Sandals,

And Felt over Shoes,

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &C.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

AND

QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 26.

CALIFORNIA.

THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILW

Embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the West and Northwest, and, with its numerous branches and connections forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

Is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

Chicago, Madison and St. Paul Line

Is the shortest line for Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Great Northwest. Its