The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald

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WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

J. GOGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. R. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. OFFICE—In Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july19

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18-70-ly

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

SAM'L GAITHER. PAYE H. GAITHER. GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec4-72.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset, and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '70.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Somerset, Pa. Office one door north of P at Office. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, 70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Chaseboro's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block may72

DR. W. M. MARTIN, RESIDENT DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. Having several years' experience, is fully prepared to perform all operations upon the teeth.—Artificial teeth inserted on all the improved plans from one to an entire set. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Office two doors west of the Somerset House. Satisfaction guaranteed. april4

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office above Cajebeer & Frazer's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge. mar15

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered. dec. 13, 71-ly.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. novll

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY. DENTIST. *DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,*

Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp Address as above. jy12-72

HILL HOUSE, DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA., JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR. The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN PA. SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor. This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and lodging first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar31.

JOHN HICKS. LAFAYETTE M. HICKS. Agents for Fire and Life Insurance, JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., And Real Estate Brokers. ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug18.

HOMES FOR ALL. I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farm, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the county, in parcels from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. None need apply who is not of sober and industrious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon. feb24 D. WEYAND

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Chartered September 12, 1873. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Present rate of interest six per cent. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.

Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good references, perfect titles, &c., required.

This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.

Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.

TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsly, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Borgs, Conrad Seppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Walters.

Daniel J. Morrell, President: Frank Dibert, Treasurer: Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. nov24.

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS, BANKERS, Successors to Schell & Kimmel, SOMERSET, PA.

Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made. jan12

Cambria County BANK, M. W. KEIM & CO., NO. 266 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA., Henry Schnable's Brick Building. A General Banking Business Transacted.

Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust. april 26-72.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D. ROBERTS. JOHN DIBERT & CO., BANKERS, CORNER MAIN AND FRANKLIN STREETS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Accounts of Merchants and other business people solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the country for sale. Money Loaned and Collections Made. Interest at the rate of Six Per cent. per annum allowed on Time Deposits.

Savings Deposit Books issued, and Interest Compounded Semi-annually when desired. A General Banking Business Transacted. Feb. 10.

Tobacco and Cigars, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, J. H. Zimmerman, Main Cross St., Somerset, Penna.

The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobaccos.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan26

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, 1872.

NAUGLE HOUSE! Main St., Somerset, Pa., FRED NAUGLE, Pro'p.

The proprietor has lately purchased and greatly improved this desirable property, furnishing it with entire new furniture thus making it one of the most desirable stopping places for transient or resident custom in the State.

Tables are always supplied with the choicest viands the market affords.

Large and commodious stabling is attached and faithful and attentive hostlers always in attendance.

Boarders taken by the week, day, or meal.

Bar always supplied with the choicest liquors. July 19.

Miscellaneous.

APPLETONS' AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA NEW REVISED EDITION.

Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps.

The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition, entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa.

The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of wide lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible date, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and official record of the progress of political and historical events.

The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.

None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge.

The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give lucidity and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character.

This work is sold to subscribers only, payable on delivery of each volume. It will be completed in sixteen large octavo volumes, each containing about 800 pages, fully illustrated, with several thousand Wood Engravings, and with numerous colored Lithographic Maps.

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URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO. Merchant Tailors, And Manufacturers of Gent's, Youth's and Boys, Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods. 121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH. april.

SLATE ROOFS. Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of

Peachbottom & Buckingham SLATE

for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with

NOAH CASEBEER, Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY. April 5th, 1875.

PRODUCE HOUSE. CAYWOOD & LEWIS. Produce Commission Merchants, And Wholesale Dealers in *Butter, Eggs, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Seeds, Green and Dried Fruits.* —RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE— 337 Liberty St. PITTSBURG, PA.

All letters of inquiry in regard to the state of our market and other business matters, promptly answered. Stencil Plates and Price Currents furnished free. May 17.

JNO. HARKINS. PRACTICAL Pattern and Model Maker, 67 WATER ST., COR. FERRY, SECOND FLOOR, Pittsburgh Pa.,

Models for Patent Office a specialty. All kinds of Pattern Work promptly executed. May 31.

E. H. WARDWELL, WITH ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO. 285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D., Would respectfully ask the merchants of Somerset county, to send him their orders for NOTIONS, FURNISHING AND FANCY GOODS. assuring them satisfaction both as regards price and quality of goods. Merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases. May 10.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Sealed proposals will be received for building Somerset House from July 6th to July 20th, plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Dr. S. S. Good, building to be done immediately. MRS. E. A. FLICK. Proposals received for part or whole. July 5

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLENT BRYANT.

A Mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Toses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who states, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his Written roll,
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they rise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers: the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Born under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the ingulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their task
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe who smiles on her again;
The torrent wrests it from her arms, she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands outstretched in rain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingled with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.
Lo, wilder grows the stream; a sea like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters: populous realms
Swept by the torrent see their ancient tribes
Ingulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where the tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Grown hilly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings overturned
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in everyone of these
A blighted hope, a seperate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.
Sadly I turn and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope.
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low, and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenious youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By thy great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief shadowed Present there shall be
A present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

—*Scribner's for August.*

A Centennial Trip.

The members of the New York State Press Association will visit Philadelphia the latter part of August, devoting a few days to sight seeing. The party will consist only of the members of the Association and their friends. This trip will take in a visit to Mauch Chunk and the Pennsylvania coal fields. It will be under the more immediate charge of the notable newspaper guide, Ed. Parker, of the Geneva *Gazette*, and there is little doubt with so capital a guide the press party will have a season of enjoyment, as well as one of information.

A blacksmith was summoned to a country court as a witness in a dispute between two of his men. The Judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied: "I told the fools to settle; for I said the clerk would take their coats, the lawyers their shirts, and if they got into your Honor's court you'd skin 'em."

SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

The Duty of the Nation to Protect Equal Rights in the South.

Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Bayliss on "Assassination for Opinion's Sake as an Element of Free Government."

From the Indianapolis Journal July 17.

Trinity M. E. Church was crowded to repletion last night to hear the sermon of Dr. Bayliss, suggested by the outrages upon the family of Senator Twitchell, in Louisiana, with which this community have become familiar by reason of the funeral of Mrs. Helen E. Willis, in this city, last week. Hundreds went away from the church because of lack of room. The discourse was listened to with the deepest interest, and three times the audience broke over the restraints of the time and place, applauding loudly, when with earnest indignation, the reverend gentleman spoke of the insult heaped upon the memory of the dead woman by the editor of the *Sentinel*, in comparing her funeral to the funeral of a street-car horse. But the sermon speaks for itself. It was as follows:

THE TEXT.

Ps. xciv., 1-6: O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth; O God, to whom vengence belongeth, show thyself.

Lift up thyself, thou judge of the proud. Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they utter and speak hard things, and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage.

They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.

THE SERMON.

Without knowing or intending it, the psalmist has here given us a picture of large proportions of the South, and has furnished a form of prayer for the stricken ones.

The truth has been forced upon us, for we have had among us during the past week a spectacle which to many of us was appalling. We have followed to the grave the remains of a woman who was killed by Southern cruelty, and we have seen following her in his solitary sorrow, a man, both of whose arms have been destroyed by bullets from a rifle in the hands of a Southernor. The woman is at rest. The angry surges of sectional hate will sweep over her no more. The crack of the assassin's rifle cannot again disturb her sleep. She has heard of the murder of her kindred for the last time. Let us congratulate her. The brother is not so. He still lives—lives to remember the graves of his murdered kindred; lives to look at the meager stumps of his helpless arms, and to be reminded by them every day of his life of the malevolent coolness with which an assassin, in open day, in the most conspicuously public place in a Southern village, deliberately fired twenty-one shots at him and his companions, and then rode unmolested away. Lives also to think that he has suffered all this in a country for whose freedom and unity he had received other wounds in the open war. Some of us have seen this man sitting in the deep shadow of his bereavement, and absolutely so helpless that a friend was compelled to sit by and wipe for him the tears which ran over his scarred face as he mourned for his dead. We have seen him helped into a carriage by friends who found it difficult to assist him because he had no arms for them to take hold of; and yet he could not go alone, because the same assassin had made ghastly wounds in other parts of his body.

And as we looked some of us wept, partly for pity for him, partly for shame for our country that is so stained by those infamies, and partly in a sort of helpless indignation or impotent rage that such is the structure of our government, and such its relation to society and public sentiment, that such outrages can be perpetrated by the thousand, as they have been, and the guilty parties go free, no arrests made, no indictments found—a free riot of blood.

This comes home to us. We hear of such instances often, but they are far away and distance robs them of their startling horribleness. Indeed, in the peacefulness of our Northern society, it seems to us that the reports must be exaggerations. It seems incredible to us that in civilized society assassins should prowl about day and night, killing men for their opinions. The most of us had read of this case, but we gave little heed to it. We did not hear the crack of the rifle, nor see the cool murderer ride away when his work was done. But the victim unexpectedly to himself and us, finds himself here for a few days, and we can see him and hear him and help him bury his dead. Thus the truth comes home to us, and we are compelled to believe that political assassination is a verity in America, as real, as unscrupulous, as bloody, as awful, as the Secret Council and the Bridge of Sighs in Venice in the days of despotism.

It is a task at once both wicked and hopeless, to attempt to silence the clamor about these infamies. If they cannot be punished they must be denounced. If the conscience of the nation is not dead, it must speak, and will speak. We cannot be true to our Declaration of Independence, to the rights of man, nor to the God of nations, unless we lift our voices in condemnation. Our denunciations must be neither few nor feeble. And the loudest and fiercest of these denunciations must come from the church of Christ. Shall she see the weak trampled in the dust, and the helpless crushed, and not speak? Shall we content ourselves with hymn-singing and prayers, celebrating a decorous worship in easy pews, and let great wrong surge and roar through the nation unrestrained by even a protest from us? Shall we sacrifice justice at our very altars, and then attempt to atone for the sacrilege by a louder anthem to God?

I fancy God wants no such worship. He wants His people to be as righteous as they are devout, and to have as much conscience as they have rapture. More than once has God told His people that He was tired of their new moons and Sabbaths, and has commanded them to offer less worship and practice more goodness; to put away the evil of their doings, and to relieve the oppressed. For the church to be silent about such wrongs as these would expose her to the taunts of her enemies, that "she has less justice than truth, and less goodness that piety."

I am glad to believe that the spirit of outrage is not universal even in the south. While I suppose there is general discontent at the results of the revolution which has swept over them, the discontent is not everywhere a passionate hate. I am assured that, in a feeble way, many in the South protest against these infamies.

Neither is there any political party which, as a whole, indorses them. None would dare to do it, as I suppose none desires to do it, and if any party is in such a relation to them as to feel called upon to apologize for them, or even to silence the clamor of an outraged conscience concerning them, it is a misfortune for that party.

It is also to be conceded that passion and brutality in the South are not unnatural. Slavery brutalizes owners as well as slaves, and if either can rise above this result it is because he is superior to the logic of his situation. It is a fearful thing to the master to put him in absolute possession of the bodies and souls of men and women, and so hedge him about that their testimony cannot be taken against him even in a case of murder. Human nature in its average instances is not strong enough to resist temptations to violence and brutality under such conditions.

Besides this, revolution has swept over them, and it must be galling to men who have learned to be domineering, arrogant, and brutal, to find their former chattels now free and practically masters of the situation in some localities. I can understand, to some extent, the fierce fire of mingled chagrin, hate, and vengeance which burns in the bosoms of some of these men. Others are continually taunted by the fact that, though once affluent, they are now almost in want, and it is not easy for them to feel kindly toward anything that contributed to their financial ruin.

But after all that can be said by way of extenuation, the awful and inexcusable fact remains that political assassination is common in many sections of the South. At the midnight hour men are aroused from their sleep and hurried, without a moment's notice, into eternity. Unarmed and unprotected men are shot down like dogs in open daylight. Some have been deluded by promises of protection and then led away to the slaughter, as Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss.

General Canby and Dr. Thomas went of their own accord into the Modoc camp, and then were slain. But they had no promise of protection from the red men; they were not lured to destruction as ships are by the false lights of the wrecker. And yet how our outraged consciences demanded vengeance upon the treacherous murderers. No pursuit of them was swift enough to please our vengeful feeling; no cost of war was deemed extravagant. But Homer Twitchell and his brothers-in-law were promised protection. It was said also, that unless they yielded to the suggestion there would probably be a massacre of negroes; their humanity was appealed to; they would save themselves and hundreds of others by yielding to the friendly request of their neighbors. Thus appealed to they consented, and then were betrayed and killed.

Official reports show that these murders amount to thousands. No scenic effects are needed. We may not try to make the case appalling by drawing upon our imagination for tragic drapery. It is a St. Bartholomew in detail; a stream of blood which makes up in continuity of flow what it lacks in volume.

Some affect to disbelieve, and I would that for the honor of humanity, and especially for the fair fame of our own land, there were some room for doubt. The fact that we are Americans would lead us to desire to doubt. But there is no more doubt that thousands have been murdered in the South since the war than there is to doubt whether the war occurred. The reign of terror is no more a fact in the history of France than is the reign of terror a fact in large sections of the South to-day. And there is as little room to doubt that the vast majority of them are political assassinations. They are not the result of sudden passion, but of settled hate; they are not the issue of individual quarrels, but are deliberately planned for the accomplishment of ulterior ends.

Sometimes in the North a mob breaks into a jail and hastens what it calls an execution of justice against some gross offender, and in very rare instances we almost feel that there is some show of reason for the madness of the mob. But among the thousands of victims of Southern diabolism, almost none have been convicted or even accused of any grave offense. The bullet has smitten the innocent, and the knife has cut the unoffending.

It is not necessary to disguise the fact that in some cases bad men have been lifted into places of power in the Southern States; adventurers and fortunehunters from the North, many of whom should be removed by legal processes from the positions which they hold. But when men appeal to this fact in vindication of assassinations and massacres their logic becomes as imbecile as their feelings are diabolical. The corruptions of occasional office holders are no apology for wholesale murder, and no distortion of logic can make them so.

A NON-PARTISAN LOOK AT THE SITUATION.

Now let us forget that we are either Republicans or Democrats, and for a moment look at this state of things as American citizens and Christians.

As an element of free government it is an inconsistency which no words of mine can fully characterize. The granite on which our government rests is the declaration that "all men are created free and equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This is our boast; we have proudly flaunted it in the faces of emperors and kings; it is the weapon with which we have made our merciless assaults upon the despotisms of the world; by it we have indulged the governments of all history and explained the mystery of their destruction; it has pointed our logic, inspired our oratory, and inflamed our national pride.

And within the last fifteen years thousands upon thousands of persons have been killed in this country for reasons largely political or social. There is no other civilized or semi-civilized nation on the globe, republican, monarchial, or autocratic, in which one-tenth as many victims have fallen by assassination for similar reasons in the same time. Freedom's plague-spot is the southern section of this Union; the strongest argument in favor of centralized government which the world now furnishes is that same section of this country. It would be a relief to fly to despotism from such democracy.

All nations curse the Romish hierachy for its inquisition, and deservedly so. It thrilled Europe with terror; it threw over the intellect of the nations an almost starless night of stagnation. It manacled the ages, and hurled them, terror-stricken at the feet of pontiffs who grew cruel through excess of absolutism and puerile through excess of security. It brought hell on earth and cast the nations into it.

But even the inquisition tried men; it mocked them it is true, but it was in formal phrases of legal import, they were arraigned, condemned, and punished under some form of law. But this proscription assails men in open day, murders them as they sit by their fire-sides; calls them to their doors, and when they answer the summons shoots them in the very presence of wives and children; seizes them and then carries them to cornfields and turns them loose, and shoots them as they run for their lives, just as brutal sportsmen turn rats out for terriers in rat-pits; murders teachers who are peacefully engaged in that work of education which has been both our necessity and our boast since 1776. And all this in America, where we, the other day, celebrated our centennial Fourth of July, when the whole air was resonant with voices of orators and thunder of guns, and all for freedom; where we made the valleys and hills and mountains, and the very heavens, luminous with liberty's beacon fires and flaming rockets.

If dead men know anything of what transpires on earth, what an infinite burlesque all this must have seemed to the men and women who have fallen under the assassin's hand through these years.

I repeat that as an element of our boasted free government this state of things is an inconsistency which I have no language to characterize. And it is not necessary; it characterizes itself. To sensitive and unbiased minds it is sufficiently appalling without tragic accompaniments. Remove all this from the field of politics and it would freeze all of us with horror. Nobody was killed by that band of robbers in Missouri the other day, but how the news shot through the land like a shock from some huge galvanic battery. Military interference has been called for, and large rewards offered for the arrest of the marauders. And this is well. This is as it should be. But at about the same time ten colored men were killed in South Carolina in a conflict which the whites provoked and began, and some of the victims were set loose and shot as they ran. How does that affect us? Are rewards offered for the murderers? Does an outraged nation call for vengeance.

Such a state of things brings popular government into disrepute. Such a state of things is not government at all, but anarchy, mobocracy, an unlimited caricature of government. It would make us a jest among the nations if it were not so monstrous as to be appalling. It would make monarchists laugh only that it amazes them with horror. If Turkey should practice such proscription through a term of years it would demand the intervention of Europe, and the monarchies of the old World would engage in a war for the rights of men.

The shame which came upon us from ninety years of slavery has been perpetuated through fifteen years of assassination and terrorism, and unless we can in some way get deliverance from these woes we must become a byword and a hissing among the nations. This state of things carries destruction in its right hand. It palsies business and mildews social life. Men who killed their neighbors for political reasons in that act commit suicide upon their own interests.—The South has a sunny climate and a rich soil, but European immigration shuns its disturbed territory as men avoid contagion. Men who fly from the oppressions of monarchy do not seek shelter under the terrors of anarchy. They will not take their children where they may some day be suddenly made fatherless by the caprice of a mob. Thus as a fact immigration enriches and populates the North, and goes only to carefully selected portions of the South, and in small numbers.

Such a state of things is an offense to God. Egypt afflicted Isreal, and the oppressed bore it all with a long, sad patience until many a grave witnessed to the proud Egyptian's cruelty, and God became angry. Then a pillar of fire appeared to guide the bondmen from their captivity, and they went out. But they went into a wilderness, and found their progress barred by an impassable sea. And their old enemies pressed hard after them. They would torture them into a return to their bondage. Wrong does not readily let go its grasp upon its victims, and it was thought that chariots and horsemen might frighten Isreal into return. They had begun to taste the sweets of freedom, but it was evidently supposed that substituting slaughter for slave-driving, the sword for the lash, they could be coerced into to return. They said, these men will prefer slavery before death, and by threatening them with death we can secure their servitude

But God was there, as he has always been at every scene of wrong, and everywhere, and always the friend of the oppressed. The result you know. Men try in vain to plot against God in their councils, or to fight against him in war. The pursuers were overwhelmed with destruction; they went down under the sea; the waves rejoiced over them. And Miriam took her timbrel and sang a song of victory: "God," said she, "hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea."

A great King walked and soliloquized amid the splendors of his oriental capital. It was gorgeous with every invention of barbaric splendor. And he said: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" He had subdued surrounding nations, sacked cities, and carried away captives. His career was as full of outrage as his heart was of pride. And while he was yet speaking these arrogant and wicked words a voice from heaven which must have thrilled him like the crash of doom. And the voice said: "The kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will." It was God appearing again as the avenger of public wrong.

Again there was a great feast in Belshazzar's festive hall. The song of the reveller and the shout of the satrap mingled in chaotic uproar. Lasciviousness added to the mad exhilaration of the wine cup. Despotism had condescended to a revel, and courtiers vied with their masters in hilarious sin. But there was iniquity in that kingdom also. God's people had also plundered and enslaved to increase the wealth and splendor of a blasphemous king. Suddenly a mysterious hand appe