### WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

BY MRS. C. W. DENISON.

Well, yes, sir, yes, sir, thankee,
So-so for my time o' life;
I'm pretty gray, and bent with pains
That cut my nerves like a knife.
The winters bear hard upon me,
The summers scorch me sore:
I'm sort o' weary of all the world,
Though I'm only turned three-score.

My old father is eighty.
And as beauty as a block;
You won't find many more of his age
So full of vigor and pluck.
He felled the first tree cut in the place,
And he laid the first log down.
And, living an honest, temperate life,
He's the hale man of the town.

But you see when I was twenty or so,
I wanted to go to the city,
And I got with a wild set over there,
Who were neither wise nor witty,
And so I laid the foundation, sir,
Of what you see to-day—
Old, little a-past the prime of life,
And a general wasting away.

Tain't a natural fever, this sir,
It's one no doctor can cure;
I was made to bear strong burdens,
Ox-like and slow, but sure;
And I only lived for my pleasures,
Though I had been Christian-bred;
I lived for self, sir, and here's the end—
Crawling about, half dead.

Well, well 'twon't do to think on't:
I try to forget my pain,
My poisoned blood and my shattered nerves,
My wreck of body and brain.
Only I saw you drinking just now,
Drinking that devil's drain,
There's where I like to have stepped into hell—
Aye, gone by the fastest train.

You don't like my blunt speech, mabby,
Well, 'tisn't the nicest out;
Only when a man's looked over the brink,
He knows what he's talking about.
And, if with his two eyes opened wide,
He's straight into the flame,
And nothing less than the mercy of God
Has turned his glory to shame.

Then, when he says there's a drunkard's hell,
You'd better believe its true;
I've fought with the devil hand to hand,
And tested him through and through;
For we who have bartered body and soul,
Know what body and soul are worth;
O, there's nothing like a drunkard's woe
In all this beautiful earth!

Wife! children! haven't I had? why, yes;
No man has had sweeter than I;
But children and wife are dead and dust,
For what could they do but die?
Don't ask me to tell you of them, because
It blots out God's mercy, even;
And it don't seem sure, though I've left me cups,
That my sin can be forgiven.

I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk
To drift into harbor safe;
And I feel sometimes, with my three-score years,
Like a hopeless, homeless waif;
But there's one thing certain I've overcome;
And I'll fight while I draw a breath,
When I see a fine young fellow like you
Going down to the gates of death.

*Washington Chronicle.*

### OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12, 1876.

POLITICAL.

The declination of Seymour has demoralized the Democracy of the State. It was a trick of Tilden to get a man of his own at the head of the ticket, but like a good many of the operations of smart men it hasn't worked. The decent Democracy saw through it, and they blocked Tilden's little game by demanding a re-assembling of the State Convention, and a deal from a fresh pack which had not been so carefully stocked. Who the coming man is no one can tell, but it will not be a mere tool of Tilden's; That is, he will be supposed to be free from the Tilden influence. This distrust of their Presidential nominee seems curious to people outside; but it is well understood in New York where he is known. No one has confidence in him. He is known as a slay, underground, selfish, ambitious man, who has not a thought outside of his own advancement, and a man who would sacrafice his nearest friend to make a step for himself. The Democrcy feel that he has thrown away all hope of carrying the State, and have virtually given up the Presidential race, unless it can be carried by some gigantic fraud. But they are doing desperate work, and I warn the Republicans of the country that it is not safe to sleep. The mails are burdened with documents—the committee in this city have lists of every voter in the country, classified "Democratic," "Republican," "Doubtful" and documents prepared for each are being sent out by the million. They are working with more system and energy than ever. This sly, underground, silent work is Tilden's best card,—it is the one he has always played, and because they are holding no big meetings and making no outcry, don't fancy they are doing nothing. Tilden trusts nothing to committees, he is in the fight to win—he is playing for the patronage of the Government, and he is superintending it all himself. He writes his own pamphlets, and sees that they get into proper hands. "To your tents, oh Israel."

It is a notable fact that the democracy of the East dare not do a thing till they have asked Tammany. The proposition to nominate Charles Francis Adams for the Governoship of Massachusecets was held in abeyance till Boss Kelly of this city was heard from. The partner of Morrissey thought the matter over, and finally said he was willing and accordingly he was nominated. As Tammany furnishes the money to carry New England States, as well as the repeaters, the propriety of consulting Tammany is apparent. But think of a descentant of John Quincy Adams asking permission of a New York spoilsman to be a candidate. The bones of the "old eloquent" must have turned over in their coffin.

PIETRO.

AN old lady possessed of a large fortune, and noted for the penchant for the use of figurative expressions, one day assembled her grandchildren, when the following conversation took place:

"My children," said the old lady, "I'm the root and you're the branches."

"Grandma," said one,

"What, my child?"

"I was thinking how much better the branches would flourish if the root was under the ground."

He sat crumpled up over the remains of a watermelon, with his hat on the back of his head and his toes turned inward, groaning as if his heart would break.

"Do you feel sick, Sam?" asked a sympathizing friend.

"I feel," said Sam, speaking with much difficulty, "I feel as if I was havin' a circus performance in here," and he struck himself a blow beneath the belt that sounded like the flap of a wet sheet in an eighteen knot breeze.

A girl was killed near Danville, Va., the other morning while milking a cow. If girls would only learn to play the piano and make worsted dogs such accidents would never happen.

This is a good time of the year to wear a linen duster with a fur collar.

Red is the fashionable color in Paris

### Something Short.

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.

The chains of habit are generally too strong to be broken.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

He only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason.

The less we deserve good fortune the more we hope for it.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

Let every eye negotiate for itself and trust no agent.

Money is a good servant but a dangerous master.

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions they hold him.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

The rose does not bloom without thorns. True; but would that the thorns did not outlive the rose.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self; all sin is easy after that.

Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

Wild oats are the only crop that grows by gas light.

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

### A Remarkable Story.

The Reading (Pa.) *Eagle* says: On last Saturday morning a respectably clad German, aged twenty-one years, stopped at the Cross Keys Hotel, Rockville, five miles above Harrisburg, and asked for something to eat. He was asked to sit down at the breakfast table. While eating he acted as if sick, and after having been at the table nearly an hour he asked for a physician. Dr. Snyder examined him and found that he was shot in the breast below the nipple, and also in the forehead. He said that he had tried to kill himself with a seven-shooter on account of poverty. He was taken to the Harrisburg Hospital, still conscious, but very weak. He spoke in a low tone, but with much distinctness, saying that his name was Richting Soutag; that his parents reside in West Prussia; that he came from West Prussia to this country August 15th and reached Harrisburg on the cars, where he bought the revolver. He says he held the revolver close to his body when he fired, and the appearance of his shirt and vest show that he had his breast bared when he pulled the trigger. No papers were found on his person and but a dollar in money.

### Women's Inhumanity to Man.

According to the *Courrier de Bayonne*, a man has been missing for the past ten years from the town of St. Jean de Luz and commonly reported as dead, especially by his wife and her sister, who made his absence the pretext for soliciting charitable donations, which, however, they spent in orgies. The man was not dead but had lost his sight, and his wife had shut him up in a miserable pigsty adjoining the house. Its whole furniture was a plank couch and a water bucket; his only clothing, summer or winter, a ragged shirt, and for food he had bread, potatoes and water. Meanwhile in the adjoining house and within his hearing, the women of his household gave themselves up to the most infamous practices. After leading this miserable existence for over nine years a happy thought occurred to the captive. One night he broke a hole in the wall of his prison, escaped and groped his way to a neighbor's house. The police were sent for and the two women arrested and conveyed to the prison at Bayonne.

### A Brother's Love.

Just about two minutes after an excursion boat had left her wharf yesterday, a boy twelve or thirteen years of age rushed down Wayne street as hard as he could go, waving a parcel and shouting: "Stop 'er—stop that boat!" He reached the wharf very red in the face, and as he danced around on the plank, a policeman inquired:

"Did you mean to go on that boat?"

"No, I didn't, but my sister Mary's on there."

"Well she'll be taken good care of," replied the officer.

"No, she won't either," replied the lad, blowing his nose as if considerably grieved. "She left her flirtation handkerchief at the house, and here I've run a whole mile to give it to her, and got here too late. It'll be a mighty lonesome day for her!"

### Curious Facts.

Cat-gut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep.

Kid gloves are not kid but are made of lamb skin or sheep skin.

Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs, but by the Indians.

Black lead does not contain a particle of lead, but is composed chiefly of carbon.

Turkish baths are not of Turkish origin; nor are they baths at all, they are hot air rooms.

Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but is the precipitate of the salt of protoxide of iron with prussiate of potassa.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil or even grow in Brazil; nor is it grass at all. It consists of stripes of palm leaf, and is chiefly imported from Cuba.

### Just as Much as he Knew Before.

At an inquest in Westchester county, recently the Coroner asked:

"What was your sister's age?"

"I don't know," replied the woman.

"It's customary with us to have the age," said the Coroner. "Was she sixty, seventy-five, or one hundred years old?"

"She was ten years older than my husband," said the woman.

"Well how old is he?"

"Eleven years older than me."

"How old are you?"

"There's four years' difference twixtme and my sister."

"How old is your sister?"

"I don't know, but perhaps the woman in the next house can tell."—*N. Y. Sun.*

It is not believed that there is an artist in the world who can catch the expression of a woman's face as she puts her nose into the milk-jug and finds that the thunder has soured the contents.

Man may learn wisdom from a postage stamp. It sticks to its legitimate business. Letters profit by it.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### The Best Pickles.

I told you women readers a while ago to get ready all your glass jars, and small ones of earthware, in time for making nice cucumber pickles. I got the recipe of a lady living between Lake Ontario and Niagara Falls, a women who is the best of authority and knows how to do every thing. I put up a dozen jars of pickles after her recipe last fall, and they won the praise of all the house wives who tasted.

Pick them when they are from two to four inches in length; lay them in a weak brine a day or two, or until they are wilted. Take them out and wipe them dry. If you wish them green, use a brass kettle; if not, use a porcelain kettle.

Put a layer of cucumbers in the bottom; then slice an onion very thin and put in two or three slices, but not enough to make the pickles taste onion-y; a handful of horseradish scattered over, but not enough to make them taste horseradish-y; a piece of red and a piece of green pepper, but not enough to make a very pepper-y taste.

Use no sugar, no spice. Put in a deep layer of pickles' and then a savoring of the onion, horseradish and pepper, then more pickles. Bruise the radish roots that the strength may become extracted, for in them lies the preservative power.

Pour on the best of cider vinegar, and heat slowly up to the boiling point.

Then let them boil long enough to heat them through well.

With a fork pick out the pickles and place them compactly in your jars, fitting them in as closely as possible You will be surprised to see how many you can store away in a quart or three pint jar by placing them in snugly. Then pour on the boiling vinegar, taking the precaution to keep your jar standing on a folded towel wet in cold water. Cover closely and set away in a cool place. Do not put any of the onion, pepper or radish in with the pickles. The jars that I wanted to keep a year or so I covered with two thicknesses of drilling, between which I spread warm sealing wax and pressed the covers down closely enough to keep out the air. Those in the small earthen jars I merely covered with stout soft brown paper.

They were the most excellent pickles I ever made. For a family where there is a lot of hired hands, this plan would be too much trouble. In a case of this kind I would take larger cucumbers and make them after the above formula, say a three-gallon jar full, and I would put in a double handful of bruised horseradish roots, placing plenty of them on top of the pickles, which should be kept under the vinegar with a plate and a marble weight.

### A Farmer's Wife.

Matilda Fletcher thus describes a farmer's wife who is not only beautiful and wise, but possesses several cardinal virtues in addition: "The most beautiful woman I ever knew was a farmer's wife, who attended to the household duties for a family of four, and also assisted in gardening and the light farm work; and yet I never saw her hands rough and red; I never saw even a freckle on her nose. Impossible! you say; how did she manage? I never asked her, but she had some envious neighbors who went sloutching about with, scaly hands, sunburnt faces, and their hair matted with dust and oil, who let me into the dreadful secret. They informed me with an ominous shake of the head that she was the proudest minx that ever lived; that she actually wore india rubber gloves when she used the broom and scrubbing brush and always when she worked out doors; that she had a bonnet made of oil silk, completely covering the head, face and neck, leaving only apertures for seeing and breathing thus securing perfect freedom from sun, wind and dust. Did you ever, hear of such depravity? She also fastened her dish cloth to a stick so that she need not put her hands in the water. For the same reason she accomplished her laundry work with machine and wringer. And then to see her in the afternoon tricked out in a fashionable white dress, with a bright colored ribbon at her throat, and a rose in her hair, entertaining in the parlor, as though she was the greatest lady in the land, was more than their patience could endure.

And her husband? He had such a satisfied expression that it was a perfect aggravation to ordinary people to look at him. He deserved to be happy because he encouraged and helped her to cultivate beauty in her self, her family, and her home; and I don't know but her success principally belonged to him, because he brought all the new inventions that could lighten her labors and all the delicate and pretty things she needed to adorn her home, and when she was sick he wouldn't let her touch work until she was well and strong."

### The Hearing of Bees.

The question whether bees have the power of hearing has long been a mooted point among naturalists. Sir John Lubbeck has tried experiments with his bees in order to elucidate the matter. Thus he has played the violin close to his bees, he has tried a dog whistle, a shrill pipe, a tunning fork and shouting, but no noise appeared to disturbs them. Nevertheless a curious occurrence took place at Windsor a few weeks since.

Colonel Stewart, commandign officer, Second Life Guards, reports that a short time since, when the regiment was returning down the Long Walk from a field day, a swarm of bees, attracted by the music, followed the regiment into the barracks, flying about over the heads of the band. On arriving at the barracks yard the band formed up to play the regiment into barracks; the bees followed their example, forming up also and settling on a branch of a tree over the heads of the bandsmen. They were at once taken prisoner by the corporal of the guard, and are now hived in the barracks yard.

The distance over which the bees followed the band was more than a mile. We have heard of 'spelling bees,' but these are musical bees with a vengeance. It is a common practice in the country to collect bees by means of rattling a warming pan with a piece of iron, or shaking a stone in a tin kettle, and the idea that bees will follow sounds is as old as Virgil.—*London Daily News.*

Nobody can tell what the fashion is in these hard times, for no two persons, male or female, are dressed alike, and all classes of people seem to be engaged in wearing out their old clothes.

Much may be learned in the school of affliction that can be learned no where else.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Oats by Weight.

A French chemist, M. Grandeau, has been analyzing a number of samples of oats to determine whether those of light weight are of equal value, pound for pound, to those that weigh heavier in proportion to measure. The result showed, in fact, that the composition of light and heavy oats of various kinds, when taken in bulk, is almost ndentical. There were, however, individual cases in which considerable differences were found to exist; notably one in which the lightest specimen out of the twenty six that were tested showed a higher nutritive value in proportion to weight than either of the others.

As confirming the general conclusion above stated, it is also mentioned that a French postal contractor has tried a similar experiment in a practical way Selecting out of 300 horses in his stables, two teams of twelve each, in all respects alike, and undergoing precisely the same work, one team was fed for six months on the lightest oats that could be procured, weighing 77 pounds per hectolitre and the other, for the same time, on; the heaviest obtainable, each hectolitre of which weighed 117 pounds. At the end of the period of observation no difference could be detected in the appearance of the two teams, the horses being all in excellent condition, and good working order. The oats, of course, were fed by weight, and not by measure: and the conclusion we reach is therefore that weight and not measure should be the standard by which they are bought and sold.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

### A Wonderful Tornado.

There was a dozen or more of them seated in front of the colored St. Charles' and they were talking about tornadoes.

"De worstest tornady I ever did see," remarked an old negro, "war sixteen years ago, in Alabama."

"Did she blow much?" inquired another.

"Blow much! shoo! niggers! but dat was no deck passenger, that tornady! Why, sah, it jist, lifts me right up to remember it!"

"Everything went kitin', eh?"

"Kitin'! Bress you, you poor, ignorant nigger, but I seed a mule lifted up like a fedder, and how fur d'ye spose it blode him? Jist gin a guess."

"One mile?"

"Free miles?"

"Across the ribber?"

"Into a tree?"

Each one in the crowd made a guess, and when all were through the hoary-headed old man replied:

"Niggers, you is all wrong. Dat tornady cum for that mule, and howled around, an' got under him, and lifted him up, an' he was blode jist exactly four inches by de watch, sure's you live!"

There was a painful pause, and then the crowd rapidly thinned out, while the old man remarked:

"Four inches by de watch, and I'll stick to dat state ment if I die for it."

### A Curious Reminiscence.

An interesting book has just been published by General Ashbel Smith, one of the conspicuous characters of Southwestern history. He was a prominent figure in the struggle of Texas for independence and served as Micister of the Republic to the courts of England and France before the annexation of Texas to the United States. There his *bonhomie*, his varied experience and store of anecdote, together with very unusal qualities of mind, made him the lion of the hour, ann we are told that he "was equally at home in the rude hut of the hardy Texas pioneer or in the salon of King Louis Phillippe at the palace of Neuilly.

He held social intercourse with the British Prime Minister. Lord Aberdeen, Guizot, the French statesman and litterature, Edward Everett, the able but infamous Prince Godoy, General Sancho, the Spanish Ambassador, and the lesser lights of those days who made up European court circles." Now he lives on an island in Galveston harbor, and has recently occupied himself in preparing a volume of personal reminiscences, one of which recalls an episode in the early history of Texas that came near changing the destiny of all that portion of our territory. "More than thirty years ago, writes General Smith: "I met repeatedly in Paris a personage very noted in European history during the early years of the present country—the Prince of Pesc, Il Principe de la Paz, Don Manuel Godoy.

This personag said to me that his master, Charles IV., King of Spain, had bestowed on him the province of Texas, to be an appanage of the house of Godoy. The King had also assigned to him the young women in the female asylumns of Spain to go thither—that is, to come hither—together with 2,000 soldiers, for the settlement and permanent inhabitation of this, our present State of Texas. The soldiers were designated, and the transports were being got in readiness to sail. The French invasion of Spain, under Napoleon, at this moment made soldiers needed at home. The enterprise was arrested. The Spanish damsels were restored to their asylumns. The mighty events in Spain following in quick succession and involving nearly al! Europe prevented the enterprise of Godoy from ever being resumed. There appears no reason for doubting Godoy's narrative."

The whole was a fitting incident in the history of the Spanish Court during tese hideous times.

When I used to see Godoy, then seventy-six or seventy-eight years old, he still exhibited traces of that beauty of Antinous which more than thirty years before had wrought the infamy of the court in which he ruled, the all-powerful favorite of the Queen as well as of the King. When I met him Prince Godoy was living in very plain apartments on the fifth story in a small street near the bouldevard. His sole means of subsistance in his age and in his poverty, he said to me, was 5,000 francs paid to him annully by King Louis Philippe; a salary he was once entitled to as a grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

I sometimes saw him wrapped in a Spanish cloak, sauntering solitary on the boulevards, gazing at the things diplayed in the shop-windows."

### A Brave Boy.

A New York lad, of seventeen, gave a remarkable exhibition of coolness and nerve the other day. He was a passenger on a train on the Harlem railroad, and when it stopped got out to stretch his legs on the up-track. While so engaged he was run down by a freight train and so penned in that his foot was caught under the wheels. To move either way would have thrown his whole body under the train, and the brave lad, with rare courage and presence of mind, stood stock still until the whole train had passed and his foot had been crushed to a shapeless mass.

## POLITICAL.

### SENATOR MORTON'S SPEECH.

Senator Morton's great speech, delivered at Indianapolis Friday night, has been read with absorbing interest. Mr. Morton has been in public life nearly twenty-five years, and, during all that time, he has maintained a high reputation for patriotism and integrity. He is in the habit of "calling things by their right names," and he has therefore been the object of bitter animosity, not to say vindictive hate. This animosity has from time to time, found vent in fierce assaults, but from all such encounters Mr. Morton has come forth not merely triumphant, but with the reserved ability to turn and rend his adversaries. This unimpeached and unimpeachable record, joined to a vast store of experience in public life, lends great force to his earnest, solemn warnings. Has he been an honest, faithful public servant? No man can show to the contrary. Who has had more extended opportunities to study the character and note the tendencies of the Democratic party and its teachings? Not one. Is there any evidence before the American people that Mr. Morton is less earnest in his patriotism than vehement in his partisanship? His record as Governor of Indiana during the most trying period of its history and of the history of the country, equally with his long Senatorial career, marks him as a tried, pure, and unflinching patriot. These are the grounds upon which Mr. Morton is entitled to be heard with that respect and consideration accorded to the foremost men of the country. It is in the light of these simple facts that Mr. Morton's eulogy of the Republican party and his masterly arraignment of the Democratic party should be read by every truth-seeking citizen of the country. There should be no legerdemain in politics. The men who will gather about the polls next November assemble there to perform the most solemn duty of the citizen. There they will decide between the Republican party and the Democratic party—between Hayes and Wheeler and Tilden and Hendricks. The question of paramount importance is: Do Democrats come before the country with clean hands? They come in the name of reform. Are they really reformers? Have they ever, in the whole course of their party history, inaugurated and carried forward a single measure of reform? Mr. Morton says they have not. In support of this broad assertion he cites facts. But he does not stop here. He takes the aggressive, and charges the Democratic party with the guilt of all the crimes for which the country now suffers. In reviewing the composition of the St. Louis Convention, he draws this terrible indictment of the Democratic party:

"There was the old slaveholder, with his heart full of bitter memories, believing that emancipation was robbery, and his only hope of indemnity in the Democratic party.

There was the old agitator and secessionist, who had hurried States into rebellion and drafted ordinances of secession.

There were the officers and soldiers who had borne the Confederate flag upon many a bloody field, and proudly pointed to their rebel record as their title deed of office and glory.

There were the members of the rebel Congress at Richmond, who had debated with closed doors the question of the black flag.

There were the architects and defenders of Belle Isle, Libby, Andersonville and Salisbury, scenes of horror of which the Modocs in their lava fortress had never dreamed.

There were the Northern sympathizers and doughfaces, who had waited and watched over the border, whose hearts and hopes where in the South while their bodies were in the North.

There were a few Union soldiers who had carried their scanty laurels to a Confederate market, where decoy signals were scarce and in large demand.

There was the sore-headed Republican, whose neglected claims for office had broken his faith in civilization and convinced him of the necessity for reform.

In short, there were assembled the mourners for slavery, the organizers of rebellion, the Kuklux and White liner, the Northern sympathizer and doughface, the advocate of Southern sovereignty, and the representative of every element that had torn the country with civil war, drenched it with blood, and watered it with the tears of the widows and orphans."

Now this is true or it is not true. If it is false, let Democrats show that it is false. But if it is true, we ask candidly, and we put the question to every honest Democrat and to every Republican who hesitates, is it safe to trust the Democratic party with national power? We put it to patriots who love the flag, who believe in the Union, who cherish the Constitution as the palladium of our liberties, who vote as Christians, pray under the impulse of a strong sense of religious duty to God, to themselves, and to their fellow men—we put it to them: Is it safe to entrust all the vast concerns of this grand republic to the "old slaveholders with a heart full of bitter memories, believing that emancipation was robbery and his only hope of idemnity in the Democratic party?" Is it safe to trust the Union in the hands of the old agitator and secessionist, who, only fifteen years ago, drafted ordinances of secession and hurried States into rebellion? Is it safe to trust the flag of the Union to the officers and soldiers who so lately bore the Confederate rebel flag upon many a bloody field, and who now point to their record of treason as their title-deed to office and glory? Is it safe to trust the precious constitutional doctrine of human rights in the hands of members of the rebel Congress, who, only a decade ago, with closed doors debated the question of raising the black flag, who approved all the attrocities of Andersonville, Belle Isle, Libby, and Salisbury, and who, less than six months ago, in the halls of Congress defended those atrocities? Is it safe to trust the affairs of the government in the hands of Northern sympathizers with treachery, treason and rebellion? Is it safe, in a word, to trust the fruits of a long, bloody, and costly war for the salvation of the Union to those who exhausted every resource of devilish ingenuity to destroy it? Intrust it to the mourners for slavery, the organizers of rebellion, the Kuklux and White Liner, the Northern sympathizer and doughface, the advocate of Southern sovereignty, and the representative of every element that has torn the country with civil war, drenched it with blood, and watered it with the tears of widows and orphans? These are a few of the suggestive questions involved in the argument of Mr. Morton's speech. They go to the marrow of the contest of

## POLITICAL.

next November. They are solemn questions—questions of the deepest significance, and the answer to them is pregnant with portentous results to the nation.

### GOV. HAYES' TAXES.

THAT WEAK LIE OF THE DEMOCRATS—THE CHARGE TAKEN UP AND FINALLY DISPOSED OF—WHY WON'T TILDEN DO THIS?

COLUMBUS, O., September 5, 1876.—A sensational story was telegraphed from Fremont, last Saturday, stating that it had been discovered that Governor Hayes had falsified his return of personal property made to the assessor of Sandusky county. Thinking there might be two sides to this story your correspondent called on Gov. Hayes to-night and called his attention to the matter. The Governor said the tale was a tissue of misrepresentation, but that he did not desire to submit to a formal interview, as he had already communicated all the facts in the case to Gen. Comly, of the *State-Journal*, who would furnish proof slips of the article he had prepared for the question. From these slips I condense the following:

THE CHARGES AND THE ANSWER.

The charge is that Sardis Birchard, Gov. Hayes' uncle and benefactor, listed $9,982 personally in 1873, exclusive of money and credit, and that Governor Hayes, with the same personalty in possession, listed only $1,000 in 1874. This is not true. Birchard's return included all notes, credits, and book accounts. Governor Hayes, in 1874, made no return of notes, credits, and book accounts, because all credits were swallowed up in debts. The same is true of the notes. The personalty bequeathed to Hayes was almost entirely bank stocks, upon which tax is paid by the banks. The one item of personality returned by Bichard, $9,982, was than swallowed up by obligations incurred by Gov. Hayes in carrying out Birchard's projects for the benefit of the town of Fremont. This very question was at the time investigated by a Democrat Board of Equalization and reported by them as all correct. It will be seen that the debts more than offset the credit under this item, and that the return of $1,000 in 1874 was for household goods which were not subject to this deduction. The increase in this item to $5,000 in 1875 was due to an increase in Haye's private library.

As to the second charge Governor Hayes says he never had and never returned a watch worth $300. The watch Mrs. Hayes had when a school girl. It has not been running for twenty years.

*Third*—Hayes had never owned a piano at the time the return was made, and only rented one last October for the use of a niece who was visiting him. This summer he traded a lot for one.

*Fourth*—It is alleged that Governor Hayes returned in 1875 and 1876 three horses at $300, when they were worth $500. In answer the Governor says one of these horses is twenty-seven years old, and not worth anything, yet he is listed at $50, and that the strict valuation of the other two is $80 and $100, yet he listed them for taxation at $250. His best horse cost him $125.

*Fifth*—It is charged that in 1875 Governor Hayes returned four carriages at $250, when it is known he paid $500 for one and $350 for another. In answer the Governor says the carriage referred to was not bought until a year after the alleged false return was made, and then it was properly listed. As the return of 1876 shows, two of those carriages were, in fact, a buggy and a wagon, one of which was soon after sold for $20, and one would not sell at any price, but they were listed at $75. The other was a second hand phaeton which cost $100.

*Sixth*—It was charged that $33,700 was left in Gov. Hayes' hands in bequests made by Birchard, which he was allowed to hold for three years, and that he did not return a dollar of this money for taxation. The Governor says the fact is not one dollar was left him to pay bequests, that it was intended bequests should be paid from the sales of land, and he was given three years, so the land could be sold for this purpose. This real estate is, of course, taxed by the country without consultation or consent of its owner or holder.

*Seventh*—This property all vested in Hayes by terms of Birchard's will. It was therefore not necessary, according to Ohio laws, to make separate returns of property held as executor. It all belonged to Hayes and was listed as his. Governor Hayes is authority for all statements given above.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE New York *Times* says of the circulars issued from the National Democratic headquarters in that city:

"A curious feature about these Democratic circulars is the studious suppression of the name of Hendricks. It is not mentioned at all in the circular of the National Committee, and it occurs but once in the circulars of the State Committee, and there merely in a formal allusion to the Presidential ticket. It is everywhere "Tilden Reform Clubs" that are called for, and nowhere is there the slightest intimation that the other name on the ticket represents anything or anybody in the compaign. Of course, if Democrats are satisfied with this sort of thing, no other body has any right to complain. Only, it would be curious to see Mr. Hendricks allow himself to be regulated to a position even more insignificant and contemptible than that occupied four years ago by Gratz Brown."

HON LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, of Norwich, Conn., who was Acting Vice President after the assassination of President Lincoln, being President of the Senate, and who has for several years past acted with the Democrats, and was their candidate for Congress three years ago, is now heartily in favor of Hayes and Wheeler, and expresses himself as fully assured of their success in November. He will take an active part in the campaign in his part of the State.

AT the Democratic convention in Iowa the other day, but 53 out of the 100 counties in the State were represented. Democratic reform is not in a healthy condition in that State.

A sensible writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good natured, for, says he, "an angry man cannot tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas."

GOVERNOR HAYES is 54 years old in October.


*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, Mulev 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.

# GREAT WESTERN HOTEL,

DILLENGER & CO., PROPRTO

NOS. 1311, 1313 AND 1315 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The subscribers inform their friends and the public that they have enlarged, moderated, refitted and newly furnished this large and commodious House. Street Cars to Centennial Buildings pass and repass the Hotel every minute. Prices very moderate. May 31.

# PITTSBURGH EXPOSITOIN,

NOW OPEN.

## Floral Hall and Art Gallery Complete.

S. B. Allen the greatest Pianist in the country will give two Grand Concerts on the evenings of Sept. 19th and 21st. Arrangements are being made for a Welsh Wedding on Thursday or Friday, Sept. 21st or 22d. Two Grand Paintings "Jerusalem as it was" and "Jerusalem as it is," costing $35,000 on display. Eggs hatched by electricity.

Fruit Display, week beginning September 11; Poultry and Dog Show week beginning September 18.

*Mount Union College Collection of Stuffed Animals. Rare Display.*

RARE GATHERING OF EXHIBITS.

Music by Great Western Band. Special Features from time to time. Dining Room on Restaurant plan. Blair's Ice Cream and Cakes in Dining Room.

ALL THIS IS NOW READY.

August 30.

## "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.




## HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

*Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.*

Price One Dollar.

## Buckingham's Dye.

FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

FIRST PRIZE AT VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873.

## W. H. ROSENSTEEL,

Manufacturer of superior

## Union Crop Leather

And dealer in

**Bark, Hides, and Plasterers' Hair,**

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

4,000 tons of oak and hemlock bark wanted.—Cash paid on delivery at the tannery.

## 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 shorest 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

**Winona and St. Peter Line**

Is the only route for Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

**Green Bay and Marquette Line**

Is the only line for Janesville, Watertown, Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

**Freeport and Dubuque Line**

Is the only route for Elgin, Rockford, Freeport and all points via Freeport. Its

**Chicago and Milwaukee Line**

Is the old Lake Shore route, and is the only one passing through Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha to Milwaukee.

**Pullman Palace Cars**

are run on all through trains of this road.

This is the ONLY LINE running these cars between Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and Milwaukee, or Chicago and Winona.

At Omaha our Sleepers connect with the Overland Sleepers on the Union Pacific Railroad for all points West of the Missouri River.

On the arrival of the trains from the East or South, the trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway leave Chicago as follows:

For Council Bluffs, Omaha and California, two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars through to Council Bluffs.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis, two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached on both trains.

For Green Bay and Lake Superior, two trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, and running through to Marquette.

For Milwaukee, four Through Trains daily Pullman Cars on night trains, Parlor Chair Car on day trains.

For Sparta and Winona, and points in Minnes