

# Summit and Republican

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THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1878.

NO. 20.

## THE TWO ARMIES.

The life's unending column pours.  
Two marshaled hosts are seen—  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That death flows back between.  
One marches to the drum-beat's roll,  
The wide-mouthed clarion's cry,  
And bears upon a crimson scroll  
"Our glory to be slain."  
One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad yet watchful eye,  
Calm as the patient patient's gleam,  
That walks the clouded sky.  
Along in front no armor shows,  
No blood-red plumes wear,  
Its banner bears the single line,  
"Our duty is to save."  
For those no death-bed's lingering shade  
At hushed trumpet call;  
With knotted hand and uplifted blade,  
In glory's arm they fall.  
For these no flashing falchion's bright,  
Nor stirring battle-cry;  
The bloodless stabbers call by night—  
"Each answers, 'Here am I!'"  
For those the sculptor's lauded bust,  
The builder's marble pile;  
The anthem's pealing o'er their dust,  
Through long cathedral aisles.  
For these the blossom-sprinkled turf  
That doles the lonely graves,  
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf  
In flowing fancies wave.  
Two paths lead upward from below,  
And angle west above,  
Who seek each burning life-dropper's dew,  
Each falling tear of Love.  
Through from the Hero's bleeding breast,  
Her pulses freedom draw,  
Though the white lilies in her crest  
Sprang from that scarlet dew.  
While Valor's hangly champions wait  
Till all their scars are shown,  
Love waits unobscured through the gate  
To sit beside the throne.

## The Mistress of the Mansion.

"Well, Bridget, what do you think of the bride?"  
"Oh, she's a pretty young thing; but if she had known as much as you and I do of her husband's mother, she never would have come to live with her. She's a perfect hyena; and if she doesn't bring the tears into those blue eyes before the honeymoon is over, my name isn't Bridget! Why she's the most impudent person I ever knew! She overhauled all her wardrobe yesterday, before she could get here; and, as I passed through the hall, I heard her muttering to herself, 'Silk stockings humph!—ruffled underclothes! Wonder if she thinks I'll have them ironed here? Embroidered nightgown! silk dresses! Destruction and ruin!'"  
"I'll tell you what, Bridget, there never was a house built big enough for two families to live in; and you'll find out that this won't be, I reckon."  
"What! tears, Emma's tears?" said the young husband as he returned from the counting-house one afternoon, about a month after marriage; and, with a look of anxiety, he drew her to his breast. "Tell me, you do not so soon repent your choice?"  
The little rosy mouth was held up temptingly for a kiss; and in the confiding countenance of his young wife he read the answer his heart was seeking.  
"What then, is your pet canary ill? Can't you dress your hair to suit you? Or are you in despair because you can't decide in which of all your dresses you look prettiest?"  
"Don't be ridiculous, Harry!" replied Emma, laughing and crying together. "I feel nervous, that's all, I'm so glad you've come home!"  
Harry felt sure that was not all; but he forbore to question her, for he was sure she would tell him all in good time.  
The truth was, Harry's mother had been lecturing her daughter-in-law all the morning upon the degeneracy of the times; hoped she would not think of putting on all the fine things her friends had been so foolish as to provide for her; times were not now as they used to be; that, if Harry gave her pocket-money, she had better give it to her keep, and not be spending it for nonsense; that a young wife's place was in her husband's house; and that he hoped she would leave off that babyish trick of running home every day to see her mother and sisters.  
Emma had listened in silent amazement.  
She was a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, but she was very high-spirited.  
The color came and went rapidly in her cheeks, but she forced back the tears which were starting to her eyes, for she had too much pride to let her mother-in-law see them fall.  
After old Mrs. Hall retired, she sat for a moment or two recalling her words.  
"Babyish to love my own dear home," she mused, "where I was as merry as a cricket from morning till night! Where we all sang, and played, and read, in mother's dear room, and father and mother the happiest of us all!" Then she rose and paced the room. "Babyish! I won't be dictated to!" repeated the young wife, "I'm married, if I am only nineteen, and my own mistress!" And the rebellious tones would come in spite of her determination.  
But then the thought of Harry—dear Harry—whom she had already learned to love so well.  
Her first impulse was to tell him. But she had too much good sense.  
And so she smiled and chatted gaily with him, and hoped he had set it down to the account of "nervousness."  
Still the hours passed slowly when he was absent on business; and she felt uneasy every time she heard a step on the stairs, lest the old lady should subject her to some new trial.  
"I wonder what has come over our Emma?" said one of her sisters; who has grown so grave and matronly. I half-hated Harry when he carried her off; and I quite hate him now, for she's so sedate and moping. I desire to keep my neck out of the matrimonial noose!"

## The Needs of Nurses.

In a recent lecture upon "The Needs of Nurses," Dr. Vanderbeck said: "Nearly every home has at least one who is willing to be a nurse, and although this is meritorious, yet it will not do when the time comes to succor the sick-room. I do not believe in natural-born nurses and doctors; it takes practice as well as a natural intuition to become an efficient nurse, and vast labors of preparation are also necessary. The best nurse is one having natural ability, plus thought, study and experience. It is not excusable in our time to be ignorant of the duties of a nurse, as many papers are devoting columns to the subject, and various institutions are discussing the question to its fullest extent. The speaker gave numerous illustrations where ignorance in the sick-room had proven fatal. He continued: 'We will first consider the room, and the question will arise, is any room good enough? No; any room is not good enough, a large room is the best and plenty of ventilation is necessary. There should not be any carpets on the floor, and if it is to be a place of sickness, you should go to the trouble of removing them, and taking out all the furniture not in immediate use. It should not be too high up, and for the very aged it should be as near the ground floor as possible. In case of contagious disease it should be isolated as much as possible from the rest of the house. If it is in the country it can be very convenient to have a pleasant outlook, but in the city it is sometimes more difficult, and in the latter place it should be in the front of the house when convalescent, and the rear when the patient is an invalid. As regards ventilation, it is absolutely necessary to see that there is a sufficiency of fresh air; for if it is necessary for a well person to sleep in a pure atmosphere, how much more necessary that the diseased person should breathe the pure element. Then see that there is no noise in the room; see that the doors do not creak, that the nurse does not talk too much, that there is not too much water used in cleaning the room. Should there be any flowers or plants in the room? Yes, most certainly; and here, I expect, there are many who will differ from me, but I say flowers are very beneficial to a patient. There should be light, but it is not necessary to have blue glass, that is entirely useless. In regard to the bed, there should be two of them, and if there is no opportunity for this, you should have one large bed, so that one side can be made up while the other is being used. The best attendants are those who are near and dear to the sick, although there are in these days many professional nurses who are very good, but the very best is one who has some affection for the invalid. We should steer clear of persons who are always over-sure, others who are long-faced and always looking on the dark side, and then there are others who are the very opposite, and are telling you continually that you are not sick; then there are the melancholy, the superstitious, the slovenly, and above all the meddlesome nurse. All of these should be avoided, and never listen to the latter class, because they are the very worst. In cases of dying do not be constantly feeling the pulse and the limbs of the patient, and keep crying "they are growing colder," and using some similar expressions; this is a horrible thing, for in many cases the senses of the dying are very acute. Never whisper in the sick-room, except to the patient; to the other persons never speak in anything but an ordinary tone of voice. Again, never deceive a dying person, and yet, never be abrupt about breaking bad news to them. The nurse who is sitting up with the patient should always have a lunch about midnight, so that you have something to break your fast from supper to breakfast. In cases of contagious diseases, the nurse should sit between the patient and the open window, and thus prevent any dangerous results. The lecturer spoke also of the diet suitable to patients. In closing he said that a nurse should be healthy, refined, educated, and not a gossip, and he should be able to furnish food for the mind, for nature has brought the mind and body in contact, and all the physician has to do is to watch the course of nature and prescribe accordingly."

## The Equine Wonders at the Aquarium.

The current attraction at the Aquarium New York, is of more than general public interest. It consists of a troupe of ten Broncho horses, whose evolutions constitute a genuine novelty. The fascination which pertains to ordinary circus performances has been heightened in this instance by the adoption of a novel and ingenious plan. Briefly stated, it is to present an equestrian entertainment divested of the mere mechanism of the "ring." Extraneous aids are disregarded. The horses appear without riders. They are neither "checked," driven or directed, but perform evolutions which are wholly the result of training, and perform them without assistance.  
These horses were originally wild on the plains, and have undergone all stages of subjection until they are now under complete control. To what extent they may be carried is shown in some of their marvelous feats. The horses first execute a military drill, forming into line, answering the roll-call and marching in single and double file, and in platoon, counter-marching and executing other martial tactics. A handkerchief is passed along the entire line from mouth to mouth. At the conclusion of this, Piccinna, who is perhaps the most spirited of the ten, compels the others to leave the ring in successive order, without a word of direction or assistance being uttered by any one. Then two horses open a lid of a box and find a handkerchief concealed therein, which is delivered to the owner. One horse makes choice among flags of different colors, such ones as the audience select, and afterward leaps through

## Trying It.

Henry Crook came to Detroit from the East to keep books. He found all the books so well kept that he had no opportunity. Then he tried to get into the postoffice. He tried to get in at the basement window, but got a broken head. He then decided to start a bank, but a policeman started him. He made an offer of \$40,000 for two propellers and a schooner, tried to buy out in business as a diamond broker when he concluded to get drunk and then not to taste another drop for fifty years. At dead of night a song was heard from the bowels of the darkest coal shed on the wharves. He sang in bass, baritone, alto, tenor, and several other styles, and it was some little time before the officer could tell whether the noise was that of a conflict between two sealions, or a buzzard working on scrap iron. "You bet he goes up," suggested the court, as the prisoner stood before him. "Hain't I gone up 'nuff already?" "Asked the man as he surveyed himself." "Is this a cold world?" queried the court. "Cold! Why, Judge, I druther be turned adrift on the ocean in a canoe than to walk this town with empty pockets and a hungry stomach! The glass looks blue to me; the handsomest woman an' alligators in my sight, and I feel like wringing the neck of every meek old man I meet!" "Well, I've sent you up for thirty days. You'll get a square living and a good bed for a month or two." "My revenge—my hour of vengeance shall come!" exclaimed the prisoner. "And so will a clean shirt, I hope!" quietly observed his Honor as he bowed him to the care of Blah.

## Married by Death.

It was near Chadd's Ford, Pa., and at a beautiful romantic spot. There is a turbulent stream running between high banks, on which stunted willows grow while further down, at the water's edge, the weeping variety of the same tree dips its greenish tresses in the musical water, which has hushed its riotous noise to almost a requiem since the death of George Ricketts and Mollie Dolbel—"as fine a young man and as pretty a girl," the farmers say, "as you will find in all Chester county." This is how they met their death. Mollie was one of those pink-and-white damsels that you sometimes meet in the grazing regions of Pennsylvania. Her hair was bonny brown, but with just a glint of black in it, as if it had been gently touched by a raven's wing. She was light-hearted and as merry as the lark which with she arose, the lark that caroled above her head as she leaped her neat dress about her entrancing ankles, and skimmed into the stone dairy where the patted pans were ranged, and the yellow pots of butter decked the cool water. The trouble with Mollie was that she had two lovers—one George Ricketts, a stalwart farm-hand, and the other Hugh O'Donnell, a sullen, red-whiskered man, employed on the small drawbridge over the Fox Run that we have spoken of. This draw was seldom used save for a lazy schooner that came up to get terra-cotta pipe from a manufactory above. The two men knew that they were rivals, and Mollie knew it, too, being no mean altogether. She measured 18 feet. They slept upon the river shore, or on the floating timber and grass as well as in the overhanging trees, but may, with ease, remain under water a long time without coming to the surface. The young are found in the creeks and pools near the higher lands, and are frequently captured. We killed a few days ago, a small, six-foot-long specimen by spearing it first and shooting it after. Such a snake may drown a small child. A man can easily dispatch quite a large croak, but he must be careful. One day he called itself around him by cutting through one of its coils, when he will at once find himself released. They are not feared on account of their bite, but of their great crushing force by means of coiling themselves around their prey whether animal or man. It appears from these statements that life in tropical homes has its drawbacks when their bath houses have such unwelcome and rather formidable visitors. It also proves, what is of more importance, that the creature is by no means altogether harmless, but will, if tempted, attack man himself as readily as the larger or smaller animals living in the river, the adjoining marshes, or near the precincts of houses, if these should be located, as in the case of Mr. Rhone, on the banks of a side branch of the main river.

## A Modern King Lear.

The tragedy of King Lear is not unfrequently played in spirit if not in letter, by those who never read the sad representation of filial ingratitude. Gen. Gesnola, the explorer, met with a modern King Lear on the island of Cyprus. It is the custom of islanders for a father, when too old to work in the fields, to settle his whole fortune upon his sons. It often happens that the son with whom the old man elects to live, ill-treats his father, and compels him to beg his daily food. Hadji Jorghil, following the ancient custom, settled all his property upon his sons, and supported himself by digging among the tombs for such explorers as employed him to hunt for treasures of art. In the days of his prosperity he had become surety for some relative. The debtor could not pay, and according to Turkish law, Hadji must pay or go to prison. He had nothing; his sons would not aid him, and so he was arrested, marched fifteen miles, and thrown into prison. There he remained two months, uncared for by government, until a physician procured his release by representing that the old man would die if longer confined. When released, he journeyed slowly back to his native village, hungry and broken down with grief. The next day after his arrival he tottered to the tombs. Not returning home a search was made for him. He was found crouched in an excavated tomb, his knees drawn up and his eyes fixed. He had gone beyond the reach of filial ingratitude.

## Gobing and Gobang.

There was an interesting case before Judge Wilson in Cincinnati the other day. A man by the singular name of Gobing was charged with committing an assault and at the same time battering an individual answering to the remarkable patronymic of Gobang. The names having such a striking similarity, the Judge had some difficulty in establishing which was which, and a stupid witness in the case added considerably to the confusion: "Now tell me," said the Judge, "who was the aggressor in this case?" "Witness—'Whose he?'" "Witness—'Who's who?'" "Witness—'I mean the man who struck the first blow.'" "Witness—'Gobing. He hit him Gobang,'" smiling his fists together to show how he did it. "Judge—'Did Gobang hit Gobang?'" "Witness—'No, he didn't hit him in the back.'" "Judge—'How did he hit him?'" "Witness—'He hit him, Gobang,'" another fist pantomime. "Judge—'Well, was that all?'" "Witness—'No, with Gobang; and the other fellow came up and hit—'" "Judge—'Gobang?'" "Witness—'No, this was Gobang that came up, and then it was Gobang,'" fists smiting together—"and Gobang"—another smite—"first one and then the other, and then they clinched and went down, on top." "Judge—'Gobang?'" "Witness—'No, Gobing. And then I tried to pull the other fellow off—'" "Judge—'Gobing?'" "Witness—'No, Gobang. Then the police came up, and your honor, that is all I know about it.'" "Judge—'And a very remarkable story it is too. Case dismissed. Gobing and Gobang can go.'" "Witness—'And where shall I go, your honor?'" "Judge—'Go-hang!'"

## The Hero of Fifteen Duels.

Paul de Cassagnac is the champion swash-buckler of the Paris press. His recent duel with M. Thompson was his fifteenth encounter, but he has never yet killed anybody. The author of "The Member for Paris" has kept a record of these duels, from which it appears that the Rochefortian has fought with Henri Rochefort, Aurelien Scholl, Gustave Florens, who was killed under the commune; Lissagray, the historian of the commune; Arthur Ranc, ex-member of Parliament; Edmond Lockroy, member for Aix—those and other adversaries being all Republicans. Among those with whom he has declined to fight are Lieutenant Lullier, now in New Caledonia, who publicly slapped his face; and M. Clemenceau, one of the members for Paris, who is renowned as a swordsman, and is the more dangerous from being left handed. M. Gambetta has been challenged by M. de Cassagnac, but declined even to answer him. In 1867, M. Vermorel raked up some unsavory scandal about the chief Cassagnac, and published it day after day. The son, burning to avenge his father, but finding he could get no redress, waylaid his enemy at the door of the latter's office and spat in his face, for which breach of the peace he was sentenced to imprisonment.

San Francisco is to have a grand musical festival next month, commencing on the 25th, and lasting three days.