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L. D. WOODRUFF, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY JANUARY 10 1889.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

HARRISBURG, Pa., January 7, 1889.

The Democratic State Central Committee will meet at the rooms of the Committee, Market street, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday, January 23, 1889, at 12 o'clock, noon, to elect one person to serve as Chairman of Democratic Committees, and one person to serve as Permanent Secretary of the State Democratic Central Committee, for the ensuing year; and to transact such other business as may properly be brought before the committee.

The rules that relate to this meeting are as follows:

RULE ONE—The Democratic Organization of the State of Pennsylvania shall consist of: First—A Chairman of Democratic Committees, and a permanent Secretary.

Second—A Democratic State Executive Committee, composed of nine members.

Third—A State Central Committee.

Fourth—Nine State District Committees.

RULE TWO—The Chairman of Democratic Committees shall be ex-officio, a member of all the committees and the Acting Chairman of the Democratic State Executive and State Central Committees.

RULE THREE—The Chairman of Democratic Committees shall be elected by the Democratic State Central Committee at an annual meeting thereof to be held on the first Wednesday after the third Monday in January, at such place as may be designated by the State Executive Committee and shall hold office for a period of one year or until his successor shall be duly elected. Any qualified Democratic voter of the State of Pennsylvania shall be eligible to said office.

RULE FOUR—The State Central Committee shall consist of one member from each county and the Chairman of the local county organizations shall be ex-officio the member of the Democratic State Central Committee from said county, provided that any county that is entitled to more than one State Senator shall have an additional member for each additional Senator which said additional member shall be elected in such manner as the local county organizations of the respective counties may determine, and provided that not more than one member of the State Central Committee shall be elected in any senatorial district from the same county. And this Committee shall elect one permanent Secretary who shall have charge of the records of the Committee and transmit the same to his successor.

RULE FIVE—Members of the State Central Committee unable to attend, may, for any meeting, appoint in writing, substitutes, to act pro tem for them, but they must be voters in the counties and senatorial district which their principals represent.

RULE SIX—(Part of old rule No. 1) "It (referring to the State Central Committee) may at its (referring to the annual meeting in January or subsequent meetings fix the time for the State Convention and arrange therefor."

ELLIOTT P. KISNER, Chairman. BENJAMIN M. NEAD, Permanent Secretary.

THE WORLD-WIDE INFLUENZA.

As what has been variously called influenza, la Grippe and Tyler grip is finding its way with wonderful speed into every nook and corner of this country, it may be of general interest to know something of its history during the past century. We, therefore, make room for the following items:

The last appearance of the grip, which is now afflicting a good many communities, was in 1843. Of course there have been limited epidemics of influenza since, but nothing of such a wide-spread nature. It is a singular coincidence that the last severe epidemic was during the term that should have been served by the grandfather of the present President. As he died within a month after his inauguration, the epidemic took place during that part of Harrison's term that was filled out by Tyler. The disease was known as the "Tyler grip." Tyler had abandoned the Whig party on the bank question, and during his entire term he was cordially hated by the Whigs.

Every affliction, from the hog cholera to the potato-rot, was charged to Tyler. The Whigs took all unhappy experiences as a just penalty for having made Tyler the Vice President. So when the influenza made its painful way into every town and village in the country, making strong men weep and giving everybody a sore throat and a headache, the Whigs charged it to Tyler, and everybody spoke of the "Tyler grip." This much is certain—that the two most decided epidemics have followed the election of a Harrison to office and the Democrats may make the most of it.

Account of an epidemic catarrh of influenza, by Dr. John Fothergill, London, December 6, 1775: "About the beginning of last month it was mentioned to me in many families that most of the servants were sick; that they had colds, coughs, soar throats, and various other complaints."

"In the space of a week these complaints became more general; few servants escape them, especially the men who were most abroad; many of the other sex, likewise, and people of higher condition were attacked; nor were children wholly exempted." "Most of those whom I saw were seized (and often so suddenly as to be sensible of the attack) with a swimming or slight pain in the head, a soreness of the throat and all over the body, with a sense of coldness, particularly in the extremities. A cough soon followed, a running of the nose, watery eyes, and slight nausea."

"More or less feverish heat, inquietude, pain about the breast and limbs soon succeeded." "In many cases it was necessary to take away some blood." "Other treatment consisted of warmth; diluting, cooling liquids; mild diaphoretics, and gentle and repeated purgatives. Sometimes blisters became necessary, and were serviceable in abating the cough, which was the last of all the symptoms to give away." "Many who neglected themselves, and went abroad with the distemper upon them, frequently got ad-

Donald Monro, London, May 30, 1783: "This disorder has been epidemic in many parts of the continent for some time past." "It commonly begins with a sneezing and running at the nose, and more or less cough, attended with fever, heaviness, pain in the head and back, or with a weariness and pain in all the bones." "Account of the influenza, as it appeared in Devonshire, in May, 1783, by Dr. B. Parr: "Patients were commonly attacked with irregular shiverings, a weight and confusion of the head, with indistinct vision." "There was soon a considerable flow from the eyes and nose; a harsh, short cough; a sense of excoriation in the fauces, larynx, and oesophagus, and sometimes an aching pain externally down the throat and breast. The languor and debility were considerable, and the attack often so sudden that there was not an hour's interval between perfect health and extreme weakness." "The disease often yielded to light diluting liquors and confinement in bed. Emetics, however, hastened the cure." "I have not been able to learn any case of a second attack after a complete crisis." "During the progress of the epidemic the horses were affected with a cold."

"Watch Night" as it was and is—New York's Knickerbockers—Modern Swells and Anglomaniacs—The Old Customs Went Out All at Once.

"Goin' to sit up to-night?" "I reckon—yes, I reckon I will. Not-in' in it, y' know, but lots o' fun and fresh cider."



"COWS KNELT AT MIDNIGHT."

Such a conversation might have been heard in any rural region of the central west some forty years ago on any New Year's eve. And the "setting up" was the one and only point in which New Year's observances differed from those of Christmas. The Knickerbockers have so far impressed themselves upon American life that most of the present generation think "calls and congratulations" have always been the great feature of New Year's.

Know then, innocent youth, that as late as forty years ago "New Year's calls," as New York has known them, were an unknown institution in three-fourths of the United States. But in the border states, especially the southern sections of the states just north of the Ohio, the practice of "watching the old year out and the new year in" was the one thing peculiar to New Year's. Wonderful things were to be seen at that hour. Cows fell upon their knees, foals went through a sort of reverential performance, the wild animals lost their fear of man, and certain plants of a mysterious nature sprang up in the dooryard.

"I have had the children pull and lay on my lap shoots as long as my hand," was the testimony of one good old lady, and for aught any hearer could ever discover, she honestly believed it. A little later, when the old superstition died out, "Watch Night" became a religious proceeding. The ordinary evening meeting was followed by a "song and praise" session. A few minutes before midnight the members of the church gathered around the "altar" (it was merely a space in front of the pulpit, but the old name remained), and sometimes joined hands in a circle.

As the minute hand of the clock neared the XII mark the most profound silence was observed—every Christian was supposed to be in silent prayer for pardon for the sins of the closing year. When the new hour and new year began all broke into a glad song, often mingled with "shouts" in Methodist or United Brethren churches, and after the song closed the members pledged each other to renewed devotion and "greater faithfulness to duty" for the coming year. The negroes, always quick to adapt their old African customs to their new religion, took special delight in this one, adding many fanciful features; and it still survives in the far south as "Walking Egypt."

But what of the original "Watch Night?" Well, all we can say is that some of our ancestors brought it from Scotland with them, and as they told of the wonderful things that had happened in Kentucky and Indiana told the same things as having happened in Maryland, and by and by their children in Illinois and Missouri told of them as occurrences in Maryland or Kentucky, and so the superstition lived on in many neighborhoods even to the outbreak of the civil war.

Ah, the war—that iconoclastic war! How many fine old traditions did it banish at once and forever. How many sweet illusions were utterly destroyed; how many local customs, how many racy local legends; how mightily did it fuse all the people of the north into one image and likeness. "There have been



NEW YEAR'S CALLING IN KNICKERBOCKER TIMES.

no witches in Germany since the wars of Napoleon," was a German saying of the last generation—"Bonaparte killed all the witches." And so there have been since 1860 no visions of the "Watch Night"; no praying cows, no devotional roosters, no suddenly growing night plants.

Christmas had its own riotous sports and shooting matches in the early west, Easter its "calicoed eggs," and the Fourth of July its cannon or anvils with procession and speech; but New Year's had nothing peculiarly its own but

is really the older festival; Christmas was added at a comparatively late day. It was perfectly natural that all people from the earliest times should celebrate the beginning of the year, and if the domestic animals had any sort of fellow feeling about them why shouldn't the cows and the roosters pray for their owners? In Ireland the fairies and elves clustered around the shrines on holy nights; in England the dark shadow of Druidism long rested on the holy days; but it was in Scotland—the land of gloomy crag and tarn and black mountain pass and grownsome mist—pre-eminently the land of superstition, that even birds and beasts bowed to honor the New Year's. From the Highlands the exiles brought the tale to sunny Maryland, but in that region it soon took on bright and joyous traits.

New Year's observances are of very ancient origin. The Romans on the first day of the year were accustomed to exchange greetings and make presents. These under the Caesars were a great source of profit to the emperor and quite burdensome to his subjects. The church at first prohibited Christians from having anything to do with it, but at last made it a Christian festival.

Strange to say the custom of calling on New Year's day grew most nearly universal among the Chinese and Americans. The former celebrate the New Year through three days, during which they call on their friends, exchange greetings in the streets, beat gongs, offer paper prayers and make a "Fourth of July" of it in fireworks.

In the days when a little group of frame houses with gable ends of Dutch brick clustered about the fort adjoining the point called the battery, Mynder and Vrouw, together with their children, the youths and maidens of New Amsterdam would go about making visits to each other, celebrating the day as only a primitive people could celebrate it, the elders smoking their pipes and the youngsters making merry, and all enjoying themselves heartily.



NEW YEAR'S CALLING OF MODERN DAYS.

But the burgers of New Amsterdam, as new generations came on, waxed rich. Broadway passed the old ropewalk near the present site of the Astor house, shot over Union square; and where the Fifth Avenue hotel now stands met Fifth avenue, which, climbing Murray hill, now runs through the aristocratic dwelling portions of the city. New Year's day became a social gala day. The young bloods went, half a dozen together, in carriages, and parties varied with each other as to how many calls they could make. In the palmy days of New Year's calling the most fashionable people were evening dress, the blinds of the parlors were closed, and the gas lighted. The scene within was often like that of an evening reception of the present day.

But as the Dutch New York burgers of old were overrun by the English, so the New York swells of today have suffered the same fate. A disease called Anglomaniac appeared in the land and seized upon swelldom. The English aristocrat spends the Christmas season at his country seat, and when the New York parvenu became wealthy enough to have a country seat he must needs imitate his English model and go to it for Christmas and New Year.

When the New Yorker began to spend the holidays as his English cousin spends them, New Year's calls began to fall off. So for several years New Year's calling in cities has been dropped. Fortunately there are still left people who do not have chateaus in the midst of great parks, who cling to the old custom. On New Year's day they visit their friends with something of the simplicity of former days and enjoy it as it was enjoyed then. But the great rush of New Year's day as it existed ten years ago is passed, and it is no great loss.

The Nationalists.

It was a very enthusiastic gathering that celebrated the anniversary in Boston the other day of the formation of the first Nationalist club.

The Nationalists are a body of theorists who are working hard to put into practice the ideas described so graphically by Edward Bellamy in his now famous book, "Looking Backward." These ideas are really George D. Ayres.

identical with the socialistic ideas promulgated by Laurence Gronlund and already partially crystallized in the Kaweah colony, California, but they have gained headway much faster since the publication of Mr. Bellamy's book than they were before able to make. The president of the original Boston Nationalist club, George D. Ayres, of whom a portrait is given, was of course an important figure at the recent Boston celebration.

Pictures Showing to Some Extent the Costuming of the Characters, Together with a Highly Appreciative Article from an English Paper.

Pictures of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Gondoliers," have come to hand, and two of them are here presented. The English papers all speak highly of the production, of course. Here is what The London Saturday Review had to offer early in the London run of the piece:

The story of "The Gondoliers" may be very briefly summarized. One of the two, Marco or Giuseppe Palmieri, is believed to be heir to Barataria; they have both married; but if either is king, he was married in infancy to some one else; so that there are two husbands and three wives, and mystery attaches to the problem who is at once king and bigamist. A very neat end is, however, provided, for it appears that the King of Barataria is quite another person, and that he has long been devotedly attached to the girl to whom he was wedded at the age of 6 months. This is the main story, the clever satire of a monarchy tempered with republican equality being incidental. Casilda, daughter of the Duke of Plaza-Toro, an impetuous hidalgo who is being made into a limited company, loves her father's "suite," his drummer Luiz, the sole attendant upon the impoverished duke. Casilda learns that she was married in infancy to the Prince of Barataria, and, as he lives, Luiz and she must part. "Henceforth," she says, "my life is another's." The dialogue continues:

Luiz—But stay—the present and the future—they are another's; but the past—that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that! Luiz—Yes it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me? Cas. (demurely)—I say I may not love you. Luiz—But you do not say you did not love me? Cas.—I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express—and that but ten brief minutes since. Luiz—Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minutes since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (Embracing her.) Cas.—I see your idea. It is ingenious, but don't do that. (Releasing herself.) Luiz—There can be no harm in reveling in the past. Cas.—None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively. Luiz—Perhaps not. Cas.—We may recollect an embrace—I recollect many—but we must not repeat them. Luiz—Then let us recollect a few! (A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.) Luiz—Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!



A COSTUME IN "THE GONDOLIERS."

Cas.—A quarter of an hour ago? Luiz—About that. Cas.—And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life! Luiz—Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ago! Cas.—How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter—well, it's now about twenty minutes since. (Looking at her watch.) Luiz—About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

The verse is frequently poetical, and it is charming to note the manner in which Sir Arthur Sullivan enters into the spirit of the lines. The Gondoliers' duet, "We're called Gondoliers," is light and gay, until a reference is made in the course of it to vespers and vigils and serenades, and then a shade of sentiment is cunningly suggested in the score by other means than a simple piano. The good ideas are discreetly handled and not overdone. The fantastic notion of turning the Duke of Plaza-Toro into a limited company is a case in point. A few sentences spring from the announcement. The daughter trusts that she may never be called upon at any time to witness her honored sire in process of liquidation; and her mother admits that, "if your father stops, it will of course be necessary to wind him up." Otherwise little is heard of the Duke in his novel capacity until the excellent satire of the song in which Duke and Duchess describe the nature of the functions they fulfill, the Duke explaining how he secures honors to satisfy cheap ambition, advertises "ready made" tailors, at whose manufacture he admits that Robinson Crusoe would gibe; while part of the Duchess' confession runs:

I write letters blatant On medicines patent, And use any other you mustn't; And vow my complexion Derives its perfection From somebody's soap—which it doesn't.

"It certainly doesn't" the Duke quaintly echoes. The ladies who at once advertise themselves and soap are so familiar, and the business is so obvious and absurd, that it is a wonder satirists have had nothing effective to say hitherto.

Sir Arthur's music is unfailingly melodious, and the freshness of it, considering that this is his tenth opera, is quite extraordinary. Only very rarely indeed do we catch a faint echo of his

when he purposely imitates—always with taste and gracefulness—the manner of a school. One of the most remarkable and delightful features in the score is its variety. Sir Arthur has a marvelous aptitude for fitting his music to the occasion, and can be gay or tender with equal ease and appropriateness, while he has always struck us as the one composer of the day, at any rate the one English composer, who can extract genuine humor from an orchestra. The long opening number is full of melody, and the Duke's entry with drum obli-



THE QUINTET.

gato is not to be heard with a grave face. The song of the Duke, allegro-marziale, is without special value; but the ballad for Luiz is a little gem. In several respects the Savoy operas are far superior to any contemporary work of the sort, and this ballad furnishes an example. Mr. Gilbert has adopted the style of the Seventeenth century poet—though for some reason he has chosen to date the opera at a later period, 1750—and Sir Arthur has entered into the spirit of the words with wonderful feeling and refinement. Such work is, it may be feared, wasted on many hearers, but it will be cordially appreciated by those who have perception. Tessa's song, "When a Merry Maiden Marries," is again an instance of sympathetic expression.

It is bright, with just a touch of sentiment; while Gianetta's air, "Kind sir, you cannot have the heart our lives to part," is equally charming, though in some respects the reverse of Tessa's song in treatment—sentiment slightly predominated, but there is a light undercurrent of humor. So we come to the quartet, "Then one of us will be a queen," a burst of unmitigated joyousness and fun. Once more we find the happy blending of sentiment and the gentler humor in the verses, with the beautiful refrain of "O my darling, may you get," which the brides sing to the departing lords. And we have seen of the melody and significance of the music without mentioning one of the sources of fascination—the instrumental scoring, full of grace, force and suggestiveness. The horns have been found to do that is always curiously effective; the other brass instruments are very seldom employed, but the woodwind is constantly called into requisition; and the writing for flute, clarinet, oboe and bassoon will remain a model of what can be accomplished when perfect taste is united to a thorough mastery of orchestral resource. Passing on to the second act, we would direct the special attention of the hearer, if he be a musician, to the accompaniment of the tenor song, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes," a captivating melody in G-flat major, six-eight time, the rhythm recalling the circumstance that Marco has been a gondolier, and so acquainted with barcarolles. The chords are exceptionally rich, and at the same time singularly delicate, woodwind being joined with pizzicato violins. As for the cachaça, the writing of it must have been an easy task for Sir Arthur; but it makes a great hit, as, happily, does the quartet, "In a contemplative fashion," which doubtless cost the composer a good deal of thought.

A Portuguese Explorer.

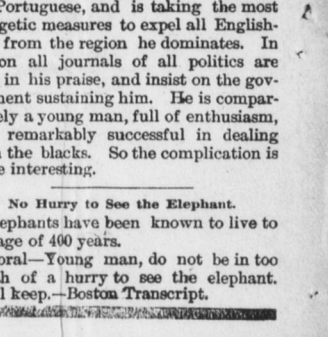
Portugal has been acting as if she would fight England rather than yield any part of her claims to African territory, but those who know best say this is only the bluster of the ruling class in Portugal, who want to divert the people's minds from the movement towards a republic. The "war feeling" is always favorable to a strong central government and the party in power, and so the Monarchists have acted shrewdly in backing up Maj. Serpa Pinto in his somewhat high handed proceedings. He was a major in the Portuguese army before he became noted as an African explorer, and, like all educated Portuguese, the burning desire of his life is to restore the glories of the Portuguese empire in Africa and India.

Four hundred years ago, nearly, Vasco da Gama made his wonderful voyage and explored the coast of East Africa, and his countrymen have ever since felt as if they owned it all. The British concede them Mozambique and the country west of it, but claim equal rights on the Zambesi and exclusive rights northward, with an open field to the interior. Maj. Serpa Pinto insists on greater rights for Portugal, charges that the British consul at Mozambique excited the Makololo to war against the Portuguese, and is taking the most energetic measures to expel all Englishmen from the region he dominates. In Lisbon all journals of all politics are loud in his praise, and insist on the government sustaining him. He is comparatively a young man, full of enthusiasm, and remarkably successful in dealing with the blacks. So the complication is quite interesting.

No Hurry to See the Elephant.

Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years.

Moral—Young man, do not be too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.—Boston Transcript.



SERPA PINTO.