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**The 100th Anniversary**

OF THE

**BATTLE AND MASSACRE OF WYOMING.**

There is a woman, widowed, gray and old,  
Who tells you where the foot of battle stepped  
Upon their day of massacre. She told  
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,  
Whereon her father and five brothers slept  
Shrouded, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave,  
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.  
And there, wild laurels planted on the grave  
By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of yon orchard hill  
Are marks where trace-worn battlements have been,  
And in the tall grass traces linger still  
Of "arrowy frize and wedged javelin."  
Five hundred of her brave that valley green  
Trod on the morn in soldier-spirit gay;  
But twenty II ved to tell the noon-day scene—  
And where are now the twenty? Passed away.  
Has death no triumph-hours save on the battle day?  
—FITZ-GREEN HALLGREN.

THE 3rd of July, 1878, will complete the century since the fearful battle and massacre of Wyoming desolated this fair valley. Historian and poet have alike preserved the picture of that dark and bloody scene in all its lurid shades—the stern reality of fact across which falls the light of romance making Wyoming's soil to be revered as classic and sacred ground.

It is eminently fitting then, as the hundred years are rounded up, that the descendants of those brave men should appropriately commemorate the day which saw their fathers seal their devotion to the cause of freedom in torture and death, and consecrate anew, with eloquence and song, the ground on which they were strewn in manly battle, or tortured and slain in treacherous surprise.

In consonance with this, the 3rd and 4th of July next will witness a Memorial Service in honor of the day and the heroic dead, worthy alike of the brave Colonists and their children, and the quiet vales of Wyoming and the busy streets of Wilkesbarre will re-echo with the recital of the thrilling story by orator and poet, with the thunders of artillery, with the tramp of thousands, and with the stirring music of martial melody.

Over the plain where the battle commenced at historic Wintermoot, ending at "Queen Esther's Bloody Rock," the procession will pass, listening to a descriptive address, while at the latter the oration will be delivered which tells of the surrender, the broken faith of the treaty, the horrid butchery and the wild hurrying to and fro of the terror-stricken women and children and aged men, to escape the torture of fire and the ruthless scalping knife, and their untold sufferings as they buried themselves far over the mountain in the "Shades of Death." At the Monument, erected by the unselfish devotion of the women of Wyoming, nearly half a century ago, other and fitting exercises will be held, which will close the Memorial Service of the first day.

On the second day, which happily commemorates the nation's birthday, the scene will be transferred to the city of Wilkesbarre, then as now the important town of the Valley. Here the Memorial Service will be transposed into one of celebration and rejoicing, that out of the suffering and affliction of that terrible day have come peace and prosperity, and out of its bitter defeat and cruel massacre, a deathless victory. The history of the Valley will be fitly and beautifully illustrated in a moving pageant, under the command of Col. Stanley Woodward as Chief Marshal, typifying the several important epochs, commencing with the aboriginal period when the Leni Lenapes held possession of Wyoming, by native descendants of that tribe. The introduction of Christianity

by Zinzendorf will be portrayed by the historical tent of skins, within which will be seen the Moravian pioneer and the legendary serpent, followed by groups representing the struggle known as the "Pennamite War." In the Revolutionary period will be given the "Battle and Massacre," which will receive an added emphasis from the presence of the whole or a portion of the descendants of the Six Nations, who come from the Reservation in New York to participate in the sham battle illustrative of the fierce struggle in which their fathers worked their cruel will a hundred years ago. The first agricultural epoch will be followed by a tableau emblematic of the War of 1812, and this by one eminently appropriate to the discovery and use of anthracite coal, in which will be seen the first grate ever used in the Valley, filled with burning coal, before which the owner, Judge Fell, shall be seen persuading its combustion with a pair of bellows. The era of the post rider and the old fashioned stage coach will form a striking feature of the pageant, the driver, Jeff Swainbank and his coach being the first to transfer passengers and mails over the mountains prior to the coming of the "iron horse." Following this comes the second agricultural period, and that by the few brave survivors of the Mexican War in which epoch Wyoming has a peculiar interest, in that the Valley sent forth as her quota, one company—the Wyoming Artillerists—of the two regiments furnished by the State. The late civil war will be properly represented, and the pageant will close with a tableau foretelling the future of the Valley.

In addition to this, which will be a living panorama of the history of Wyoming, there will be in procession a vast multitude, consisting of thousands of military, the Grand Army of the Republic from a hundred Posts, the Fire Departments of eastern Pennsylvania Societies of all degrees and Benevolent and Trade Associations of all kinds in immense numbers. If all come who have intimated their intention to do so, 50,000 strangers will visit Wyoming on these two centenary days.

The distinguished guests who have been invited to honor the occasion by their presence and have accepted, will include the President of the United States, the Governors of the original thirteen States, and many others, great by their abilities and honored by the country for their services.

Not among the least attractive features of the Memorial Service will be the music, consisting of a choir of 300 voices, and an orchestra of sixty pieces, while on the evenings of the two days, Theodore Thomas will delight the people with his famous concerts in the city of Wilkesbarre.

The battle-field and the entire plain of Wyoming will be restored, so far as practicable, to its primeval condition. Old Forty Fort has been rebuilt, the block house and palisades being an exact facsimile of the original in location and size, while dotting the river bank will be seen the log huts of the Colonists as they appeared in the olden time.

Adding greatly to the interest of the day at Wyoming will be the gratuitous display—the largest in the country—of historical antiquities and Indian relics which have all been gathered in the Valley and preserved with loving care by Hon. Steubin Jenkins and Dr. Hollister.

Following the great event, a detailed history of its proceedings, from the inception of the design to the closing hours of the centenary service, will be published in substantial book form.

The most ample provision has been made for the coming of our guests by greatly reduced rates of fare on all the lines of railroad passing through the Valley, and for their comfort and convenience while here.

The work necessary to the successful issue of the event has been performed by the several standing committees, the Chairmen of which compose the following Executive Committee controlling the entire affair:

Col. Charles Dorrance, Chairman; Hon. L. D. Shoemaker, Treasurer; Wesley Johnson, Secretary; Hon. G. M. Harding, Hon. E. L. Dana, Dr. H. Hollister, Hon. Steubin Jenkins, Payne Pettibone, George Cory, J. M. Court-right, Hon. Henry M. Hoyt, Hon. Hen-

drick B. Wright, James P. Atherton, R. J. Wisner, Calvin Parsons, C. E. Butler.

These gentlemen are the lineal descendants of the brave men whose death they seek to commemorate, and from the first meeting on the 3rd of July, 1877, they have heartily given their time and energies to making Wyoming colonists, wherever they may be, to return to the home of their ancestors and aid in commemorating their gallant services and heroic death, and to the people of the land Wyoming extends a cordial welcome on this day which recalls her baptism in blood.

WESLEY JOHNSON, Secretary,  
C. DORRANCE, Chairman EX. COM.

**Personal Identity in Heaven.**

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, recently, discussed recognition in heaven. "I believe we surely shall recognize our redeemed friends above. Such knowledge is in the nature and fitness of things. It is the belief of heathen and Pagan nations. The Hindoo widow burned herself so that she might enter the regions of the blessed with her husband. Reasons does not condemn the idea, nor does revelation contradict it. It is taught by Christianity, and often the only hope that sustains the bereaved when they have lost their loved ones is that of meeting and knowing them hereafter. Our love of those in heaven is wrapped up in the love of those on earth. There will be a mutual development of our personal identity there, and we shall know each other intuitively. It often takes years on earth to complete a perfect friendship, and it is hard to believe that it will be entirely crushed out hereafter. God does not create great desires or expectations within us without supplying something to gratify them. Heaven would be less privileged than earth were there no friendship, in it. Although I dearly love music, yet if heaven were but a continual psalm of song and rejoicing it would become wearisome to me. We crave intellect, feeling, knowledge, and a full grasp of the better-part of nature, imperfect here. If I do not know those I know here, I shall be changed in intellect, feeling, memory, and every mental quality. Indeed, the terrible conviction is forced upon me that I shall be no longer myself. If I am not to know my friends, some imperfection will be in my mind, and I shall be inferior in heaven to what I was on earth."

**Lecturing a Teacher.**

When Aaron Burr was at Princeton College, he took a strong dislike to one of the professors, who, being a good deal of a martinet, was in the habit of lecturing the students for tardiness and other misdemeanors. The professor was a member of a society of which Burr happened to be president, and occasionally attended the meetings. One evening he came in while they were transacting business. Burr saw this opportunity, and determined to improve it. With great dignity and a severe countenance, he called the professor to rise. He then began to lecture him on the bad habit of a want of punctuality, adding that the older members were expected to set a good example to the younger.

"I hope," he said, in closing, "not to be under the necessity of recurring to the subject again. You may take your seat sir."

The whole thing was done so naturally and gravely that the professor submitted like a school-boy, and it was said that a great improvement in his treatment of the students followed. He had learned by experience the disagreeableness of personal lectures before a crowd of witnesses.

**Russian Statesmen.**

Governor Curtin, once Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, is writing an interesting series of articles on Russia for *The Christian Union*. The statesmen who immediately surround the Czar's throne are, in his judgment, the equals of any in the world. Gortschakoff, the leading spirit, has more power than is represented by the Chancellor of the German Empire, or by the Prime Minister in England, or the chief Cabinet officer of the United States, and he enjoys to a wonderful extent the confidence of the sovereign. He is also very popular

with the nation, from the fact that the Russian people believe, and justly, too, that he was a very firm advocate of the manumission of the serf. He was anxious for it, and he had the sagacity to understand, after the Crimean war, which resulted very disastrously to Russia, and which exhausted the nation financially, that it was not politic for that Government to carry on another war against so many nations unless they had a middle class. Next to Gortschakoff in importance is Ruytan, the Finance Minister, who has been for a long time in the place. He is from the Baltic provinces and is, as his name indicates of German descent. In religion he is a Lutheran. He has made finance his study; he traveled in this country many years ago, before he came to his present position, and is a very able and liberally educated man. More before the public that Ruytan is Ignatieff. He is the son of a very distinguished Russian General. That he is regarded as one of the leading men in Russia is indicated by the fact of his many years residence in Constantinople as Ambassador.

**Curious Wills.**

IN 1762, John G—e, Esq., of Surrey, died, leaving a will containing this clause:

"Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made very uneasy by —, my wife, for many years from our marriage, by her turbulent behavior; for she was not content with despising my admonition, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse to her nature that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me; the strength of Sampson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Hermogenes could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good; and as we had lived separate and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me, therefore I give her one shilling only."

To be furnished with such a character and then cut off with a shilling, is really too cruel. It is not wives alone who suffer, as will be seen from the next extract, but sisters both married and single receive their share of reproach and sarcasm. In this will of Mr. Dunlop's, however, there is some compensation for the wounds inflicted. He was of Scotch origin, and a member of Congress. His will contained this amusing clause:

"I leave my property of Gairbread and all the property I may be possessed of to my sisters — and —; the former because she is married to a minister whom—may God help him!—she hen-pecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid, and not market ripe.....I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would have melted it down to make temperance medals, and that would have been a sacrilege. However, I leave him my big horn snuff-box; he can only make temperance spoons out of that.....I leave my brother-in-law Allan my punch-bowl, as he is a big, gauchy man, and likely to do credit to it.....I leave to Parson Chevasse my big silver snuff-box, as a small token of gratitude to him for taking my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken.....I leave to John Caddell a silver tea-pot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife.....I leave my silver cup, with the sovereign in the bottom of it, to my sister —, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore necessarily given to hoarding; and also my grandmother's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid taking snuff."

Fifty years ago an Englishman left a will containing the following proviso:

"I bequeath to my monkey, my dear and amusing Jacko, the sum of £10 sterling per annum, to be employed for his sole and exclusive use and benefit; to my faithful dog Shook and my well-beloved cat Tip a pension of £5 sterling; and I desire that, in case of the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension shall pass to the other two, between whom it is to be equally divided. On the death of all three, the sum appropriated to this purpose shall become the property of my daughter Gertrude, to whom I give this preference among my children because of the large family she has, and the difficulty she finds in bringing them up."

It must have been exceedingly flattering to the daughter to have ranked fourth in her father's affections—first a monkey, then a dog, then a cat, then herself; after all, she outranked the other children, but only because of her numerous progeny.

When Monsieur Colombes, a Parisian merchant, died, he left about \$6,000 to a lady of Rouen for having twenty years before refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happy as a bachelor."

It is recorded of a rich old farmer that in giving instructions for his will he directed a legacy of £100 to be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was made usually in case the widow married again, he doubled the sum; and when told that this was quite contrary to custom, he said, with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor, "Ay, but him as gets her 'I deserve it."

**A Chinese Thief's Charm.**

A CALIFORNIA PAPER tells a rich story of a rich Chinaman—one of the richest Mongolians in San Francisco. His name is Chew Kow Yup and he knew a trick worth a thousand of Ah Sin's. The story goes that he came to California about seven years ago, a penniless thief. He heard the California stories about leprosy among the Chinese, and appreciated the American dread of this disease. He utilized it and straightway committed to memory just four mongrel words: "You save me leper." They constituted a meaning motto, and acted as a charm of safety for Chew Kow Yup in the plying of his trade. He could not be idle; the Chinese never can.

The second night after his arrival he broke into a dry goods store, and was carrying away his load when a policeman collared him. He was perfectly tame and meek, and made no resistance. He simply said:

"You save me leper."

The policeman wildly fled, leaving the leper to do all the stealing he wanted in that dry goods store. It worked well, and Chew Kow Yup thrived. Once, and once only, he allowed himself to be taken into court, and this was an experiment to try the humor of the thing on the dignity of a judicial tribunal. He was charged with a wholesale diamond robbery, and when asked if he pleaded guilty or not guilty, he plaintively replied:

"You save me leper."

A stroke of lightning in the midst of that court could not have made greater consternation. The room was emptied in less than forty seconds of every soul but the prisoner. He calmly gathered up two of the jurymen's hats, the judges' gold spectacles, and all the loose change in the clerk's drawer, and walked off unmolested. That trial was never resumed. The magical thief-charm was as effective in reality as any Oriental invisible cap of the fables. Chew Kow Yup, of course, had no taint of leprosy. He left for Hong Kong on a late steamer with \$90,000, the accumulated fruits of his industry and understanding of American character.

**Willow Street Wharf Superstitions.**

Captains and sailors have a queer superstition in regard to Willow street wharf, Philadelphia, where the Metropolis weighed anchor. They say that every vessel that has sailed direct from that wharf—that is, without touching elsewhere on the way down the river—has been lost. The first was the United States steamer Miami, which sailed from there in 1865 for New Orleans, and was wrecked in one of the passes to the Mississippi river and all hands lost. The next was the bark Albatross, which sailed for Pernambuco in 1871 or 1872. She was never heard of afterward. The brig Edina left shortly afterward and was wrecked on the Bahamas, the majority of her crew being lost. The number of canal boats that have sunk at Willow street wharf have inspired canal boat captains with a dread of making fast to the pier. Captains of vessels who have occasion to load at that pier frequently, it is said, take on the first part of the cargo there and take the balance at another wharf. The police officers remark as a well-know fact that a majority of the drunken men who walk overboard into the Delaware select either Willow street or Race street wharf.

Death from joy is a rare occurrence in this sober, cloudy world. A Sheffield blacksmith, who had been in prison for two months, returned to his home, and on seeing his wife and child, was so overpowered that he ruptured his heart and died before a physician could be summoned.