

WAR TARIFF.

Boston Post Publishes a Letter from Vermont, and Adds a Few Remarks on the Way of Enlightenment.

The Editor of the Boston Post: learn from the Post that England regarded as a free trade country, and I do not know why she is so related, and wish to be informed; if this admission occasions surprise, please consider that I don't regard in a State where all the rays of concentrate. I have hitherto supposed England far from being a free Government, and believed she practiced, almost from time immemorial, the exact opposite of free trade, as the advocates of protectionism, the poor are enriched by an impoverishing process. I thought the continued bleeding system had in England the richest paupers in any Christian land. I have posed, too, that we borrowed or learned from England our humbug system of tariff for revenue and protection, which parlous from the poorer and unfortunate citizens a portion of their meal to enrich and elevate other classes who have no right to be, by government aid, above one common

hold that the man who cleans your own as much Government as Vanderbilt and Gould; that the true just nature of a government is inverted when administered for any other object than government; and I voice that there is some prospect of in our next platform of principles one plank worth contending for, if you can shame or persuade the democrats to stop playing tag with the publicans, which they have been doing for about twenty years, I believe shall shorten the income and lessen days of a detestable humbug, and will deserve more praise than intoned Lincoln."

Knowing that I am not the only person who can be enlightened on the subject which has suggested this letter, I wish you to explain in the Post what is the England the enviable reputation of being a free trade country, and whether England has a different system in those which prevail in her foreign sessions. If you can not, for any reason, give the desired information in the Post, I trust you will be pleased to give me some light in a more private way, and so I inclose a two-cent stamp, leaving its face what is supposed to be a likeness of the great and good George Washington, the people's friend. truly.

D. G. DIXON.

South Hero, Vt.
We will endeavor to give Mr. Dixon light, as requested in his interesting letter, and we will shed that light through the columns of the Post, because, by so doing, it will penetrate to the very depths of the country, and the columns of the Post, being by Mr. Dixon's cosy Green Mountain home, but thousands of other homes, scattered over the land. Great Britain has the reputation of being a free trade country because she is such a country, or the nearest to it of any civilized country in the world. Some of her possessions have a protective tariff; none, however, a horrible monopoly like our own. No protective duties are now levied on goods imported to Great Britain, customs being charged solely for the sake of revenue, formerly the articles subjected to duty numbered nearly a thousand; now they are only twenty-two, the chief being tobacco, spirits, tea, and wine. The following is a complete list:

	S.	D.
for beer, specific gravity not exceeding 1.065 deg. per barrel, 0	8	0
for beer, specific gravity not exceeding 1.090 deg. per barrel, 0	11	0
for beer, specific gravity exceeding 1.090 deg. per barrel, 0	16	0
for liquors, various rates of duty, per gallon, 0	3	9
liquor, per cwt., 0	13	3
liquor, roasted, 0	0	2
lotion, hydrate, per pound, 0	1	3
lotion, ground, 0	3	0
lotion, ground, 0	0	1
lotion, other conditions, various rates of duty, 0	1	0
coffee, raw, per cwt., 0	14	0
coffee, round, per pound, 0	0	2
coffee, per gallon, 0	1	4
cheer, per gallon, 0	0	1
cheer, per cwt., 0	0	7
cheer, per quart, 1	4	5
aphite, per pound, 0	10	5
aphite, wine, per gallon, 0	0	1
late, gold, ounce, 0	17	0
late, silver, ounce, 0	1	6
spirits, brandy, rum, etc., gallon, 0	10	5
spirits, rum, from British colonies, 0	10	2
spirits, cocaine water, gallon, 0	15	6
spirits, brandy, rum, etc., gallon, 0	10	0
obacco, unmanufactured, pound, 0	3	12
obacco, containing less than 10 per cent. moisture, pound, 0	3	6
avendish or Negro Head, 0	4	6
Wholesale manufactured tobacco, 0	4	0
Wholesale tobacco, 0	4	0
snuff, rates varying from 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.		
obacco, cigars, pound, 0	5	0
aromatic, containing alcohol, gallon, 0	12	0
Whiskey, varying from 1s. to 3s. per gallon, 0	0	3

Among the articles upon which a customs tax is levied in the United States are barley, books, buttons, cheese, china ware, earthen and stone-ware, coal, cotton goods, feathers, fruit, glassware, straw goods, India rubber, iron and steel, raw and manufactured, cutlery, jewelry, leather and leather goods, lemons and oranges, oils, salt, hardware, silk, spicery, spirits and wines, sugar, molasses, tobacco, toys, boards, planks and deals, woolen goods, carpets and carpetings, dress goods of all sorts, as well as zinc, marble, etc., etc. In short, everything to wear, to eat and to make shelter, is taxed in this country, and in many cases the exactions are so outrageously high that even a Government mule must be ashamed that so grand a country as the United States of America should impose them. But we are glad to be able to agree with our friend at South Hero, Vt., in the belief that at last the masses are getting their eyes open to the iniquities of our monstrous war tariff, and that the Democratic party in the immediate future will be marshaled for battle under the banners of tariff reform and under the leadership of statesmen who will not consent that the Democracy shall longer play tag with the Republican party. The war tariff must go. And that is not all; all men calling themselves Democrats, who favor the retention of that "masterpiece of injustice," in its present form must go into the Republican party, where they belong, and all men calling themselves Republicans, who favor a genuine reduction and reform of our tariff laws, must come into the Democratic party, where they belong. No more running with the hounds and siding with the

for; no more "policy" at the expense of principle; no more grinding the noses of the masses to please and enrich a favored few; down with fiddle-faddle, fear, and favor, and up with common sense, firmness, and justice to all.

Facts for Workingmen.

The telegraph announces that all nail factories in the West have been closed for six weeks, which throws not less than 5,000 men out of employment. In this brief announcement lies another illustration of the beauty and excellence of protection. In the whole protected list there is none so highly favored as the manufacture of nails, the duties ranging from \$20 to \$80 a ton. In superior machinery, organization of labor, raw materials, and all the means and appliances to boot, the manufacturer of nails in this country can defy the competition of the world. If there were no protective system largely enhancing the cost of all production the nail manufacturers of the United States need fear no rivalry from any quarter. But by the operation of the tariff they are mainly confined to the home market, and when that is supplied there is no outlet for the surplus production. By the exorbitant duties, which tax consumers, production is unhealthily stimulated, and at frequent intervals the combination of nailmakers must suspend manufacture in order that the supply may not too far outstrip the demand, and that prices may be maintained. In the meantime the thousands of hands who are turned out of employment are obliged to consume their earnings in enforced idleness, or to gain a living as best they may in some unaccustomed occupation. When the demand springs up again operations begin anew, prices are raised against consumers, and the old songs about the blessings of protection to the workingmen of America are resumed. So far from protecting American labor, the tariff exposes them to just such vicissitudes as this which the nailmakers are now undergoing.

Philadelphia Record.

We invite the attention of the monopoly, high tariff organs to the foregoing, from the Record, and we also invite the attention of workingmen to the same subject. There is no mistake about the facts, and the deductions are in consonance with them. An immensely protected industry has, for the time being, collapsed. Workingmen are driven to idleness and to the penalties of idleness. The Republican tariff law protects the monopolist, prostrates the workingman. The capitalist's money may be idle—it may earn no dividends. It may remain locked in a bank vault. What of it? When the owner wants it he finds that it has not suffered from being idle. The capital of the laboring man is his ability to work, his health and strength. Stop earnings and you reduce him to poverty, hunger, rags, sickness and death. Does Congress make laws to protect labor capital? Not a bit of it. And the nailmakers are finding it out. Protection does not protect labor, it simply protects money capital and degrades labor. Labor has been fed on fiction. It is now getting facts, and the facts are driving fiction to the wall.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Sad Plight of the "Grand Old Party" in New York.

The reorganization of the Republican party in New York which began with such promise by the re-enrollment of the Republican voters last fall appears to have ended apparently in the triumph of the old machine. The re-enrollment was the work of a committee of eighteen, a temporary body created for that special work. The ruling power of the party is the County Committee. That body met last Tuesday, and it was evident at once that the machine was in full control. One of the prominent reformers, Mr. Edward Mitchell, who had been relied upon to uphold the standard of those who sought to rescue the party from its old bosses, sank out of the conflict for some inexplicable reason, and refused to stand as candidate for temporary Chairman. Thereupon "Jimmy" O'Brien was elected. As the temporary Chairman names the Committee on Contested Seats, and as that committee settles all contested cases whether "reform" or "regular" delegates shall be admitted to the committee, it will be seen at once that the reformers surrendered the organization of the party. "Mike" Cregan, "Barney" Biglin, and "Jimmy" O'Brien were at the helm, and had things all their own way. "The state of the party," the Times mournfully declares, "is worse than it was before." Stronger language could not be used.—Chicago Tribune, Rep.

A Consolation.

The report comes from Washington that the lobby, finding its business blocked in the Democratic House of Representatives, is deserting the national capital in despair.

This is doubtless true. During the three previous Congresses in which the Democrats had a majority in the House the lobby starved. Last year, under the Keifer-Robeson regime, the vultures flocked back to Washington famished and desperate, and for two years they wallowed in jobbery and corruption.

At Albany a change of an opposite character is to be seen. There last year the lobby birds of prey were driven off by Speaker Chapin. Lo Sessions, Barber, and others of the flock were under indictment, and during the entire session they flapped their wings outside the Capitol and only got a chance of seizing two or three mouthfuls of stray carrion.

This year they are in a happier plight, with a Woodpulp Miller-Sheard House and a Belden-McCarthy Senate. Lo Sessions has escaped conviction. The indictments against Barber and his "pals" have been pigeon-holed and the entire brood is in fine feather. They fill the Senate and Assembly chambers, crowd the committee rooms, and seize with avidity upon every victim.

If the lobby is killed at Washington by the Democracy, it can console itself with the knowledge that it is resuscitated at Albany by Republicanism.—New York World.

Esquimaux Houses.

As probably many people know, an igloo is usually built of snow. The word, however, means house, and as their house consists of a single room it also means room. A long, low passage way leads into each dwelling, so constructed as to exclude the wind from the interior, though ventilation is permitted by leaving open the door. A snow igloo is made of snow-blocks about three feet by eighteen inches wide and five or six inches thick.

The snow knife is simply a large thin-bladed knife, like a cheese knife of the grocery store, with a handle made large enough to be conveniently grasped with both hands. Before iron and knives became so plentiful as at present, snow knives were made of bone and reindeer or musk ox-horn, but such knives are quite rare now. The Netchilik, Ookoolik, and Oogesiksilk tribes are still quite deficient in iron weapons and implements; and many of their knives are marvels of ingenuity. I saw several made of a little tip of iron, perhaps an inch square, mounted on a handle two feet long, and so shaped that the iron would do much of the cutting and scratching, and the handle merely acted as a wedge to assist the operation. I also saw a man making a knife by cutting a thick piece of iron with a cold chisel, afterward to be pounded out flat and ground down on stones. The entire operation would probably take about three or four weeks with the poor tools at their disposal.

The builder selects snow of the proper consistency by sounding a drift with a cane, made for the purpose, of reindeer horn, straightened by steaming, and worked down until about half an inch in diameter, with a ferule of walrus tusk or the tooth of a bear on the bottom. By thrusting this into the snow he can tell whether the layers deposited by successive winds are separated by bands of soft snow, which would cause the blocks to break. When the snow is selected he digs a pit to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, and about the length of the snow block. He then steps into the pit and proceeds to cut out the blocks by first cutting down at the end of the pit and then the bottom afterward, cutting a little channel about an inch or two deep, marking the thickness of the proposed block.

Now comes the part that requires practice to accomplish successfully. The expert will, with a few thrusts of the knife in just the right places, split the snow block and lift it carefully out to await removal to its position on the wall. The tyro will almost inevitably break the block into two or three pieces utterly unfit for the use of the builder. When two men are building an igloo one cuts the blocks and the other erects the wall. When sufficient blocks have been cut to commence work the builder marks with his eye, or perhaps draws a line with his knife, describing the circumference of the building, usually a circle about ten or twelve feet in diameter. The first row of blocks is then arranged, the blocks resting so as to incline inward, and resting against each other at ends, thus affording mutual support. When this row is completed the builder cuts away the first and second blocks, slanting them from the ground upward, so that the second row resting upon the edges of the first row can be continued on and around spirally, and by gradually increasing the inward slant a perfect dome is constructed of such strength that the builder can lie flat on the outside while chinking the interstices between the blocks. The chinking is, however, usually done by the women and children as the building progresses, and additional protection secured from the winds in very cold weather by banking up with a large wooden snow shovel, the snow at the base often being piled to the depth of three or four feet. This makes the igloo perfectly impervious to the wind in the most tempestuous weather. When the house is completed the builders are walled in. Then a small hole about two feet square is cut in the wall on the side away from where the entrance is to be located, and is used to pass in the lamps and bedding. It is then walled up and the regular door cut about two feet high, and nicked at the top. It would bring bad luck to you find the bedding into the igloo by the same door it would be taken out. Before the door is opened the bed is constructed of snow blocks, and made from one to three or four feet high, and occupies three-fourths of the entire space. The higher the bed and the lower the door the warmer the igloo will be.—Arctic.

An Indignant Poet.

T. Buchanan Read, the dead poet, a native of Chester County, Pennsylvania, was in London in the summer of 1861, and was invited to meet Tennyson at the house of a common friend. He went with eagerness and enthusiasm to see the illustrious singer, who figured in his mind as the striking, handsome, noble-looking creature whose portrait, taken in his younger days, is so familiar. An introduction revealed a very dissimilar person, a thin-faced, fussy man, with scant hair, blue glasses, and round shoulders—the reverse of his ideal.

Immediately the Briton broke out with: "I wish to say, Mr. Read, that I have in the past had a liking for your country; but, as it is now plainly going to the dogs, I feel bound to tell you that you must not look for sympathy or aid from us Englishmen."

Very properly nettled at such unparliamentary rudeness, Read replied, with heat: "Do not disturb yourself, Mr. Tennyson, about our country. We don't care a — either for you or your aid and sympathy. It is not worth having under any circumstances. We propose to fight this thing out ourselves, regardless of Europe. John Bull and his noble family can go to — for all us. We Americans are not going to stay just at present."

This insolent response, as Read himself said, instead of offending the elder poet, seemed to have a mollifying effect.

"After that," to use his own words,

Tennyson treated me quite decently,

and spoke very kindly of America and Americans. If I had allowed his effrontery to pass in silence, he would have had no respect for me. The only way to get on with Englishmen who bully you is to bully them in turn."

London letter.

THE BAD BOY

"Take care, there, you will run right over the stove," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came along the floor, his eyes fixed as though he were looking into the fire about two years, and his mind so occupied that he did not seem to see the stove. "What you thinking about? Late you have got so you think too much, and by and by you will be one of these vacancies that don't know beans. People are getting so they think too much, and especially boys. Nothing hurts a boy so much as to get in the habit of thinking. What did you have on your mind when you came in?"

"Oh, I was thinking of that feller down in the Third Ward that killed his girl and then killed himself, all on account of their religion being a different brand, so they couldn't marry each other. Gosh, it don't seem as though religion ought to bar a feller out of the heaven of his girl's love, does it?" said the boy.

"Well," said the grocery man, as he wiped some syrup off his hands on a coffee sack, "you can't drive two kinds of religion to the pole, in a family, with any kind of success. You may drive two kinds of religion single or tandem, but when you hitch 'em up together, and they try to travel along at a good road gait, one will go off its feet and gallop, while the other trots, and then the galloping religion will catch and come down to a trot, and the other will break up, and there they are, see-sawing, and the air full of creeds and doctrines, and there is danger they will run away and smash something. No, it is better for the people who are going to marry to have their measures taken for the same kind of religion, and then each can wear the other's religion, and all will be lovely."

"I don't know," says the bad boy, taking an apple, "about this thing of waiting till you find out about a girl's religion before you love her. Sometimes you can't do it. If a girl has not got any sign out warning a fellow what kind of religion she has got concealed about her person, how is he going to know until it is everlasting too late? When a young feller falls in love with a girl, it is like falling down on skates. Everything seems to give way at once. It strikes him like a sand-bag, and there he is, asphyxiated the first thing. He knows that she is perfect, and he takes her right into his heart and wraps his heart around her, and puts rubber weather strips on all the cracks so she can't get out, and her religion is the last thing he thinks of. If her religion pulls her one way, and his heart pulls her 'tother way, something's got to bust; sometimes it's the religion that busts, and sometimes it's the heart. I think there ought to be a convention composed of delegates from all kinds of religion, and let them make a law that any religion shall be legal tender anywhere, like a gold dollar. Religion ought to be pure gold, good anywhere. If a man comes in here to buy soap, and gives you a gold dollar, coined in Rome, or Jerusalem, or California, or China, or Russia, or the Fuegian Islands, he gets his soap. But if your son is in love with a Hebrew girl, her religion says your son's religion is counterfeit, and she goes to her grave with your son's love in her heart, and he goes to the devil with her image in his heart, and both are ruined for life cause they couldn't match their religions. A Baptist girl falls in love with a young fellow that is a perfect specimen of manhood, brave, noble, intelligent, tender to her, and as kind as a man can be, and they begin to plan for the day when he can take her to a home and be the builder of a house, and she believes hers is no slouch; each tries to induce the other to adopt another religion, but it is a failure, and they drift apart in all except the buried love that can never be quenched on earth or in heaven. I tell you it is pretty tough to have so many different kinds of religion that can't be made to jibe; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is rough," said the grocery man, "but a little difference like that hadn't ought to make a fellow kill the girl he loved."

"Course not," said the boy. "This feller surely didn't love the girl, else he wouldn't shoot. Say, s'pose you loved a girl, regular old spontaneous kind! Could you pull out a revolver and send two bullets into her pretty cheek, and cord her up against the fence dead? Now, you couldn't. Nor anybody else. He didn't love that girl. He thought he did, but it was something else. You see, if he had loved her, not having any particular religion himself, he would have let her take him by the hand and lead him to her church like a child, and he would have got down on his knees and prayed with her, and become her brother in the church, and then married her. But he was wrong in the head, and when he found that she loved her church he got jealous of her religion, that was all, and as long as he couldn't kill her religion, he killed her. By Jinks, if it was some fellows, they would join any church that ever was for the girl they loved. Pa says he knew a man that got in love with a Jewess, and her folks tried to stand him off, but he joined their church and opened a pawn shop, and got a rabbi to marry them on the sly, and when her folks came blowing around he put up his hand and shook it and said, 'Hast dogeshen. Vot you going to do about it?' Ma says she and pa had a good deal of trouble about their religion before they were married. She was a Baptist and pa was a Democrat, but pa kicked when they nominated Greeley, and goes to her church now. Well, I must go down to the morgue and see the lovers that couldn't agree about going to heaven," and the boy skipped.—Peck's Sun.

QUEEN POMARE V., of Tahiti, is an inveterate cigarette smoker. She is described as vivacious, affable, polite, and refined. She speaks English fluently, and, while not a handsome woman, is exceedingly good looking.

In the bloom of youth no ornament is so lovely as that of virtue.

CIVIL SERVICE.