

MILKING-TIME.
BY PHILIP WOODS.
"I tell thee, Kate, that Lovejoy now
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts of milk,
And isn't yet five years old."
"I see young White-a-comin' now;
He whistles, I know that,
To cheerful girls, you're saying: 'It
An' 'ave some top for the cat."
"Good-evenin', Richard, step right in!"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
The milk comes down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her."
"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb;
Just where I go she follows;
And though it's cheap I'd let her go;
She's yours for thirty dollars."
"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white steers;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But just let 'em have the barn."
"Then, when you've said her, say a mouth,
And I'll be there, with me,
I'll be—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"I wish I want it—'tis—'tis—"
"What's not the girl's well, I'll be blessed!
Takes Kate, don't drop that pen,
You've took me mightily ahead,
But then a man's a man."
"She's yours, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll follow you the whole world round,
For nothing else but love."
"But never try to drive the steers;
My nature's like her nature;
I've found it worked the best,
To let 'em have the barn."
—Scribner's Monthly for August.

SONG.
To dream, and then to sleep
(Oh! the moon return;
An hour of watch to keep,
A little lamp to burn.
To wait and wait no end,
To sing and sing no end,
Where longings fondling send
Among the world's aye through.
To know that day is here,
To see that spring has gone,
And summer's death is near—
And still the hours roll on.
We fall, we fall, we die,
Yet once, 'twixt death and birth,
To know love's kiss, love's sigh,
To light of heaven on earth.
My God! I am so sweet,
If I, the twilight come,
Love with with sweetest rest
Across our naked room.

IN PARADISE.
BY ERN E. RICKFORD.
"Hark!"
She held up her hand to keep us silent,
And listened. Suddenly a spasm
Of pain crossed her face, and the eyes
That had such a haunted look in them
Were full of terror.
"You heard the guns?" she cried,
And her voice had a sound of anguish
in it that matched the look in her eyes.
"They have shot them! My God!
What have I done!"
Then the woman, whose years were
not more than 33 or 34, but whose hair
was full of the gray of 60, shuddered
and hid her face in her hands, looking
to and fro in a sorrow that was full of
keen, unavailing remorse.
I looked at her wondering. She
saw my questioning look.
"Perhaps you didn't hear them," she
said. "It's very strange, but most of
the people I meet say they can't. Are
you sure you did not hear the sound
of guns just now?"
"I heard nothing," I answered.
"I cannot account for it," she said,
with a shiver. "They sound as loud to
me as the tramp of doom. The world
echoes with them. I hear the sound
now, like distant thunder, dying away.
Can't you hear it?"
"I hear nothing but the wind in the
pines," I answered.
"Ah! it's my punishment!" she
cried, and the wan, haggard face dropped
in the thin hands, and there was a little
silence in the room, broken only by the
low, solemn sound of the wind moaning
in the trees outside, like the far-off
sound of waves upon a lonely shore.
"Would you like to hear my story?"
she said, turning suddenly to me.
"Very much," I answered, truthfully.
"Sit down, please," she motioned
me to a seat beside her. I took it silently.
For several moments she seemed lost in
thought. I sat and watched her pale,
thin face, aged with sorrow in what
should have been the very prime of
womanhood. The gray hair about it
gave her a weird look—the look I had
always imagined belonging to those who
see spectral visitants and hear unearthly
things.
"A dozen years ago I called this valley
paradise," she said, suddenly. "Such
a thing as sorrow was unknown in it,
at least by me. I knew what sorrow was
only by what others had told me of it.
It was something vague, unreal, far off.
It might come into other lives, but mine
it would pass by—as much a myth to
me as sin must have been to those who
lived in that other paradise we read
about."
"I was so happy!—so very happy! I
had a lover, and he was the bravest, truest
man I ever knew. I have his picture
here. I wear it on my heart always. It
was for his sake—for love of him, and
for love of him—that I did what I did.
For love of him I lost my soul."
Again she was, from which her
dark eyes shone in feverish restlessness
now, dropped into her shaking hands,
and she rocked back and forth in that
fashion common to many women when
shaken by some strong grief.
"Perhaps you would like to look at
his picture," she said. She unlocked a
little, worn locker from the chain about
her neck, opened and handed it to me.
A dark, handsome face, full of Southern
dash and fire, smiled up at me with a
frank, winning look in the eyes—a brave
face, with the traces of still lingering
youth breaking through the dignity of
growing manhood. It held a strange
fascination for me.
"Oh, my Roy!" she cried, when I
looked at the picture back to her, and a
sudden dash of tears broke over the fire
in her restless eyes. "I think there
never was any one like him—because I
loved him."

PAOLI WEEKLY NEWS.

VOLUME VI. PAOLI, ORANGE CO., INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1878. NUMBER 46.

Ah! there spoke the soul of woman,
and the whole philosophy of her heart
and life was comprehended in the brief
sentence. Because that love explains a
thousand things in their lives which we
find unexplainable by any system of
judgment which will apply to our lives.
"The first shadow in paradise came
when the war broke out. It stirred
everybody to feverish excitement in our
hitherto peaceful valley—everybody but
me. I knew nothing of war. I hardly
comprehended what the war meant.
Something which might affect other
lives, perhaps, but certainly not mine;
and so, at first, I cared but little for the
vague signs of trouble which hovered
over us. But, when Roy came, full of a
passionate enthusiasm, and told me that
danger was in the air I began to feel
that a change was at hand. Then there
were long, stubborn arguments about
the North and the South. I knew little
about it, but Roy was full of love for the
land he was born in, and, of course, I
believed as he did. He knew best. I
don't know now whether he was right or
not. I don't know whether the South
or the North was wrong, but I thought
as he did then, because I loved him, you
know."

"The shadow in paradise grew awfully
deep and black when Roy enlisted. It
hid every ray of sunshine, and I re-
member that I told him that I believed
it would never lift again; for I felt, in
some strange way that I cannot explain,
that I was going to lose him. How
brave and grand he looked in his army
gray!"

"When I come back there will be
none happier in the wide world than we
are," he said.
"Yes, when you come back!" I cried,
all white and trembling with that swift
presentiment of what the end would be.
For answer, he bent and kissed me, and
I knew by the look in his face that he
was not sure that he would ever come
back to me. Something told him that
my fear was a fear of what would be!

"Well, he went away to fight for the
South, and the days were long, and oh!
such lonely ones! Perhaps you had
friends in the army. If you had,
there's no use in my trying to tell you
how long or lonely they were. You
know."

"The battle-storm swept over our
hills and valleys for long months. Now,
the wind would sweep down from the
north in a wild, resistless way that
carried everything before it. Then the
wind from the south would gather its
strength and drive the north wind back.
So to and fro the armies of the blue and
the gray kept tramping, tramping,
tramping, until by and by it began to
seem that I should never be able to get
the sound of that mighty tramp out of
my ears."

"One day the news came to us that
the Northern army was on one side of us
and the Southern on the other. We, of
the Paradise valley, held our breath in
fear. I had begun to realize what war
meant by this time."

"That night Roy came to me. Oh,
my lover, my king! I longed to him in
such wild, speechless rapture! I had
supposed him hundreds of miles away.
"He told me that he was on a danger-
ous mission. He was a spy from the
Southern army. It was a difficult task
that he had undertaken to perform,
but he had courage and a will to do or
die."

"Maybe it's for the last time," he
said, when he kissed me at parting.
"But, if I die, remember, Margery, that
right or wrong, I died like a man who
believes he was right." And I do! I do!
Oh, my Roy!"

"The next day he came back to me,
never to go away again—came back in
awful dignity and state, cold to the
touch of my hand, silent to the sound of
my voice. There was a great red stain
on his gray coat! Roy was dead!—
dead!"

"I remember nothing for days after
that. The future seemed to be to me
an open grave. Roy was dead! dead!
dead!"

"By and by I found out how he had
come to his death. You see that old
house down the valley? Well, an old
man lived there who had two sons, and
they had been drafted into the Southern
army. He hated the South, and
never let a chance go by to help the
side he sympathized with. In some way
he had found out Roy's mission.
He went to those whom he could trust,
and they planned to capture my lover.
And they did, but the fathers they
bound him with were those of death.
He chose to sell his life dearly, and he
did."

ma. They were most likely deserters.
If I could give them up to the army
they had deserted from it would be a
glorious revenge!

"While I sat there, thinking what to
do, I heard a knocking at the door, and
opened it to find some Confederate sol-
diers there. I knew what their mission
was. They were looking for the men I
had seen. I told them where they would
find them with a wild, awful ex-
ultation at heart. What a sweet re-
venge would be mine!"

"They went away, and I came here to
this window to watch and wait. How
my heart leaped with triumph when I
saw them come out of the old man's
house with his sons prisoners. I think
I cried out in fierce, fiendish joy. The
old man had given Roy up to death.
I had given his sons to the punishment
their offense demanded. I had made my
revenge double in its force."

"I saw the soldiers going down the
valley with their prisoners, and the old,
gray-haired man following. Then they
were hidden from my sight for a mo-
ment, and I thought forever; but when
I looked that way again I saw the two
men standing on a little hillock, the old
man prone upon the ground, and the
sun was flashing cruelly bright along the
levelled guns, and then heard the sharp,
deadly crack of rifle-shots. I saw the
thin blue smoke curl upward like a little
mist, and the two men in a shapeless
heap upon the knoll. I saw it all with
terrified, fascinated eyes. Oh, my
God!"

She went to the window and looked
out into the afternoon sunshine for some
moments before she spoke again. When
she turned to me her face was that of an
old, old woman.

"The sound of those rifle-shots comes
to me everywhere—at evening, morning,
midnight. I can never get away from
them. I can never shut out the sight of
that awful day. I don't believe the
grave could hide it from me. My God!
Have I not been terribly punished for
my sin? Hark! I hear them now!
Can't you hear them?"

"I shook my head.
"Oh, pity me, pity me!" she cried,
and then she went out and down the gar-
den path toward a grave unmarked by
slab or stone. Roy's grave, I knew."

"Poor woman!" my companion said,
when we were on the road again. "Her
story is true in every particular. She
thinks and talks of nothing else. She
has never been herself since the day the
deserters were shot."
"Vengeance is Mine. I will repay."
The words seemed ringing in my ears
as I went down the valley of a desolated
paradise.
Scribner, Wis.

LABOR AND COST OF LIVING IN SCOTLAND.
Mr. Samuel F. Cooper, United States
Consul at Glasgow, transmits to the
Department of State a report on trade
in Scotland, from which the following
extracts have been made: "Wages are
steadily declining. Laborers receive
from 50 to 75 cents a day; miners, 8 to
12 cents an hour; mechanics, \$7 a week;
printers, \$8. On railways conductors
are paid \$5 to \$6 a week; switch-
tenders, \$5; engine-drivers 10 to 14
cents an hour; firemen, 6 to 8 cents an
hour. The cost of living is about the
same as in the United States. Whisky
is considered a necessity, though it costs
about 300 per cent. more in Scotland
than in the United States. Beer is com-
paratively cheap."
"There are eleven banks in Scotland,
with their branches, under special char-
ters; capital, \$60,000,000; circulation,
\$29,000,000; deposits, \$242,000,000; gold
held, \$17,000,000; silver, \$3,000,000.
The circulation of each bank is unre-
stricted. It is only required to redeem
its issues in coin, and to hold a certain
proportion of coin in reserve. Only
about 5 per cent. of the currency is coin,
four-fifths of which is silver. Paper is
universally preferred to coin, which is
never called for except for special uses.
Laborers are paid in silver, which is
preferred because of its smaller denomina-
tions. A pound note is the smallest
issued."

FIVE CHILDREN AT ONE BIRTH.
The most remarkable birth ever known
in the history of accomplishments occurred
at or near Saleville, Ohio, on last Mon-
day night. Mrs. McCormick gave birth
to five healthy children, four boys and
one girl. The medical works have but
few instances of such wonderful births,
and when they do occur the children
have scarcely ever been known to live.
In this case the mother and children,
in the common language on such occasions,
are "doing well." The community
there is excited, and the famous father
is the hero of all the country round
about, and his fame will spread on the
wings of the newspapers from one end
of the country to the other. His home
is already an object of pilgrimage for
all the old women of the region. Two
births of four children have occurred
within the last fifteen years near this
region, but this outbreak still remained
uncommon, perhaps, in the United States.
—Baltimore Bulletin.

OLD AGE.
BY E. B. W.
Growing old gracefully is an art in
which few study to acquire perfection,
and yet how beautiful is age with the
grace and tenderness that properly be-
long to the autumn and winter of life.
There is a poetry that should linger
about and crown it with respect, rever-
ence and admiration. The later days
should be set to quick, pleasant music,
and only soft, sweet notes should rip-
ple from the heart, where it is yet
springtime, with all its cherished associa-
tions.

Old people deserve a sunny niche in
the household; their loving faces should
be framed in the memory, dearer and
clearer than the gems that come from
the artist's brush which call for our ad-
miration. Their deeds of mercy and
loving kindness, of patience and endur-
ance through trials, of thoughtfulness
for others and sympathy in the hour of
need, should be printed on the heart in
characters that will never grow illegible.
If their hearts have been full of kind
humanity and sweet friendliness and
generous acts, then the coming night
should be gemmed with the stars of af-
fection and devotion. Would they drift
back with the tide, we often ask? Per-
haps, if they could only redeem the er-
rors of youth, could only stem the
breakers more courageously and nobly,
and make of life a richer poem. If their
lives all the way through have been set
to the music of high thoughts, noble
aspirations and brave deeds, then the
blossoms of admiration and honor should
be laid daily at their feet by kindly
hands.

To the old, the rush of early memories
comes back like the lost notes of a song
they once loved. They delight to live
over the past; for them the meadow
daisies grow again, the yellow dandel-
ions are plucked with fearless fingers,
the running brook murmurs no music
sweeter than that they once knew in
their hearts, and the fragrant clover-
blossom breathes only the perfume of a
vanished June. They carry with them
always the poetry and sweetness of re-
membrance.

About those who grow old gracefully
there lingers forever the freshness and
tenderness of youth. The silver hair
weaves "Time's gathered snows." The
foolish, baffled hopes of mere worldly
ambition fade away before the infinite
longing for things higher and holier,
and to those upon whom they depend
there come verses which never can be
written, of sympathy with sorrow, resig-
nation in affliction, cheerfulness in
disappointment, and the sweet faith
that helped to overcome all obstacles.
We oftentimes smile at their odd fancies,
and wonder why they cling so closely to
little keepsakes and treasures of the
past; they may be but links on the
chain of Time that carry them back to
a more golden dawn.

Old age is full of study. It has bat-
tled with life so long, and grown weary
so often over its broken ambitions, its
repeated failures, its vain hopes. They
often forget the world once held for
them so many aspirations; as they drift
silently toward that unknown shore the
rapture of that "strange, beautiful
song" of youth seems only a dim real-
ity, half-forgotten.

The sunset hours of old age are filled
with gleams of fading pictures, tinted
with roseate clouds or shadowed with
tears; but if it be a season of content-
ment, restful and cheerful, it always
wears a gracious coloring, the dew of
its sweet influence rests upon our
hearts, and we insensibly yield admira-
tion, reverence and love to the uncon-
scious charm of peace, repose and se-
renity that crowns beautiful, graceful
old age, and gives it a poetry grand and
tender and sweet.

A RACER.
A horse recently had quite an exciting
race with a railroad train. It was gra-
zing on the roadside when the train ap-
proached, became frightened, and get-
ting upon the track, ran along in front
of the train until it reached a town four
miles distant from the point of starting.
During the whole of the course the horse
resisted all efforts made by the trainmen
to drive it from the track, and leaped
the cow gaps without sustaining any in-
jury. The most remarkable part of the
achievement, however, was crossing a
railroad bridge over a creek, the timbers
of which lie some distance apart, as they
are usually placed in the construction of
railroad bridges; but there was a plank
ten inches in diameter lying just outside
the rail on one side of the track. The
horse made a safe and apparently easy
passage over this bridge, and kept out
of the way of the train until the town
was reached, when he quitted the track
without ceremony.

FAULT-FINDERS.
It requires no talent to find fault.
Any one can do it. It is easy to say that
no one does right; that every one looks
out for Number One exclusively. But
it isn't easy to look on the best side, to
see that there are thousands of honest,
sincere men and women, countless acts
of justice, charity and humanity which

outweigh all the grumbling of all the
grumblers, so that it is really only the
finest dust in the balance. Let us be
fair and cheerful. The world is not all
wrong. "Everybody isn't a rascal." Our
neighbors are not trying to cheat us.
Even the growlers are not half as dia-
greeable as they seem.

LOATHSOME LEPROS.
Two genuine cases of leprosy have
been brought from Cuba, and are now
under treatment on Blackwell's island.
The discolored features, swollen limbs,
and bandaged feet of the patients show
that they are affected with a disease
happily not often met with here. One
of them is too sore to move save when
it is positively necessary. The other,
though much further advanced in the
disease, is at present as lively as a crack-
et, but, being loathed even by the worst
syphilitic patients in the same ward,
he is kept in his corner and sees no more
of the outside world than he can get by
looking from the window. One of them,
Abraham Brown, is a New Yorker, and
54 years old. The other, Emilie Trenal,
is a native of Cuba, and only 19 years
old. Trenal has been afflicted about
five years, and is in the last stages of
the disease. Brown has the disease in
a more acute form, and the disease has
so invaded his whole body that he pre-
sents a frightful appearance. His
hands and feet are almost black, and
covered with ulcers; his fingers are en-
larged to nearly three times their former
size, so that the ends stand apart like
the claws of a fowl; his nails have fallen
out, and his features have an expression
of despair that makes it painful to look
at him. Brown brought his leprosy
from Cuba, whither he went in 1855, re-
maining there about nine years. He
feels keenly that he is an object of uni-
versal loathing. No one cares to go near
him except the physicians, who have
not the slightest fear, being satisfied
that the disease is not contagious. The
physicians have no hope of curing the
leprosy. They say that, although it has
been claimed that leprosy has been
cured, no well-authenticated case has
ever been recorded. All they can do is
to mitigate the disease as much as pos-
sible. The two patients are taking
twelve drops each of chloride of barium
twice a day, and are kept clean by a car-
bolized wash.—New York World.

GOOSE OR GOONES?
The particular kind of a smoothing-
iron known among tailors as a "goose,"
came near upsetting the reason of a
bright young clerk and the proprietor
of a Chicago tailoring establishment one
day this week.

The manager wanted two of the in-
struments mentioned, and so told the
clerk, but after the latter had sat for
some time writing on the order, he
looked up in a bewildered way and
asked:
"What do you call the plural of a
tailor's goose?"

"Why, geese is the plural of goose,"
said the master.

"Well, you wouldn't have me write
an order for two tailor's geese, would
you?"

"That doesn't sound hardly sensible
in this connection," replied the prop-
rietor; "how would it do to say 'two
tailor's geeses'?"

The boy turned to the dictionary, and
shaking his head remarked:
"Webster doesn't give any such plural
as that to goose, and I ain't going to."

The situation was growing serious,
when the clerk suddenly set to writing
with the exclamation: "Now I'll fix
it."

And the order which he soon handed
to the head of the house to sign did
fix it, for it read:

"Messrs. Brown & Co., hardware
dealers, Fifth avenue: Please send me
a number one tailor's goose, and—by
the Eternal!—send me another just
like it."

But further than this the question of
what is the plural of a tailor's goose has
not yet been settled in this town, or any
other that we know of.—Chicago Journal.

SUNDAY BARBERING.
At Atlanta, Ga., a judge has decided
that it is legitimate for barbers to ply
their trade on Sunday. People, he said,
might go to church black and soiled with
dust, and might live so all their lives,
but he thought that delicacy of appear-
ance in public was a required necessity,
and that the use of a barber's shop might
in some instances be as essential as that
of a drug store, inasmuch as health and
its requirements often depend on clean-
liness of person.

ART OF MANAGEMENT.
Economy is a word that has been
foolishly narrowed in meaning. Most
people think it is a saving of money, or
thought to be economical was, in a cer-
tain sense, to be stingy or mean. Now
economy in its true interpretation is the
art of management—the wise adapta-
tion by which we arrange time, health,
and strength so as to produce the best
results.

LETTER FROM HON. T. F. BAYARD.
The Delaware Senator on Free Elections,
Electoral Frauds, John Sherman, Etc.
* * * The political occurrences of the
last two years, as they are being daily
brought to light from their recesses of dis-
honest concealment, should teach the people of the United
States the ever-recurring need of stamping
with the severest condemnation everything that
tends to weaken and impair the great principle
of free and fair elections.

The distinguishing feature—the very sa-
fety-valve in our plan of Government—is the
means provided, in the process of free elec-
tions, for the people to correct their errors
and retrieve their political mistakes, whether by
revising misplaced trusts and punishing those
who have deceived them, or changing the drift
of political measures that have proved hurtful,
so that, taught by experience, they may pre-
vent the repetition of the disaster. The great
issue of the immediate future is, in my judg-
ment, the reassertion of this idea, and the sol-
emn and resolute determination by our con-
stitution that elections shall be free, shall be the
actual expression of the opinions and wishes
of the citizens, and that they shall be honestly
and fully acquiesced in by the defeated party.
See to what consequences a different course
and theory have led the party called Republi-
can at the last Presidential election, and how
close upon the heels of the ship of state was
driven, until, thanks to the patriotic and
masterly self-control which animated the Demo-
cratic party, it was rescued and restored to
the helm of our institutions—the helm of
human happiness and hopes upon new and
let us trust, successful voyages. The under-
lying idea of our institutions—the basis upon
which the people and honest and honorable ac-
ceptance of the popular verdict as final by all par-
ties—has been wholly discarded and con-
tempted by the Republican leaders; and, to
use the language of one of the most conspicu-
ous and influential among them—Hon. John
Sherman, the present Secretary of the Treas-
ury—in a late letter to the Ohio Republican
convention: "The only threat that endangers
the public weal and safety is the restoration of
the Democratic party to power."
I cannot but regard its restoration to power
as the only danger that really threatens our
public peace and safety.

Mr. Sherman is called a Republican, and
has often held, and now holds, an office which
is coupled with an oath to support the written
charter of his country's Government; yet he
does not hesitate, in his partisan zeal, to make
this open, defiant proclamation that every-
thing is to be subordinated to the expediency
of preventing a political organization embracing
in its membership a large majority of his fel-
low-citizens, from again obtaining by law
the control of the Government, and the con-
stitutional powers of their Government, which
for seventy years of unbroken honor and prop-
riety it has exercised.

The light already thrown by Congressional
investigation upon the action of Mr. Sherman
and his visiting associates in Louisiana, in the
fall of 1876, means and methods, which re-
sorted to, and of which they so freely avail
themselves to accomplish the one great end of
depriving the political opponents and the
American people of the just fruits of a labori-
ous and earnest effort by the lawful methods
of popular election to obtain reform in adminis-
tration and relief from local misrule, so vile
that it was spreading like poison from the
unhappy communities, where he and his party
had established their seat, and the general prin-
ciples of our federal system—may now be bet-
ter comprehended, as they clearly appear in
the characters and excesses of the Andersons,
the Welles, the Kellogg, and the Jacksons,
that motley and ribald group of political mis-
creants, male and female, in whose hands Mr.
Sherman and his party had placed the reins of
low and profligate political management which
has converted popular elections into what would
seem a horrible farce, were it not so filled with
tragic consequences.

The American people have a sure remedy
for every political evil in the periodical recourse
to a free ballot. Let us that right unimpaired,
and they will retrieve their errors and correct
their mistakes and follies; but, if deprived of
it, they will be reduced to the single alternative
of perpetual and degrading submission, or
of a resort to forcible resistance to
redress themselves by oppression.

Mr. Sherman, and his allies would close
the door of relief through the orderly and lawful
change of rules and policies by the honest and
honorable acceptance of the results of popular
elections, and his brother, the General, who re-
sisted, in reported lately to have made the
gratuitous and pregnant avowal, at the National
Military Academy, that the army of the United
States, under his command, would unhesitatingly
be employed to sustain the tenure of a
President, without regard to the right or jus-
tice of his title to the office.

The Fourth of July, 1878, and every day
between that and the election day in 1880, are
the ill-omened days of the American people
to consider what answer should be given
to the polls to such propositions—for the calm
and deliberate contemplation of such ideas, so
as to show their issue in the simple integrity
and manly spirit of 1776. Let them proclaim
as their resolves:
1. That they will have free elections in all the
States, undisturbed and unswayed by Federal
interference, civil or military.
2. That the verdict of the people rendered at the
polls shall be faithfully recorded, and shall be
accepted and obeyed.
3. That the men or the party who shall stand
in the way of these resolves, and who shall be
the cause of an earnest and honest people,
who love civil liberty as insurmountable in Republican
institutions, and intend to preserve it for them-
selves and their posterity.
The issue is not less vital than this, and
until it is settled definitively in ac-
cordance with these resolves, and no man
shall use to man shall venture to question or
gain say them, all other questions, however
interesting, may wisely be postponed.
It is upon the great essential in support of
which not only every Democrat but all just-
minded and conservative citizens of every party
must rally, and which it has been the aim of
this paper to place before the people, that we
may afford to differ and array ourselves at
will upon questions of political economy, whose
importance I fully recognize, but which pale
into insignificance before the pressing and
primary questions. Shall our elections be free,
and shall their results be acquiesced in and
obeyed by all? Respectfully yours,
T. F. BAYARD.

"Mexicanization."
"I thank thee for teaching me that
word," said Shakespeare's Gratiano to the
Hebrew. The Republican cry of
"Mexicanization" is ended, but the
Republican disposition toward Mexican-
ization is not. The Republican party
stands to-day committed to a policy of
Mexicanization, as it has been the party
of Mexicanization for more than a de-
cade of years. What is Mexicanization?
Is it not the placing the army above the
law? Is it not the rule of the sword,
even in time of peace? Is it not the con-
trol of force and not the sway of law? Is
it not placing the market over the ballot?
Is it not making Government bayonets,
superior bayonets, the title to
office? Is it not making the authority of
the legislative power dependent upon the
number of uniformed men behind it?
All these things we have seen in that
sunny but unhappy land of revolution
called the Mexican republic. All
these things we have also seen in the
sunny half of our own republic under
the Republican regime. Men who had
been elected Governors have been bayo-
netted out of office to make room for men
who had not been elected.
Legislatures the people
had chosen have been forced by Federal
soldiers to abandon the legislative halls

to which the people chose them, to per-
mit Government guns to make laws for
free States. All this in time of peace.
This is Mexicanization.
On assuming the Presidency Mr.
Hayes withdrew the rule of the Federal
army from the States where it held sway.
Each Republican convention that has
met since that time has confronted the
question, whether or not it approved
such withdrawal. Not a Republican
convention has indorsed that conduct.
Last year it may have been too soon to
expect a party to approve a policy it had
so pertinaciously fought, but time
should have so far soothed the hotbeds
that in 1878 a Republican State conven-
tion might be found to approve a
course so eminently just, constitutional
and peaceful; but not one is found.
Some States, like Pennsylvania and
Michigan, condemn that policy, known
as the Southern policy, most severely
by silence, though not it approved
such withdrawal. That is emphati-
cally indorsing Mexicanization.
The Republican party is bitterly op-
posed to a policy that "brought peace
and harmony" to the South, a policy
"constitutional and pacific." Let the
voters choose between such a policy and
Mexicanization.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HISTORICAL.
PLINY and others relate that Attilius,
a Roman General, killed a serpent 120
feet long, near Utica.
THE Christian era was first adopted so
late as the sixth century in the reign of
Justinian; and hence the various diffi-
culties of fixing it with precision.
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND receives its name
from the fact that it was owned by
Wouter Van Twiller, the second Dutch
Governor of Nieuw Nederlandt, who
bought it from the Indians. It had
previously been known as "Pagganek,"
or "Nat Island."
THE first steam engine was set in mo-
tion in Germany, on Aug. 25, 1785.
Harkort established the first engineer-
ing works in that country, at Freiheit-
Wetter, in 1819. He induced English
workmen to go to Wetter, and they
taught the German apprentices.
ALCOHOL was invented 950 years ago in
Arabia, and was used by ladies with a
powder for painting their faces. Since
that time it has been used mainly by
gentlemen for painting their noses, and
used in a plain state because they re-
quired no powder to fire them off.

GEN. T. J. JACKSON received his sobri-
quet of "Stonewall" from an incident
that occurred during the late Rebellion.
As the rebel forces were forming to meet
the advancing Union troops, Jackson
was asked, respecting a certain corps, if
he was not afraid his men would run.
"Run? No," he said; "they will stand
like a stone wall."

ANAXAGORAS, an Athenian, who flour-
ished in the fifth century before Christ,
taught that wind was owing to rarefac-
tion; that the rainbow was owing to re-
flection; that the moon is enlightened
by the sun; that comets are wandering
stars; that the fixed stars were beyond
the sun, etc.; many of them regarded as
modern discoveries. He was persecuted
and banished by the priesthood.

THE first balloon of Stephen and
Joseph Montgolfier was a silk bag con-
taining forty feet, which burning paper
raised seventy feet. Their next was a
bag of 650 feet, which rose 600 feet.
Their third was 35 feet in diameter, and
was capable of rising 500 pounds. It
was raised before the public, June 5,
1783. On the 21st of November, Pilatre
de Rosier and the Marquis d'Arlandes
ascended at Paris, and afterwards others,
with air inflated in the car by heat.

THE first recorded observatory was on
the top of the Temple of Belus; the
tomb of Osymandias, in Egypt, was
another, and it contained a golden circle
200 feet in diameter; that at Benares was
at least as ancient as these. The first in
Europe was at Cassel in 1561; that of
Tycho Brahe was the second in 1576; at
Uraniburg. The next was at Greenwich
in 1675. The Paris Observatory was
built in 1667; that of Berlin in 1711;
that of Nuremberg in 1678; that of
Bologna in 1714; and that of Pisa in
1730; that of Utrecht in 1690; that of
Copenhagen in 1656; that of Stockholm
in 1748, and that of Lisbon in 1728.

CONFEDERATE WAR RECORDS.