Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

HARD TIMES.

HARD TIMES! and so they be, honey; cupboard and hearth are bare,
We can scarcelins boil the kettle, with the weed thou'st gathered there.
Nay, thou maunt touch t' brass t't teapot; that's for the rent, thou knows,
I'd liefer perish here at home, than live on't best I't House.

I've never troubled the parish yet, and I've none so long to wait,
And mebby things'll be better, now t'iron's got agate.
But I've had harder times than this; whist! thou wilt rest enow
I could mak sleep my supper when I was as young as thou.

I have had harder times, I say; the body may pine and spare,
But when the heart is famishing it's a bitterer thing to bear;
Come hap thysel t't blanket; I'll tell thee o'er my tale,
'Twill make a better hushaby than the call of the rising gale.

Thou think'st a deal on thy golden curls and those blue eyes of thine;
I tell thee, lass, at their brightest they never matched wi' mine!
Aye, I hear thee, laugh an it please thee, I know what my Willie said,
Art thou to mock at his judgment, because he's cold and dead!

It were a summer morning when I stood out there on t' pier,
And tried to laugh as brave as aught, and tried to join the cheer,
As the Lecta swept o'er the harbor bar, and her sail flew out to t' breeze,
And taut and trim like a bird she went, over the treacherous seas.

And Willie lent ower t' bulwarks, and waved his hand to me,
And held the rose I'd geen him up, for all t' crowd to see;
And when I'd watched the last on her, I turned up this very court,
To sew my wedding duds, again the Lecta rode in port.

Bairn, summer glowed to autumn; autumn to winter paled;
It was six long, weary months at last from the day the Lecta sailed;
Six! and two should ha' seen her back, and hope was sinking down,
And never a word to the yearning hearts that waited in the town.

But worse than cold or clemming were those weary, watching days,
While the wild wind swept the angry seas; or the cruel crawling haze
Hid even the great gray tossing waste, where I'd stare from dawn to dark,
Just for a chance on the far faint line of the sail of a home-bound bark.

Day by day and week by week, and month by month dragged past,
And hope died out, and cold despair turned o'er the page at last;
The silent doom hung heavily, till, like a funeral pall,
"Missing, the Lecta, and all hands," closed slowly over all.

And now, a bitter woman, lonely and old I sit,
Beside this barren hearth of mine, and tell a bairn of it!
Hard times! thou hast to bear a bit; but get away! thou'rt young,
There's hope in each rising sun for thee, and joy in a glozing tongue.

Wait till thou know'st that thou might'st weep, and not a soul to heed,
That thou might'st die and none to mourn, die like a useless weed,
Wait, till thine all of love and life lies in yon wild wide sea,
Then dare to count woes, and come to 'plain "hard times" to me!

—All the Year Round.

THE FULL PARTICULARS.

TO THINK that you should really be here, Irene, after all these years, and that things generally should be just as they are—it is all so strange! And yet, at the same time it is not strange at all, for how could anything else have been my very own life?

I know I must have written you a good deal about people and things when I first came home from school. And I dare say I wrote you about the neighbors, of John Powers and the Gardners, and the church (Jim used to sing in the boy-choir), and—most likely I wrote you a good deal about—well, about the music and the organist. Did I say a great deal, Irene, and did you believe it all? What did you really think when it turned out so? Honestly, you know, it was as much the music as anything, for he could play—he could seem to put a living soul into those organ-pipes. And then he was handsome, too; not in a sturdy, flesh-and-blood fashion like Jim, but slender and pale, with slim, white hands and a fine-cut mouth. I used to imagine he was just a little like the pictures of Frederick Robertson—he had something of that refined, spiritual look when I saw him first. And Arthur Lawrie is a good name you know, and I always had my fancies about names. Just imagine a girl in the full possession of her senses becoming Mrs. *Uriah Hodskin!* That's what my cousin did.

You never lived in the house with another family, Irene. Well, there are disadvantages in it, of course; you are more than ever at the mercy of Fate in the way of neighbors, and you feel obliged to hush up the boys' fraternal disagreements for the sake of the family reputation; but then there are advantages in it too. I shall always count it among my mercies that the Steeles lived in the other half of the house, and that Arthur Lawrie came to board with them. You remember his picture that I sent you? I was really more than half offended when you said you didn't like it—that you thought he was selfish. I used to keep that picture in a box in my bureau drawer, under all my ribbons, and one day when the Jaffrey girls were here and I sent Jim upstairs for a handkerchief, what on earth did the child do but come down and say, "Will this one do! It's got a hole in it—and say, Winnie, where'd you get that picture of Mr. Lawrie? Did he give it to you?" And there sat Helen Jaffrey, and *didn't* I long to shake him! I saw a great deal of Arthur Lawrie that winter; there were a good many young people at St. Mark's, and we had fairs and tableaux and all sorts of good times. Yes, I did have a delightful time, for you know it *is* pleasant to be in your teens, and not so very plain, and have people like you pretty well. Honestly, Irene, I never knew a vainer girl than I was; not conceited, you understand, but just hungry for every word and look that should show that anybody cared. I think it wasn't very strange that I should have drifted as I did; you wouldn't wonder if you could have heard him talk—perhaps I should say seen him talk, for his manner was as much as anything. All the girls were more or less interested him; everybody admired his talent. What could a foolish girl like Winifred Guest do but fall in love with him herself? (Isn't it horrible to be telling this all over now? But you know I have never told the whole story to anybody but—one. Mother knew, and I think she was pretty anxious for a while.)

As I said before, there were a good many of us young people and we had a pleasant winter. Most of the others were old friends and neighbors, John Powers and the Gardners and the Edison girls and the rest. John and I had always been good friends; we had had but one real, genuine quarrel that I can remember, and that was my own fault. It was years and years ago, about something or other that I did at school or was planning to do, and it *wasn't* exactly honest and he said so, and I was dreadfully angry. I wouldn't speak to him for a week afterward, and then I was so ashamed I couldn't stand it any longer, and I told him I knew it was mean and I shouldn't really do it. "I knew you wouldn't. Come on and let's go skating," said he, and that was the end of it. I dare say he hasn't thought of it since, but somehow I never forgot it. I liked John, of course; I knew him so well that he seemed almost like the boys at home, and of course I enjoyed being with him and talking with him in a certain way, but then he was only John Powers, and, well, he certainly didn't have Arthur Lawrie's music or his eyes or his graceful manners, and —— I was a romantic little goose. What could you expect? I didn't snub John, you know; I went out with him sometimes, and I tried to make it pleasant for him when he came in of an evening, as he used to do pretty often at first; but if now and then I rode down to the Port with Arthur Lawrie instead, or he came in and found Arthur playing on the venerable piano down-stairs —— oh, Irene, he used to play such delightful things! Well, it often happened so about John and Arthur; I liked them both, you know, and I knew they both liked me in a way, and so ——.

I don't know. What do you mean by flirtation, Irene? Perhaps so, though there was no malice aforethought about it; only wanted to have a good time. I did feel sorry after a while when John gradually left off asking me to go skating, and didn't come over in the evening so often as he used to, but it didn't matter so much, because I saw a good deal—yes, a great deal of Arthur. I'm ashamed to say it, but I never was half so particular about church going —— partly for the church of course, but partly for the music, and sometimes to look after Jim.

Our pew was down in front, just where I could always see the organist. I remember his profile used to come just over one of the carved oak panels, and he looked like a picture, with his fine, clear-cut face and his musical expression. Not that I sat and watched him all the time, either.

And then, Irene, he always had that way of treating you as if you were an angel, and you know one does like that, even along with the consciousness of being a miserable little sinner; and—though he was never what one would call obtrusively religious, still he could say a great many nice things about unselfishness and renunciation of personal aims and all that. And, my dear, I believed in him as thoroughly as I did in the rector.

It was the next spring that there was a little talk of his leaving St. Mark's and going to Albany, and we half expected he would go, though nobody knew. One afternoon a party of us went up in the woods behind the county farm to get May flowers. I remember John didn't go, for he was in the office at Brown and Grover's then, and had to work like everything. The air was warm as June. We two were a little behind the others coming back; he was carrying my basket and looked a good deal more sober than usual.

"How can you," said I, "with all those flowers, and such a sunset in your face?" And he said he was wondering if it would be the last time he should go a-Maying in those woods and with the same companion.

"And are you really going away, then?" said I. Somehow it made me rather sober, too, and I suppose I showed it more than I meant, for he turned and looked down at me—he was tall and slender. "Should you care a bit, Miss Winifred, if I did go?" he said, in that pathetic little way of his. He had been talking just a few evenings before about the beauty of loving our friends faithfully and without demands, even though they might never care one-half so much for us. I couldn't help remembering it, and I suppose I blushed and said of course I should care—a little—and then—well, the end of it was that he didn't go. (I found out afterward it was because he quarreled with the Albany church about the salary.)

Of all unconscionably blissful little idiots I suppose I was a shining example. There was no public engagement, in fact he never actually and in so many words said so very much about a home or a wedding-day, but he talked a great deal about companionship and sympathy and the fine capabilities of a woman's nature for general sweetness and light—and he used to play to me by the hour, and talk machinery with father and praise Jim's voice to mother—and I used to sit and think how refined and pale and handsome he was. And then, you know, he came to board with the Steeles in the other half of the house.

Mind you, I don't say that the next twelvemonth didn't bring some revelations to Arthur Lawrie as well as to me. I don't pretend to be a saint, and I was very, very far from it then; but of course I can't really judge of the other side—all I know is that it was with my own self like the "King of France, with forty thousand men," who "marched up a hill, and then —— marched down again." There was nothing tragic about it (I think I should have liked a tragedy better). It wasn't falling in love with a hero, and finding out that he was a villain who had committed two or three interesting and horrible crimes, but simply waking up to the fact that he was at heart a very commonplace mortal, with a most commonplace love of his own gentlemanly self. And it didn't come all at once either, as the news of a murder or a forgery or a forsaken sweetheart might have done; it was only that I grew better acquainted with him, as people must when they live within the same four walls, and gradually and little by little the ideal prince faded out. And then Mrs. Steele was a tremendous gossip and little Fred was Jim's inseparable companion, and I absolutely couldn't help hearing about various small items now and then; nothing very dreadful, as I said before, but simply disenchanting. You couldn't imagine "John Halifax" spending twenty minutes over the arrangement of his hair and necktie, or "Adam Bede" sleeping late in the morning and being sulky and disagreeable because the rolls had grown drier in the meantime; and if it weren't for the fact that Enid trudged down town with a market-basket while Yniol and Geraint discoursed at home of princely topics, I never would believe that a knight of the Round Table could be so sublimely indifferent as he was to the inconvenience and thankless pains of womankind at home! Now, Arthur Lawrie always carried my shawl and opened the door for me and gave me the easiest chair, and he would have done the same for Helen Jaffrey or any of the other girls if it had happened so.

Things went on in that way for a long time; I was proud and didn't want to own even to myself how much I'd been mistaken, or that a fine-cut face and those magic fingers wern't enough to make a woman happy. Perhaps they might be enough for some women, but you must remember I was vain as well as romantic, and the prospect of settling down to admire my husband's talents and wait upon him forty years or so with the privilege of admiration for reward didn't seem so very alluring. I never said much to Arthur—somehow one couldn't have the face to criticise him directly—and he played to me and we read German together, but I kept up all the time a sober thinking. I didn't write to you very often then—somehow I didn't know what to say; I was just waiting to find out fairly where I stood; and it was that October that brought my fate.

I suppose it is partly because of the crisis it brought, and partly because I've told so many people the story of how it happened, but I can remember every single thing about that day as clearly as if it were only yesterday. I remember just how I ran up and down stairs that morning; I never felt more completely well and strong; and how Mrs. Steele came dragging herself up after me. She said her side was very bad that morning, and I said I was sorry; and I was sorry, but I understood about as much of how she felt as a squirrel would in the top of a beach-tree.

We started off, a dozen or so in all, just after dinner. I gave Will Hallowell my Scotch plaid circular and he wore it all the way over to Sanborn's Hill. John went with us, too, that day; he took Nelly Gardner's cousin in his care—she was visiting Nelly at the time—a Miss Something or other, Harrington, I think. Arthur had Helen Jaffrey's basket, and they were away up in the clouds somewhere in company with Beethoven or Mozart—Helen was wise in music and I never was. If you've ever been nutting you know what fun it is. The grove had been used by picnic parties the summer before, and there was an old swing, forgotten and still left hanging from the limb of a great hemlock. George Edison was swinging me; it was delightful, with a long, outward sweep that made you feel like a bird.

"Oh—just a *little* higher," said I catching my breath with delight.

"No," said John very decidedly, "don't send her any higher, George."

But he did give just one more tremendous push, and laughed and said we'd "let the old cat die" after that, and I went once more sailing up, and out, and farther into space. * * * * You know what happened next. I heard a sort of cracking, snapping sound just as I was starting to come back—I heard Nelly Gardner scream—and the next I knew I was falling.

You know how horrible that feeling is in a dream? It isn't much pleasanter in reality. It seemed hours instead of seconds before I touched the ground. I remembered every single thing I ever did. There was a sudden terror in it all—and then there came a blinding crash of pain and I supposed I was dead.

They told me afterward John carried me, in a limp, white bundle, down to Deacon Sanborn's, and they sent for a carriage and a doctor and finally got me home. Arthur was almost faint himself at the sight of blood, and even if it hadn't been for that he never could have carried me down that steep, rough hillside, for he was slender and light and wasn't used to more violent exercise than organ voluntaries and dancing. Now, I love to dance, and always did—but—still—but of course he wasn't to blame for *that*.

I'll spare you an account of the weeks that followed, Irene. I saw nobody for weeks but father and mother and Doctor Spear—such a bundle of quivering nerves! Still, you know the novelty wears off from everything. Happiness grows to be an old story after a while, and so I found it was with pain. I used to lie there flat upon my aching back and try to imagine how I could ever have awoke in the morning from sound sleep to any sort of comfort in being alive. I couldn't bear to see anybody, or do anything but think how miserable I was. It set my nerves on edge to hear the children laugh, or to be asked a single question; in fact I was the most exacting and queruious and dismal invalid you ever saw.

Arthur Lawrie? Oh, yes, he was in town, but he left the Steele's and went somewhere else to board because he couldn't use the piano there on account of me. I don't wonder that he found it pleasanter at the Gardners'. As for my ever caring about that matter of Nelly Gardner, you know whether that made any difference to me. He used to come in to see me sometimes when I got over the first unwillingness to see anybody—but it didn't amount to anything—we both knew it didn't, and that we really never belonged to each other; and so, finally, when he was going away to a new situation in Providence, I felt sure it would be better to say so plainly and have it over. I gave him back the ring I had worn till the day of the accident, and told him I knew that whatever might possibly have been but for that day was out of the question now, even if I had cared a great deal for him; but that I knew my feeling had really changed beside, and and so it was best every way. And of course he protested a little and was pathetic a little, and somehow managed to leave me with the impression that he had in some way been very magnanimous and self-sacrificing to give me up.

And after he was gone I did miss him—yes, I did. I felt sure that in real honest truth he was glad to go away a free man, but somehow I felt sorry and forsaken. "My doll was stuffed with sawdust" and I knew it—but it was a handsome doll that everybody admired, and I had once been very fond of it. What wonder if I spent some sentimental sorrow over its destruction?

I don't know now just how it was that I ever came to think of any better way of spending the weeks and months than in moaning and groaning over my own troubles. I began to smooth out a few of the wrinkles then, and I saw the girls and tried to talk with them; and I let Elsie stay with me sometimes instead of mother. And John came in to see me too.

Now you know "there's as much difference in folks as there is in anybody." In some people a strong physical constitution almost irritates an invalid, it seems so coarse-fibered and obtrusive. One doesn't look for fine shades of sympathy in a trained athlete. But you see John was strong all over every way; just like his name—"John Powers." It wasn't simply that he could lift heavier weights than the others, or merely that he was a fine scholar and knew just what he knew to the end of creation—but he was strong in these and in the best way of all beside—somehow just that sort of man whom one would trust and ask for help; not in a sentimental way, exactly, for he was no more sentimental than handsome—

Why, no, I don't call him handsome, and I'm glad of it; I don't like handsome men. His nose isn't straight, and his eyebrows are too heavy, but—Irene—you're laughing at me!

John's little visits did me a world of good. It was a delightful relapse into cheerfulness during those spring weeks; I thought they were going on forever, or at least until I grew to be a marvel of serenity and saintliness; but they didn't, for in the last of May John went to New York, and I thought I *should*—never mind—only that did seem to me pretty hard to bear. He had never really come to the stage of loverhood, and never put on any air of being slighted or jealous in the days of Arthur Lawrie, and I liked him all the better for it. But now, you see, it was carrying the matter too far. I felt sure he cared nothing for me after all in any but the most utterly commonplace way, and though I knew it was thoroughly just, it cut me to the heart, for I had come to care a great deal for him. I thought I should die, the day he went away.

To make a long story short, then, I fell back into the Slough of Despond.

We got through the winter somehow—the machine-works were opened once more—oh, and John used to write to me; not love-letters (I'll show you some of them by and by) but the best letters you ever saw. I began to think I did have a good many happy things after all, though, once in a while, when I imagined perhaps John would get married some time and settle down in New York—and bring his wife to call on me when he came home in a summer vacation—it seemed to me I never could bear *that*.

And then, after all the rest * * * * * You've heard of Doctor Rothenhausler? He has performed a great many operations in just such cases. (To think, Irene, of being regarded in the bony light of a "case!") We had heard of him, and it was partly on that account that father worked so hard on his model, for he wanted to get the money together and send for this surgeon from Philadelphia. But somehow everything went against it; his model wouldn't work when he got it done, and it didn't seem likely that I'd see the owner of that long name for a good while yet. But one day in the last of February there came this letter from the doctor himself, saying that he had been requested *from Boston* to come on to see the young lady and so forth, and would it be convenient to appoint such a day? And he came. He looked a good deal; he talked very little; and—there's no use in going through the long particulars of the long affair; and though at first I hardly dared to hope, you see it did come true. Oh, Irene! if I could tell you a hundredth part of the happiness there was in getting well once more! You know a little of what it is in an ordinary illness—there's nothing more delicious than a steady convalescence, when you feel a little more strength as each week passes; but when you've been so helpless for so long, and find you are really going to be alive again, along with the sweet, new freshness of a country spring ——.

It wasn't three months after the doctor came that father did something more to his model that made it just right, so that he got the patent. And I assure you we felt as rich as if we owned the whole United States. Uncle Gershom wrote a very odd letter about the doctor; acted as if he was ashamed to think we knew he did it; but he was always queer, so we didn't think it so very strange. John's plans were accepted for a new Court-house, and brought him a great deal of money at the same time. He came home for almost the whole summer. It could have been nothing but happy for me, for John was here, and I saw what meant to me the very best thing of all. No, I don't know whether I'll tell you just how it happened. It was one evening in the fall. I was in the big arm-chair and he had started to go and he came and stood beside me. I think we neither of us said much; there was no need.

"Oh, John!" said I, "I don't see how you can!"

"My *dear!*" said he—and that was the end of it.

I never knew for a long time afterward about that matter of Uncle Gershom, but I did find out wholly by accident that it was John himself who sent the doctor, as he had sent the chair before, and how it was more for that than anything else that he had gone to New York and worked so hard.

"If I had known it I never would marry you in all the world," said I.

"But you'll have to now, or be sued for breach of promise," said John, trying to look resigned.—*Mabel S. Emery, in Good Company.*

A WIDOW residing in the vicinity of Lake George, N. Y., has adopted a novel but very successful method of filling her ice-house. She places a number of milk pans containing spring water out of doors at night and in the morning packs the frozen chunks away, solidifying the same by pouring water over it and leaving the door of the ice-house open.

Garfield's Present Trouble.

Certain Republican papers, supposed to know all about the trials and tribulations of the President-elect, say that he is just now grappling with one which taxes his patience and ingenuity more than any of its predecessors; and, singularly enough, it is non-political. The public is aware that when the Hayes family took possession of the White House, everything in the shape of stimulants stronger than tea and coffee was banished from the Presidential board. The thirstiest caller was not invited to interview the decanter, and the foreign diplomate who had been accustomed to his daily wine from childhood was compelled to go through a long State dinner on water-power only. While the credit of this new departure was given to both members of the domestic firm, it was generally understood in Washington that Mrs. Hayes was the prime mover, and that Mr. Hayes yielded only under protest. Indeed, it is said, on what seems to be reliable authority, that the latter not only does not object to moderate indulgence in ardent spirits by others, but occasionally indulges himself—when away from home; and that the rules established at his own table are not binding upon him at a table not his own. But be this as it may, the Executive Mansion during the last four years has set an example of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate which the friends of that species of reform have enthusiastically applauded; and as a testimonial of their approbation and admiration they have started a subscription for a life-size portrait of Mrs. Hayes to be hung up in the famous East room forever. Naturally enough, too, they are asking this question: "Will Mr. and Mrs. Garfield go and do likewise?" And it is this question, vigorously poked at him by letter, and private deputations, which is vexing the soul of the gentleman at Mentor. Mr. Garfield, like Mr. Hayes, takes a little now and then, but unlike Mr. Hayes, is quite willing his guests should have the same liberty. In other words, he is not disposed to enforce the Maine law in the White House; yet he does not want to alienate the temperance people by abolishing it there. He would be glad to compromise, but compromise is impossible. The temperance people are as "stalwart" in this matter as the other stalwarts are in regard to the Southern policy of the new Administration. They insist that the table and sideboard rule of 1877-81 shall be adopted in 1881-5, and that not a drop of the juice of grape, corn or rye shall be allowed except for medicinal purposes

So the case stands at present. Mr. Garfield has not fully decided what he will do, and is sorely perplexed in coming to a decision. Cabinet construction is easy compared to it, for if one piece of timber does not suit he can put in another; but it must be total abstinence or nothing. If the former, he will displease himself and three-fourths of those whom he entertains, and if the latter, he is sure to provoke a storm of anti-alcoholic wrath. From the best obtainable information on this interesting and important subject the probabilities are that the rule of 1877-81 will be suspended on and after the 4th prox.; at least for all dinners to which company is invited. At any rate it is rumored that Mr. Garfield leans toward a mildly spirituous regime, and that while still open to conviction, it will require a prompt and vigorous advance of the temperance army to hold the fort so gallantly held by the Hayses.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Subsidies vs. Free Ships.

In 1855 there were 381 ships and barks built in the United States; in 1879 there were 37 barks and ships built in this country. It is reported that the grain fleet dispatched from the port of New York in 1879 numbered 2,987 vessels, carrying 102,312,568 bushels of grain. All of this tonnage included but one American steamer and only 74 American sailing vessels. E. F. Noyes, our Minister to France, devoted six months to the investigation of our commercial carrying trade in the Mediterranean by order of the State Department. He reported that he experienced a sense of humiliation at the absence of the American flag from the waters on which he looked. The Consul at Smyrna reports that while formerly as many as seventy-five or eighty vessels had been seen in that port at one time, there were last year but three, all told. We are now paying foreign nations annually over $100,000,000 for the transportation of our freight, and $20,000,000 for the carrying of our passengers and mails. We pay, that is to foreigners, largely to England, $120,000,000 for carrying our products across the seas and bringing the things we wish to buy to our shores. The American flag has disappeared from the high seas, and our merchant marine is no more.

Senator Beck, who is more and more distinguishing himself for critical and well-informed attention to the public interests, and who is capable of broad and National views as well as of attention to little things, recently made a notable speech in the Senate upon free ships. He was antagonized by Senator Blaine, who will be a conspicuous figure in the next Administration. The remedy which Senator Blaine would apply to the decadence of the merchant marine of the United States in subsidies. The remedy which Senator Beck would apply to the decline of the commercial power of this country upon the high seas is free ships. Senator Blaine says that within thirty miles of his residence in a town which is the largest wooden ship-building place on the globe. He is in favor of a subsidy of about $4,000,000 a year in the ship-building interest. He, representing the Republican party, argues that since Congress has passed ninety-two acts within twenty years in aid of internal transportation by rail, and has given 200,000,000 acres of the public lands, worth to-day $1,000,000,000, and has given also, in addition, $70,000,000 in cash to railroad corporations, Congress ought, for the sake of consistency, to subsidize the men and corporations that carry passengers and freight over the waters. This is a fair statement of the argument, as Senator Blaine presents it. It is consistent with the subsidizing policy. The argument vividly reveals the pernicious tendency of the subsidy policy. If A should be subsidized, why should not B also be subsidized?

The bill which Senator Beck asks Congress to pass provides that the sections of the Revised Statutes which prohibit citizens of the United States from purchasing ships built in other countries to be used in the foreign carrying trade of the United States, and which impose taxes, burdens, or restrictions, on such ships when owned by American citizens, which are not imposed on ships built in the United States, shall be repealed, and that it shall be lawful for citizens of the United States to buy ships built in whole or in part in foreign countries, to have them registered as ships of the United States, and when so registered such ships so bought are to be entitled to all the rights and subjected only to the same regulations as are now provided by law for the government and management of ships built wholly in the United States and owned and controlled by citizens of this country. Senator Beck does not understand why American citizens should be prohibited from purchasing ships for the foreign trade in the cheapest market when all other nations enjoy this privilege. While England, and France, and Germany, and Belgium, and Norway and Sweden have the right to bring freights to our ports and to carry freights from our ports in foreign-built ships, it is not easy to see why the laws of the United States should select citizens of the United States to be alone ostracized from this privilege. Ought this country to pay $120,000,000 annually to foreigners for our carrying work to oblige a few ship-builders thirty miles from the residence of Senator Blaine?

Subsidies are wrong in principle and vicious in practice. Freedom is beautiful in principle and equal and beneficent in practice. Senator Beck has this fundamental advantage over Senator Blaine in the discussion of this important subject. And the arguments of Senator Beck can not be answered, as Senator Morrill attempted to answer them, by saying that Mr. Beck, being from the interior State of Kentucky, can know nothing of commerce on the high seas.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Letter from Mr. Tilden.

Hon. Samuel J. Tilden has been elected the first honorary member of the Jefferson Club of New York. In reply to a letter of the President, Chauncey F. Black, Esq., informing him of his election, Governor Tilden writes as follows:

NEW YORK, January 27, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter notifying me of my unanimous election as the first honorary member of the Jefferson Democratic Association of New York. I accept the distinction thus conferred in order to testify my approval and commendation of the objects of your association. Thomas Jefferson has a title to the esteem and gratitude of the American people even greater than that which he derived from being the author of the Declaration of Independence, and from being the author of the statute of religious freedom by the State of Virginia. During all the bloody conflicts of the American revolution, and the civil struggles out of which our system of government emerged, and the controversies through which was impressed upon it the character of the Government "by the people, for the people," he was the apostle of human freedom and the greatest leader of that beneficent philosophy which was embodied in our institutions. At a time when powerful tendencies are at work to subvert the original character of our Government; to break down the limitations of power established by the Constitution; to centralize the action and influence of official authorities; to create a governing class, using the machinery of Government as a corrupt balance of power in the elections, and then shaping legislation and administration in the interests of the few against the many; the precepts and example of such a man as Mr. Jefferson cannot be too often invoked. The formation of societies which can act as centers of discussion and as agencies for the propagation of the true principles of the Fathers of the Republic is a measure capable of great service to the people and to mankind.

With assurance of sympathy and esteem—to the members of your association and to yourself, I have the honor to be, your fellow citizen,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

The Majority on the Popular Vote.

It would seem that after a careful collection and consideration, by the Baltimore *Sun*, of the entire vote polled at the last Presidential election, General Hancock has a clear majority over General Garfield of 6,332. The *Sun* says:

Careful revision of the returns from all the States, obtained by correspondence with the best sources of information, enables us to lay before the readers of the Sun a correct table of the popular vote of the United States for President in November, 1880. The total vote of the country was 9,200,794, divided as follows:

James A. Garfield, Republican	4,457,081
Winfield S. Hancock, Democrat	4,444,313
James B. Weaver, Greenback	307,033
Neal Dow, Prohibition	9,644
Scattering	1,783
	9,200,794
Hancock's majority over Garfield	6,332

The total vote polled for President in 1876 by the same States as in 1880 was 8,411,136, and the increase is 789,658.

The vote of the States for Garfield, Hancock and Weaver is as follows:

STATES.	G'rfield.	Hancock.	Weaver.
Alabama	56,178	90,687	4,642
Arkansas	41,881	60,659	4,079
California	80,348	80,426	3,393
Colorado	27,690	24,847	1,435
Connecticut	67,078	64,417	868
Delaware	14,150	15,183	.....
Florida	23,654	27,984	.....
Georgia	52,653	102,523	681
Illinois	318,037	277,321	20,356
Indiana	232,164	225,528	12,986
Iowa	198,904	105,865	32,927
Kansas	121,520	59,789	19,710
Kentucky	104,550	147,909	11,406
Louisiana	31,891	65,310	.....
Maine	74,029	65,171	4,409
Maryland	78,515	93,706	818
Massachusetts	165,235	111,889	4,348
Michigan	185,100	131,209	34,895
Minnesota	81,903	53,315	3,287
Mississippi	34,884	75,750	5,797
Missouri	158,567	202,009	38,045
Nebraska	54,979	22,523	3,953
Nevada	6,732	9,511	.....
New Hampshire	44,853	40,796	599
New Jersey	120,555	122,565	2,617
New York	555,544	534,511	12,373
North Carolina	115,878	124,204	1,126
Ohio	375,048	340,821	6,456
Oregon	20,619	19,948	945
Pennsylvania	444,704	407,428	20,069
Rhode Island	18,195	10,779	236
South Carolina	58,071	112,312	546
Tennessee	107,730	130,160	6,016
Texas	53,200	154,608	27,405
Vermont	45,060	18,181	1,212
Virginia	83,639	127,976	139
West Virginia	46,942	57,391	9,076
Wisconsin	144,397	114,634	7,986
Total	4,457,081	4,444,313	407,033

Hancock's majority over Garfield, 6,332.

——It turns out that Mr. Hayes, the great Civil-Service reformer who has for nearly four years occupied the Presidency in spite of the notorious fact that he was not elected thereto, has compelled the Treasury officials to pay him his salary monthly in advance. This he did in plain contravention of paragraph 3,648 of the Revised Statutes, which provides that "no advance of public money shall be made in any case whatever," and in spite of the protests of the officials of the Treasury against this bold violation of the law. When remonstrated with by a member of his Cabinet, he simply answered that he must have the money for investment. But then, could anything better be expected from a fraudulent President?—*Harrisburg Patriot.*