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WORKMEN in digging away the embankment along the Schuylkill in Pottstown found a skeleton and a brass jewsharp, the latter in a fair state of preservation. This indicates a higher state of civilization years ago than we now enjoy. Of course, the owner of that brass jewsharp sat on the front stoop until nearly midnight playing "Whoa Emma," "Baby Mine," and "Pinafore" airs, until the outraged neighbors came down on the player like a wolf on the fold, and buried the player and jewsharp in one grave. And the coroner's verdict was "justifiable homicide." If civilization had not retrograded it would be a very common occurrence years hence for workmen to exhume a human skeleton and an accordean, or a flute and a hand-organ, or some other diabolical instrument of torture.—*Norristown Herald.*

"BILL," THE ENGINEER.

"All 'board!'" "Sphee-ee-chee—sphee-ee-choof!"
And the iron horse moves his steel-rimm'd hoof,
And snorts from his chest his breath of steam,
With a quick'ning pulse and warning scream;
Moves on with his freight of human lives—
A sinuous chain of humming hives.

Anon the hum is a rattling din,
As the bright steel arms fly out and in,
Till naught is heard save a deaf'ning jar,
As the train speeds on like a shooting star,
With a lengthening trail like a smoky pall
Whose writhing folds envelope all.

"Stoke up!" shouts Bill, the engineer;
"We must rush this grade and the bottom clear
With a monstrous bulge, to pull up hill.
T'other side, heavy train.—All right, Bill!"
And the coal went in and the throttle out.
"Watch yo' side the curve!" from Bill with a shout.

Adown the grade with an open throttle,
They swiftly glide as a flying-shuttle—
Weaving in streaks of green and gray,
The warp and woof of bush and clay;
While steam and smoke and dust behind
Form mottled clouds in the tortured wind.

Through the cut, and into the vale—
Across the trestle that spans the swale,
There the willows swirl, and the rank weeds sway;
And the heron starts, with a shriek away—
Blown from his course—a shrill refrain,
'Mid the whirling gusts of the flying train.

* * * * *

Beyond the curve, this side the hill,
There runs the creek—by the old saw-mill—
A covered bridge and a water tank;
With the watchman's shanty on this bank.
A quiet nook, for the mill is done—
With crippled Jemmie it ceased to run.

'Tis just 'round the curve, in the shady wood
That fringes the creek, his low hut stood;
Where Jemmie, the watch, spent his useful life,
With a lovely child and a loving wife.
Naught now came their peace to mar
Worse than a swift train's rumbling jar.

To fame unknown, but to roadmen dear;
For around him had watched from year to year—
And more than once did his vigil save
A train and its lives from a watery grave.
Since, broken in purse and form at the mill—
He worked on crutches—a good watch still.

Hark! "Tis the train!" The mother's ear
Leans to the sound; then a mortal fear
Freezes her veins—she sees not her child!
"O, darling! O, Maggie!" in accents wild,
She starts from the hut—now *feeling* the why,
"*Keep Maggie in when the trains go by.*"

She strains her eyes towards the creek,
Where up the track, with ashen cheek,
Hobbled the watch—one pointing crutch
Where Maggie lay in the engine's clutch—
The wilting flowers across her breast,
She,d wearied to sleep in their eager quest.

"Save her, Mary! For God's sake run!"
Came Jemmie's voice like a signal gun;
The mother sprang like a startled deer,
But the rushing train was now too near—
She saw, she swooned with a piercing shriek
That echoed afar o'er the winding creek;

Aye, pierced the boom 'round the curve so near,
And smote on the ear of the engineer;
"Great God! Down brakes! Quick! Reverse!"
And Bill was out on the iron horse
Treading his thills o'er the roaring fires
With his nerves strung tense as electric wires.

Alas! the engine's speed's too great;
The baby dreams in the path of fate!
Yet Bill knows the force and just the brace
To lift a pound in such a case;
With a rushing train and the child asleep,
'Tis a giant's power his place must keep.

Still, reaching forth, with an iron grasp,
He does with his might this God-like task;
Bearing the startled child on high—
So happy to hear its frightened cry—
Then, crushing it to his manly breast,
Kisses its cheeks with a lover's zest.

"More brakes!" calls Bill, for the mother's seen,
And the crutches and form of Jemmie between
His wife and the train—that's crush'd the life
From his child, he thinks—"I'll die with my wife!"
But the train now slackens and stops apace—
Hard by a pallid, upturned face.

"Saved!" cries Bill, from the engine's front;
"Saved!" echoes Jemmie, his crutches shunt;
"Saved!" shouts the passengers. "Saved from death!"
"Saved!" queries Mary, with a conscious breath.
Then helped to her feet—"God bless you, sir!"
And Bill's grimy hand wipes back a tear.

"All 'board!" "Sphee-ee-chee—sphee-ee-choof!"
And the iron horse moves his steel rimm'd hoof;
And the train resumes its journey far.
Heroes have been—and heroes are—
Of battle and State, of travel and skill,
Of letters and art—but give us "Bill!"

At the end of the road they gave him a purse;
"'Tis nothing," said Bill; "and he matter'd a curse;
But finally took it and stowed it away,
And threw it to "Mag" as he pass'd next day.
It whirled through the air and struck by the group,
Where the three stood to greet him, a joyful group.

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

UNDER AN EVIL STAR.

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Dick, throwing his paper angrily aside. "I declare the whole thing is really too bad! I was born under an evil star, Charley, and there never was the slightest use for a fellow to try and get the best of his ill luck!"

This last sally caused me to look up into the face of my companion with a glance of surprise.

"Nonsense!" I replied, laughing at his cross visage. "What new misfortune has overwhelmed you now?"

We were seated—Richard Flanders and myself—upon the piazza of the neat little summer hotel at Lakeview, on the Erie Road, and comfortably enjoying a quiet after-dinner smoke in the cool breeze of evening, which wafted to our senses the fragrant perfume of a thousand wild flowers, blooming about us on every side. We were in the middle of June, and the weather sultry and warm. There had been a little shower in the afternoon, just enough to keep us in-doors, and give Dick a chance to grumble a little.

I never knew why it was that we seemed to get on so nicely together; for we certainly were the very best and staunchest of friends. I had always borne a great liking for Dick; half, I suppose, on account of his genial manner, and half for the odd way there was about him in everything he did or said. He was tall and good looking; his face was pretty and delicate as any woman's; his eyes were deep blue, and his hair almost golden. Beside physical favors, nature had indulged him in every respect; he had just stumbled into a small fortune that yielded him a couple of thousand a year, and certainly ought to make him a favorite with everybody.

But, despite his handsome figure and face, despite his graceful manner, despite the usual brightness of his conversation, it must be acknowledged that Richard Flanders had but few friends. He had one great fault; he was an habitual grumbler.

Nevertheless, he was a nice fellow, and I liked him all the more, perhaps, because he had never taken it into his odd head to complain of me, and everything had always gone on with astonishing smoothness between us.

"It's a downright shame!" he cried again, jumping to his feet and crossing over to my end of the piazza. "I really cannot see why I should always be the most ill-fated individual under heaven. It has been the same ever since I was a child; I have never had my own way in anything."

"You are certainly the most-to-be-pitied man in the world," I replied, in a tone of mock gravity.

"What with your personal appearance, and a neat little income, no cares, no troubles, no sorrows—it makes me shiver to contemplate your agonizing miseries."

"It is all very well for you to laugh, Charley," he snapped, ungraciously, and stopping direct in front of me. "I should like to see you in my place."

"So would I, with all my heart. I'll change shoes with you at once."

"It has always been my fate to meet nothing but disappointment and misfortunes. And to say that it all comes through the great red-haired Louis Harold——"

"What!" I cried. "You must not say anything against Louis Harold before me. He is the very best fellow in the country."

"He has the reddest hair, if that is any recommendation. But he has not heard or seen the last of me yet."

"I trust not, for all our sakes, Dick," I added, good-naturedly. "Come, tell us the whole affair from beginning to end. Louis is too much of a gentleman to treat you shabbily, I am sure. I will bet you a box of cigars that you have only been again at your old habit of grumbling."

Richard crossed over again to the place where he had thrown the paper, and came back with the *Journal* in his hand.

"Look at that!" he growled, as he tossed it into my lap.

It was the Patterson *Daily Journal* that I held; half way down the first column an interesting paragraph caught my eye:

"We are pleased to hear of the safe return of Mr. Louis Harold—our rising young lawyer—with his lovely bride at the White Mountains."

"Well?" I said, without looking up, "there is nothing very extraordinary in that. You know that he was married, did you not? I met Louis in the cars, the other day and he invited me very cordially to call upon him."

"He did! Very kind, I am sure. He could not do less than invite us to call after the trick he has served me."

"Trick! I will vow it is no such thing; Louis has never been guilty of a mean action in all his life."

"Indeed? He must feel quite flattered to have one so eager in his defense. I call him a sneak, and I'll prove it, too. Why, confound him I wanted to marry her myself."

"What?" I fairly screamed, bursting into a loud laugh. "You wanted to marry Judge Reynolds' daughter? That must be a rich story you have to tell me, and I am all ears to hear in what way you succeeded in attracting the young lady's attention."

I lighted a fresh cigar and handed one to Dick; for I knew that he could talk and smoke, and grumble, too, all at the same time.

"The way of it all was this," he began, drawing up his chair and pulling slowly at his weed. "Before my uncle died and left me a few dollars I enjoy at present, I was a hard-working man. O, you need not smile; I was not born independent; I earned my living, once upon a time, and I worked for it, too. Well, I was conductor on the Erie, and made two trips daily from Jersey City to Middleton. It was a hard life, I can tell you, but I did not mind it much, as I must do that, or perish in the poor house.

"I had been on the road for about two years, and was just beginning to like my occupation, when occurred the melancholy event I am going to relate, and which has thrown a shadow over my life ever since. A man never has but one opportunity to make his mark in this world, and woe to the fool that lets this golden chance slip by unheeded.

"It was a lovely May afternoon. I was going through the cars collecting fares, and about the middle of the train I saw Louis Harold seated by the side of a very beautiful young lady. My heart gave a great thump as I stopped to speak with him, keeping my eyes all the while fixed upon the lovely girl in the next seat. Before I had looked at her three seconds I felt that I was head and ears in love, and I trembled like a leaf when I politely asked for her ticket. Judge of my astonishment when the beautiful young lady coolly informed me that she had lost her pocket book! My delighted visions faded like a flash of lightning, and I was even with her in a moment. I had read in the papers about these pretty impostors, and I was too old a bird to let a pair of blue eyes cheat me out of the just fare.

"'Sorry, miss,' I replied, putting on my sternest look. 'But you must pay your fare.'

"'But, sir,' she pleaded, with some confusion, 'some one has robbed me, and I have not a cent in my possession. I am only going as far as Ridgewood. My father, Judge——"

"'Yes; yes; I know. Your respected father, Judge Somebody, will make it all right with the company to-morrow. Excuse me, but I must have your fare. Our rules are imperative. I must get my pay, or else you must leave the car.'

"I felt the immense importance of my position. The interests of the Erie Railway Company were in my hands, and I resolved to save their credit at any cost.

"'Get off the car!' she ejaculated. 'Why, I cannot walk to Ridgewood, and papa's waiting for me at the depot!'

"'Sorry, miss,' I replied; 'but I have my instructions.'

"Here was my glorious chance, and accursed be the hour! I missed it. Louis Harold chimed in just then, and said, with a half smile:

"'Excuse me, but perhaps I can be of some assistance.'

"He drew out his pocket book, and handed me a dollar.

"'Take the young lady's fare out of that, Dick; I will go bail for this one's honesty.'

"'O, thank you, ever so kindly!" echoed the damsel, sweetly, 'I am so grateful! You must get off at Ridgewood, and my father will pay you back. You are very kind, sir, indeed you are!'

"I took fifty cents for her fare, and handed back the change to Louis. He winked at me then, as if to say, 'I've got the best of you this time, my man,' and I felt that he had. Every time I had a chance to be near the car afterward I looked in. They were chatting earnestly and laughing as merrily as if they had been friends all their lives. I avoided passing near them, for somehow I felt that it was all over with me.

"When I opened the door and called out 'Ridgewood!' Louis rose and helped the young lady out. I saw her run up to a fat old gentleman standing on the platform, and held up her cheek for him to kiss. Then she called Louis up and told her story.

"'This gentleman, papa,' I heard her say, 'was polite enough to pay my fare when the rude conductor threatened to put me off the car.'"

"'I am personally and deeply grateful, sir,' the old gentleman said, offering Louis a dollar. 'The impertinence of some of these conductors is truly marvelous. I shall use all my influence with the company to obtain his discharge to-morrow.'

"I ground my teeth when I heard this, and listened again; the young lady was speaking.

"'O, please, not, papa!' she broke in. 'He is a friend of Mr. Harold's.'

"The last thing I saw, as the train moved on, was, that Louis had declined to take the old gentleman's money, and was walking down the platform between him and his lovely daughter. Three days later I met Louis in the street, and he rushed up and grasped me warmly by the hand.

"'That was a splendid chance you threw away upon me, old fellow,' he said. 'I am ever so much obliged to you. Miss Reynolds is a splendid young lady, and I was dying for an introduction. Upon my soul, you could not have managed anything better if we had rehearsed it for a whole week together.'

"Confound him! I could have pulled out a handful of his ugly hair. The next time we met, he was raving about his dear Cornelia. They were engaged. He was a struggling lawyer, just starting without talent or clients, and Judge Reynolds is an influential man. What is the consequence? Louis Harold has to-day the finest set of customers in the city, and every one says that he is getting along splendidly. If I am to believe in reports, his wife thinks the world of him, though for my part, I really cannot see what she finds to admire in such a carroty-haired fellow as he is!"

"That will do," I cried, cutting him short with a hearty laugh. "I shall not let you utter a single word of complaint against that man's hair. It is not the external adornment of his frontis-piece that we must examine; it is the fertility of the brain that works behind it. But, speaking seriously, that was really a beautiful opportunity which you offered him."

Dick was disposed to take my jest in earnest, and as it pleased him to have it so, I gave him his own way about it. He fell back to puffing away at his cigar, and mumbling to himself about the woes and deceptions of this world, until a late hour in the night, when I rose and moved that we adjourn to bed.

Six months later, Dick had a wife of his own, who laughed quite as heartily as myself when she heard his melancholy story; and she assures him that one being has been made happy through his misfortunes—herself.

The little woman has made wonderful changes in the character of Richard Flanders. He is so altered to day that his own twin brother would scarcely know him.

The most striking feature of it all is that he has done forever away with his old habit of grumbling. He has the most delicious temper in the world, and his little wife looks with great and just pride at the successful result of her patient endeavors. There is a perpetual smile upon her lips from morning until night, and Richard Flanders declares himself as happy as the grandest king.

It was a long time before he could be brought to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Harold; but his wife's coaxing prevailed at last, and the two families are now firmly attached to each other.

Southern Repudiation.

The tree is known by its fruit. What the Solid South has shown itself in respect to all local obligations, the partial record tells which we print to-day. It is not a short story, for, unhappily, the deeds of dishonor have not been few. It is not a pleasant story, for no American citizen can read it without shame. But it is better to know how the South treats financial obligations, before putting it in the power of the politicians and people of that section to ruin and dishonor the Nation. For generations they have professed a lofty and chivalric pride in their States; fidelity to their States they have held quite enough to justify treason to the Republic. But those same States, by their own hands, are befouled and besmirched with dishonor. Not by Northern men, not by neighbors, or friends or aliens, has the honor of Southern communities been dragged in the mud, but by the very men who professed a willingness to die for their welfare. If they have more veneration and love for their States, as these men boast that they have, than for the Federal Union, can it be expected that the credit and honor of the Nation would be safe in the hands of those who repudiate State and local debts so freely? If these men have an honorable or manly sentiment of any kind, surely it clings around the State flags for which they risked their lives in rebellion. And yet, since peace came, these same knights of Southern honor have dragged those flags through the slime of repudiation. That they love their States, their speeches assert. That they defile and polute their States, their acts for ten years have proved.

The record is long, but it is worth reading and preserving. It proves that the solid South, though it has been getting rich by successful industry since the war, has repudiated State and Municipal debts amounting to more than $300,000,000. It proves that the excuses given are false; that debts of unquestioned validity and honesty of origin have been repudiated quite as wantonly as debts of corrupt origin or doubtful validity. It proves that the South has not only repudiated debts contracted under Republican Governments, but debts which existed long before there was a Republican party at the South, and which were contracted by Democratic Governments. Debts old and new, debts honest and dishonest, debts large and small, debts burdensome and insignificant, have alike fallen before the spirit of repudiation, as grain and weeds alike go down before the scythe of the mower. Nor can it be claimed that the burdens of the repudiating communities were really heavy. Many Northern communities carry honorably and without difficulty much larger debts, in proportion to the assessed valuation of property, and it must also be remembered that as a rule the property at the South has been dishonestly undervalued in assessment, for the purpose of robbing public creditors.

The exhibition would not be of National importance, if the instances of repudiation were relatively few. The trouble is that they are very numerous, so that the whole population of the solid South, whether in one State or another, in city or country, seems to be infected with this moral plague of dishonesty. At the North, we find here and there a disgraced city, or a State with a stained flag and dishonored name. But such cases here are particularly noted because they are exceptional. At the South, there would be particular cause for surprise and rejoicing if any political community should even try to pay a debt which it had power to repudiate. The spirit is almost co-extensive with the recent rebellion, and it might be said with truth that, whenever the broken fetters of an emancipated slave had fallen, there repudiation had sprung indigenous from the soil. The plea is indeed raised that vindictive feeling is at the bottom of the refusal to pay debts, in many cases. In Tennessee, for example, men say that "the North" destroyed their property in slaves, and may now stand its share of the loss in the destruction of bonds chiefly held at the North. But this, too, is only a pretext. It is estimated that bonds amounting to $70,000,000, which have been held by Southern leaders, have been repudiated. Nor is there any honesty in the plea that property owners cannot make money any longer because they own no slaves, because it has been abundantly demonstrated that the free colored man produces more by his labor, and yields a larger return to his employer, than the slave ever did. The trouble lies further back. Wherever slavery existed, there the moral sense was so blunted and benumbed, by the wholesale robbery of the earnings of labor, that the white population as a whole is to this day incapable of that sense of honor which prevails elsewhere.

It is not to be said, with regret it must be admitted, that all repudiators are Southerners. But the statement is not far from the truth, that all Southerners are repudiators. They have no comprehension of the simplest principles of financial integrity, this slave holding and slave driving people. They show it as well in their relations with the Federal Government as in their local affairs. Some consideration has been felt for them, in respect to the United States debt, because that debt was incurred in putting down their rebellion. But it may well be doubted whether men who repudiate almost every legal debt ever could have been faithful to a National obligation of any sort. They love their States and do not love the Nation. Their love for their States does not restrain their polluting hands when there is a chance to make money by robbing the creditors of those States. Their want of love for the Union only lends zest and boldness to a repudiating spirit which would exist in any case.

For the Northern people there is one question: Can we afford to trust the honor and prosperity of the Union to to this generation of repudiators known as the solid South.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Political Magnanimity.

Among some persons who are not very ardent politicians there is prevalent an impression that the policy of the Republican party is to maintain in the South an open sore, to prevent reconciliation and a lasting peace, so that the party may be able to make for itself capital out of the outrage business. It is quite possible that a purpose of this kind may be entertained by a few Republican politicians of inferior importance, but only gross ignorance or Democratic malignity could accuse either the foremost men in the party or the great mass of its members of such a design. Every intelligent man in the country is well aware that the thorough pacification of the South and the restoration of the entire region to a condition of civilization and prosperity are matters in which the North has the very highest interest. There is nothing needed now to give a final stimulus to Northern industry and to develop our domestic commerce to the most profitable extent but the restoration of the Southern market. If the South were filled with an industrious population, if the earth under advanced methods of agriculture should yield the full measure of her increase, and if the region had abundant wealth instead of deep poverty, the North would feel the effects of such prosperity in every mill and shop and factory within her boundaries. Simply from a commercial point of view, every man in this part of the country has a powerful motive for wishing that the troubles in and with the South were forever ended, and that we might live with the Southern people in good fellowship, contributing to their welfare while they contributed to that of the entire country.

The political reasons why the Northern people should desire peace and amity are equally strong, and they have special weight with the Republican party. It is the Democratic party, not the Republican that profits by the continued prevalence of bitter sectional feeling. The one great peril to which the Republican party is exposed to-day comes from Southern hatred of the North. The Solid South is to it a perpetual menace, and the most fortunate thing that could happen for it would be the destruction of that solidity. If it had been possible to conduct the coming Presidential campaign purely and solely upon a financial issue, or upon some other issue which should have left questions of race and section and the old heart-burnings of the war completely out of consideration, the leaders of the Republican party and its rank and file would have welcomed with joy the opportunity. They could have carried their campaign into the South, they could have divided the people of the region and they could have fought upon even terms the great antagonist who now comes into the fray with eleven States assured to it, and guaranteeing that it shall have their support by means of intimidation, violence and robbery of the constitutional rights of the negro. That an ignorant Southerner or an embittered and unrepentant rebel should believe that Northern Republicans hate him as he hates them, and are eager to traffic upon that hate, is not unnatural, but there can be no excuse for a Northern man who has the truth plainly exposed before him and is well aware not only that no such sentiment exists here, but that our highest and best interests impel us in a wholly different direction.

It would seem, indeed, as if there had been supplied enough proof of this fact to have convinced any reasonable man, no matter what the violence of his prejudices. History contains no exhibition of magnanimity so remarkable as those which have been made by the Republican party since the war. It had the South at its feet when the great conflict ended, and if it had chosen it could have overthrown the State governments utterly, it could justly have punished the infamous authors of the rebellion with death, and it could have excluded the rebellious communities for years from participating in the government of the country. Instead, it restored the State governments, it pardoned every rebel, from the highest to the lowest, and it was so generous in removing every obstacle to the return of Southern Representatives to Congress that to-day the world looks upon the remarkable spectacle of a Congress filled with and controlled by the very men who only fourteen years ago were in the field fighting for the destruction of the Government. Moreover, the very first thing that was done by President Hayes when he assumed office as the representative of the Republican party was to address himself with energy, and with what some persons regarded as a little too much enthusiasm, to the work of pacifying, pleasing and conciliating the Southern people. But his efforts, as well as the general policy of his party, have had no effect in bringing about that much-talked-of era of good feeling, for the simple reason that the Southern people, uniformly and persistently, have refused to be pacified, pleased or conciliated. They are solely responsible for whatever ill-feeling exists between the two regions.

We could have had peace if we had consented to pay for it, the price which they demanded, which was that we should surrender the best fruits of that victory to gain which we shed rivers of valiant blood and expended nearly three thousand millions of money. The Republican antagonism of the South is nothing more than a refusal to pay such a price. We have given the South much, but we cannot give her everything. While the people forbid free speech and a free ballot, while they exclude the entire negro population from exercise of its rights, while they use shot-guns to send to Congress to make laws for us rebels who represent a minority of the voters, while they hold the entire political field by violence for a single party, there will never be a cessation of agitation in this region. The bloody shirt will be waved persistently because it is red with the blood of innocent American citizens; the outrage business will be thrust into every canvass because the South is kept solid for the Democratic party by means of outrage. The Republicans of the North cannot be warmed with indignation over an imaginary condition of things. They are not fools to be deluded by lies or to be incensed by a cheat. They know that these things are true and real. They do not hate the Southern people, but they do hate their methods and crimes.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The State-Sovereignty Enemies of the Nation.

After a hundred years of scarcely interrupted growth and prosperity it is very strange that even one citizen of the Republic should seek its destruction; and it is incomprehensible that a great political party should base its sole claim to support on the theory that the United States of America do not constitute a Nation with the right of self-preservation through the exercise of every power known to any governmental organism! It is astonishing that both of the great political parties of the country are compelled to relegate to the future all questions of administration—questions of taxation and revenue, and questions of finance—in order to give place to the one supreme question: Are we a Nation, or a mere aggregation of States held together by a simple contract in the nature of a treaty, which any one of the contracting parties—States—may abrogate at pleasure? Under the impression that the War of the Rebellion settled this question in favor of the integrity and unity of the Nation, thousands of Republicans quit the Republican party during the period of 1872–1876, on the ground of its continued adherence to the theory that the Southern wing of the Democratic party was still inimical to the Nation. Conservative citizens who did not carefully note the political signs of the times failed to comprehend what appeared to be an absurd proposition. This defection from the Republican party resulted in the ascendency of the Democratic party in Congress. The Democratic control of the Lower House of Congress in 1876 verified the theory of Radical Republicans, who had all along maintained that the ruling element in the Democratic party counsels—the Southern wing—had by no means abandoned its hostile attitude toward the Nation as opposed to the dogma of the absolute sovereignty of the States. The fact becoming apparent, there was a change in public sentiment. Many disaffected Republicans resumed their old party affiliations, and in 1878 greatly reduced the Democratic majority in the popular branch of Congress. But the repentance came too late to save the Senate. The bulldozing and frauds which made all the Southern State Governments solidly Democratic gave those States almost a solid representation in the Senate, and the Republican defection in 1874–'76 resulted in such Democratic gains at the North that its control of the Senate was assured. The Congressional session of 1878 and the special session of this year rendered still more evident the fact of Democratic hostility to the Nation. It was boldly denied that there could be such an event as a National election, and a most determined attempt was made to erase from the statute books every enactment which implied such an event. Coupled with this attempt was the declaration of the purpose of the Democratic party to repeal by wholesale all the legislation intended to preserve the fruits of the late war. This contempt for the Nation and National laws so prominently and defiantly expressed in Congress produced an immediate effect at the South. The Southern journalists began to denounce the Constitution, the flag, and the reconstruction laws, and these denunciations increased in violence from day to day until the Okolona *States* came out boldly, threatening a new revolution! A significant circumstance in this connection is the fact that the circulation of the *States* has rapidly increased, and other papers, observing that their contemporary has caught the popular breeze, follow with more or less fervor in its wake. Thus we have indubitable evidence that the *States*, which pronounces unqualifiedly against the Union and in favor of the dogma of absolute State independence, most accurately reflects Southern public sentiment. To the same effect are the inculcations of the Yazoo assassination. That horrible event shows conclusively that with a Democratic Congress the Democrats of Mississippi have no fear of being brought to book, by National authority, for political crimes, however heinous; and that they propose to nullify, absolutely, the negro-suffrage amendment to the Constitution. This, then, is the situation: the house is on fire, and the incendiaries are Democrats. It is not to be presumed that they would, if they could, extinguish the flames they have kindled. It follows that to give the Democratic party control of the Government would be to doom it to destruction. No situation could be more grave. It is its gravity which has reunited all the factions of the Republican party. As the attempt to shoot the Union to death divided the people into two distinct, solid, opposing masses—the party of patriots and the party of traitors, in the words of the lamented Douglas—so the threat of the Democratic party to disintegrate the Union by law and administration drives from its affiliation the conservative class, and forces them into the Republican ranks. The issue under such circumstances cannot be doubtful. The proposition to even menace the Union with dismemberment is not merely a threat against the integrity of a great Nation; it is a menace equally to the happiness and prosperity of every citizen of the country.—*Chicago Tribune.*

New York Republican Platform.

The Republicans of New York, pledging ourselves anew to National supremacy, equal rights, free elections and honest money, declare these principles:

First—The Republic of the United States is a Nation and not a league. The Nation is supreme within its own constitutional sphere. It is girded with power to guard its own life, to protect its own citizens, to regulate its own elections, and to execute its own laws. The opposite doctrine of State sovereignty is the baneful mother of nullification, secession and anarchy. Republicanism stands for National supremacy in National affairs and State rights in State concerns. The Democracy stands for State sovereignty with its own twin heresy, that the Union is a mere confederacy of States.

Second—To refuse the necessary supplies for the Government with the design of compelling the unwilling consent of a co-ordinate and independent branch to odious measures is revolution. To refuse appropriations for the execution of existing and binding laws is nullification. We arraign the Democratic Representatives in Congress as guilty both of revolutionary attempts and nullifying schemes, and we reprobate their action as calculated to subvert the Constitution and to strike at the existence of the Government itself.

Third—The safety of the Republic demands free and pure elections. A Democratic Congress has attempted by dictation by Congress, by threats of starving the Government, and by months of disturbing agitation, to break down the National election laws. We denounce this effort as a conspiracy to overthrow the safeguards of free suffrage, and to open the ballot-box to the unchecked domination of the rifle clubs of the South and repeaters of New York. We declare our uncompromising opposition to any repeal of these just protective laws, and Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress, for their resistance to this attempt, and President Hayes for his veto messages, deserve and receive our hearty approval.

Fourth—The Republican party neither justifies nor tolerates military interference with elections. It seeks only to protect the ballot-box from the interference of force and fraud. It repels the false charges and denounces the false pretences of the conspirators who, while professing free elections everywhere, sustain mob law in the South; while inveighing troops at polls to protect citizens, refuse prohibit armed clubs from surrounding the ballot-box to intimidate them, and while affecting that the soldiers' bayonet will overawe free electors, remain silent when the assassin's bullet seals the fate of political independence.

Fifth—We call upon the people to remember that the Democratic party forced the extra session of Congress without warrant or excuse; that it prosecuted its partisan purposes by revolutionary methods; that it persistently obstructed resumption and still constantly presses disturbing measures; that it re-opens the sectional questions closed by the National triumph, and threatens to repeal war legislation; that its Southern elements answers conciliation only with violence; that its hope of success rests on a Solid South, and that its triumph would make the Solid South the ruling force of the Nation. We recognize that great body of people who defended the Union, of whatever party name, are equally patriotic and equally interested in good government, and we earnestly invoke them to unite in resisting the dangerous designs of party organization under the sway of those who were lately in rebellion, and seek to regain in the halls of legislation what they lost on the field of battle.

Sixth—The successful resumption of specie payments, despite Democratic prediction and hostility, is the crowning element of the Republican financial policy. Followed by returning National prosperity, improved credit, refunded debt and reduced interest, it adds another to the triumphs which prove that the Republican party is equal to the highest demands. Our whole currency should be kept at par with the monetary standard of the commercial world, and any attempt to debase the standard, to depreciate paper, or to deteriorate coin, should be firmly resisted.

Seventh—The claims of the living and memories of the dead defenders of the Nation conjure us to protest against the partisan and unpatriotic greed which expels old Union soldiers from their well-deserved rewards, and advances Confederate soldiers to their places.

Eighth—As the pledge and proof of its economy in State administration, the Republican party, in spite of prolonged Democratic resistance, proposed and passed a Constitutional amendment which will restrict the expenses of canals to their receipts, and reform the whole system of canal and prison management, and by extinguishing the public indebtedness and relieving the people from any further tax, therefore, it effected great saving in State taxation. These fruits of Republican measures the Democrats have recently attempted to appropriate as their own. Appealing the records in support of our declaration, we pronounce their claims unfounded and hold up their authors as public imposters.

Ninth—The inequalities of taxation which press most upon those least able to bear them should be remedied. To this end the Republican Legislature created a commission to revise the assessment and tax laws and to reach a class of property which now largely escapes, and we remind the people that this salutary reform was unwarrantably defeated by the present Democratic Executive.

Tenth—Moneyed and transportation corporations are not alone the works of private enterprise, but are created for public use and with due regard to vested rights. It is a clear province and the plain duty of the State to so supervise and regulate such corporations as to secure just and impartial treatment of all interested; to foster the industrial and agricultural welfare of the people, and with liberal policy favor public water-ways to maintain the commercial supremacy of the State. We look to the inquiry now in progress under the direction of the Legislature to develop facts which will guide to all needed action.

The Boss Bray by the Okolona "States" Ass.

The race question was recently sprung in Yazoo County, Mississippi.

A white man named Henry M. Dixon, wanted the office of Sheriff.

He sought it in the Democratic Convention and was defeated.

Thereupon he announced himself as an independent candidate.

There was no Radical in the field, and therefore he received the unanimous backing of the blacks.

"Anything to defeat the Democracy!" is the shibboleth of Squash, Pomp and Sambo.

The people of Yazoo had been subjected to the rule of the African race.

They knew just what it meant, and when they broke their yoke and fetters in 1875, they swore by the Almighty that the negro should never hold the upper hand in that county again.

When Dixon began to mass his dusky hordes, the wealth, the culture, the worth, the bone and sinew of the county rose in the royal strength and majesty of their Caucasian blood, and commanded him to withdraw from the contest.

He withdrew, and Yazoo County was saved from a long, bloody, infernal epoch of savagery and crime.

And good men here and everywhere on earth will thank the God of justice and of mercy that it was so.

But the stalwarts of Yankeedom—the

Blind,
Baffled,
Beastly,
Besotted,

Stalwarts of Yankeedom, gave the gory shirt a fi