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Long Life.

Everybody wants to live to be old. It is one of the first promises to men as a reward for honoring the father and mother. The man who lives to a great age is considered fortunate, and in most parts of the world is venerated, gray hair being a crown of honor. The question is an interesting one to every person: Can one by care preserve his own age? and if so, there is second growing out of this—what kind of care will preserve life? There is a story told of two travellers who were on a journey together through France. One of them had a theory that by strict temperance in eating and drinking life might be prolonged, while the other held that a rational indulgence and enjoyment of the good things of life were the most favored conditions for longevity. One day they came to a village where were two old men, each in his hundredth year. One of the travellers visited one of these patriarchs and his companion the other. Each returned, acknowledging that his theory was wrong and his friend's correct. The first had been told by his centenarian that he had preserved his life by always eating and drinking what best pleased his palate, and enjoying the pleasures of life, while the second was told by the aged man whom he visited that extreme simplicity of diet and frugality in his manner of living had kept him in life and health. The story may be true or not; it is not improbable. Care and moderation in all things doubtless tend to prolong life, but they do not ensure to him who practices them great age. An example often cited is that of Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, born in 1467, and until he was 40 years old, intemperate in eating and drinking. His constitution, naturally infirm, was impaired, and from that time he observed strict rules of living, and so he lived on until he died in his hundredth year. His temperance was not exactly in conformity with modern New England notions. He took rather more wine than solid food, 14 ounces a day, did not expose himself to the heat of the sun nor fatigue himself, his chief labor being after he was 85 years old, when he wrote his "Discourse on Temperate Living." This is a little book which has been translated into every written language and read by millions, and yet the extreme length of human life has not been extended and the average increase is not greatly indebted to his rules. Public sanitary regulations have done more than private methods in preserving life.

Sobriety is one of the virtues which tend to long life, but does not insure it. Neither does health. Cornaro was himself an example of this. His natural constitution was infirm and for the first 40 years of his life he did not nurse it. The experience of most who have attained great age, confirms the statement that robust health is not especially favorable to long life. A delicate constitution is often more lasting than the most robust. The pale and sickly boy may live to be a man of extreme age, while the ruddy and robust youth is cut down in his prime by some acute disease or dies suddenly on the approach of old age. Health and muscularity also are not necessarily the possession of the same person. The men trained for a prize fight, a boat race, or anything requiring great muscular exertion, are not in a high state of health. This is evident from the fact that a trifle upsets them. There is hardly a boat race advertised but some one of the several of the crews has to find a substitute because he is ill from a slight matter which would be a trifle to one in really good health. The race of life is not to the strong nor to the swift, and a recent writer in the *Lancet*, Dr. R. Southey, says that the three oldest persons he ever knew were women and were valetudinarians, and had been so for most of their lives. Nor are the rules of health the same for all. Cornaro's rules may have preserved him and might shorten the days of another. Rich cakes and pastry and idleness are not usually considered to be greatly conducive to health, and yet we have known an instance of a lady who existed for upwards of 90 years, whose principal diet was composed of the food mentioned and who scarcely took more exercise than the removal from her bed to her chair and from her chair to her bed. Temperance and sobriety may be favorable to long life, but they do not ensure it even to the most robust and promising. The life insurance officers ask, as the most important question, of an applicant for a policy, if his mother and father are living, and if not, their ages at the time of death. If the parents are old or lived old, the expectation of life of the children is great. If the parents died young then there is no great hope that the children will live to a great age. The best surety to a long-lived family is to have descended from ancestors of great age. Unfortunately this is not possible for all, and so the next best thing is to live a good life while it lasts, and by temperance and sobriety to make it as healthful and happy as possible, so as to transmit to posterity a better constitution than one inherits from his ancestors.

News from Stanley.

The African venture of *The Herald* continues to be rewarded by distinguished success. After a silence so prolonged that it was beginning to justify serious misgivings, letters from Mr. Stanley have reached London, and an outline of the news they furnish has been published in the journal which sent him forth on his explorations. It will be remembered that the last letter previously received from him was that which was stained by the blood of M. Linant de Bellefonds, whom he met at the capital of King M'tesa, on the shore of the Victoria Lake. This was a little more than a year ago. Mr. Stanley was then leaving M'tesa, who had received him so cordially, for the camp of his party at the southern end of the lake, thus completing its circumnavigation. He then intended to traverse the intervening region to the Albert Lake, crossing Speke's track at right angles, to make a survey of the second great feeder of the Nile, and then boldly plunge into the unknown territory to the westward.

The death of M. Linant, the difficulties encountered by Col. Gordon in reaching the northern extremity of the Albert Lake, and, finally, the recent complete exploration of that lake by M. Gessi of Gordon's party, without obtaining the least intelligence of Stanley, were well calculated to excite grave doubts of the latter's safety. Fortunately such doubts have been dissipated as soon as formed. The intrepid traveler has reached the comparitively safe district of Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, is in excellent health and and spirits, and sends home another important contribution to the geography of Central Africa.

The letters received and published in London are five in number, and contain a narrative of Stanley's voyages, land journeys, and adventures from June, 1875, when he was last heard from, to April 26, 1876, when he was within fifteen days' march of Ujiji. The first, written July 29 1875, gives an account of his voyage from M'tesa's capital to his camp at the southern end of Victoria Lake, near the Shimeeyu River. He not only encountered violent and dangerous storms, but he and his party narrowly escaped massacre at the hands of the savage natives of Bumbireh, a large island on the western side of the lake. The second letter, written seventeen days later, describes his return, with his whole party, to Uganda (M'tesa's kingdom), and the punishment inflicted on the savages of Bumbireh, by the way. An interval of five months elapses before his third letter was written. During this period, by the friendly aid of M'tesa, who furnished him with a large escort of Uganda spearmen, he crossed the the country to the Albert Lake, traversing the lofty, mountainous region of Gambaragara, which was only seen by Speke in the distance. The latter estimated the latitude of the highest peak at 10,000 feet above the sea; but Stanley scaled the highlands dividing the two great lakes, and there discovered a new tribe of natives, of whom we only learn, as yet, that they are "pale-faced." This expression must not be taken too literally; yet the discovery is of very great interest, in an ethnological point of view.

No dates are given of this journey, but Stanley appears to have reached the Albert Lake in December last. He encamped on a large bay, or inlet, to which he gave the name of the Princess Beatrice, and after a short stay returned to Uganda without having made any navigation of the lake. This fact probably explains why M. Gessi, in April of this year, failed to obtain any news of Stanley's visit. The letter describing the journey was dated from Kawanga, near M'tesa's capital, on the 19th of January last. The next news is from Kafurra, a point not yet located on the maps, March 26. It is probably somewhere in the dominions of King Rumanika, who showed such favor to Speke and Grant, for Stanley spoke of having explored the Kageera River, a western tributary of the Victoria, the lake called Windermere by Speke, and the hot springs of Karagwe. The fifth and last letter was written on the 24th of April, only three months ago, in the now familiar region of Unyamwezi, and within easy reach of the little port of Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where Stanley met Livingston. His intention was to reach the northern extremity of the lake, and then cross to the southern end of the Albert Nyanza, thereby definitely settling another important geographical question. He was in good health, and still amply provided with men and supplies.—*New York Tribune.*

Vampirism in Serbia.

A HORRIBLE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL KILLED BY A VAMPIRE.

In Serbia, as in most Sclavonic countries, exists a popular belief in vampires, dead folk who quit their graves at night to torment the living. The signs by which the vampire is known are the preservation of the body for a long time after it should have decayed, the fluidity of the blood and the suppleness of the limbs Prosper. Merimee, in the course of his travels, was the witness of a case of alleged vampirism, which he describes as follows:

In 1816 I was travelling on foot in Vargaraz and chanced to stop at the little village of Varboska. My host was one Vuck Poglonovich, well-to-do or the region, a good fellow and sufficiently drunken. His wife was yet young and fair, and his daughter, a girl of sixteen, charming. I would fain have remained with him several days in order to study the ruins in the neighborhood, but he would not rent me a room, insisting that should I be his guest, and as this involved holding my own with him at the wine after dinner, the relation was not particularly pleasant.

One evening the woman had left us about an hour and, to avoid being compelled to drink, I was singing to my host, when we were startled by the most fearful cries from the sleeping apartment, which, as is the custom of the country, was occupied by the whole household in common. Arming ourselves, we hurried thither, and beheld a frightful sight—the mother, pale and haggard, holding her still more pallid daughter, who was stretched on her straw bed as if dead. The woman was shrieking, without pause, "A vampire! a vampire! My poor child is dead!"

With great difficulty we restored Khava to consciousness; she had, she said seen the window opened and a man, pale as ashes and wrapped in a winding-sheet had flung himself upon her, bitten her and striven to strangle. She was only able to shriek aloud when the spectre fled, and she swooned away, but she fancied that she had recognized in its features those of a villager named Wieczmany, dead about a fortnight. There was a small red spot on her throat, but I did not known whether it might not be a natural mark or the result of the bite of an insect during the girl's nightmare. When, however, I hazarded this conjecture the father rejected it sullenly the girl wept piteously, and wringing her hands and rocking to-and fro, kept repeating "Alas! To die so young and before one's wedding-day!" while the mother loaded me with reproaches, declaring that she had herself seen the vampire and known it to be Wieczmany. I considered it, therefore, the part of prudence to be silent. All the amulets in the village were soon hung round the sufferer's neck and her father took an oath that next day he would disinter the corpse of Wieczmany and burn it. Thus the night passed in an excitement that nothing could allay.

At daybreak next morning the whole village was out, the men armed with muskets or hangers, the women bearing heated irons, and the children sticks and stones. With cries of rage against the dead man they all thronged to the graveyard, it was with difficulty that I could obtain and retain a position whence I could witness the ceremony of exhumation. It was slow, for as all strove to take part in it each interfered with the other, and not a few serious wounds would have been inflicted by pick or shovel had not the Elders ordered two men only to complete the work. At the moment that the shroud was unrolled a horrible cry fairly raised my hair on end. It proceeded from a woman by my side. "It is a vampire!" she shrieked "the worms have not eaten it!" and her words were taken up by a hundred mouths. Twenty musket-shots shattered the head of the corpse to fragments, while the father and relatives of Khava hacked the body savagely with their long knives, and the women dipped linen cloths in the red liquid that oozed from the wounds to apply to the sufferer's throat. The body was dragged from the grave and firmly tied to the trunk of a small tree that had been cut down and prepared, then drawn to the house of Poglonovich, where a pile of fagots and straw had been erected. Fire was set to it, and the body tossed into the flames, while the people yelling madly danced round the pyre. The abominable stench from the burning flesh soon compelled me to take refuge in the house.

The house was crowded with visitors, the men all puffing at their pipes, the women all speaking at once and overwhelming with questions the sick girl, who sat pale and stupefied, the blood-soaked bandages round her neck forming a ghastly contrast with her white, half-naked shoulders. Little by little the crowd diminished till we were left alone. Khava grew more and more uneasy as night came on, and insisted that some one should watch by her bedside constantly. As her parents were worn out with fatigue and excitement I offered my services as nurse, and they were accepted gratefully.

I shall never forget the nights I spent by the bedside of this unfortunate girl. The creaking of a board, the very murmur of the wind made her start and shudder. She could not fall into a doze without seeing visions of horror, and from time to time would waken with a fearful start and a cry of anguish. She had had one horrible dream, and the village gossips had succeeded in completing the ruin of her mind by narrating to her all the frightful stories about vampires that they could remember or invent. Often as she felt her eyes closing she would say to me, "For God's sake do not sleep! Take my rosary in one hand and your sabre in the other and watch over me!" Nor would she sleep save with her two hands locked about my arm, locked so tightly that the convulsive grip of her fingers would leave livid marks in my flesh. Nothing could distract her mind; she was abjectly afraid of death, and believed that she must certainly perish. In a few days she became shockingly thin; her lips were colorless and livid; her great black eyes seemed larger and more brilliant; she was a pitiable thing to see.

I tried to impress her imagination by feigning to believe as she did, but, unhappily, as I had at first derided her credulity, I could not easily gain her confidence. I told her, however, that I was possessed of a patent charm against evil spirits and that, if she desired it, I would pronounce it. At first her natural unselfishness and gentleness would not permit her to allow me to draw the wrath of heaven on myself, but, finally, the fear of death overcame her scruples and she implored me to try my spell. I pronounced loudly and solemnly some lines of Racine as invocation; then, after rubbing her neck, pretended to draw therefrom a small red agate I had concealed between my fingers, and assured her gravely that I had removed the source of her illness and that she was saved. But, with a sad smile, she said: "You have deceived me; you had that stone in a little casket; I had seen it before. You are not a magician." Thus my ruse did her more harm than good. From that moment she grew worse rapidly.

On the night before her death she said to me, "If I die it is my own fault. My lover (and she named one of the young men of the village) wished me to elope with him but I would not and asked him to bring me a silver chain. He went to Marcaska to buy me one, and it was then that the vampire came. After all, if I had not been at the house, it might have killed my mother, so perhaps it is all for the best." Next day she made her father promise himself to cut her throat and open her veins after her death, that she might not also become a vampire; she would have no other hand but his to commit upon her corpse these needless atrocities. Then embracing her mother she desired her to take a rosary to the tomb of a local hermit or saint, there to sanctify it; then to bring it back to her. I could not fail to admit this peasant's thoughtfulness in finding such a pretext to keep her mother from witnessing her dying agonies.

She took an amulet from her neck and gave it to me. "Keep it," she said; "and may it do you more good than it has done to me." She then received the sacrament devoutly. Shortly thereafter her breathing became more difficult and her eyes glazed. Suddenly she seized her father's arm and made an effort as if to cast herself upon his breast; then ceased to live. Her sickness had lasted eleven days.

A few hours later I had left the village behind me, consigning heartily to the devil, vampires, and all who believe in them.

THE Turks appear to be waging war in a way that has not been known in any of the recent wars of Europe. They carry fire and sword all over the regions which they traverse. The English papers were for a time disinclined to believe the reports of their ravages in Bulgaria, but the evidence leaves no doubt of the truth of the worst of them.

While waltzing on a barge on the Hudson river, a few days since, a couple lost their balance and fell overboard. The man was rescued but his partner was drowned.

For the Free Press and Times.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

BY RODNEY HOLLAND HOWARD.

I remember hearing the late J. Sullivan Adams,—that noblest of nature's noblemen,—upon the occasion of a town-meeting called for the purpose of seeing what should be done in regard to the "Pioneer Mechanic Shop," which had just been laid in ashes, say that he was not one of those who believed that it was absolutely necessary to wait until man a was dead and decently buried, before we ventures to accord to his virtues and honorable deeds the cordial and emphatic recognition they deserve. The eloquent eulogist of that day is now himself in his grave, while the gentleman concerning whom this glowing panegyric was pronounced happily is still living—reaping in a green old age the honors of his long and eminently useful life. It were hardly necessary to state that the man hereby alluded to is Henry Pearl Hickok. He had been very active, in fact first and foremost, in initiating the "Pioneer" enterprise, and accordingly came in naturally, upon the occasion above referred to, for this deservedly honorable mention at the hands of Burlington's most eloquent son. And here I may be permitted to say that I well remember Mr. Hickok's making a speech upon the occasion of the laying the corner stone of the original Pioneer Shop, in which he expatiated on the advantages to the community of introducing and encouraging manufacturing interests in our town.

The fact that from that small nest-egg have sprung all the varied and important industries that now make Burlington so considerable a manufacturing city, would seem to have confirmed abundantly the foresight and practical wisdom, while they also illustrate and commemorate the public spirit of, the man in whose brain this important enterprise first had its birth. Mr. Hickok's relation to this early, original mechanical interest in Burlington has by no means been exceptional in his career. Nay, this were rather eminently characteristic of him—he always having had the public welfare quite as much at heart as his own.

No citizen of Burlington, perhaps, will be more pleasantly, gratefully remembered by the younger generations of his time, than Henry P. Hickok. With the utmost distinctness I recollect seeing him, thirty-five years ago, drive by my old home on Dorset street, on his way to and from his possessions, consisting of broad acres, and grand old primeval woods in our neighborhood. I shall always think of and remember him also, in another connection, that of distributing, on behalf of the corporation of the University, the parchments to the graduates on Commencement day.

Of modest, quiet, unassuming manners, of a most genial and benevolent spirit, eminently public spirited and patriotic, and thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work, not only does he present an example, a character, throughout all his long career, which the youth of Burlington may safely copy; but

> "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world This is a Man."

But distinguished as they have been, Mr. H. hardly stands alone among those fathers of the town, who in their time, have rendered invaluable services to their day and generation. In fact, these very reflections and remarks have been suggested by a letter just received from an eminent, and, though still living, I may be permitted to add, highly honored citizen of Burlington.

It may be remembered by some of your readers that at the close of my recent communication in your columns, entitled, "My First Sunday School Excursion," occurs the following sentence: "All honor to those kind souls—many, if not most, of whom, I presume, are now in their graves—who projected and so successfully carried it out." I was not a little gratified, shortly after the appearance of the aforesaid communication to receive the following letter:

BURLINGTON, VT., July 26, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—I have always read with interest your communications in the FREE PRESS AND TIMES, but none with greater pleasure than your last, entitled "My First Sunday School Excursion."

I was, permit me to say, at the time to which you refer, Superintendent of the village school, and originated and planned the excursion for our school, and its several branches in districts outside of the village—altogether some five hundred strong, and, with the assistance of a corps of efficient teachers, carried it out, as you say, successfully.

You have awakened in my mind some very pleasant recollections connected with my Sunday-school labors; also revived in my memory the names of several very excellent young men and women with whom I have been associated in church work.

Some, no doubt, of those connected with the occasion you have noticed, as you intimate, are in their graves. A few, however are still living here who enjoyed the innocent recreations of that day.

It is exceedingly pleasant to learn that so good an impression was made on your then young and tender mind. Meantime it is doubtless quite safe to presume that most, if not all, who participated in that enterprise, were as favorably impressed as yourself.

* * * * * *

Very Respectfully and Fraternally Yours,
JAMES M——

I am very happy to be apprised to whom I am indebted for that one grand gala day of my youth. How little, often, do we know to whom we are indebted for some of the pleasantest occasions, and for some of the best inspirations of our life.

No one can be aware, except, indeed, he have had experience in the matter, how much of anxiety and care and toil is involved on the part of a Sabbath-school Superintendent and his associates, on the engineering and successful prosecution of an extended excursion for a large school. So great, truly, and manifold are these wearying cares and labors that many are constantly tempted to think that the benefits to be derived from the same will hardly be worth the pains. It may be that by the reading of my communication some faltering teacher may be encouraged to believe that such Sunday-school holiday excursions may pay after all. Even the very youngest of his flock, though he may hardly remember whom to thank for it, may thereby receive impressions that will prove to him thereafter "a joy forever."

Meantime, who is the true, the model citizen and disciple? Is it not the man who quietly, modestly, cheerfully sows beside all waters, not knowing indeed, which shall prosper, whether this or that, yet sweetly confident; serenely, hopefully assured, that somehow, sometime, what he has scattered will be gathered as a rich harvest into somebody's bosom? Are you an instructor of youth; a patient Sunday-school teacher; an earnest, devoted, self-denying Sunday-school Superintendent? You may not conspicuously occupy the consideration of the public; your name and fame may not, indeed, be trumpeted through the newspapers. Yet eternity alone can reveal either the magnitude or value of your services to mankind. Nay, ye are the true builders. By processes as mild, genial and noiseless as the sunlight, you are contributing to put in the foundations of character that must be immortal, and exerting an influence that, though quite unperceived, is yet constantly entering into the enlarging stature of young souls, to live with and bless them forever. All honor to you! Through the blessed ministry of your hearts and hands is built up the eternal kingdom of God. And to this honored rank the reader will readily recognize as belonging my respected correspondent above, the devoted and old-time Sunday-school Superintendent to whom I was indebted for "My First Sunday-school Excursion."

DANVERS, Mass. R. H. H.

THE WAY THE ANGLICAN CLERGY USED TO BE RECRUITED.—Mrs. Kemble, in her chapter of gossip for August, describes one of the sons of William IV. and the actress Mrs. Jordan. Their children were called Fitz-Clarence (the king's title as prince being the duke of Clarence), and why Mrs. Kemble should make the name a blank, after stating the connection itself, one does not see. This son was Rev. A. F. C——, and she describes the way he attended all her performances, the first season, the latter part of the time behind the scenes, though she had but a bowing aquaintance with him. It was afterward improved, however, in this way: I encountered him, one evening, at a very gay ball given by the countess de S——. Almost as soon as I came into the room, he rushed at me, exclaiming: "Oh, do come and dance with me, that's a dear good girl." The "dear good girl" had not the slightest objection. While dancing I was struck with the decidedly unreverend tone of my partner's remarks. My amazement reached its climax when, seeing me exchange signs of amicable familiarity with some one across the room, Mr. F. C—— said: "Who him, are you nodding and smiling to? Oh, your father. You are very fond of ain't you?" To my enthusiastic reply in the affirmative, he said: "Ah, yes; just so. I dare say you are." And then followed an expression of his filial disrespect for the highest personage in the realm, of such a robust significance as fairly took away my breath. Surprised into a momentary doubt of my partner's sobriety, I could only say: "Mr. F. C——, if you do not change your style of conversation, I must sit down and leave you to finish the dance alone." He confounded himself in repeated apologies and entreaties that I would finish the dance with him, and went on eagerly to excuse himself by a short sketch of his life, telling me that he had been trained a sailor, the navy being the career that he preferred above all others, but that, in consequence of the death of a brother, he had been literally taken from on board ship, and, in spite of the utmost reluctance on his part, compelled to go into the church. "Don't you think it's a hard case?" reiterated he, as I still found it difficult to express my opinion either of him or of his "case," both appearing to me equally deplorable. At length I suggested that, since he had adopted the sacred calling, perhaps it would be better if he conformed to it at least by outward decency of language and decorum of demeanor. To this he assented, adding, with a sigh, "But, you see, some people have a natural turn for religion; you have, for instance, I'm sure; but you see I have not." This appeared to me incontrovertible. Presently, after a pause, he asked me if I would write a sermon for him, which tribute to my talent for preaching, of which he had just undergone a sample, sent me into fits of laughter, though I replied with some indignation, "Certainly not; I am not a proper person to write sermons, and you ought to write your own!" "Yes," said he, with rather touching humility, "but you see I can't—not good ones, at least. I'm sure you could, and I wish you would write one for me; Mrs. N—— has." This statement terminated the singular conversation, which had been the accompaniment to a quadrille. The vicar of Maple Durham is dead; had he lived, he would doubtless have become a bishop; his family had already furnished its contingent to the army and navy in Lord E. and Lord A. F. C——, and the living of Maple Durham had to be filled and be provived for; and, whenever the virtues of the established church system are under discussion, I try to forget this, and one or two similar instances I have known of its vices as it existed in those days.

Our New York Letter.

THE WEATHER—THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK—POLITICS—DESOLATION OF THE CITY—VANDERBILT AND HIS SCHEMES—BUSINESS.

NEW YORK, August 8th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Free Press and Times:

The weather has moderated slightly, and it is once more possible to sleep. Nevertheless it is yet too hot for either comfort or health. The heated term has been the most terrible ever known, and has swelled the mortuary list to a degree that is absolutely frightful. Children have perished by the thousands, and almost an equally large number of adults have succumbed to the more than torrid heat. One woman in Baxter street has assisted in preparing 131 children for burial. Here let me say that there has been scarcely an instance of a death from among the ranks of the temperate. The men who have avoided the use of alcoholic drinks, when sunstruck almost invariably recovered, and when recovered were as good as new. But when a whiskey or beer drinker went down it was generally down for good, and it is a matter of fact that the drinking classes were an hundred fold more liable to be struck than the temperate. The temperance people may make what use of this they please, but all the city physicians will vouch for its truth.

CHINAMEN

are invading New York in large numbers. There are now 3,000 here, and with them their opium dens and joss-houses. They are just as filthy, just as industrious and just as harmless here as in San Francisco, and follow the same occupations. They wash, make cigars, and keep street stands, pay their debts, save some money, and gamble and smoke the best of their earnings away. They inhabit Baxter street here. They have only one joss-house as yet, though another one of larger dimensions and more aristocratic in style, is in contemplation. As the great colony in San Francisco is sending off colonies Eastward all the time, it is very probable that in a few years the territory in and about Baxter street, will be very like Dupont street in San Francisco, and that in New York the religion of Confucius and the Chinese theatre and Chinese amusements and customs will have established themselves firmly. Let them come—they are harmless, industrious and honest people, who will work and never want office. There is some comfort in that.

POLITICAL.

As Hayes and his character are becoming better understood, the intelligent Democracy are growing very cold toward the mulatto ticket made at St. Louis. The truth is, half the decent Democracy of New York don't want Tilden elected in any event. They know him to be tricky and unreliable, and they feel confident that in the case of his election they are sold out. He professes to be a hard-money, resumption man, and why he don't come out and say so, instead of paltering with soft-money Hendricks, and fixing up declarations that mean nothing, puzzles them, and they feel that they are sold in him. Everybody knows where Hayes stands on all these questions, and no one will vote in the dark voting for him. Tilden is one of those exceedingly astute, small men who overreach themselves. He has no honesty himself, and does not believe that any one else has. He acts upon the theory that all men are as dishonest as himself, except the simpletons, and he very largely overestimates the dimensions of the latter class. He is foolish enough to suppose that the rank and file of the Democracy will accept any quibble for the sake of success, and he is paltering with them in that way. Hayes will carry the State of New York as sure as fate. Think, my readers, of a man who is nominated on a platform expressing the views of a great party, on a great question, who has to have two conferences with his associate, and four sessions of a committee to decide as to what he does believe, and as to what he intends to do in case of his election!

VANDERBILT

is determined not to die till he has his four-track road completed through to Chicago, and possibly farther west, and has demonstrated the superiority of rail over all other means of transportation. Even during his illness he has pushed his warehouses and his other improvements in the terminal facilities of his roads, with a view to saving the grain trade to the city, which is being diverted to Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. He has during his illness received builders, contractors, mechanics and railroad officials, every day, and when he was too weak to speak he made them understand what he wanted by writing or signs. He will do business as long as he has breath, and will be felt as long as there is life in him. He is a fearful card-player, always playing for money, and the stakes must be high enough to make it worth while to play. Curious stories are told of his card-playing, some of which are doubtless true. He is as merciless at poker or point euchre as he is in business, and woe be to the poor or careless player who falls into his hands. It is business with him, and he pursues the game just as eagerly as he does his real business. As the chase in England was accounted as miniature war, so gentlemanly gambling with Vanderbilt is the next thing to business, and he follows it with as much zest. Now that Drew is gone, Vanderbilt and Jay Gould are the only railroad magnates left, and it is not probable that they will ever lock horns again. The old veteran has too much to do to perfect the rail roads he now controls, and Jay Gould's interests and his do not conflict.

DESOLATION.

The city is almost abandoned. The rich fled from the terrible heat to their villas at Newport, and to the cool shades of Saratoga; those in moderate circumstances are at the thousand and one sea-side places, and up in the mountains; the artists and Bohemians are up North where they can keep cool, and live very cheaply, and only the poor and the unfortunate business men who cannot get away, are in the city. The theatres are closed, as are all places of amusement, the stores are empty, and the hotels are like Saharas in their stillness. The only trade there is comes from the Centennial folk who are passing backward and forward through the city, and they leave very little money here. Those going want it all to see the big show with, and when they return they want to get home as quickly as possible. And New York lies inert, baked, still and discouraged. Let us hope there will be a revival with the cool breezes of September.

BUSINESS

is still wretchedly dull, and failures were more frequent this week than last, and of rather larger dimensions. The strong ones will survive and be stronger for the cleaning they have gone through, but the weak houses will inevitably go under. The man who was worth $1,000,000, four years ago is to-day worth $125,000, and he might as well make up his mind to it, and take it cheerfully. The bottom is out, and it is out fairly. We are getting over the war now.

Yours, ALTON.

"Why do you walk so crooked, John?" said Mrs. Henry, with sarcastic intonation, as her husband came in.

"Boots tight, my dear."

"Humph! if the boots are half as tight as you, John, they'll be quite willing to go to bed with you—and I rather think they will."

"There's a gal for you," muttered John, as he struggled up stairs. "Can't fool her (hic). Gosh she knows where them-bootsh goin' to sleep."—*Cincinnati Times.*

The Campaign.

A ROUSING REPUBLICAN MEETING—ADDRESS BY EDWIN W. STOUGHTON, OF NEW YORK—AN IMMENSE GATHERING AND A STIRRING SPEECH.

The Republican rally at City Hall, Thursday night, was attended by an immense audience and can not fail to have an excellent effect on the campaign. Floor and galleries were crowded and many remained standing through the evening, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The platform was occupied by the orator of the evening, the Hon. Edwin W. Stoughton, of New York, Hon. Daniel Roberts, President of the Hayes and Wheeler Campaign Club, Col. Le Grand B. Cannon, Hon. John N. Pomeroy and Gen. George W. Grandey.

Mr. Stoughton's address was universally characterized as one of the best ever heard in this city. The orator's imposing personal presence and fine delivery commanded respectful attention; and his eloquence, wit and humor, and unanswerable logic combined to render the address one of rare interest and unusual effectiveness. Mr. Stoughton, after being introduced by Mr. Roberts, spoke somewhat as follows:

Mr. Stoughton's Address.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF VERMONT:—I thank you for the kind welcome with which you have greeted me this evening. My only regret is that the gentleman mentioned to be associated with me is not here. I feel at home among you, for I am a Vermonter born. I love its hills; I love its mountains; I love its valleys; I love its streams. I am proud of its men [applause] and I trust that the result of the coming election will not tend to lessen that pride. I look upon this election as in some respects, the most important in my day. I have not, of late, been in the habit of mingling in politics. In the canvass which resulted in the election of Harrison, in 1840, being in harmony with the principles of the whig party, I did what I could to promote his election. From that time until I was called upon, a few days since, to preside over a ratification meeting in New York, I have made only one political speech. I come here confessing my faults, but, with God's help, I will partially atone for them in the ensuing canvass.

I propose to present, to-night, a few general considerations, based on a few leading facts, why we should vote for the Republican ticket and carry out the work that party has been so long engaged in consummating. You are to determine whether the legislative and executive departments of the government are to be lodged in the hands of those men who fought against you in the field—whether the men who fought against you in the field—not representatives of them but the identical men—are to control the legislative and executive functions of the government for the next four years. There are to-day in the House of Representatives eighty-three Democrats from the Southern states. Sixty-three added to eighty-three makes a majority of that House. Sixty-three of these men were in the Confederate army. If you elect Tilden and Hendricks, do you not put in the power of those who fought you in the field, the making and the execution of the laws? Are you prepared to do this? Let us consider what legislation involves, and whether they are the men to entrust it to.

After the rebellion there was a large national debt and the freedom and rights and privileges of citizenship of four millions of slaves. The most important legislation the coming Congress will have to deal with is that connected with the debt and the rights of the colored race as citizens of the United States. Are you ready to turn over to those who fought you in the field that legislation which is to determine what shall be the civil rights of the colored race? Are those who fought against you such men as to warrant you in turning over the entire colored race to the mercies of their legislation? One is the former Vice-President of the Confederate states. The idea of a few years ago illustrates the views of these men as to the civil rights of the colored race. The speaker then read extracts from a speech of Alexander H. Stephens, delivered in March, 1861, to the effect that the Southern Government was founded on the idea that the negro was not the equal of the white man and that on account of holding the opposite doctrine, a gradual disintegration of the North would ensue, and continued: Thank God, in His mercy, in carrying out the principles of eternal justice, the corner-stone of the Confederacy crumbled away, and the old Union endures, solid [illegible], stronger than ever. [Applause.] We learn from this the views of the men who would dominate in the national legislature in the event of a Democratic victory. What do we learn from the Hamburg massacre in South Carolina, where a few colored men were interrupted on the street by two young men, and after some conversation gave them the way, were brought before a justice of the peace, taken away, hunted down and shot in cold blood? What was the cause of the outrage? It was a warning to colored men that if they exercised the rights of citizenship, bearing arms or voting, they might know what to expect. And Governor Chamberlain sent a temperate and admirable letter to the President in which he said the purpose of the outrage was simply to intimidate the negroes into an abandonment of their rights and to force them to agree with the views of their assailants.

But it is suggested that this subject should not be referred to. It is "flaunting the bloody shirt." Who stabbed the nation while it slept? Whose hands defiled the pure garments of the nation with the blood of her children? They may cry, "Out damned spot," but not all the perfumes of Araby can wash out the blot on the hand that did it. [Applause.] I remember, years ago, the common expression, "Bleeding Kansas,"—an expression of contempt and derision. I knew personally and well Gov. Geary, the Third Democratic Governor, I think, who was sent to Kansas—the first two returning [illegible] the task they were sent to perform. Governor Geary said to me that the *Tribune* was accused of exaggerating the trouble, but that it never told one-half the truth as he discovered. And so I tell you, although there are a small comparative number of these [illegible] at the South, there are enough to terrify the colored people and at the next election you will find very few voting, except on compulsion. I do not accuse the whole South. But how many men of resolution and fixed purpose did it require to take the South out of the Union against the will of the majority? The violent men are Democrats, so are the moderate and humane men among them. The latter will not trouble themselves much about the citizenship of the colored people, nor will the moderate hunt down the violent men. A great deal of cruelty and wrong will be tolerated for the purpose of ensuring success.

The Southern men lately in the Confederate army now in Congress rule the majority of that body. It professes to be an economy-practising body. But if we inspect its record we will see that bills have been introduced for the benefit of those who fought against you, that give them more than two thousand millions of dollars. Bills have been introduced to repay the tax assessed on the slave-holding States for the conduct of the war and to refund the cotton tax, sixty-eight millions of dollars. One hundred and forty bills have been introduced to give various Southern institutions upwards of one and one-half millions of dollars, on the theory that they were despoiled of that amount during the war. There is a bill to pay citizens of the United States for the use of property occupied by the army, and one to pay the people of the South for all property taken for the support of the army while it was in the slave-holding states. Do you suppose that any of these bills would, if passed, be vetoed by Tilden? [illegible]

I know Tilden and have known him for twenty-five years. I know his history thoroughly well. What was his history at the opening of the war? He refused to sign a call for a Union meeting. It didn't suit him to be associated in such a call with Republicans. At a meeting of the bar of New York, called to raise money to permit its married members to go to the war, Tilden was not one who attended or subscribed. In February, 1863, a society was organized in New York for the "diffusion of useful political knowledge." Tilden was a member of this society and of its executive committee. Its object was the distribution of publications showing the blessings of slavery and that every great war measure was unconstitutional. Tilden was a delegate to the Chicago convention of 1864 and a member of the committee on resolutions, receiving, as such, a resolution urging the appointment of a committee consisting of one from each State to request Lincoln to suspend the draft. A prominent plank of the platform declared the war a failure and that peace and harmony and union must be secured by other means. All through the war, by act, deed, word or gift did Tilden do aught but discourage the cause on which depended the existence of the nation. [Applause.]

Tilden's letter of acceptance is an extraordinary affair. It is there stated that the amendments to the constitution are accepted by all as satisfactory and the settlement ought to be harmonious every body. Is it true that the amendments are accepted by all? Did Hendricks accept them? Did the southern States accept them? And yet we are told in this letter that their acceptance is universal. Are you prepared to place in the hands of such a man and such a Congress not only power over the civil rights of the colored race but also to take from the treasury the vast sums I have mentioned? The issue is upon us. No doubt Vermont will give a large majority for the Republican ticket, and if she does it will have great influence on New York.

When Tilden was engaged in the patriotic work of issuing useful political knowledge, framing discouraging resolutions and amassing the fortune which I suppose he is now expending in reforming the country [laughter], what was Hayes about? A modest gentleman, about thirty-nine years of age, with a loved and loving family about him, he left his home for the army. There, to say the least, he did not fail in the discharge of any duty. Tilden in that time, continued the practice of his profession, and they were practices of a very peculiar kind—such as many reputable members of my profession decline to enter on—"wrecking" railroads, a process which Mr. Stoughton described at some length. Tilden made himself rich. He remained at home, breathing his copperhead sentiments. The speaker then read Governor Hayes's famous letter, in which he declared that the man who would leave the army at such a time to go home and electioneer for Congress ought to be scalped, which was received with enthusiastic applause. He continued: Men differ. Tilden would have thought a man ought to be scalped for going to the war. I do not speak in jest, for I know the man—I am sorry to say.

Now let us consider Tilden as a reformer. I will read a passage from the close of his letter—a sort of prayerful remembrance of what he had been about. [Laughter.] All have read the letter with the ability to declare upon their oaths that they do not understand it. The passage is as follows: "Educated in the belief that it is the first duty of the citizen of the Republic to take his fair allotment of care and trouble in public affairs, I have for forty years as a private citizen fulfilled that duty. Though occupied to an unusual degree during all that period with the concerns of government, I have never exercised the habit of official life." Fortunate people! I think he never will!—"When, a year and a half ago, I entered upon my present trust, it was in order to consummate reforms to which I had already devoted several of the best years of my life." Several of the best years of his life! What was the the school in which he was educated? Tammany Hall; associate professors, Tweed and Sweeny. "Reform to which I had already devoted several of the best years of my life"—but down to 1870—all through the war and long after—he was the intimate co-actor, the confidential friend and associate of the men I have just named. I asked to-day of one of the most respectable and eminent citizens of Burlington, If a great personal sacrifice were involved in a pledge given by Tilden, and a great personal sacrifice were involved in a pledge given by Tweed, whose pledge would you take?

A voice—"Tweed's."

Tweed's. [Applause.] Cant, hypocrisy, secretiveness—all these fill up to a full roundness the character of the man whose friends, if he has any, or his followers, if he has no friends, have placed his name before the American people for the first and most honorable office in the world. It was not when the frauds in New York city were being piled mountain high that Tilden was heard from. He was a co-actor with the perpetrators of these frauds and the object was to carry the New York election. He must have shut his eyes as close as in the sleep of death not to know what was going on. It was not until Tilden found that Tweed and Sweeny had no very high estimate of his value—didn't need him any longer—that he found out about the school where he had been studying reform so long. It was not until after the exposures by the *Times* and other newspapers that proceedings were begun against Tweed and others. We then found Tilden associated with O'Conor and others in the prosecution of these thieves. Suppose that in Burlington some officials were caught stealing public money and a distinguished lawyer was called in to prosecute them. What if he should say that because he was concerned in the prosecution of fraud he ought to be called a reformer! Isn't this Tilden's case? And isn't that about all that you remember particularly favorable to him?

Tilden's agents went to St. Louis. There they found a large number of delegates who did not believe in the speedy payment of the national debt and who believed that the greenbacks should be doubled and the banks blotted out. They framed a platform to suit both the hard-money and the soft-money men. Tilden is somewhat a master of words. Men of no principles or convictions frequently substitute words for both. They said to the hard-money men, Here is a Republican government who said in 1875, let there be resumption on or before January 1st, 1879. The hard-money men considered the act a hindrance to resumption; the soft-money men wished to strike out the date. That platform is a ricketty thing. Mothers, however, are said to love their ricketty offspring best, sometimes, and perhaps it is so with the framers of this platform.

As to Tilden's letter of acceptance: You have political principles guiding you in one direction or another. Suppose you have an office tendered you. It would not take you long to give your reasons for accepting or rejecting it. Here we have an incubation of five weeks. The candidates had a conference at Saratoga. It was desirable that there should be a union of sentiment on the currency and the national debt. Gov. Tilden says: "The proper time for resumption is the time when wise preparations shall have ripened perfect ability to accomplish the object with certainty and ease that will inspire confidence and encourage the reviving of business." May not the millennium possibly come before that can happen under a Democratic administration? When you want to get at the financial views of Tilden and those of Hendricks read both letters. You will then retire in confusion.

Tilden speaks as though it was the fault of the Republican party that we have so large a national debt. I am free to say that if the Democratic party gets into power—the men who dominate and carry Tilden in the hollow of their hands—we shall have repudiation, abnegation of the rights of the colored race, and the fastening upon us of hundreds of millions of dollars. When the great war came upon us the leader of the Democratic party, Buchanan, said that he was powerless to coerce a state into submission by force—powerless to deal with the rebellion with military force. If any Southern State called for aid he was powerless. So it continued until Lincoln took the chair occupied by the man of whom Tilden was an earnest disciple. A debt of about five thousand millions was incurred in the conduct of the war, of which about three-fifths has been paid and about two-fifths remain unpaid. To its payment the national honor is pledged and honest men will see that it is faithfully carried out. [Applause.] You will see to it that repudiation does not obstruct the consummation of this honest purpose—that those do not get into power who will say, 'This is not our debt.' Congress must legislate and the executive must act. The constitutional amendments simply command the government to do its duty. Will those who fought against you in the field take overmuch trouble to see that the debt is paid?

If we have contracted a large debt under Republican rule, bad as some say it is, there is something to offset it. In 1860 the wealth of this country was $16,159,000,000; in 1870 it was $30,068,000,000—it having nearly doubled in the decade. In 1860, the manufactured products of this country amounted in value to $1,876,000,000. In 1870, to $4,[illegible],000. Is the country ruined?

When the advocates of Tilden and Hendricks attack the leaders of the Republican party who have glorified its existence, and when these attacks are directed at a man who, when Tilden was engaged in printing reasons to discourage the people and the government, was engaged in the war, fighting for his country, he will be defended and the party will be defended. [Prolonged applause.] There are spots on the sun, there are faults everywhere, but, thank God, a great heart has beaten along all through the country and brought us where we now are—honored all through the earth and where not honored, feared.

On taking his seat Mr. Stoughton received prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

Hon. W. G. Shaw moved that the thanks of the meeting be returned to the speaker for his able, instructive and eloquent address, and the motion was carried unanimously.

Gen. Grandey was loudly called for, but gracefully excused himself from speaking.

Three rousing cheers were then given for Hayes and Wheeler, and three (which fairly shook the building) for the orator of the evening, after which the meeting adjourned.

Mention should not be omitted of the Hayes and Wheeler Glee Club, who sang some campaign songs in an admirable manner, greatly adding to the pleasure of the meeting.

Light and Shade.

MATTERS—GRAVE AND GAY FROM ALL SOURCES.

ROSENLIED.

The nightingale sang to the rose
Through the livelong night,
Till her hue from a ruby red
Turned wan and white.
All night it rose and fell—
That silvery strain,
And the heart of the red rose throbbed
With deepest pain;
"O Love, O Love!" it rang,
"I love but thee!"
"Thou art queen of all flowers," he sang,
"And queen of me!"
O Love my Love!" he said,
—Before the dawn,
The rose on its stalk hung dead,
The bird was gone. —*Alice Williams.*

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The military situation in Mexico, at the latest advices, is unchanged. Three new republics were organized last Tuesday, but a new lot of insurgents shot two of the presidents before they were inaugurated and the third one declared himself dictator immediately after taking the oath of office, and was shortly afterwards assassinated by the members of his cabinet, who divided the country up into republics enough to go round, and ordered new elections on the European plan, with only one candidate and no opposition tickets.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

DISCOURAGING.

A Detroit youth of thirteen sold fifty pounds of old iron and a piece of lead pipe a few days ago and received enough money to carry out his long-cherished idea of establishing a weekly newspaper which should represent the interests of every section of Michigan. He was willing to commence low down and work up, and he established an office in the cellar of his father's house, purchased two quarts of "pi," hired his sister as an apprentice, and work was begun on his first number. The boy had an idea that an independent journal would pay best, and his first edition, which consisted of seven copies of a sheet about as large as an envelope, was devoted to items of a personal nature. It was rather a family sheet, also, seven of the eight items in it being hits at his father and mother, and the lone one was a bit of advice to his school teacher. While he was out hunting up advertising and soliciting subscribers his father laid the type away to shoot cats with, his mother kindled the fire with the wooden press, and when the editor and proprietor returned he was given a woodshed interview and then welded to the handle of a lawn mower. He was yesterday "hollering" over the alley fence to one of his friends that he couldn't be crushed out nor frightened off the track by no bloodthirsty mob, but the prospect for a new paper is dubious.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JOHNNIE UPSETSTHINGS.

A young man, born of poor but honest parents, went to see his sweetheart on Thursday night. Her youngest brother, during the "primping interval," entertained the beau as follows:

"Sis says she's goin' ter shake you, she is!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the astonished young man.

"Yes, she is; she's got you down on the slate for a gran' bounce, she has!"

"Why, how—!"

"Well, now, ther ain't no use for you to chaw dictionary 'bout it neether, 'cause ther ain't no di-count on sis—she's a be ole gal when she starts!"

"My goodness grac—!"

"She sez she goes out with you an' tromps 'round jess as lonesome as some old married cow, and when yer treats it ain't ter nothin' but cheap ole sody water at er nickle a quart!"

The young man sighed and reached for a fan.

"She sez she wants a feller that's got sum style about him an' kin set up a square meal fer his gal when he takes her a gallavantin', she does!"

The young man rummaged for his handkerchief.

"I tell yer wot it is, boss, my sis ain't no slouch, an' when she gits a crank in her hed, dad sez she grinds it wuss nor our ole ricketty coffee-mill. She's goin' ter yer an' she'll tell all the other gals ter shoot the miser, an' yer jess bet they'll do it, 'cause they can't go back on sis—not much!"

The young man was climbing down the front steps.

Just then sis entered and Johnnie explained how he had "giv' the ole dug-out a big wabble."

But Johnnie's opinion, since his "daddy" let go of him, is that if he had been Sitting Bull during the performance he would now be sore in a different locality.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NEGRO CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

Several times they burst out in the songs they had learned at camp-meetings away off in the South. Queer, old tunes they were, and the words possessed a peculiar charm to the white people present. Here is a specimen:

Why don't you do as Peter did,
A-walking on the sea?
He throwed both arms above his head,
Crying, "Good Lord, remember me."
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bond and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

If I could stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd throw these legs as fast as I could—
And I'd go for the milk-white shore.
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bond and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

ANGELS' FACES.

We never saw a real angel, and don't know how far an upright life and a pure conscience may tend to give a man's face an angelic expression, but we always had an idea that the peculiar and conflicting emotions that gather on the brow of a man who has just taken five anti-bilious pills and can't get one of them past his palate, would be a sweet thing to carve on his tombstone, in order to rob death of half his terrors.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A Political Murder in Mississippi.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing after a tour through the State of Mississippi, tells the following story:

William P. Haffa was a man of spotless character. Of singularly mild and inoffensive manners, he was beloved by the colored people and respected by all the unprejudiced whites. He was not a fighting man. He did not go to Mississippi for office, but to raise cotton and corn. Six years ago last February, he leased a plantation near Auburn, in Hinds county. After Mr. and Mrs. Haffa and their children had lived there, quietly working, never "interfering" in politics, the owners of the land called on them and asked them whether they were friends of the white man or the —— nigger. He said (as any honest Northern man would have said to such a question) that he was a friend to every one who was worthy of friendship, whether white or black. "We understand you," they said, "you are a friend of the —— niggers." After the interview he was threatened more than once. The colored people soon after nominated him for justice of the peace. Gov. Alcorn made the appointment, and refused to eject him when the Democratic leaders asked that he should be removed, on the ground that "no Northern man should come down and rule them."

The majority of the people—the blacks—desired his appointment, and no one of either color could complain of his character. He served out his term of two years. He was renominated and again elected. The local Democratic leaders then "waited" on him, took him out of the house, and lashed him without mercy with a cowhide; and when his wife besought them for mercy and clung to him, one of the ruffians, who was a joint owner of the plantation, threw her off so violently that she was laid up for a month from the injury she received. She has never to this day fully recovered from the shock. Mr. Haffa remained. He was threatened again; his boy was shot at; his own life was put repeatedly in peril. He disarmed one would-be assassin, a member of one of the families in the district. After these occurrences both Mr. Haffa and his wife taught colored schools. As the blacks trusted them they had influence over their votes. This was the head and front of their offending. They also taught the blacks in Sunday-schools. The ku-klux were suppressed, and there was peace in Mississippi until last Summer, when the campaign of intimidation and assassination was inaugurated. Bound to carry the State at any cost—a boast made everywhere and openly—the fate of Mr. Haffa was sealed. He would not leave. He could not be driven off. He must die. And now I stand aside to let the widow speak:

"We were aroused by the barking of our dog furiously on the morning of September 6. I hollered, 'who is there?' and no answer. I repeated it and there was no answer. And then Mr. Haffa got up and said, 'Who is there?' They said, 'We will let you know who is there,' or something to that effect. And I said, 'My God! they have the yard full of men.' I presume there were fifty to seventy-five men barricading the whole of the house. And they had not only armed themselves with one or two weapons, but they had, some of them, half a dozen. They had them buckled around them, besides the musket that they carried. They tried to unfasten the door to get in, but I put my foot between the door and the sill, and kept the door closed. My daughter helped me. Finding they could not get in they finally took one of the fence rails and broke the door down and part of the furniture. And we were hollering all the time. 'Murder! murder.' No one came to our assistance. They could hear me holler 'Murder!' for about two miles, as the neighbors told me afterwards. Finally Mosely, the agent of the Singer sewing machine, came up to me and choked me and held a revolver close to my head.

"Before he choked me I said: 'I am not afraid if you choke me and spare my husband—that is all.' Mosely said to me when I called his name several times, 'Sh—sh!' I had a nursing baby then, and it was lying on the bed screaming. After I was choked so that I could not holler any longer, my daughter came, and she left me and went over to her father. The men outside broke a shutter of the window and fired at Mr. Haffa, and my little boy told me yesterday—he said he would take oath any time—that it was Jimmy Whitehead who fired one of the shots at Mr. Haffa, and Sid. Whitehead, owner of the land that we rented. He had threatened Mr. Haffa's life several times, and the children knew of it. They fired twice, and I went to him, and he asked me to take him to the bed; so my daughter and I assisted him to the bed. We had no light; it was utter darkness there, and says he to me, 'Mamma, I want water.' As soon as I could get a light I gave him water and laid him down and ran out for assistance. I sent my little boy over to some colored people, and they came rushing over.

"Finally Sid Whitehead came along and refused to let me have a physician. He said it was no use, that he would die, anyhow. Mr. Haffa said 'Mamma, I am going to die;' and he asked God to have mercy on his soul, and he laid his head on my shoulder and expired. After the colored people had laid him away I said to Sid. Whitehead: 'Moseley is the one that choked me, and he had a revolver at my head;' and Sid Whitehead said, 'You know Mr. Moseley was not here.' I said, 'Yes, sir, he was.' Sid. Whitehead spoke out that I had to recall those words for the sake of my life. They made me recall them, and say it was not him. They came there together, and sat up the first night—Whitehead and two or three other gentlemen—and they did nothing but use profane language all the time, and abuse the Northern people. They said that they were fully armed now, and ready for war at any time, and that they could not rule over them or do as they pleased with them. They would not allow me to have a coffin for him at all. Col. Griffin, formerly United States Senator here—at least so they told me—he came and said: 'Mrs. Haffa, I regret this very much.' Says he, 'I cannot get any coffin for you, for they won't allow it.'

Do you want to know anything about the other men that were assassinated the same day?"

She was told to go on with her sad story.

"Well, this was September 6, 1875. After Mr. Haffa, was gone, the colored people who were there said: 'We have lost our best friend. I would like to see any one come to my house and kill me in as brutal a manner as they did the 'squire.' The name of the people who said this was Stevens. His wife said, 'I must go home.' He says to her, 'Yes, you had better go home, for I will be the next one.' Mr. Whitehead said; 'Dole, you better be careful how you talk, or the men will be after you.' So about three o'clock these men came back to see if Mr. Haffa was gone, and they were looking like hungry wolves—the most fiendish looking men I ever saw; They said: 'Any colored people secreted about your premises here?' Says I, 'No sir.' There was nobody in the house then but my children and Mr. Haffa's corpse. I said: 'There is nobody here; but you are privileged to come in and examine the premises and look up the chimney.' Two of them alighted and came in and looked around and said that was all they wanted to know. They went over to these colored people's house and took the Stevenses—father and son—out and stood them on a stump and shot them and killed them instantly. * * * They did not give them any warning any more than they did Mr. Haffa, when they came in the house and took them out. They said they had a large day's work on hand, and that they had to commence early, and during that day they perpetrated a number of murders. They were after Senator Caldwell. But I don't know whether they got him at that time or not. [The Stevenses were Republican leaders, and so was Caldwell, who was brutally murdered some time afterward.] Mr. Whitehead then gave me 10 days' notice to leave, and so the colored people harbored me.

Mr. Haffa was buried in a rude box, and yet the white people and my son went along. He was just wrapped up in a sheet—they would not allow it any other way. Mr. Whitehead said I must leave—that we were looked on as spies here. The colored people harbored me until I got a conveyance to take me to the depot. They disarmed all the colored people through the county there—took their arms from them and would not allow them to have any; and before I left the depot they made the colored people break up their (Republican) clubs, and every one of them joined the Democrat clubs—they compelled them to do so at the peril of their lives. I had no money; I was obliged to leave everything; I had not even a change of clothing."

She said no more.

PULLBACKS, corsets, money, and habitual drunkards continue to get tighter and tighter.

Written for the Free Press and Times.

Alberta.

BY MRS. W. W. THOMAS.

"Graceful as the summer blossoms,
Tender as the wooing dove:
Slumber sweetly on our bosoms
Fair Alberta, child of love!"

So we sang, the dark eye's beaming
Thrilling all the days with pride,
In our gladness never dreaming
Angels walked so close beside.

Low they whispered, "Sweet Alberta!"
Strong we clasped thee, but in vain,
For the pearl-gates, slowly opening,
Left our spirits filled with pain.

And we saw our winsome baby
'Mid the tears that filled the hours,
Laid to rest in dreamless slumber
Low amid the garden flowers.

Oh, we miss the precious birdling
That hath soared away from sight,
Though blithe voices waken music
Round our home-nest day and night.

In thy cradling arms, Alberta,
Thy bright head no more shall lie,
But thy sweet voice cleaves the sunshine,
Throned within the bending sky.

Sweetly calling from earth's duty
To a fair Eternal Shore,
Where we'll clasp thee, child of beauty,
Claim thee ours forevermore!

Written for the Free Press and Times.

Song for 1876.

BY MRS. W. W. THOMAS.

Spirit of Freedom! repeat thou our glory
To the far nations while stars are unfurled.
Blest with a hundred years' haloed in story;
Proud land we crown thee, the queen of the world.

Hark to the voice of thy children's devotion!
Golden the day that from trial hath come!
Peans resounding from shore and from ocean,
Usher the birth-hour of Liberty's home!

Leaving the shadows to bask in the sunshine,
Bearing no war-cry in valley or glen,
'Mid the clear echo of Bethlehem's music,
Thou givest fervent good-will to all men!

So in thy beauty thou standest appointed,
Home of the pilgrim and stranger to be!
Till with thy rest are the weary anointed,
And in thy borders the bond men set free.

North and South, East and West, wedded forever,
Calm are thy heart-beats, unshaken by fear,
Peril and sorrow shall gather, ah, never,
Trophies to twine the dead Century's bier!

Bravely the race was run; noble the victory;
Pure be thy banners in sunlight unfurled;
Land that we honor! our glad voices name thee,
Crowned with a hundred years' hope of the world.
Prospect House, Middlebury, Vt.

The Duty of Vermont Republicans.

In the State of Vermont, which has been Republican by a decisive majority ever since the organization of the Republican party, the principal danger in the pending campaign is that the voters will estimate their political duties too lightly, resting content in the assurance that the State is sure any way, and it can make little difference as to the size of the vote. Not even the New York *World* arithmetic man, we believe, has any hopes of Vermont, and no Democratic politician is sanguine enough to suppose that the election can even be made reasonably close. With the result of the election thus conceded beforehand, on all sides, the Vermont Republicans may easily suffer themselves to fall into an apathetic condition, and to make the canvass dull and spiritless. So far from this, they ought to consider that it is not enough to carry the State by the accustomed majority, to elect their State ticket and to put the usual large Republican majority into the Legislature. The effect of the election will be felt this year far beyond the limits of the State. As the election occurs on the first Tuesday in September it will exert an important influence on the elections which follow in other States; and a great deal of significance will attach to the size of the Republican majority, as indicative either of apathy or enthusiasm with regard to national issues. The Vermont Republicans therefore, should remember that they are not fighting a merely local contest, the result of which is discounted in advance, but that their votes will tell in a very important way upon the graver and more momentous contest which engages the nation at large.

The point which we have in view may be easily illustrated by comparing Vermont with New Hampshire. New Hampshire is as uncertain a State, politically, as Vermont is sure, and consequently both parties make a strenuous effort to get out a full vote. The population of Vermont, according to the census of 1870, is 330,551, that of New Hampshire is 318,300; assuming that the proportion of voters is the same in each, the vote of Vermont, if it were once fully got to the polls, should be larger than that of New Hampshire, but what do we find? At the last Gubernatorial election in New Hampshire, in 1875 the aggregate vote was 79,187; while at the last Gubernatorial election in Vermont, in 1874, the aggregate vote was only 46,839. In other words, New Hampshire, a State of smaller population than Vermont, polled nearly twice as many votes. Very nearly the same proportion is observable in other recent elections in the two states; thus Vermont, in 1872, cast 58,539 votes, and in 1870, 45,425, while New Hampshire, in 1874 cast 71,893, in 1873 67,818, and in 1872, 68,592. These figures show that, at the last Presidential election, Vermont was so far aroused as to poll from 13,000 to 14,000 more votes than at the election before or after; but even then her vote was 10,000 less than that thrown by her next neighbor, New Hampshire.

These facts ought to engage the attention of Vermont Republicans. The canvass now in progress, and which has been opened very favorably, ought to be prosecuted in an aggressive manner, and the campaign should be should be sharp and decisive. Regard should be had to national as well as State issues, and the Republican majority should be rolled up accordingly. The Vermont Republicans are fortunate in having unexceptional nominees on their State ticket; and they are thoroughly in sympathy with the issues involved in the election of Hayes and Wheeler. We shall expect them therefore not merely to give their old fashioned majority for the Republican ticket, but to take measures for bringing every vote possible, and so pile up an aggregate so large and so hearty as to give strength and encouragement to the Republicans of other States who have a more difficult task before them.—*Boston Journal.*

Reunion of the Peck Family.

The descendants of the late Lament Peck had a reunion at the old homestead, at Bristol, Conn., near the Baptist church, better known as "the Gorham Peck place," on the 21 inst. The branch of the Peck family descended from Lament Peck and Rachel Tracy, numbered 152, of which number 105 are still living. Of the 105, fifty were present at the reunion, which was, to those in attendance, a most enjoyable and pleasant affair in every way. The only one of the second generation present was Mrs. Rachel Russell, of Bloomington, Ill., the other survivor of that generation, Mr. Newman Peck, of Excelsior, Wisconsin, being unable to be present. The third, fourth and fifth generations were present in force, some coming from Vermont, others from Illinois and New York State in order to be in attendance. The morning was passed in a social way, and at four o'clock a dinner was served on the lawn, to which it is perhaps unnecessary to say full justice was done. After the spread, Josiah T. Peck read a sketch of the family which he had prepared, and followed this by reading a very detailed account of the history of the Peck family from its originator, Deacon Paul Peck, to the last generation. With this family sketch was given a very interesting and entertaining account of the early settlement of Bristol, and the character, customs and habits of the inhabitants of the town, when the writer was a boy and a young man. As the author is over eighty years of age and is possessed of a really wonderful memory, the sketch was of a very interesting nature, and gave many curious incidents of the lives of the Pecks of a hundred years ago. Among them is the rather romantic incident of the marriage of Lament Peck and Rachel Tracy which he describes as follows:

"Rachel Tracy was teaching school in the school district in which the old Peck house was then situated. While the school was in session, there was given one evening a party or ball at the old Priest Wildman house. My Uncle Josiah was present, and during the evening, while the young people were enjoying themselves, he spoke to Miss Tracy and said, "Rachel Tracy, will you have 'Ment'"—a name that father went by among his acquaintances. "Yes," said she. He then asked Lament if he would have Rachel Tracy. He said "Yes." Zebulon Peck, Jr., a justice of the peace—being present, was immediately called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, which he then and there did. This union was a source of great joy and comfort to Lament's father and mother, with whom they lived in the old home, until his parents died."

After the reading of this family history, remarks were made by Prof. Tracy Peck, of Cornell University, as a representative of Tracy Peck, son of Lament; Prof. Henry S. Pratt, husband of Mary Peck, the only representative of the late James Gorman Peck; Jonathan Peck, son of the late Captain Richard Peck, and Charles Bronson, of Waterbury, husband of Rachel Peck, daughter of Tracy Peck. Mr. James Peck, of Burlington, Vermont, a son of Herman Peck, the only representative of that branch of the family present, read a letter from his father, and also made some remarks appropriate to the occasion. The formal exercises of the reunion closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne, and the Doxology, the Rev. Irenus Atkins, a long-time intimate friend of the Peck family pronouncing the benediction.

The evening was devoted to social intercourse and an examination of a collection of curiosities which belonged in the family, and which comprised not only old manuscripts, letters and deeds, but old furniture, silverware, wearing apparel, watches, jewelry, and household and farming utensils. The reunion was in every way a success, and all in attendance felt that it was good to be there.—*Hartford Evening Post*