Weaving the Web.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me!

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow," she said
"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace;
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
The young love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangled the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short though the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
The house was still and the breezes slept,
And her singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom at set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order one by one.
But hand was tired and heart was weak;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright or so fair to see!

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone;
It is growing too dark to weave!" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

The Crow that the Crow Crowed.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

"Ho! ho!"
Said the crow;
"So I'm not s'posed to know
Where the rye and the wheat,
And the corn kernels grow—
Oh! no,
Ho! ho!

"He! he!
Farmer Lee,
When I fly from my tree,
Just you see where the tops
Of the corn-ears will be;
Watch me!
He! he!"

Switch—swirch,
With a lurch,
Flopped the bird from his perch,
As he spread out his wings
And set forth on his search.
His search—
Switch—swirch.

Click!—bang!—
How it rang,
How the small bullet sang
As it sped through the air—
And the crow, with a pang,
Went whang—
Chi-bang!

THE TAIL FEATHERS.

Now know,
That to crow
Often brings one to woe;
Which the lines up above
Have been put there to show.
And so,
Don't crow.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Baby's Belongings.

What may the little baby eat?
Kisses and milk!
Kisses and milk, both warm and sweet—
These may the little baby eat.

What may the little baby wear?
Smiles and silk!
Sunniest smiles and glossiest silk,
Ribbons of blue or white as milk,
Smiles that bathe it with golden air
From the sole of the foot to the crown of the hair;
These may the little baby wear.

Soft is the little cambric robe,
Soft is the zephyr wool,
That touches the pink ear's tiny lobe—
The softest linen and wool.
Linen is cool, and warm is wool,
And the baby's bureau drawer is full
Of the finest linen and warmest wool.

Warm and soft is the blanket wrap,
Cool is the linen dress;
Warm is the silver porringer's pap,
Cool is the dainty white lace cap
That the little head doth press.

But whiter and softer, pink and warm
As silk or linen or wool, the form
That is set like a jewel so fairly;
And baby herself, in her pretty dress,
Is prettier far, we all confess,
And sets it off most rarely.

August on the Farm.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

The work of haying is well nigh over and we can begin to think of something else. The season promises to be fairly prosperous. Pears will yield a short crop and so will grapes, but we shall have apples enough to make up. The hay crop was good and corn is looking well with an area much larger than usual.

Most farmers leave more or less weeds to mature their seeds among the potatoes and the corn. This makes bad work. We know lots where, this year, the work of cultivating crops is at least double what it should be, on account of allowing the weeds to shed a myriad of seeds last year. Now it is a good plan, and in the end it is good economy, to go through the fields and pull up the tall weeds before they ripen and shed the seeds. A day's work in this way may save a half a dozen days' labor next year, to say nothing of improving the growth of the crops. If your fields are covered with the ox-eye daisy, wouldn't it pay to plough it in deep and manure well? That will root it out if the work is thoroughly done, and we know of no better way of getting rid of it.

By going over the stubble lands with the harrow, the seeds of weeds that have been scattered will soon germinate, when the plough will easily kill them. Any way to destroy weeds is better than none, and it is worth trying.

August is comparatively a leisure month. Not that there is not enough to do, but that the work of haying is over, as a general thing, and the harvesting of other crops is not yet pressing. There is time to dig a few ditches, to lay a few drains, and to clear up a few bushes in the pasture. We took occasion, a short time ago, to allude to the shrubs and bushes along the old walls. You can do something at clearing up these, can't you? There is generally left a little headland along these walls that is not touched by the plough and other tools. It has been left there, year after year, for nobody knows how long. What a lot of good loam for compost you might dig out here, and at the same time how much neater it would make the old wall look! That is a fine meadow down there. Couldn't it be got into cranberries? They pay better than any other crop, and if they cost something at the outset, it won't be long before you will get it back again. To get cranberries in well, you should take off the top sod or turf and remove it to the border of the meadow where it may be piled up to winter, which will prepare it in the best manner for the cow yard. This is an expensive job in many places, especially on those lands that can't be ploughed, but then it will give an enormous quantity of stuff for the yard, and many farmers think it will pay for removing. Then you want to get on an inch or two of sand or gravel. Of the two we are inclined to think gravel the best. Perhaps you can't get this on now. If the surface is soft it would be difficult, and it might be cheaper to let the surface freeze and then gravel it, say the latter part of December, or upon the ice in winter.

In spring you can go ahead setting out the vines, and if they are taken care of for a year or two, you ought to get a pretty good crop the third year.

The cranberry will probably always be a paying crop. The demand for it is constantly increasing, and we see no reason to suppose it will not be higher ten years hence than it is now.

It is a good time to get out a few of those rocks that have bothered so much in the mowing lot. We have known a mowing machine to be injured to the extent of five or ten dollars by a rock that might have been removed in five minutes. It pays now to clear up those old fields, and suppose you take the crow-bar, and the pick, and the spade, and try a few of the boulders. If you can't easily get them out, perhaps you can sink them beneath the plough. Any way to get rid of them, and now is the time to consider how it may be done.

As to the bushes in the pasture it is not an easy matter to get rid of them. Still by sticking to them they will gradually disappear under the stub scythe, and the pasture will carry more stock and better. We consider this one of the most important after haying jobs, on many of our New England farms, though to the lasting credit of many good farmers, it must be said that their pastures are always kept in good condition.

Ploughing for winter grains and for fall seeding may go forward this month. Don't fail to do this in the most thorough manner. Especially should lands that are to be seeded down to grass be cultivated well. It does not pay to lay down land poorly. It may have to grow grass for years, and there is the trouble with the mowing, year after year, the wearing upon the patience, and the trying of the temper, all of which you can now prevent by a little extra care.

Every farmer ought to have a good roller. It need not be a very expensive one. It need not cost fifty dollars, like that splendid and heavy one that you saw in the warehouse the other day, but some kind of a roller every good farmer ought to have, and he ought to use it too, on his new seeded lands at the time of laying them down, and on his old mowing lands every year, as early in the spring as it is possible to get on with cattle without "poaching."

It makes a wonderful difference in the growth of the grass, to say nothing of pressing down the loose stones that may have been brought to the surface by the frost.

You can take a few drag plank, such as you would use for making a stone-boat or drag, but shorter, and give them more "pitch," or inclination than the drag usually has, so as to prevent clogging. By loading on a few stones to give it the required weight it makes a very good roller, that is, it performs the work of the roller in giving a perfectly smooth and level surface. Try it and you will find it works exceedingly well.

Don't forget to build up that compost heap. The droppings in the cow-yard need to be covered up or otherwise protected from these hot suns. It is astonishing how much may be saved by carefully looking after these little details. Indeed the thrift of a farmer may be said to depend upon them. It is a source of great satisfaction to see everything looking neat and tidy about the house and the yard, about the barn and the fences.

It is about time to think of feeding up any animals that you intend to fatten this fall. The same amount and quality of food goes farther now than it will later in the season.

Burling

VOL. LI. NEW SERIES, VOL. XXIV.

A Skeleton in the Closet.

"Brandon Coyle! Are you mad?"

She had stolen up behind him noiselessly, she had snatched the loaded pistol from his desperate hand and hurled it through the open window into the bay below. And not one instant too soon to save him from the crime of self-destruction.

He whirled around upon her, and they stood facing each other with eyes flaming defiance.

How like, yet unlike, were these fierce, beautiful creatures—twin sister and brother!

She, with her slender, well-rounded, lissom form; with her small, fine features and clear, deadly-pale yellow face, darkened by great, deep, hollow black eyes; the whole over-shadowed by heavy, clustering auburn curls—a subtle, wistful face.

He, somewhat taller, fuller, and more supple, like another human snake, of a little larger growth, with a paler complexion, darker eyes and darker hair.

They were the orphan niece and nephew of Christopher Coyle, Esquire, an old bachelor living on his ancient patrimonial estate of Caveland in the North of England.

Now they stood glaring at each other a full minute in silent menace. Then both spoke at once:

"Aspirita!"

"Brandon!"

"How *dared* you stop me?"

"How dared *you* raise your hand against your own life?"

"I dare do what I please," he answered, sulkily.

"So do I—except—except to rush from life to death—from the known to the unknown!" she retorted solemnly.

"There can be no more perfect perdition than I suffer now! *Why* did you stop me?" he cried, with a groan of anguish.

"Because I would not have you destroy yourself for the sake of a peevish girl. Come, Brandon. Rouse yourself! *Do* be a man!" she exclaimed.

"I cannot live without Arielle!" he wailed.

"What a mooncalf you are, to be crying after a girl! If you cannot live *without* her, then why don't you live *with* her?" scornfully demanded the girl.

"'Live with her!' You know she is to be married to Valdimir Desparde to-morrow," replied the young man.

"She is to be married *to-morrow*; but this is *to-day*; and 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and'—but proverbs are vulgar, and you know what I mean."

"I do not!"

"You must stop the marriage, Brandon!"

"'Stop the marriage?' I wish I could! 'Stop the marriage!' How am I to do that, I pray you?"

"Hush, Brandon! Come and sit down here on the sofa by me, and I will tell you what to do to break off this marriage, near as it is, and to win the bride for yourself, much as she is now devoted to her affianced lover," whispered the girl.

The suicidal phrenzy in him was laid for the moment, even though it might return.

"Now attend to me, Brandon. Before he became your successful rival in the favor of Lady Arielle Montjoie, Valdimir Desparde was your most intimate friend, was he not?" inquired Aspirita.

"Of course he was," exclaimed Brandon, grinding his teeth.

"You were in his entire confidence?"

"Yes."

"You have often heard him regret, *deplore* the unfathomable mystery that hangs over his own and his sister's childhood?"

"Oh, to be sure. Haven't I told you so often enough?"

"And he rather resents his guardian's, Lord Beaudevere's, reticence on this subject?"

"Yes, *yes*; but what has all this to do with the question of this detestable marriage?" exclaimed Brandon, impatiently.

"It has everything to do with *stopping* it. But you must be patient, my lad. Calm yourself, and collect your thoughts; for I must put you through a cross-examination, and then feel my way."

"I don't understand you."

"No? But you will as I go on. Tell me, first, exactly how much Valdimir Desparde really does know of his early history? *He* has told *you*, I suppose?"

"Yes; but it is very little. He knows only so much as he remembers. He has heard nothing. Lord Beaudevere, the only person in possession of the facts, firmly refuses to speak a word on the subject."

"Lord Beaudevere's reserve is very merciful."

"What do you say?"

"Lord Beaudevere's reserve is very merciful to Valdimir Desparde and his sister."

"What *do* you mean, Aspirita?"

"I will explain presently. But go on and tell me all Valdimir Desparde has told *you* of his early life, Brandon."

"Let me think. Oh! He remembers living with his mother and his little sister, in very poor lodgings, in the narrow street of a great city, whose name he has forgotten, even if he ever learned it—"

"Was it in this country?"

"No, for he crossed water to come here."

"In France, then?"

"No, for they were English-speaking people who inhabited the city, and they had black servants. He thinks it must have been New York or New Orleans, or some other American city."

"New Orleans, probably, if they had many blacks. But go on."

"The name of the city, and even of the country, is lost to him in the morning mist of his dawn of memory.

"There was something concerning his father, the elder Valdimir Desparde, whom, however, he does not remember ever to have seen. But his mother never held up her head again. She used to cry over him and his sister, and pray to the Lord to take them out of this world, and save them from the evil to come—"

"*Ah!*" gasped Aspirita, as she listened to every word of this little story.

"At length the mother took to her bed, from which she never rose again. One day a minister came and sat by the bed and wrote a letter for her, which was sent away. After that she grew weaker. Another day a gentleman arrived, a stranger, who afterwards proved to be Lord Beaudevere."

"Well, Brandon, why don't you go on?" eagerly demanded the attentive girl, seeing that her brother paused.

"I am trying to remember what Desparde told me of this stranger. Oh! he did not know who he was until long afterwards. Lord Beaudevere had this mother and her children immediately removed to a more comfortable house, and provided them with everything they could want. Desparde remembers distinctly his mother's peaceful death, while Lord Beaudevere stood, with Vivienne in his arms and Valdimir by his side, promising the dying woman to be a father to them while he should live. Then followed the funeral and the black dresses. Then a long, long voyage in a sailing ship, all vaguely remembered by Valdimir."

"Did his sister—did Vivienne recollect nothing of this?"

"Nothing. Her earliest memories date from their life at Cloudland, whither their guardian took took them immediately on their arrival in England."

"And we know all the rest from hearsay—how the bachelor, Lord Beaudevere, represented these children to his neighbors as his little cousins and wards; how he sent Valdimir to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford, where the young man distinguished himself as much by devotion to study as by skill in athletic sports; how the guardian sent him on his continental tour and at his return celebrated his majority at Cloudland, presenting him to the tenantry as the heir; how the baron procured the most accomplished governess and masters for Vivienne, and took her to London and had her presented to the queen. All this we know of these two individuals, whose earliest days were passed in a squalid tenement-house in a foreign city," said Aspirita, scornfully.

"Well, the fellow *is* the heir presumptive of the title and estates of Lord Beaudevere! If it were not so, he might never have dared to aspire to the hand of the Lady Arielle Montjoie. Or if he had, his aspirations would have been treated with contempt."

"Then if he is the heir of the Barony of Beaudevere he must be so through his mother, for he cannot be so through his father, since the name of Desparde is not to be found in the Beaudevere genealogy," said Aspirita, sententiously.

"It is probably through his mother, whoever she was, since Beaudevere is one of those baronies that, failing male heirs, descend to the female. But I know nothing about it," replied Brandon, testily.

"Do you know that he really *is* the heir?"

"Yes, because it is set down in the Peerage. Under the tabular list of noblemen, with their titles, family names, seats, and heirs, you will find this entry: 'Beaudevere—Baron; Family name, Beaue; Seat, Cloudland, in ——shire; Heir-Presumptive, Valdimir Desparde, Esq.'"

"Ah! Just now you have alluded to this young man's father as Valdimir Desparde the elder. So that the son bears the exact name of his father?"

"Yes, the exact name of his father."

"He knows that, does he?"

"Yes, he knows that; but this is absolutely all that he does know of his father."

"Then we will try to enlighten him!" exclaimed Aspirita, with a blaze of malignity from her big black eyes.

"You do know something, then?" cried Brandon, starting.

"Yes, I do. I know that Lord Beaudevere is merciful in leaving Valdimir Desparde in his ignorance, and that he would have been much more merciful to have left him in obscurity," said Aspirita, solemnly.

"Sister! What do you mean? What discovery have you made?" exclaimed Brandon, in great excitement.

"One that I intend you to reveal to Valdimir Desparde. And when you shall have done so, should he be the man of honor we believe him, he will release Lady Arielle from her engagement to him, and he will fly to the uttermost parts of the earth rather than wed with her."

"What is this discovery? Explain yourself!" exclaimed Brandon Coyle, starting up and standing before her.

Aspirita put her hand in her pocket and drew forth a folded newspaper, yellow and faded with age, and so worn all around its creases that it threatened to fall to pieces on being opened.

"What is that?" demanded Brandon, reaching forth his hand.

"Don't touch it yet. It is the New Orleans *Courier* of sixteen years ago. Uncle sent me up with his keys to open his secretary and fetch him some documents which he described to me. That was this morning, while the bailiff was here. Well, I went up to his secretary in the library, and unlocked the upper drawer, but had hard work to pull it out. When I did so, by main strength, at last, I pulled it too far, and it fell with a crash—"

"For Heaven's sake, get on!" impatiently exclaimed Brandon.

"And the jar, or something, touched or started the spring of a secret space at the back of the drawer that flew open and let this paper tumble out. There was nothing else in the hiding-place but this paper. Oh! you will call it fate—its falling into my possession in this way!"

The young man eagerly seized the paper.

He looked at the lines she had indicated until his gaze dilated into a stare, his cheeks grew pale, and his chin fell—aghast with horror!

"Oh, this is terrible! terrible! terrible!" he exclaimed, when at last he could speak for emotion.

"If it be so terrible in your eyes, what must it be in his?" whispered Aspirita.

"What, indeed! Oh, this is worse than the worst that could be imagined!" he muttered.

"He—Valdimir Desparde—ought not to be permitted to marry Lady Arielle Montjoie," whispered Aspirita.

"'*Ought not?*' He must not and shall not! Oh! that Lord Beaudevere could have known this and kept in concealed!" bitterly exclaimed Brandon.

"He did it in mercy to Valdimir and Vivienne!"

"But what sort of mercy, or even justice, has he shown in his dealings with Lord and Lady Altofaire and Lady Arielle Montjoie?"

"Perhaps he thought this secret would never come out to injure them."

"And yet an old paper fortunately comes to light just in time to save the young lady from ruin and her family from dishonor. I will take this paper to the Earl of Altofaire this morning and lay the case before him!"

"No, no! Do not so!"

"Why not?"

"Because, if you do, the earl will stop the marriage, for Lady Arielle's sake, and then all Lady Arielle's sympathies will be with her betrothed lover, and she will remain faithful to him, and perhaps—even *elope* with him!"

"That is true! What, then, would you advise me to do with this paper?"

"Take it to Valdimir Desparde! Remind him of his oft expressed desire to penetrate the mystery of his own early life, and of his constant wonder at his guardian's reserve on the subject. Then tell him that you have accidentally discovered the secret—that you feel in honor bound to reveal it to him. Then show him the paper."

"Oh, Asp! Asp! what a serpent you are!" exclaimed Brandon Coyle, half in admiration, half in dread.

"Stay," she murmured. "I hope that Valdimir does not suspect that you ever aspired to the hand of Arielle?"

"No. He has not *that* matter of triumph over me. It was while he was on his 'grand tour' that I made a fool of myself, and I have not seen her since her rejection of my suit."

"And she has never told her betrothed of your offer, you presume?"

"Who? *Arielle?* Arielle boast of her conquest of one man to another man? I have heard of women who do such things, but Arielle—never!"

"So much the better. Then your way is clear. Go to him as his old friend, on the strength of your old mutual affection, and tell him, with as much seeming hesitation and delicate sympathy as you can assume, of the discovery you have just made, and of the uncompromising sense of duty that constrains you to communicate it to him. He will fly the country; I *know* he will. But he will come to bid me good-by first; I know *that* too. And *then* if I do not commence a treatment of consolation and cure, my name is not Aspirita Coyle!"

"Oh, Asp! Asp! So that is your game, is it?"

"That is my 'game,' as you call it, Brand. You thought I had *your* happiness only in view? Pooh, pooh, brother! we are egotists all. You love the bride elect. I like the bridegroom expectant. We work together for our mutual interests. Behold all!"

"But, Aspirita, would *you* marry a man who did not think himself good enough for Lady Arielle Montjoie? A man in his exceptional circumstances?" inquired Brandon Coyle, in surprise.

"Yes, I would. I am not Lady Arielle Montjoie. I am Aspirita Coyle, the orphan, dependent on my bachelor uncle, whose estates will all go to *you*. Besides, I love him," added the bold beauty, without a moment's hesitation.

"Humph! A man with *such* a reproach attached to his name! You must love him for *himself alone*, then?"

"No! for *myself alone!* I *might* be capable of killing him to prevent another woman having him!"

"Bravo, Asp! But oh! the fates forbid that ever your sting should strike me!"

"Go now, and execute your mission to Cloudland. It is time, unless you would prefer a dramatic forbidding of the bans at the very altar to-morrow!" said Aspirita, not a whit discomposed by the questionable compliments of her brother.

"Can't forbid the bans, since there have been no bans! They are to be married by special license," said Brandon, almost gayly, so much was he elated by the prospect of preventing the marriage.

"They *were* to have been married, you mean! But they certainly are *not* to be *now*," amended Aspirita.

"And, meanwhile, as the parties most concerned, they should be informed of their changed prospects," added Brandon Coyle, with a smile; and, rising, with a bow he left his sister, and, a few minutes later, departed on his detestable errand.

Aspirita Coyle looked after him, a great light of triumph dilating her dark eyes until they seemed the mouths of caverns leading down to the abyss of her darker soul, as she muttered to herself:

"*Now*, Valdimir Desparde, you shall be mine! It may take trouble and time, but I can work and—*wait!*" The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated August 17, which can now be had at any news office or book-store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 William street, New York.

THE Hewitt Committee at New York concluded, on Wednesday, that it had wasted enough time in listening to the wild theories of communists, and labor agitators, and henceforth there will be no more such hearings, but parties who have valuable suggestions to make, can send in their points on paper,

Among the last of the reformers who addressed the Committee was Mr. Alexander Robb who wanted all travel on railroads and steamboats to be free.

Mr. Hewitt suggested that travelling would be largely increased.

"You may smile," continued the witness, "but there is a great deal in it."

"There is love in it," said Mr. Robb, earnestly, "there is justice in it; there is right in it. And that is more than can be said for the present system."

Mr. Robb wanted also to abolish all interest, and thought that the Government ought to send the surplus population onto the public lands. He quoted largely from Leviticus in support of these views.

Morris Cohen made haste to state after Mr. Robb had concluded that the Socialistic Labor party was a political party, "and," said he, "we have nothing to do with Jesus Christ or the Bible or anything else"—that the Christian utterances of Mr. Robb were his individual opinions, for which he hoped the party would not be held responsible.

BEN. BUTLER and the rest of the inflationists are in favor of depreciated paper money for workingmen. They think they can fool the people by telling them a dollar and a half in paper worth a dollar in coin is better than a paper dollar worth it face in coin, because there would be more of the former than the latter. The leaders assume to know more than the men who work with their hands, about the value of money. The managers of old shinplaster banks used to talk the same way. The argument then was that money would be plenty—that is, easily obtainable—if coin redemption were not demanded. That theory was soon exploded and the banks broke. It turned out that the banks that were so anxious to make money plenty were so rotten that they did not pay fifty cents on the dollar. That experience cost the country hundreds of millions of dollars. The National bank has wiped out the whole shinplaster system, and made the issue of that kind of paper impossible. The result is we have now the best paper money in the world. The bank may break, but the paper is good.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

gton

BURLI

SUNDAY READING.

IN ME, O LORD, ABIDE.

In me, O Lord, abide,
And I in thee:
No more let sin divide;
'Tis love's decree
Uncertain all my skill;
Work out thy holy will;
In me, O Lord, abide,
And I in thee.

And I in thee, O Lord:
Thou art my rest,
Since thou hast waked this chord
Within my breast.
I have no worldly care;
I breathe but this one prayer;
In me, O Lord, abide,
And I in thee.

Thus o'er and o'er I pray,
In me abide;
Teach me the perfect way,
Walk by my side.
Thine are life's precious hours;
Thine all my ransomed powers;
In me, O Lord, abide,
And I in thee.

In me, O Lord, abide,
Give daily grace,
Be still thy wounded side
My hiding place.
Thou art mine only One:
Give me the secret stone,
In me, O Lord, abide
And I in thee.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

Thank God! our troubles come like rain, chiefly sideways; there is always shelter.

The closest walk with God is the sweetest heaven that can be enjoyed on earth.—[Brainard.

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well being of the church and state.—[Bacon.

Show me the man who would go to heaven alone if he could, and I will show you one who will never be admitted there.—[Feltham.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.—[Epictetus.

O death, thou dost not trouble my designs, thou accomplishest them.—[Bossuet.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—[Chesterfield.

A man is called selfish, not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting that of his neighbor.—[Abp. Whately.

I have played the gross fool to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine own could not contain.—[Massinger.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.—[Burke.

"There will come a weary day,
When, overtaxed at length,
Both Hope and Love beneath
The weight give way.
Then, with a statue's smile,
A statue's strength,
Stands the meek sister,
Patience, nothing loth,
And, uncomplaining, does
The work of both.

—Coleridge.

There is no affection, no habit, so strong that it can hold out in the long run against the misrepresentations of a man of talents in whom we place confidence. Something of what he says always cleaves to us.—[Goethe.

I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—[Longfellow.

The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, that has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into any. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work which you intend getting done.—[Carlyle.

Beauty may be the sky overhead, but duty is the water underneath. When I see a man with serene countenance, it looks like a great leisure that he enjoys, but in reality he sails on no summer's sea. This steady sailing comes of a heavy hand on the tiller.—[Thoreau.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—[Franklin.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And firmly trust the larger hope.

—Tennyson.

GEMS FROM THOMAS AKEMPIS.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.

Have a good conscience and thou shalt have joy.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversities.

An evil conscience is always fearful and unquiet.

Thou shalt rest sweetly if thy heart condemn thee not.

Never rejoice but when thou hast done well.

That glory is short which is given and received from men.

Sorrow always accompanieth the glory of the world.

The glory of the good is in their consciences, and not in the tongues of men. The gladness of the just is of God, and in God: and their joy is of the truth.

He that desireth true and everlasting glory careth not for that which is temporal.

And he that seeketh temporal glory or despiseth it not from his soul, showeth himself to have but little esteem of the glory of heaven.

He enjoyeth great tranquility of heart that careth neither for the praise nor dispraise of men.

He will easily be content and at peace whose conscience is pure.

Thou art not the more holy for being praised, nor the more worthless for being dispraised.

What thou art that thou art; neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God.

If thou consider what thou art in thyself thou wilt not care what men say of thee.

Man looketh on the countenance, but God on the heart. Man considereth the deeds, but God weigheth the intentions.

O faithful souls! If you would fain
Do some sweet deed, divinely fair,
Give sympathy to human pain,
And kindly show you see and care;
Lives shall to such dear service given,
In flower-like perfume rise to heaven.

Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people, who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.—[Mrs. Jameson.

What a grand power is the power of thought? And what a grand being is man when he uses it aright; because, after all, it is the use made of it that is the important thing. Character comes out of thought; or rather thought comes out of character. The particular thoughts are like the blossoms on the trees; they tell of what kind it is. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—[Sir W. Raleigh.

We want a cultivated class men and women in whom the processes of civilization have done their perfect work, in capacity to think, in felicity of expression, in breadth and accuracy of knowledge, in fineness of manners, in the sense of beauty, in the art of living, in wisdom alike to use or dispense with riches. It is not enough to have specimens of such among our people. We must multiply them so that they shall cease to be phenomena, and become a recognized and familiar element in common life.—[Dr. Zabriskie.

"Place this signet on thy finger,
On it gaze and muse and linger,
Saying softly, saying often,
Love alone the heart can soften,
Love alone can burdens lighten,
Love alone the home can brighten,
Glorifying every trial,
Sacrifice, and self-denial.
Love alone the ring shall teach,
Shown in action, shown in speech,
Shall change duty
Into beauty,
And bring heaven within thy reach."

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

Our Saviour's words are, "Watch and pray;"
Lord, make us willing to obey,
The wisdom from above impart,
To keep our hand, our tongue, our heart,
In thought, word, deed, that so we may
Pray while we watch, watch while we pray.
Lest while we watch and fear no snare,
We fall into neglect of prayer,
Or while we pray and watch not, sin
Creep like a subtle serpent in.

—Montgomery.

The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.—[Peter.

Mount upward! Heaven is won by prayer,
Be sober for you are not there!

—Keble.

The body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, so we must watch and labor for all that we ask. Every petition to God is a rule for our life; a precept for our conduct; a perpetual monition to duty. By what we require of God, we see what he requires of us.—[Jeremy Taylor.

Free

INGTON, VT., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16,

News by Telegraph.

VERMONT NEWS.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Aug. 10.--The well-known "Junction House," owned by A. T. and O. F Barron, was entirely destroyed by fire this morning. The fire broke out about 6 o'clock in the kitchen in the rear of the house, and rapidly spread through the partitions. By seven o'clock the engines arrived from Hanover and Lebanon, N. H , rendering timely aid. By their efforts the stables and neighboring buildings were saved, but the hotel building was entirely consumed, together with the carriage house, bowling alley and also stables belonging to G. W. Gates, whose house was also damaged. The furniture was mostly saved. Messrs. Barron lose about $50,000, insured for $25,000, of which $5,000 is in the Vermont Mutual and the remainder in New York companies. Gates's loss is $2,000, fully covered by insurance. Great praise is due the visiting firemen and the citizens of the village for their efficient services.

THIRD DISTRICT DEMOCRATS.

G. L. Waterman the Nominee.

Special Despatch to the Free Press and Times.

HYDEPARK, Vt , Aug. 8.—The democratic convention for the Third Congressional District met here to-day and was called to order by Morillo Noyes, Esq , of Burlington. A. N. Merchant, of Burlington, was chosen chairman and made a speech. G. L. Waterman was chosen secretary and R. H. Start chairman of the committee on resolutions. A double senatorial delegation was appointed to nominate a candidate for member of Congress and a district committee. The first vote was a tie between G. L. Waterman and Victor Atwood, but Waterman was finally nominated. After nomination he made a few remarks, and was followed by A. M. Dickey in an eloquent speech. E. C. Bailey was not present as advertised.

THE BANKER'S ASSOCIATION.

SOME RESOLUTIONS—NUTS FOR THE GREENBACKERS TO CRACK.

SARATOGA, Aug. 8.—In the banker's association to-day, J. D. Vermilye, of New York, presented an elaborate table prepared at the Clearing house showing the disastrous effects produced and still menacing the country by the excessive taxation of banks. He asked the executive council to bring the facts to the knowledge of the congress. The executive council by G. S. Coe, of New York, and L. C. Murray, of Louisville, reported as follows:

Resolved, that in the opinion of this association the near approach of the day appointed for the resumption of coin payment and values is to be hailed as an event of the highest significance to the prosperity and welfare of the whole nation, because it is the only means by which industry, trade, general tranquility and contentment can be restored to the people. The American banker's association, therefore pledge aid and support to the government in the return to a specie standard in the transaction of the financial affairs of the country.

Resolved, That the resources of the country arising from the abundant crops of several successive year's extraordinary mineral wealth, large credit balance of trade with other nations, and the rapid development of mechanical inventions and appliances by which productive industry has been utilized and increased, all happily concur in supplying the necessary means for coin resumption.

Mr. Fallis, of Cincinnati, and one or two other western men, opposed the resolution on the grounds of expediency, although approving their character. They were finally adopted unanimously.

Geo. Wilson, Jr , cashier of Hull savings bank, Lexington, Mo., presented a paper arguing against the federal government chartering banks, and favoring a return to the state bank system.

B. F. Nourse, of Boston, presented a paper on the popular demand for the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes. The demand, he says, is for a monetary revolution. He hoped the supporters of the system are sincere. It cannot be stopped by derision or contempt. The reasons for it must be fairly considered and answered with better reasons. The "fiat money" system would be a new experiment. Nowhere, except in this country, has it entered the mind of a sane man that the act of the government to stamp on a piece of paper or leather, "This is a dollar," and making it legal tender, could impart to it a commercial or exchangeable value equal to a coin dollar. In old times, absolute rulers, when pressed, forced the people to use and creditors, if not too powerful, to accept a debased coin. Though clothed with despotic power and able to enforce the use of a debased coin they were never so silly as to attempt to enforce the use of "fiat money" as currency. No commercial nation can afford to employ currency o f money whether metalic or mixed, that is of less value than the international money of the world. The least depreciation from that standard creates disasters, increasing in rising ratio with the degree of depreciation, to the country permitting it The project of a government currency has been openly and ably discussed in this and other countries. Here the question has been opened anew. If the true nature and consequences of what is asked in the way of the substitution of greenbacks were understood, the demand would cease. Its concession would inflict a severe punishment, not alone upon those who ignorantly ask it, but on all classes, and most oppressively upon those whose transactions are small, the wages-earning and small trading classes.

Mr. Judson, of Syracuse, gave an interesting chapter of reminiscences of old bankers. There will be another session tomorrow.

A TERRIBLE STORM.

A Tornado in Wallingford, Ct.

SEVERAL PERSONS KILLED AND MANY WOUNDED—TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE WIND.

NEW HAVEN, Ct., Aug. 9.—This afternoon a terrible tornado struck Wallingford. It demolished the old Catholic church on the plains and leveled twenty houses in Wallace's Row. Other houses were moved and injured. Going up the hill it demolished a thirty thousand dollar brick school house and passed over the hill breaking off big elm trees as if they were pipe stems. Several persons have been killed and many wounded. The people sent to Meriden for doctors.

TWENTY PERSONS KILLED—TWICE THAT NUMBER INJURED—NEARLY A HUNDRED HOUSES AND BARNS DEMOLISHED.

WALLINGFORD,Conn., Aug. 9.—This p. m. it began to rain gently, and in a very few minutes the rain had increased to a perfect deluge, while the lightning illuminated the darkness and sky as bright as day and the thunder rolled with continuous and deafening roar. Suddenly, without a second's warning, a tornado of wind mingled with hail and rain swept across the northern part of the town from west to east, and everything movable in its track was carried away. It seemed to last but a moment but its results were frightful. By actual count forty dwellings were demolished and at least fifty barns. It is estimated that the killed will number twenty, while the wounded will reach twice that number. The telegraph was blown down so it was impossible to communicate directly with other places. Word was finally sent by train and physicians and help arrived from Meriden. The tornado was confin- to a belt half a mile wide and the whole damage and loss of life occurred on the sand plains, about a quarter of a mile north of the railroad, near the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. Wooden houses were carried clear off the foundation all the way from a few feet to an eighth of a mile. In the line of the tornado nothing was left standing. Beside the track, less damage was done, the chimneys especially suffering. The Catholic church, wooden, and the new brick high school were totally demolished.

INCIDENTS.

There were many affecting incidents. A youth named Matthew Mooney was standing on the railroad track when struck by the full force of the tornado. He was picked up fifty feet away almost beheaded. Mrs. Haidy had her child in her arms when picked up, both dead. Fred Littlewood was picked up dead by the side of the road where he was killed by a flying timber as he was coming home from work. Four female relatives of John Munson were buried in the cellar of the house when blown down, and it took a long while to get them out. Two were injured slightly the others escaping. Michael Kelly while driving in a buggy was blown over a precipice thirty feet high and but slightly injured. Little John Haly aged 12, fearing the train would be delayed, rode on horseback six miles to Meriden to get medical help. At a late hour the selectmen telegraphed Gov. Hubbard, asking that the local militia company be called out to render aid.

THE LOSS OF LIFE WILL NOT EXCEED THIRTY—THE LOSS TO PROPERTY.

WALLINGFORD, Aug. 9—At most the deaths will not exceed thirty. The damage to property estimated at $100,000.

Third District.

When General Grout succeeded in obtaining a majority of the votes in the Hydepark convention, and Colonel Albert Clarke, as the next friend of the defeated candidate, moved and obtained a unanimous confirmation of such nomination; and especially when Mr. Barlow gave the General the right hand of fellowship, and assured him of his active and cordial support—it seemed reasonable to believe that the heated contest was happily ended. But it seems that belief was unwarranted. Report says that the friends of Mr. Barlow, especially in Franklin county, refuse to be bound by the pledges of Colonel Clarke and Mr. Barlow—claiming that the former was wholly unauthorized by Mr. Barlow, and the latter given under a false apprehension that his friends had advised to the step taken by Colonel Clarke. Moreover, it is alledged that the Burlington FREE PRESS has made some offensive *post mortem* statements concerning the Barlow canvass, and that some of the Grout men had threatened a bolt in case their candidate failed of the nomination. But, as if hardly satisfied with these flimsy pretexts, the greenback dodge is gratefully seized upon as affording a happy solution of their troubles. Accordingly, greenback clubs, with rapidly increasing memberships, are being formed in all the towns throughout Franklin and the adjoining counties, and the project seems to be seriously entertained of ultimately making Mr. Barlow the congressional candidate of this faction, in the hope of thus defeating General Grout. It is now sufficient to say to all this, that it seems too childish—"too thin"—to satisfy either the editor of the *Messenger*, Mr Barlow, or the sensible Republicans of the Third District.—*Montpelier Watchman.*

Reported for the Free Press and Times.

Addison County Democratic Convention.

VERGENNES, Aug. 8.

The Democratic Mass Convention met at School House Hall, Vergennes, at 12 o'clock Thursday, August 8th, and was called to order by S. L. Sprague, of Weybridge. Call of convention read by R. Muldoon. Rector Gage, of Addison, nominated James E. Stapleton, of Middlebury, chairman. Upon taking the chair, Mr. Stapleton expressed his thanks to the Convention for the honor conferred and trusted the meeting would progress without any serious disturbance and effect the object for which it met. On motion of R. Gage, H. L. Sheldon was elected secretary. The temporary organization was made permanent, and a committee was appointed by the chair as a committee on resolutions, as follows: G F. O. Kimball, W. W. Rider, Chas. J. Soper, S. L. Sprague. Moved by G. Kimball, that a committee of one from each town be appointed by the chair to prepare nominations. On motion of R Gage, the Convention then adjourned to half-past one o'clock, at which time the Convention was called to order, list of delegates on nominations read, who adjourned to another room to deliberate. Report of the committee on resolutions was called for, which was read by J. E. Stapleton, as follows:

The Democratic party of Addison county, in convention assembled, hereby resolve as follows:

First That the party and the nation are to be congratulated on the approaching ascendency of Democratic ideas and Democratic principles, and that the time is so near at hand when the country will again possess a Democratic President and senate, as well as a Democratic House.

Second—That the party everywhere should give all possible countenance to the investigations of the Potter committee, not with any intention of ousting the acting President, but simply to show beyond controversy to the nation that while the Presidency of Mr. Hayes is a fact, it is, nevertheless, a "fact founded on fiction," and that Mr. Hayes is the first occupant of the Presidential chair who was not elected to that high office.

Third That we, the Democrats of this, the most unadulterated Republican county in the State, will make every possible endeavor to keep in the ranks, all those who voted with us in 1876, and to add still further to our unprecedented vote of that year.

Fourth—That we heartily endorse the platform of the late State convention holden at Montpelier, and recommend the nominees of that convention to the consideration and support of the freemen of the county.

Fifth—That we heartily commend to the Democratic voters of the county, the ticket this day nominated, and urge upon them the necessity and duty of letting the Republicans of the county settle their own party quarrels, and of voting straight for the Democratic candidates from the lowest to the highest on the list.

On motion of R. Gage, the resolutions were accepted and adopted. The chair then introduced Hiram Atkins, of Montpelier, he was received with hearty applause and addressed the convention in a short speech, which was heartily applauded.

The report of the committee on nominations was then read as follows:

Senators—G. D. Miner, Middlebury; Myron Small, Starksboro.

Assistant Judges—Rector Gage, Adison; S. A. Bartlett, Bristol.

State's Attorney—J. E. Stapleton, Middlebury.

Sheriff—G. F. O. Kimball, Vergennes.

High Bailiff—D. C. Bourke, Middlebury.

Judges Probate—Ira Fletcher, Bridport; W. W. Rider, Bristol.

By motion of Mr. Muldoon the report was accepted and adopted. At the suggestion of Mr. Atkins three cheers were given for the ticket. Speeches were made by L. W Redington, of Rutland and T. S. McGinnis, of Bolton.

Planets in August.

Jupiter still remains lord of the ascendant, the bright and peerless evening star, rising now before sunset and being the most conspicuous object among the starry throng throughout the month. His rank can be easily followed by remembering that he rises four minutes earlier every evening, and that at the end of the month he will rise two hours earlier than at the commencement, setting not far from two o clock. His lustre is slowly fading, for he passed his period of greatest brilliancy at his opposition on the 25th of July, and this giant member of the solar brotherhood is now speeding on his course farther and farther away from the terrestrial domains.

Mars is still classed with the evening stars, but is too near the sun to be visible during the month, and will be of little consequence in the planetary world for some months to come, reaching his conjunction with the sun on the 18th of September.

Saturn, though counted as a morning star until his opposition on the 22d of September, is fast becoming an object of evening interest. Saturn rises now about half-past nine, and at the end of the month will rise about half-past seven. He can easily be recognized, rising farther north than Jupiter, and, like his brother planet, having no stars of note in his immediate vicinity.

Venus still remains the radiant star of the morning, and comes gently tripping above the eastern hills before the morning light is breaking. She is travelling far away from us, and approaching her superior conjunction with the sun on the fifth of December, after which we may hope for her peerless light to illumine the long Winter evenings.

Mercury, during this month, presents little worthy of record. The moon plays a prominent part on the August records. Crowned at the commencement of her course with the honor of giving a portion of the world a sight of that grand phenomenon, a total solar eclipse, she modestly goes on her way, waxing from the tiny silver crescent gracing the first evenings of the month to her conjunction with Jupiter on the 11th. On the next evening, at her full, she treats the world to another scene, for she rises partially eclipsed, and remains shorn of a portion of her full-orbed beauty till nearly nine o'clock. Thus we have a solar and a lunar eclipse within a fortnight of each other.—*Providence Journal.*

THE editor of the St. Albans *Messenger* denies that in moving to make the nomination of Gen. Grout unanimous, he said that Mr. Barlow had been "fairly beaten," etc. We accept, of course, his denial, though a friend who sat close behind him as he spoke, has shared with us the impression that he said that or words to that effect. He won't deny, however, that he said in his paper, on the next day, August 25th, 1878, that Gen. Grout had made "a gallant fight." It was not then "the meanest campaign he ever knew"; but a *gallant fight.* This was just before the *Messenger* had jumped on to the crazy notion that it might still be possible to run in Mr. Barlow by means of a bolt with the help of Democrats and Greenbackers.

IN WAR TIME, when greenbacks were issued to pay for putting down the rebellion, Democrats predicted that they would not be worth the paper on which they were printed. Now that greenbacks are about as good as gold, made by Republican management, the Democrats claim it as their currency, and want more of it. They now seem to want to see their old prophecy fulfilled. —*Iowa State Register.*

RESUMPTION is a measure apart from the interests of the bond-holders—apart from the interests of gold-brokers—and looks solely to giving a more absolute and unchanging value to the money which passes from hand to hand, and which the working men of our country are compelled to receive for their constant toil. It is good money for the people as well as for the bond-holder. —*Hon. J. S. Morrill.*

Press.

County Clerk

1878. NUMBER 7.

The National Banks.

SOME PLAIN FACTS AND FIGURES.

St. Albans, Aug. 8, 1878.

To the Editor of the Free Press and Times.

During the past few weeks, a party styling themselves "Greenbackers" have been flooding the country with documents and erroneous statements and impressions as to the National banks and their relations to the United States. They claim that the banks are making extraordinary profits out of the Government, and adduce figures without proof to substantiate the assertion, clearly betraying great ignorance of the real facts. These banks were established in 1863 as agencies of the Government to enable it to circulate its greenbacks without being "shaved" by the brokers, and to aid the Government in raising money to put down the rebellion. From that time to the present every bank has paid *one per cent* tax on its capital and *one-half of one per cent* per annum on its averaged deposits, besides heavy local taxes. From these sources the people have received vast incomes. The Comptroller of the Currency, on page 59 of his report for 1876, gives a tabular statement of the amount of the taxes so paid by the National banks from 1865 to 1875 inclusive, as follows:

Amount of Taxes Paid by National Banks.

In 1866	$16,019,589
In 1867	18,338,734
In 1868	18,243,398
In 1869	17,378,340
In 1870	17,656,337
In 1871	18,569,973
In 1872	15,047,692
In 1873	15,504,291
In 1874	16,876,409
In 1875	17,375,663

The banks at the same time were required to deposit with the Government, bonds of various kinds, as collateral to secure the redemption of the bank currency issued, upon which the Government has paid to the banks, as to other holders of its bonds, the interest thereon. These bonds have ranged from four to six per cent interest, averaging five per cent on $340,000,000, the maximum amount of currency issued to all the National banks. This will make the averaged amount paid the National banks by the Government for the above ten years about seventeen millions of dollars annually—a sum about equal to the amounts paid out for taxes by the banks. The difference between the currency in which the taxes were paid and the gold in which the interest was paid, was, during the war, and for some time after, a source of profit; but at the present time it barely pays the commissions on sales of the gold, without profit. Thus, it will be seen that the National banks are making no money out of the privileges they derive from the Government, so far as the interest paid on the bonds as collateral is concerned. As fast as the bonds mature, the Government requires that those bearing a lower rate of interest shall be substituted, namely, those bearing 4 and 4½ per cent interest, and still the heavy tax on capital and deposits is continued.

In view of these facts, this Greenback party ask Congress to require the banks to surrender their circulation—take back their bonds, or have the Government pay them and take in lieu thereof Government greenbacks. This would be equivalent to a repeal of the law, and a great loss to the people and Government, for the following reasons which must be apparent to every one:

First—The National banks could then only do business on their deposits, which would not pay the current expenses of nine-tenths of the National banks in the country, and they would necessarily close.

Secondly—Those banks in closing would at once stop discounting, and begin to collect in their assets, and a general panic and wide-spread disaster and financial distress would inevitably follow.

Thirdly—The Government would lose the services of these banks as redeeming agencies in the sale of their securities and redeeming the greenbacks at par, which they are now required to do without compensation, whereby the Government is now enabled to keep out $346,000,000 of greenbacks without paying interest and without being "hawked" about the streets.

Fourthly—The people would lose from $15,000,000 to $18,000,000 of taxes annually now collected from these banks and about $400,000,000 of bonds held by these banks would still be held by the banks, or individuals, upon which the Government would be compelled to pay interest until they are due.

But, say the "Greenbackers," the Government must issue greenbacks with which to pay up all these bonds. What an absurdity! As well might you dam Niagara with a paper dam. That would be simply asking the people of this country to take the notes of this Government for its entire indebtedness and hold them for all time without any interest. It would be asking the brokers and moneyed-men of the country not to discount or "shave" any of the paper of the Government, but be magnanimous and carry it without interest! As well might an individual ask his creditors to take his individual notes for their indebtedness, on time without interest.

This matter of floating currency—which means simply getting the use of money without paying interest—is attended with a great deal of labor and expense, as every person who has ever had to do with the old State banks well knows. It is always coming in for payment. It now takes our two thousand National banks, scattered all over the country, with the various sub-treasurers to aid them, to float $346,000,000 of greenbacks for the Government, without interest, and at the same time keep out an equal amount of National bank bills, on which the Government gets the "lion's share" of profits, besides deriving all the profits on the lost bills, estimated at about two millions of dollars annually. This will compensate the Government very handsomely for all expenses of printing them and sustaining the Currency Department.

The main object of the establishment of the National banks by Secretary Chase was to aid the Government in floating several hundred millions of greenbacks, without interest, and to protect the Government credit from the attacks of its enemies and the onslaught of Wall street brokers, and others, who then, and now, were, and are, ready to buy the Government greenbacks as low as possible. Do these Greenbackers expect to change human nature? Do they expect to make something out of nothing? Do they hope to have banks and banking facilities without affording them the only inducements upon which they can for a moment exist, namely, the issuance of currency, fifteen per cent of which is required to be held in their vaults, and five per cent held by the Government itself to redeem mutilated bills? Thus the Government, by the aid of the National banks, is floating, to-day, $688,597,275, besides gold and silver, as against $207,102,477, in 1860, which furnishes a complete refutation of the cry of the Greenbackers that the depression of business and labor is due to the contraction of the currency.

The practical effect of the plan of these Greenbackers would be the abolition of banks and the establishment of one grand Government bank, similar to the old United States Bank, so obnoxious to the Democrats of Jackson's time, and so effectively killed under his administration, as a monopoly. From that day forward the Democratic party has claimed that gold and silver were the only lawful currency of the country. Accordingly, as late as 1862, when the Nation's life was in danger, nearly, if not every, Democrat in Congress voted against "the legal tender act," under which these greenbacks were and are now issued, because it was unconstitutional, and the Republicans voted solid for it as a "war measure." It is, therefore, difficult to perceive how Democrats can reconcile their former conduct by favoring an unlimited issue of greenbacks. The Republicans contended that they were made a legal tender as "a military necessity," and the Supreme Court of the United States concurred in the same opinion as to contracts made after the passage of the act. When the "military necessity" ended, they simply stand like other promises to pay, without intrinsic value in and of themselves. But, say these wiseacres, these Government bonds must be taxed. Who ever heard of a government taxing its own securities? It would be like a man taking money out of his right pocket and putting it in his left pocket. The result would be the same. These bonds are now taxed in the only practical way they can be reached, namely, by being offered by the Government at four per cent interest, free from taxation. Does any one suppose that these bonds would ever be taken at those low rates if made subject to taxation? An individual executes a mortgage of his farm. It is a mortgage of something having an intrinsic value. But when the Government issues its bonds, they are only promises to pay. If ever paid, it must be done by a tax, direct or indirect, on the people. There is no mortgage about it. A mortgage cannot be executed by, or foreclosed against, the Government. The Government cannot be sued by an individual or corporation in any such way. If Congress refuses to provide means for paying them, it is repudiation, and their collection cannot be enforced by law. They are, then, no better than "old Continentals" or brown paper.

The Government, however, has managed to evade this matter of taxing the bonds held as collateral by National banks by taxing the privileges enjoyed by the banks, as above stated. These banks were started to aid the Government in its dire necessity. They are now helping it, by taxation, more than any other class of property, as appears from the United States Treasurer's Report, and especially from the Comptroller of the Currency's Report for 1876, page 61, which says: "The Government is receiving a revenue from the banks which is more than equal to all the taxes paid by them before the war; while the States are also increasing the burdens which previously were as great as could be borne. Within the past two years, seventy-one banks, and since the organization of the system two hundred and seven banks, have gone into voluntary liquidation, chiefly on account of excessive taxation, while during the last year fewer banks have been organized than in any previous year since 1869; and unless some favorable legislation is obtained, a very considerable number of banks will retire from the system to engage in private banking." In previous reports, the Comptroller has called the attention of Congress to the fact that the amount of tax to which the National banks are subject (the average rate, including State and National being about *three and one-half per centum* per annum) is much greater than that imposed on any other capital in the country.

The Government is doing all it can to solve this great financial problem. It is following the course pursued in the history of every other nation on earth, and is receiving the assistance of these National banks in their great work, foreshadowed by Abraham Lincoln, when, in one of his annual messages, he says: "A return to specie payment at the earliest period compatible with due regard to all interests concerned should ever be kept in view. Fluctuations in the value of currency are always injurious, and to reduce those fluctuations to the lowest possible point will always be a leading purpose in all wise legislation. Convertibility, prompt and certain convertibility into coin, is acknowledged to be the best and surest safe-guard against them."

Andrew Jackson said, on the same subject: "There never was, nor never could be, use for any other kind of currency than is redeemable in specie, except for speculators and gamblers in stocks, and this to the utter ruin of the labor and morals of the country. A specie currency gives life and action to the producing classes, on which the prosperity of all is founded."

From the foregoing facts and figures, it must be plainly seen that all these pretences of the Greenbackers are without foundation. It will be seen that the National banks by excessive taxation are struggling for an existence, with their surplus greatly impaired by heavy losses. It will be noticed that the Government is doing—what it is its bounden duty to do—all it can to float all the greenbacks in its power and keep them at par, and save all the interest possible. And especially will it be noticed that the effort of Ben Butler and Brick Pomeroy, and their coadjutors, to bring disaster on the country,—which the steady and unswerving policy of the Republican party, with the co-operation of most of the representative Democrats of the country, has thus far averted since the rebellion,—is the hobby of demagogues and politicians. Let not the sturdy, sensible men of the country be deceived by them. Rather let the people return to their old habits of economy and frugality, as the sure and only certain way out of all our financial difficulties.

Yours, Justice.

"Impossible to Pass Over ——."

It has happened more than once that the only important thing about a letter or document was the single thing which it did not contain. Mr. Marble's long letter about the electoral controversy is a fine illustration of the importance of suppression. There are several columns of it, but it contains scarcely anything new and interesting except one telegram, which becomes important only because it does not contain one word. On the 16th of January, 1877, Mr. Hewitt telegraph to Governor Tilden, through Edward Cooper, thus:

> After protracted negotiations, Senate (Committee) receded from six Judge (scheme), declined five Judges, and offered four senior associate Justices, who are to chose the fifth, excluding Chief-Justice. Our Senate friends earnestly favor acceptance, *because they do not believe it possible to pass over ——.* The Democrats on House Committee believe this is the last chance of agreement.

The world will waste little time in asking who "——" is. That he weighs something less than 400 pounds, and had a special chair made for his accommodation when he took his seat in the Senate, will be news to no one. The particularly interesting thing in this despatch, and in the long letter which contains it, is the admission of Mr. Hewitt that Democrats of the Senate earnestly favored acceptance of the Electoral Commission bill "because they did not believe it possible to "pass over ——." There is no room to doubt that Mr. Hewitt, in this private telegram, reported facts to Governor Tilden. His position in the party organization, and as Mr. Tilden's trusted friend, gave him the very best opportunity to know the intentions and motives of Democratic Senators, and he assuredly was not maligning them in this secret dispatch, then never intended for the daylight. But what does it show? That the Democratic Senators favored the bill because they believed the cards were stocked, and that a certain judge, who ranked below the four senior associate judges, and who could not be "passed over," was privately in sympathy with them. For this reason, and no other, they displayed that "moderation and patriotism" of which there has been much boasting. To capture the Presidency by this trick was their intention and their hope.

—N. Y. Tribune.

The Greenback Platform.

The nubs in the Vermont Greenback platform, are, of course, not its declarations in favor of economy in the public service and punishment of public officers who betray their trusts—all parties profess to believe in that, and the Republican party has practiced it, to a good degree. Nor are they the declaration that a four per cent loan could have been floated as well as a four and a half, when the latter was floated—about which the Convention knew nothing—; or that the public lands should not be granted to help open new regions to settlers by aiding in the construction of railroads—a practice which, whether good or bad, has ceased. They were the declarations in favor of the creation by Congress of a "suitable amount" of money, "perfect and complete in itself," to be legal tender for everything, no matter of how cheap material made, to be issued only by the Government, and to be used expressly in paying off the bonds, as well as for every thing else. The meaning of these declarations is somewhat carefully veiled in words; but if they mean anything different enough from the financial principles held by both the great parties to call for a new party, they mean the flooding of the country with irredeemable paper money—"absolute money" as the other Greenbackers call it—paper made money by the Government stamp, and having no relation to any actual measure of value. What would be a "suitable amount" of such money, Mr. Forest's platform does not say. One of the Greenbackers before Mr. Hewitt's committee in New York wanted enough issued so that the Government could lend every man $5,000 without interest; and when asked where the Government could get such a mass of money, he said "print it." The Vermont platform does not say there should be fifty thousand millions of such money printed, like this amiable New Yorker; but it calls virtually for enough to pay off the bonds in paper, which would be enough to depreciate the actual value of the greenback dollar to a mere fraction of its present value. Ciphered down to its results, the Vermont platform, like the New York Greenback platform, thus means, in the end, repudiation of the greater part of the public and private indebtedness of the country and of individuals. It means this if it means anything.

In strong contast with such dishonesty or insanity, is the Republican position, as well expressed in the address issued, the other day, by the Republican State Committee of Wisconsin:

THE WISCONSIN REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

First—Adherence to the principles of the Republican national platform of 1876, and the sentiments expressed in Mr. Hayes's letter of acceptance, recognizing the honest difference of opinion among Republicans respecting certain features of the policy of the National Administration, but cordially approving the aims of the President in seeking to restore fraternal relations between the different sections of the country, and to purify and improve the civil service.

Second—We earnestly desire the establishment of fraternal relations between the different sections of the Union, but demand that the laws be impartially executed, and that all citizens, without distinction, shall enjoy equal rights before the law and equal rights under it.

Third—We rejoice in the prospect of the resumption of specie payments by the close of the present year. A stable, non fluctuating currency, possessing intrinsic value, coin of gold or silver, at the pleasure of the holder, is the only secure foundation of permanent business prosperity. Such a currency will impart that steadiness to prices which is an essential condition for the successful prosecution of legitimate industry and enterprise, and is equally demanded by the true interests of the laborer and the business man and the capitalist.

Fourth—The value of all paper currency, whether issued by the Government or by the banks, consists in the promise it bears of payment, and in the degree of credit attached to that promise. If it cannot be converted at pleasure into currency of intrinsic value it cannot remain at par, and its depreciation will be in proportion to the prospects of its being convertible within a longer or shorter period. The printed bits of paper, which some wild theorists propose to employ as currency, and which they term "absolute money," containing no promise of payment and no intrinsic value, would soon become absolute in one respect only. They would be absolutely worthless. This and all other chimerical projects by which it is proposed to find a cheap and worthless substitute for the measure of value accepted and employed by the civilized world, are based upon delusion, if not dishonesty, and if adopted would result in disaster and shame. We hold it to be the duty of Republicans and all good citizens to oppose with uncompromising firmness all these mischievous theories, as well as the cognate doctrines of Communism and Internationalism which menace society, individual liberty, and the accumulated savings of industry.

Fifth—We condemn the Democratic party for attempting to disarm the National Government, for seeking to debase the currency, and arrest all progress toward resumption, for voting to reduce largely the tax on articles like whiskey and tobacco, thereby rendering necessary increased taxation on other industries, etc.

Sixth—We declare that the investigation respecting the last Presidential election has wholly failed to disclose any improper action by President Hayes.

Seventh—We oppose further grants of public lands in aid of corporations, and the sectarian control in the public schools, and favor economy in public expenditures.

The Franklin County Bolters' Call.

To the Republicans of the Third Congressional District:

The wide-spread discontent with the recent Hyde dark convention calls upon us to reconsider the nomination and to declare our principles. The canvass that preceded the convention was characterized by practices that are not creditable to the party and the success of which ought not to be binding upon its members.

In the county of Orleans nearly all the primaries were held within a few days after the convention was called and were packed (as we are credibly informed) in the interest of the aspirant from that county. One instance there has come to our knowledge where the meeting was held and the delegates chosen by only about half a dozen men, and *before the hour at which the meeting was warned.* Another instance, in Essex county, is reported, in which one man from an adjoining town and two residents of the town in question, selected the delegate by *drawing lots*, and held no public meeting at all.

In Franklin county, an aspirant for the nomination, who had no prospect apparent to others, entered upon a canvass in which he freely offered money for the influence and support of leading men, and employed both Republicans and Democrats to fill the primaries with men of either party who would favor him or oppose the gentleman most prominently named from this county. Fortunately he carried no towns, but there is reason to believe that he carried the same practices, under an alliance with other aspirants, into other parts of the district, where they met with some success.

It appears that from the first there were two prominent candidates for the nomination, and others who hoped and labored for a dead lock and the ultimate selection of one of their number. Against the one who was generally regarded the most formidable, a warfare of personal misrepresentation was waged, altogether without precedent in our political history and for the purpose, we believe, of diverting attention from important public questions on which his views had been years before pronounced, and because of which he encountered the combined opposition of some of the National Banks. Such covert warfare, making use of scandal and class prejudice, is not creditable to politics or calculated to allow a fair consideration and proper determination of the public interests that are really involved.

The conduct of the gentleman assailed, and that of his supporters, was in marked and honorable contrast, and tended to preserve respect for political discussion and party methods.

The result of the campaign, therefore, was not an expression of the unbiased judgment of the party, but of a conspiracy, or at least of a common effort, of candidates who figured against the strongest in the hope that each might succeed. A result thus secured, even if the gentleman who received the nomination were personally unobjectionable would not deserve the ratification of Republicans. A nomination should be the choice of the party and not the accident of aspirants.

The unsuccessful effort that was made in the convention, on behalf of the nominee, to apply a different method of voting from that always hitherto employed in this District, the sole object of which was to intimidate delegates to vote as they had been badgered or bought, and the subsequent use by the same men of tickets printed on red card board, the only purpose of which was to prevent delegates from enjoying the privacy of the ballot that is sacredly guaranteed to freemen by our laws, were both unrepublican and deserving of rebuke at the polls.

Proof has been received since the convention of an effort to purchase for the candidate the vote of a delegate who was elected and instructed for another. There is ground for suspicion that other efforts of the same character and in the same interest met with better success, and that the great cry of bribery made by that section of the party prior to the convention was aimed to cover up the miserable business to which some of them had resorted.

It has become known since the convention that it was the settled purpose of the leading supporters of the candidate, if not of the candidate himself, to bolt the nomination if conferred upon his chief competitor. Had this been understood, it is hardly to be supposed that independent men would have rewarded a threat with a nomination, much less with unanimity. And, however, the delegates may now consider themselves obligated by their action there, it certainly cannot bind and ought not to bind the party. Unity, to be of any value, must imply mutuality of good faith, and not the mere submission on one side to whatever the other may impose.

And certainly, since the defeated delegates acted with such unexpected magnanimity, they had a right to expect good treatment and honorable consideration for themselves and their candidate from those whose province it was to give expression to the sentiment of the victors. There has been some measure of this, but it is overshadowed by reflections upon the the campaign, which are, as we believe, unwarranted in fact, and are, under the circumstances, ungenerous, unrepublican and unmanly, and they constitute a sufficient provocation, if no other existed, for the independent action that we now propose.

Therefore, in view of the foregoing considerations and of the fact that the convention was a mere struggle for place and neglected entirely to declare any principles by which the candidate is to be bound or the people guided, the undersigned, Republicans, in their own behalf and that of all in the District who are dissatisfied with the result, hereby unite in calling a mass convention of the Republicans of the Third Congressional District of Vermont, to assemble at Armory Hall, in St. Albans, on Saturday, the 17th day of August, instant, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to take into consideration what the interests of the party and the country may require at their hands, and to nominate a candidate for Congress if thought advisable.

The usual courtesies of low fares and special train accommodations will be extended by the several railroads, and trains will be run so as to return all to their homes the same day.

August 8, 1878.

W. B. Shattuck, S. O. Tillotson, Henry Ladd, A. A. Moore, J. F. Marsh, W. E. Hutchinson, Isaac T. Beeman, Harry S. Ufford, H. S. Gilbert, J. A. Soule, Bingham Kinsley, Nelson W. Church, John P. Olds, Bart Whitney, Wm. A. Caldwell, N. R. Parker, A. H. Spear, H. L. Cutler, S. N. Dix, J. H. Hamilton, E. P. Story, S. W. Langdon, H. J. Brown, Henry M. Stevens, Joseph H. Crosby, Moses Catlin, Denison Dorman.

Yes, there is something in it. If a Greenbacker hires a horse and returns only the picture of a horse marked "This is a horse, John Sherman Secretary of the Treasury," the stable-keeper, if also a Greenbacker, would have to be satisfied, or else deny his own logic and become a grasping capitalist.

—*Lowell Courier.*