CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 44--NO. 47. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1877. WHOLE NO. 2,283.

Buist's Garden Seeds

For Sale by

OWEN & MOORE,

Franklin street, Opp. Court House.

DRUGS,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

WINDOW GLASS,

Wholesale and Retail.

OWEN & MOORE.

Franklin street, opp. Court House.

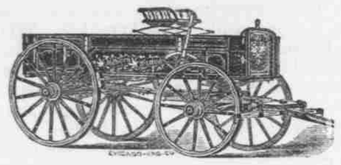
BOOKS & STATIONERY,

Wholesale and Retail.

OWEN & MOORE,

jan13-tf Franklin street, opp. Court House.

JUST RECEIVED,



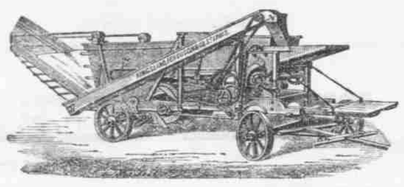
Large stocks of

CLOVER SEED,

Timothy, Orchard Grass, Blue Grass,

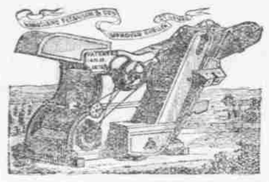
Herds Grass, Buckwheat & Garden Seed,

Land Plaster, Fertilizers, Plows, &c.



CALL AND SEE THE

SHUCKER & SHELLER.



T. P. BURKE.

J. H. PETTUS. W. P. HAMBAUGH. J. C. KENDRICK.

KENDRICK, HAMBAUGH & CO

Tobacco Salesmen,

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE,

FIRE-PROOF,

CLARKSVILLE, - - TENNESSEE.

LIBERAL ADVANCES ON TOBACCO.

WE REFER BY PERMISSION TO

Messrs. M. H. Clark & Bro. F. G. Irwin, Esq.
Hon. D. N. Kennedy, Pres't Northern Bank. A. Howell, Cashier Bank of Clarksville.
S. F. Beaumont, Pres't First National Bank. W. S. Poindexter, Cashier Franklin Bank
feb17-y 6m.

STOVES, TINWARE, HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,

CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

KINCANNON, WOOD & CO.,

Are now in receipt of the largest stock and most complete variety of above Goods ever brought to this city, which they will sell, at wholesale or retail, as

LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN THE WEST!

Special Attention to Roofing and Guttering.

PRICES LOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

March21,1874-tf

IF YOU WANT

JOB PRINTING,

OF ANY KIND,

Come to the Chronicle Office.

Keesee & Northington

Have a choice selection of

Fancy & Staple Groceries,

FRESH MEATS,

Pure Old Robertson,

BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES,

Brandies, Wines, &c.,

AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

January 20, 1877-tf.

G. N. BYERS

ALWAYS KEEPS ON HAND A

COMPLETE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS and PAINTS

TOILET ARTICLES,

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Tobacco, Cigars and Liquors,

And he asks of both retail and wholesale purchasers to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. [June 23, 1876-tf.

ALEX. B. HARRISON. IKE H. SHELBY.

HARRISON & SHELBY,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

GRACEY HOUSE,

COR. SECOND AND COMMERCE STS.,

CLARKSVILLE, - - TENN.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

SAMPLING AND SELLING TOBACCO.

March3-3m

GRANGE

Warehouse Association,

Tobacco and General

Commission Merchants,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

T. HERNDON, Superintendent.

J H. SMITH, T. M. ATKINS, Inspectors.

Liberal Cash Advances Made on Tobacco.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—W. F. Taylor, Pres't; W. W. Gill, Vice-Pres't; T. M. Atkins, Sec'y; R. Y. Johnson, B. W. Ussery; E. B. Ross, T. M. Barker, J. E. Washington, G. W. Lewis, M. P. Bailey, G. F. Givins, R. H. Ogburn. jan6-6m

W. H. TURNLEY, W. J. ELY, JAS. T. KENNEDY, Late of Smith & Kennedy.

Turnley, Ely & Kennedy,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,

Successors to TURNLEY, ELY & CO.

SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS

FOR SAMPLING AND SELLING

LEAF TOBACCO.

Jan6 6m

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

The Pope at the Vatican.

Since Friday, 16th of September, 1870, the white figure of Pius IX. has never been seen in the streets of Rome. On that day, for the last time, he walked along the Corso from end to end to disprove the report that he had secretly escaped from the city. He came as usual down the middle of the road, an attendant cardinal on each side, his chaplain with two other prelates following, and behind them a few of the noble guard, walking at a brisk pace, blessing the people who knelt before him with affectionate reverence, stopping from time to time to put his hand on some child's head who had run forward to kiss his ring. Then he crossed the threshold of the Vatican he has never since repassed.

The "Mount of Myrrh and the Hill of Frankincense" is the name given by the Italian faithful to the Vatican, and thither the tribes of the earth go up to offer homage and bring treasures to the successor of St. Peter, free to admit or exclude as seems good to him. The several entrances to the vast and splendid palace of the Popes are guarded by the celebrated Swiss, clad as of old in their particolored uniforms of red, yellow and black—save that those keeping the bronze doors of the Scala Regia and the carriage-entrance near the Mint now have their gay garments concealed under long gray overcoats, their helmets replaced by dark-cloth caps, and their halberds by "Remingtons." Att he head of the great staircase leading into the court of St. Damasus there is another guard of some dozen of the Papal police, a new feature in the Vatican interior since 1870, and so much out of character with the associations of the place, that people were not surprised when one of the American pilgrims, mistaking them for the jailers by whom the Pope is supposed to be kept in durance, shook his fist in their faces and gave them a piece of his mind in most vernacular Saxon. But having passed the courtyard and entered the door leading to the Papal apartments, one recognizes again the once splendid pontifical pomp. There are the lay chamberlains in their *renaissance* Spanish costumes and ruffs, the Pope's attendants in their crimson-damask liveries, violet-clad monsignore, and monks and friars, who startle one by their resemblance to princes and potentates in disguise, until one remembers that they are generals of orders.

Pius IX. sleeps in one of the smallest of the eleven thousand rooms at his command. A narrow, humble bed without curtains or drapery—something similar to those used in seminaries for schoolboys—a sofa, two or three common chairs, and a writing-table are all the articles of furniture; few and simple enough for a Capuchin. There is not even a rug at the bedside to cover the floor of red tiles, not in the best repair. "Take care how you step; there is a brick loose," said the Pope to a Turinese ecclesiastic, who was admitted to his presence the other day when he was confined to bed, and whose eyesight he knew was not as good as his own. Winter and summer alike the Pope gets up soon after five o'clock, seldom or never later than half-past, and after he has finished dressing remains about an hour and a half alone, passing his time in prayer and meditation. At half-past seven exactly he leaves his room, and accompanied by his attendants proceeds to the private chapel near his apartment, where first he celebrates a mass himself and then attends another said by one of his chaplains. At half-past eight he takes a cup of black coffee with some dry bread, and by a quarter to nine, or thereabouts, he has entered his study (a small, one-windowed room looking towards the Piazza of St. Peter's, and commanding the view beyond the Janiculum) and commenced the work of the day. The floor is covered with a common carpet; there are some red chairs; and the one principal piece of furniture, the writing-table, on which, amid a mass of papers, stand a crucifix, a statuette of the Immaculate Conception, a timepiece, and an inkstand. As soon as the Pope has seated himself in his straight-backed chair, the Cardinal-Secretary of State, the ascetic Simeoni, enters with the correspondence of the day, and the oblations, often amounting to thousands of francs, laid the day before at the feet of his Holiness.

Next comes the post-bag, and with it the Pope's two private secretaries, Monsignor Mercurelli, whose duty it is to write the *Brevi ai Principi* (letters addressed to royal personages), and Monsignor Nocella, who has the charge of all the other correspondence included under the name of *Lettere Latine*. As the petitions are read, Pius IX. sits with his quill pen in hand and writes his sovereign will on each in turn—"*Qualora la cassa non sia esausta il reverendo Teologo somministrerà lire duecento.*" "*Lire 150, solito tesoriere, solita cassa*"—in clear, round, well-formed letters. After this commence the official audiences; with cardinals; ambassadors who have letters of credence or recall to present; bishops or layman of distinction, whose special qualification for the time is that of leaders of a pilgrimage to the feet of the Holy Father; and with royal personages. If the interview is of the last-named character, a trifling alteration has to be made in the narrow quarters occupied by the owner of eleven thousand rooms. The writing-table has to be removed from the study to give sufficient space, and—as, for instance, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were received—a gilt armchair is placed on each side, but somewhat in front of, that occupied by the Pope. But the gilt armchairs have never yet been occupied by the King of Italy or the Prince or Princess of Piedmont. Notwithstanding all their expressions of respect, Pius IX. has never consented to receive his Majesty Victor Emanuel or any member of the royal family of Italy. As midday approaches, the vast antechamber becomes peopled with cardinals, prelates, lay chamberlains, *camerieri segreti di spada e cappa*, and the one or two of the Roman nobles whose daily turn it may be, waiting to attend his Holiness while giving the semi-public audiences which are almost without exception daily events.

Pius IX. has never been given to posing; he used to take his snuff and unfold his blue-checked linen handkerchief with perfect indifference while seated upon his throne, the centre of the grandest ceremonials; but he might also be conscious of the effect he produces as he pauses in full sight of every one for a moment on entering Loggia. He stands a venerable figure, clothed entirely in white—no scrap of color save the tips of his red slippers, and the plain gold chain and cross hanging from his neck—the very picture of a grand, good old man whose heart is overflowing with benevolence, set on a background of scarlet and purple-draped stately cardinals and violet monsignori. It is a tableau once seen never to be forgotten. According to the etiquette of the Papal Court, the visitors kneel as his Holiness approaches. By his side walks the monsignore in attendance, who, armed with a list of names, presents each person in turn. "Sanitta, Monsieur e Madame *Tela* e Mademoiselle *Ace*, Inglese;" and while Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Miss Harvey kneel and kiss the ring upon his finger, the Pope says a few kind words. But woe betide those whose hot Protestant prejudices accompany them into the Pontifical presence-chamber! "I perceive we have some new additions here to the Vatican gallery of statues," was the remark made by Pius IX. as on one occasion he passed by some ladies whose consciences forbade them to kneel where their curiosity ought never to have taken them; and pungent indeed is the Pope's wit whenever he feels called upon to use it in reproof. Soon after he had issued condemnations of the excess in female attire, some Italian ladies appeared at an audience with their heads dressed remarkably high. "Santita, le Signorine Guerrieri" (*Anglice* Warriors), said monsignore. "I had already recognized them by their helmets," replied his Holiness. To foreigners he speaks in fluent French. He calls them all his children, even the members of those Churches which, at the Reformation, separated themselves from the Roman Communion. "They divorced themselves," he says, "from the successor of St. Peter, but their children are none the less his." When the audience is composed entirely of Italians, his manner becomes more familiar and chatty. A lady came away enchanted at Pio Nono having told her she was more like her daughter's sister than her mother. "*E quella*," asked the Pope, indicating a remarkably small woman, "*e cassa de statura o de etu*" (Is she short of years or of inches)?

After the Pope has passed up one side and down the other of the two lines in which the strangers are ranged, he goes as nearly as possible to the middle, and delivers a brief exhortation. His audience is a mixed one, and he uses words which may be profitable to all and hurtful to the feelings of none. On the very last occasion he reminded them how rapidly their days were passing, while eternity remained immutable. With the audiences the morning's work is ended, and the Pope passes along the Loggia to one of the small rooms adjoining the great hall of the library, and there holds what he calls his "circle," to join which he has generally invited some one or other of the more distinguished ecclesiastics or laymen who were received at the special audiences. A chair is placed for the Pope on the middle line of the floor towards the end, the cardinals present sit on each side of him, while all others are ranged at the long reading-desks rising behind each other in two rows. There the conversation becomes more or less general. The topics of the day—the unhappy condition of the times, and the iniquities of modern Governments, the Italian and German in particular—are discussed, and the Pope informed of the minor events of the hour. Baron Visconti will give his Holiness an account of the last archæological discovery; the Commendatore Rossi will describe the newest results of his explorations in the catacombs; or Monsignor Nardi set forth the articles of some bill against the Church or clergy just laid before the Italian Parliament. Not unfrequently the conversation leads to the Pope recounting incidents of his early life, as when, not long ago, the presence of the bishops who had come over with a pilgrimage from South America elicited from him a description, first, of the tempestuous voyage he made to Chili in 1823, when, embarking at Leghorn on the 5th of October, on board the good ship Heloise, he accompanied the Papal Legate Monsignore Muzi; and then the hardships they endured on *terra firma*, where they were almost reduced to live on alms. Or again, when, soon after the battle of Sedan, he told of the political outbreak in 1827, when he was Archbishop of Spoleto, and how one of the revolutionists going to him for shelter, he took him in and aided him to escape. The name of the revolutionist was Louis Napoleon, and that was the only occasion when the two men, one to become Pope of Rome and the other Emperor of the French, ever met.

Pius IX. is Italian to the core, and witty, as in fact are all his clever fellow-countrymen, even when trenching upon the sacred. Many of his witticisms are historical, as when, on being asked by a devout lady, who was tearfully lamenting the misfortunes of the Church, if he did not fear for the "Bark of Peter," he replied that he was under no apprehension on account of the Bark, but he felt some doubts as to what might be the fate of the crew. When Cardinal Antonelli told him on one occasion that he had been recommended to try the Bagni baths for his gout, the Pope, jestingly alluding to the well-known false reports of Antonelli's brigand origin, said he thought his eminence would do well to act upon the advice, for he had heard it said the *bagni* (which in Italian also signifies "the hulks") had more than once been found efficacious for members of his family. Sometimes his Holiness has got what he has given, as in the case of a yearly visit, some years since, to an asylum for the aged. According to custom the Pope recited the Lord's Prayer; and when he came to the petition, "*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem*," a notably ugly old woman, who saw his eyes fixed upon her, immediately took up the response, "*Sed libera nos a mal-occhio*," there is a vulgar tradition the Pope possesses.

At a few minutes before two the Pope rises, gives his benediction, and those present having kissed his hand he goes to dinner. The dining room adjoins the study and bedroom, and in small size and plain furniture is in keeping with them. The Pope always dines alone, Monsignore Cenni, private chaplain, or some other prelate being in attendance, standing by the table, and twice a week the Commendatore Filippini, the *segretario segreto*. Having taken his seat—in this room his chair has a small canopy over it—Pius IX. reads a few prayers silently, and then, punctually at two, is served, the *menu* consisting of soup and three dishes, of which he seldom partakes of more than two, drinking a little Johannisberg cabinet or Cyprus of the Commandery. But these good wines have been prescribed for him; until recently he never took anything but Vino del paese. Fried things he never eats. When the cloth has been removed, the red table-cover replaced, and the prelate in attendance has retired, the Pope places his elbow upon the table, his head upon his hand, and dozes for a quarter of an hour. After this brief *siesta* he takes a few turns along the Loggia, and about three o'clock goes to his private chapel, where the Holy Sacrament is always kept, and remains half an hour in prayer; and then, according to the season, he either returns to his study, or, if it is very fine, is carried in his portantina down to the garden, which it must be remembered is somewhat distant from the Pope's apartments, and spends the time in receiving and conversing with what one may call a few intimate friends, chiefly those officials and prelates residing in the Vatican.

But the business of the day is not yet concluded. There are secretaries to be seen—possibly he of the Index Expurgatorius, who reports the opinions of the congregation upon some book to be entered in that bulky volume—or semi-official audiences have to be given to bishops about to depart, or it may be to Cardinal Manning or Ledochowsky just arrived. When these are over, the *camerieri segreti participanti* enter; the Pope reads aloud from his breviary what might well be called family prayers; and then, it being half-past eight, he goes to supper, a frugal meal of one dish and a little wine. Pius IX. then retires to his study, on the table of which four wax candles are burning—no oil, still less the more modern substitutes are ever used in his apartment and spends the rest of his waking hours, until ten—his customary time for going to bed—in strict seclusion and meditation. Then no doubt it is that he thinks over the arguments he shall use, and the biblical parallels he shall employ, in those discourses the consideration of which would be out of place in this sketch of the inner life of this successor of St. Peter, who has been the first to attain and pass those years which all Pontiffs are warned at their coronation they shall not see.

The Custom House Investigation.

Secretary Sherman is trying, it seems, to form a commission to investigate the New York Custom House. The object of the inquiry is, we presume, to discover where and how the political part of this machine can be amputated from the business part. Report says that several gentlemen, among them General Dix and Mr. Royal Phelps, have have declined to serve on the commission. We do not severely blame them, because if the inquiry is to amount to anything it will impose tedious and thankless labor on the commissioners. Suppose the President should request a hundred or two of our leading importers and other merchants to give privately and briefly their ideas of needed custom house reforms, we believe the answer he would receive would give him much valuable information, and that when he had digested this he would need no commission.

To put capable and experienced business met at the head of the Custom House, men not entangled in politics, and to require of them a strict performance of duty, by themselves and their subordinates, would probably be the best way to reform the abuses. If, in addition to this, the President should follow the example of the Herald and open a Complaint Book, he would soon find where reforms were needed. What is wanted for the Custom House army is a new general. We do not in this mean to say anything even uncomplimentary of Collector Arthur; but he has fought under a system which the new President means to abolish, and it is necessary to have a new general, who ought to be allowed to select his subordinates. Nobody doubts that the work of the Custom House can be done more efficiently and with a much smaller force than now. Nobody doubts that if the Custom House is divorced from politics it will be far more economically and efficiently managed. The President probably sees as clearly as everybody else that if he means to reform the civil service he cannot go far before he comes to the Custom House, and that he cannot leave that unreformed without abandoning the whole purpose of reform. We believe he will not be scared off by the machine politicians; but we see also that he has undertaken a big job, and that a commission will hardly help him through with it.

We cut the above from the New York Herald. No one department of the civil service is calculated to test so severely the sincerity of Mr. Hayes in his promises of civil service reform as the N. Y. Custom House. The Custom Houses of N. Y. and New Orleans, were the two great focuses of civil service corruption under Gen. Grant's adminstration. They were used, first a means of rewarding partizan adherents, and secondly as a centre for concentrating an army of political agents whose principal duty was the manipulation of State and Federal politics in the interest of the administration and especially in the personal interest of Grant himself. The ostensible duties of the officers thus appointed were quite subordinate to the real purposes for which they were appointed, which were to work for the party and to enrich themselves. If Mr. Hayes set himself in earnest to reform all this he will raise against himself a storm of opposition and obloquy, and with Mr. Sherman as secretary of the treasury and therefore as the chief agent in carrying out his view we hardly anticipate any very thorough changes. It remains yet to be seen whether civil service corruption is an accidental complication in the Republican party capable of elimination, while the party goes on the better for unloading, or an essential element in its constitution, so thoroughly identified with its modes of procedure as to be inseparable from it, and only to be destroyed by means of the destruction of the party. We incline to the latter view. At least of this we are are certain, that a change in the office of Secretary of the Treasury must precede any real amelioration in that department.

ED. CHRONICLE.

A Carpet-Bag Exodus.

It is reported that certain Senators and thirteen Representatives, of the variety called carpet-baggers, have signed an agreement to withdraw from the Republican party. The news is too good to be true. They promise to give the Democratic party control of both houses of Congress, but, if even that advantage could be gained, it would be purchased too dearly by affiliation with these persons. The Republican party has been carrying them long enough to know what they cost. If they and their respected leader, Mr. Butler, wish to do that party the greatest service in their power, we trust they will "stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once." That they do not mean to do the Republican party this favor, and will not go at all if they can help it, we are fully convinced.—*New York Tribune.*

Col. Polk, the Commissioner of Agriculture for North Carolina, has organized his department and issued his first official paper to the farmers. In it he says:

"It is the earnest desire of the board to utilize this auspicious opportunity for placing our State on the road to assured prosperity; to settle thrifty immigrants on our unoccupied lands; to bring forth the mineral riches of our hills; to employ our vast water-power in the service of manufactures; to cover our moutain slopes with orchards and dairy farms; to adorn our midland hills and eastern plains with vineyards; to stock our streams with fish, and infuse new life and intelligence into agriculture and all its kindred pursuits."

LINES OF NEW DEPARTURE—LET US HAVE AN ERA OF GOOD FEELING.

From the New York Herald.

President Hayes has it in his power to make his administration either one of the most successful or one of the most disastrous in history. It may be as brilliant as that of Jefferson or as ludicrous as that of Tyler. But he must continue in his heroic policy until he has formed a new party. When he threw aside the barons of the Republican party, the carpet-bag barons like the Blaines, the Chandlers, the Camerons and the Butlers, he invoked a spirit which will rise up and destroy him unless he destroys it. The men whom the new President has in the most public manner repudiated are the men who made him President, without whom he would still be in Columbus—the men who can wreck his administration before it is launched. He must not despise nor deride their power. Mr. Evarts is admirable as the Secretary of State. Mr. Schurz is commendable as Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Devens will expound the law. It is pleasant to have a kind word from the independent reform organs, and the support of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Bowles will be so novel that the sensation will be agreeable. It is gratifying to have the chambers of commerce, the business interests, the clergymen and the poets all sending words of comfort and encouragement. As the new President looks out of the White House and sees all this incense rising and remembers how the acolytes treated his predecessor only a few weeks ago, he must feel that his lines have truly fallen upon pleasant places.

But what an administration needs even more than incense is votes—votes in Congress and votes in convention. This is where the new administration is weak. Mr. Evarts and Mr. Schurz, Mr. Devens and Curtis, the chambers of commerce, the clergymen, the poets and the reformers, have not political power enough to carry an election district. It is because they have never been in that line of business and know nothing about it. Mr. Evarts is, if we may say it without offence, ten thousand times more respectable than Don Cameron, but Don Cameron could control ten thousand times as many votes as Mr. Evarts. As to the reformers, who are so well tuned now, Mr. Hayes has learned, or, if not, he soon will learn, that when reformers preach "reform" they mean that they shall be called on to reform the country at large salaries. Politics with us, as indeed it is in all representative governments, is a practical business. Men who give their lives to it may have exalted ideas of what is due to the country and the people's welfare, but they have no less clear views as to their own personal interests. They are to support the administration which supports them. If President Hayes thinks that his work is done when he has thrown aside the Blaines the Butlers and the Camerons and the carpet-baggers he will only have to wait until the meeting of the next Congress or the autumn State conventions to have his mind disabused. He will then have to confront a party in mutiny and to take refuge with the democrats as Johnson did. They will keep him as long as he serves their purpose, and kick him out when he is no longer useful as they kicked out Johnson.

What, then, remains to the President? He must make a new party. He must summon from the Republican and the Democratic ranks the men who will unite with him in an effort to reform the civil service and bring about an era of good feeling. Public opinion is ripe for such a change. If Hayes pursues his war upon the barons of the Republican party and the carpet-baggers he can defeat them, even as Richelieu defeated the feudal lords of France and consolidated all power in the Crown. He must appeal from the politicans to the people. He must lay down broad lines of policy—such a policy as will command the confidence of the country. He can destroy the barons by destroying their power. He can destroy their power by cutting away from all relations with parties as they now exist. The country sees that both parties are corrupt. In one we have the carpet-bagger and the whiskey thief; in the other we have the repudiator and the Tammany chief. But the great mass of the American people—Democrats or Republicans—do not fall within these degrading distinctions. The farmers, who dwell on their own soil; the merchants, who buy and sell; the grim soldiers, who remember how they followed with honest, daring heart the flag of the North or the South; the multitudes of pious, God-fearing men who swell our religious denominations; the citizens, who have no interest in politics except that right shall be done, that there shall be low taxes, freedom and prosperity—these are the materials out of which a new party can be formed, an American party, Republican and Democratic in its best sense, the party of national honor.

Such a party can be formed by laying down certain precepts of political action and calling upon the people to support them. The President should say frankly, "There is no use for the Republican party. Its work is done. It was a party and will only march to the sound of the drum. There is no use for the Democratic party. It is something between a conspiracy and a railroad speculation. It rests on no solid basis. It is a fancy stock, like the Erie or the bonanza mines. It should go into bankruptcy. Buchanan and Tweed and Jeff Davis have frittered its resources away. Even Tilden, the shrewdest railroad lawyer in the country and familiar with the handling of broken corporations, could not realize on its assets. What we want now is peace. Let us have an era of good feeling. Let us have peace and civil service reform; peace and justice to the South; peace and specie payment; peace and revision of the tariffs; peace and the revival of industry and credit; peace and reform of the powers of the Presidency, the Senate and the States. Let all who believe that the war is over; that there should be protection to the black and justice to the white; that public servants should be treated as men, not cattle; that there should no longer be patronage in the management of the nation's business; that the debt should be paid dollar for dollar—let all who believe in these precepts and are willing to unite with the President in enforcing them to rally around the administration."

To such an appeal as this the country would respond. Having thrown aside the old barons of his party, the President must find new men. He must have his chiefs in the Senate and the House. He cannot depend upon the poets, the rhetoricians and the Sherman family. He was long enough in the army to learn that you cannot fight a battle with bands of musicians. He has long enough been in civil authority to learn that bosom friends will not strengthen an administration. He must take men like Conkling and Lamar, Hoar and Thurman, Adams and Bayard, and to them he must instrust the leadership of his party. He has now an opportunity as splendid as that of Jefferson. Jefferson came into power in a period as stormy as that through which we have just passed. He came with a challenged title, like Hayes. He came after a great soldier, Washington, as Hayes comes after a great soldier, Grant. He had to reconcile conflicting interests, allay sectional strife and found a democratic system. Jefferson appealed from the politicians to the people, and the response was ardent. He not only governed the nation, but he founded a new party; he composed a new creed; he left the country so peaceful that his successors lived in an era of good feeling. His opponents, the Burrs and the rest, were swept into obscurity, and his name became one of the great names of history. Hayes is wise and brave he may be another Jefferson. He stands now at the parting of the waters. A few weeks will decide whether we are to have an administration like that of Jefferson or one like that of Tyler.

A Brave Boy.

Tommy True and Billy Blaste had a quarrel at school one day, and some of their wicked playmates tried to get up battle between them. Billy was ready enough to pull off his coat and fight, but Tommy would not fight. The teacher heard of the affair, and took Billy to task.

"Tell me, Billy," said he, "why did you want to fight Tommy?"

"Because, sir," replied Billy, "all of the boys will call me a coward if I refuse."

"Oh, oh!" said the teacher, "you had rather do wrong than to be called a coward? Billy, I am ashamed of you."

The teacher next qestioned Tommy.

"I have many reasons, sir," replied Tommy."

"Then, let me hear them," said the teacher, "that I may judge what they are worth."

"In the first place," said Tommy, "if I were to fight Billy, I would be sure to hurt him—I should be sure to hurt him."

"Very good," said the teacher."

"In the next place, sir, if I did hurt him, he would be sure to hurt me."

"No doubt of it," replied the teacher.

"And then, sir," continued Tommy," "I had rather be called a coward than to do what I know to be wrong."

"Very good, again," said the teacher."

"And lastly, sir, to fight with one another is not only against the rules of the school, but also against commands of our Saviour, who has told us to love and forgive one another. The text last Sunday was: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger and clamor, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice and be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

Tommy's reasons for not fighting were the very best that could have been given, and proved him to be a brave boy.

An Irishman's Will.

In the name of God, amen! I Timothy Doolan, of Barrydownderry, in the county Clare, farmer, being sick, wake on my legs, but of sound head and warm heart—Glory be to God!—do make this my first and last will and ould and new testament. First, I give my sowl to God, when it plaze him to take it—shure no thanks to me, for I can't help it then—and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownderry Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me and those who live after, belonging to me, are buried, peace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near godfather and my mother, who lie separated all togther at the other end of the chapel yard. I lave the bit of ground containing eight acres—rale old Irish acres—to my eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she lives to survive him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Paddy O'Reagel, are to have the black sow that's going to have twelve black bonifs. Tedy, my second boy, that was killed in the war in Ameriky, might have got his pick of poultry, but as he has gone I'll lave them to his wife, who died a week before him; I bequeath to all mankind fresh air of heaven, all fishes of the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they can shoot, I lave to them all the sun, moon and stars. I lave to Peter Rafferty a pint of potteen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

A CURIOUS RELIC OF 1775.

How the First Cartridges Were Made to Fight the English With.

Pretty Miss Millicent Barrett, a little Revolutionary rebel, often heard Tory talk from a young Englishman who was sometimes sent to her father's house at Concord on department business. He once asked her what they would do if the colonies should resist, since there was not a person that ever knew how to make cartridges. She replied they would use their powder horns and bullets just as they shot bears. "That," said the young man, "would be too barbarous. Give me a piece of pine and I will show you." After whittling the stick to the proper form he took the scissors and cut the paper the pattern cartridge. She was an apt scholar, for all the cartridges were made under her superintendence by the women of Concord, her only male assistant being her youngest brother, who drove the last load of cartridges from the house, after the British came in sight, April 19, 1775. The pair of scissors used by the Englishman have been lent by Concord to the Old South collection.—*New York Tribune.*

The Effect upon American Trade of a European War.

The New York Herald says:

There will be a great change, as if by magic, in case the general expectation of a great war in Europe is realized. This impending event the moment it happens, will touch all the nerves of American trade and industry. It will open a vast and profitable market for everything we can produce, and set all the wheels of business in active motion. Our banks will find employment for all their money; our railroads will be burdened with freight; a mighty stimulus will be given to the raising of grain and pork, to the manufacture of arms, clothing and military supplies, and we shall recover within the ensuing two years more than we have lost since the great panic. It is absurd to indulge in sentimental misgivings about thriving on the calamities of other nations. We are not responsible for those calamities. The effect of our great business activity will be to alleviate them. We shall supply food to those who would otherwise go naked, arms to those who otherwise be without adequate means of defence.

An Irishman who asked why he wore his stockings wrong side outwards, replied, "because there was a hole on the other side."

One may talk about his religion so much that he has no time to practice it. One good act, however, proves more than the longest sermon ever uttered.