The Way Soldiers Talk.

At a recent meeting of veteran soldiers at Utica, N. Y., Colonel Anson S. Wood delivered an excellent address from which the following is extracted. Better speeches are not often made:

I want to congratulate you, Mr. President, and you my friends and fellow citizens, and especially you my Democratic friends, upon the great good likely to come to the country by the remarkable changes wrought by repeated defeat in the minds of the Democratic party. In this good year of grace, 1880, "the man on horseback" no longer brings to the peaceful slumber of the Democratic statesmen horrid visions of a ruined country and an enslaved people. The nomination of a professional soldier, unused to the ways of civil and political life, suggests to their bewildered imagination no danger to the Constitution, and bodes no evil to the country.

For many years the statesmen of the Democratic party have been mere prophets of evil—croaking from press and forum the speedy downfall of the republic—because the party in power put mere military heroes—not statesmen—in the highest offices of the land.

These doleful knights of the dismal countenance, tired of defeat and hungry for office, tainted with treason and allied to rebels, have suddenly taken a new departure. Having thrown overboard their old [illegible] of the regular army, in the [illegible] blue coat will prove a veri[illegible] hide the political dou[illegible] that the people are [illegible] true character, they [illegible] flag what they [illegible] ing under their [illegible]

Their pet ge[illegible] needed to fright[illegible] has been allowed [illegible] about him an[illegible] buried Dem[illegible] times," for[illegible] traction, ha[illegible] pears upon [illegible] ocratic edit[illegible] consented [illegible] responsible [illegible] silence in [illegible] Peru. [illegible] rallying [illegible]

This b[illegible] tal app[illegible] of love[illegible] ister cl[illegible] sion ca[illegible] the way and manne[illegible]

From [illegible] Republican fiend intent [illegible] the bloody shirt in our bl[illegible] our candidate a soldier [illegible] harrowing memories of the [illegible] sneered and scoffed at "Linc[illegible] and prayed for rebel victor[illegible] to mar our happiness or [illegible] fasts! Our candidate is a soldi[illegible] the ample folds of his milita[illegible] to hide all our sins from [illegible]. Before this campaign is ov[illegible] cunning artist will find canv[illegible] whereon he can paint the big [illegible] immense proportions that belo[illegible] him—through the transpare[illegible] this pretended love for the [illegible] may be faithfully portrayed [illegible] present of the Democratic [illegible] painting prove true to [illegible] faithfully records the facts. In [illegible] background will be seen the south[illegible] foul plot to plant slavery upon the r[illegible] of the West, and chief among the[illegible] of Indiana, the Vice-Presidential candidate whose barrel awaits the tapping. In front of these will stand the worthies who stood upon street corners, in front of hotel bars and semi-public places during the dark and doubtful days of the war, and boasted of rebel prowess and rejoiced at rebel victories. Still in front of these will be grouped the patriots who gathered at Chicago in 1864, and while their candidate of to-day was trying to whip rebels at the front, treacherously attacked him on the flank and in the rear; that famous body of men who counseled together how best to betray the country, and hit upon the plan of declaring the war for the Union a failure. Near by will be planted the Confederate flag, which a solid South a few years ago followed just as zealously as it now follows the Democratic banner, and rallying around it will be seen the whole band of martyrs who for four years have besieged the National Capitol and crept into places of trust and profit once held by Union soldiers. Way up in front in solid column will stand the rebel brigadiers whose votes control a Democratic Congress and whose ranks will furnish Cabinet officers for the next Democratic President if one should ever be elected. The painting will not be complete if the artist stops here. A place must be found for sketches of outrages which make the blood run cold—outrages which have driven loyal men from their homes and made a South solid for the Democracy. It must show—clearly and plainly show—twenty years of steady and persistent effort on the part of the Democratic party to ruin the credit, hinder and impede the prosperity of the country, and prove to the world that revolutions do not go backward.

Fifteen years after the great struggle for the life of the Nation is an excellent time for Democratic politicians to turn patriots and soldier worshipers. In 1864 the Republicans renominated Abraham Lincoln, the great statesman and Commander-in-Chief of the army, and the loyal Democracy immediately rallied around the standard of a General Failure, mounted upon a platform of submission to traitors in arms.

In 1868 the Republicans nominated the great chieftain of the war, and our soldier-loving friends rushed to the support of that most excellent gentleman and statesman, who, a few weeks ago, solemnly assured us all that were he compelled to choose between the Democratic Presidential nomination and a funeral, he would promptly order the hearse.

Don't you remember, my worthy Democratic soldier-loving friend, how, in that memorable contest, you besought the dear people not to risk their liberties by voting for a soldier? Don't you recall the eloquent words in which you prayed for the soldier's defeat? Some of you were not content to pray with your lips only, but made your hands do service, as stuffed ballot boxes and fraudulent counts clearly proved. Your prayers are like old Pete's, and, so far as New York was concerned, quite as effectual. Pete had been a slave, and after the war times got hard and provisions became mighty scarce. Pete was a good man, and in his poverty prayed the good Lord to send him one of Massa Peyton's turkeys for self and pickaninnies, but no turkey came. In hunger and despair Pete changed the form of his humble petition, and asked the good Lord to send old Pete after the turkey. The thing proved a success, and the old man said "De turkey was on hand next morning before sun up."

In 1872 you tried a new dodge. General Grant, superior to General Hancock every way, was renominated by the Republicans, and in order to compass his defeat you pocketed your principles, buttoned up your vests and said "Anything to beat Grant." You nominated Horace Greeley, whose greatest merit consisted in his thorough hatred for your party and its creed; but you hurrahed for him, you voted for him, and when reminded that he was not a Democrat, you said again "Anything to beat Grant." You failed; the disguise was too thin; honest men in your party said the whole thing was a fraud and a cheat, and hundreds of them in this county voted for the soldier. You stood condemned before the world as a party without principles and possibly without brains.

In 1876 you changed front. The order must have been "right about face." You started out as reformers. The Republican party placed in nomination a brave soldier, a faithful Congressman, an efficient and successful Governor, with no spot or blemish on his name. You nominated "Tilden and reform." Is there a Kelly Democrat here to-night? How often since has he prayed the blessed virgin, with penitential tear moistening his cheek, for forgiveness for the awful wickedness of that awful fraud and lie? How many times since he has faithfully promised that if forgiven for the sin of voting for Tilden he would never—no, never—well, hardly ever—do so again.

The great farce failed, as all such frauds must ever fail.

And now comes another contest. No clarion call for reform starts into life the statesman of Cypher Alley. No attempt is made to right the alleged great wrong so much complained of and so fiercely denounced. No eloquent plea for justice to the Great Defrauded. No earnest demand for higher political standards and better administration. You come with no life-long Democrat, with honored name and experienced statesmanship, whose service to our party and to the country in civil life entitles him to the support of the party and commends him to the people. You come with [illegible]ofessional soldier—"a man on horseback" [illegible]out experience in civil affairs, and no [illegible]tical record fixing his position on the live [illegible]tions of the day, and you ask the citizen [illegible] the soldier to leave their party and support this man in preference to the volunteer [illegible], the tried Senator, the able Congressman and experienced statesman whom the [illegible]lican party has placed in nomination.

[illegible] do it? The supreme impudence of [illegible]mpaign of 1876 has been matched by the [illegible] audacity of the campaign of 1880. An [illegible], cunning, tricky politician playing [illegible] of reformer was simply impudence [illegible]fied. A whole Democratic party, rebels [illegible], masquerading in a blue uniform, with [illegible] soldier for a figure head, is audacity [illegible]fied. And yet it was a great thing the [illegible]ratic party sought to accomplish at [illegible], and in part succeeded. They [illegible] in hot haste to bury Tilden, and they [illegible] they had put down the ghost of the [illegible]hire. It is much too early yet to de[illegible] which gave them the greater joy. [illegible] been years not an election has been [illegible] the Democratic party in the State of [illegible]k in which Samuel J. Tilden's money [illegible] J. Tilden's brains have not been [illegible] potent factors. We shall presently [illegible] well that party can plan and fight a [illegible]ter losing both. [illegible]y were Tilden and Bayard, Thurman, Randall, Payne and Hendricks, put [illegible] side and Hancock marched to the front? [illegible]y were a long line of tried and faithful [illegible]mocratic statesmen sent to the rear, and the [illegible]dership intrusted to one who like all regular [illegible] officers has pretended all his life to be a [illegible]n-partisan, but nominally a Democrat? Was [illegible] because he represented in a greater degree [illegible] principles of the Democratic party than the eminent statesmen named? No one is [illegible] as to answer yes. [illegible] astute politicians of the party saw only [illegible] with an honest Democrat on an honest [illegible] platform, or in better words a genuine Democrat on a genuine Democratic platform. The people must be deceived.

Thurman and state-rights would die "borning." Tilden and reform is not only dead but stinketh. Randall and a return of rebels to power was liable to be indicted by a Pennsylvania grand jury as a public nuisance. Payne and his barrel was hopeful, but the spigot might run dry. Hendricks and his rag baby would not live to reach the battery, and overboard they went, and the Bourbon mourners go about the streets wondering if it will ever seem natural to hurrah for a Union soldier.

A soldier was nominated at Cincinnati by the Democratic party because Democratic leaders knew that without a blue coat to hide the general "cussedness" of their cause there was not the faintest hope of success. It is said that murder will out, and the committee to notify the nominee of his selection to be the standard bearer of the party could not keep the secret. The old General was told that it was not for his brilliant fighting at Gettysburg, but his toadying to rebels in New Orleans and Texas that gave him the victory. "Your nomination," said Mr. Stevenson, Chairman of the Convention, in his letter officially notifying General Hancock of his nomination, "was not made alone because in the midst of arms you illustrated the highest qualities of a soldier, but," as Colonel John W. Forney wrote in 1868, "because in New Orleans, where he is at present stationed as commanding officer of the Fifth Military District, he does not offend the tastes or hurt the feelings of the people there by wearing the National uniform. Would it not soothe the sensitive feelings of the patriotic Louisianians if he should don the gray?"

It was not because of General Hancock's heroic bravery on the field, that at New York in 1868 and at Cincinnati in 1880, delegates from a Solid South gave him their ardent support. It was because of acts of his, while Military Governor, that showed his sympathy for the old order of things, and a desire to restore rebels to power before his own gaping wound, received at Gettysburg, had firmly healed.

And this old party, with all the rottenness of years upon it, comes to the loyal, patient people of this goodly land and demands that it be again entrusted with the administration of affairs, that it may put in every Federal office, from President down to the humblest post-office in the land, either renegade Republicans or boisterous Democrats, who will owe their places to the solid vote of a solid South controlled and run by men who to-day glory as much as ever in the justice of "the lost cause." Are you, my fellow citizens, are you, my fellow soldiers, prepared to give votes to accomplish this? Recollect that from no Democratic Convention held in any State, from no Democratic newspaper published anywhere in the South, from the lips of no Democratic statesman hailing from the late Confederacy, have you or I or any one ever heard a single confession that the rebellion against this Government was wrong, or a single admission that our efforts to preserve the Union were right.

The Confederate flag must disappear forever. The "lost cause" must be decently buried out of sight; the Union must be the god of our statesmanship, and the blue the color of our uniform everywhere, from Maine to California, from the lakes to the gulf, in Mississippi as well as in New York, before it will do for the Republican party to loosen its grip or surrender control of the Nation.

That great party to-night and in this campaign fights not upon the defensive. It comes not as a suppliant, but as a conqueror, it points with pride to its record and demands its rights. It took possession of this Government when Democrats and rebels were leagued against it, and through the perils of war and the disasters of peace it has brought it in triumph up to its present high position and crowned it with freedom and prosperity.

It has nominated as its standard bearer a representative American, a volunteer soldier who smelled powder, a statesman whose attainments and abilities no one questions or disputes, a man of whom the ablest Democrat in the land has written: "I have been his devoted friend for many years, and I am resolved that I never will believe that he does not deserve the affection I have bestowed upon him. If he will carry the principles which regulate his private life into his public conduct he will make the best Chief Magistrate we have ever had."

This grand party with no blemish upon its record, but with many honorable scars received in its quarter of a century contest for freedom, comes with James A. Garfield as its leader and bids you stand by it as it stood by you during the war.

It comes showing you in its admirable standard bearer what free America can do for the humblest boy in the land.

Its candidate comes, showing you, in his own personal history, what pluck, and perseverance, industry, and brains, under the inspiration of free institutions, can do for the son of the humblest artisan in the country.

The Republican party comes in justice and in right to again meet and crush its ancient foe.

God bless the old party and give it abundant victory!

A Speech by General Garfield.

At New York on the evening of August 6th General Garfield was given a reception by the Boys in Blue and thus addressed his entertainers:

Comrades and Boys in Blue, and Fellow Citizens of New York: I cannot look upon this great assemblage and these old veterans that have marched past us, and listen to the welcome from our comrade who has just spoken, without remembering how great a thing it is to live in this Union and be part of it. This is New York, and yonder toward the battery, more than a hundred years ago, a young student of Columbia College was arguing the ideas of American Revolution and American Union against an American loyalty to monarchy of his college President and Professors. By-and-by he went to the patriot army, was placed on the staff of Washington to fight the battles of his country, and while in camp, before he was twenty-one years old, upon a drumhead he wrote a letter which contained every germ of the Constitution of the United States. That student, soldier, statesman and great leader of thought—Alexander Hamilton, of New York—made this Republic glorious by his thinking, and left his lasting impression upon New York, the foremost State of the Union, and here on this island, the scene of his early triumphs, we go there to-night soldiers of a new war, representing the same ideas of Union and glory, and adding to the column of the monument that Hamilton, and Washington, and the heroes of the Revolution reared.

Ideas outlive men. Ideas outlive all things, and you who fought in the war for the Union fought for immortal ideas, and by their might you crowned our war with victory. But victory was worth nothing except for the fruits that were under it, in it and above it. We ought to-night as veterans and comrades to stand sacred guard around the truths for which we fought. And while we have life to meet and grasp the hand of the comrade we will stand by the great truths of the war. And, comrades, among the connections of that war which have sunk deep in our hearts there are some we can never forget. Think of the great elevating spirit of the war itself. We gathered the boys from all our farms and shops and stores and schools and homes from all over the Republic. They went forth unknown to fame, but returned enrolled on the roster of immortal heroes. They went in the spirit of those soldiers of Henry of Agincourt, of whom he said: "Who this day sheds his blood with me to-day shall be my brother. Were he ne'er so vile this day shall gentle his condition." And it did gentle the condition and elevate the heart of every working soldier who fought in it and he shall be our brother forever more; and one thing we will remember, we will remember our allies who fought with us. Soon after the great struggle began we looked behind the army of white Rebels, and saw 4,000,000 of black people compelled to toil as slaves for our enemies, and we found that the hearts of this 4,000,000 were God-inspired with the spirit of liberty, and that they were our friends. We have seen white men betray the flag and fight to kill the Union, but in all that long, dreary war we never saw a traitor in a black skin. Our prisoners escaping from the starvation of prison, fleeing to our lines by the light of the North star, never feared to enter the black man's cabin and ask for bread. In all that period of suffering and danger no Union soldier was ever betrayed by the black man or woman. And now that we have made them free, so long as we live we will stand by the black citizens. We will stand by them until the sun of liberty, fixed in the firmament of our Constitution, shall shine with equal rays upon the white and black throughout the Union.

Now, fellow-citizens, fellow-soldiers, in all this there is a beneficence of eternal justice, and by this we will stand forever. The great poet has said that in individual life we rise "On stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things," and the Republic rises on the glorious achievements of its dead and living heroes to higher and nobler National life. We must stand guard over our past as soldiers, as patriots, and over our country as the common heritage of us all.

I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this magnificent demonstration. In so far as I represent in my heart and life the great doctrines for which you fought I accept this demonstration as a tribute to my representative character. In the strength of your hands, in the fervor of your hearts, in the firmness of your faith, in all that betokens the greatness of manhood and nobleness of character, the Republic finds its security and glory. I do not enter upon controverted questions. The time, the place, the situation forbid it. I respect the traditions that require me to speak only of these themes which elevate us all. Again I thank you for the kindness and enthusiasm of your greeting. [Tremendous cheering.]

☞ We have not been among those who regarded this letter of Hancock to Sherman as of any special consequence in any way, and now that it is given to the public, its significance is certainly not in our estimation increased. It simply indicates a strong leaning in favor of Mr. Tilden's claims, a predilection for the regular Democratic doctrine of State sovereignty, and a confidence in his own opinions which his limited knowledge of governmental polity does not warrant.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

NASBY.

The Corners Become Tremendously Agitated Over a Very Important Event—The Matter of Pensioning Confederate Soldiers.

[From the Toledo Blade.]
Confedrit X Roads,
(wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
July 23, 1880.

The Corners is a blaze of eggscitement. In the Looisville papers wich wuz receeved here last week there cum an account uv a Confedrit soljer, wich, ez soon ez he heerd uv the nominashen uv Hancock, and fully bleevin in his eleckshun, immejitly filed his petishon for a penshun.

The Confederit stated boldly in his applicashen that he hed never bin in the servis uv the Yoonitid States, but that he hed served four yeers in the Confederit army, and bleeved that he wuz entitled to a penshun the same ez tho he hed worn the bloo instid uv the gray.

In less than a minnit there wuz the wildest eggscitement the Corners hez seen seuse the surrender uv Lee. The citizens gathered about Bascom's by the hundred, and ther wuz but one opinyun about it.

"Ef this crooel war is reely over," sed Captain McPelter, "and the era of good feelin is reely goin to be inoggerated by the eleeshun of Hancock, why continyoo these worn-out distinkshuns? Ef we understand the posishun uv the Dimocrisy, the late onpleasantnis wuz merely a difference of opinyun between the two seckshuns, wich led to armies and sich. But ez neither side wuz conkered, and ez the war meant nothin at all, all traces uv it shood be immejitly obliteratid. Ez men from the North took up arms, the country pays them penshuns. Now wat I want to know is why men from the South wich took up arms shood not be paid penshuns likewise? We both fit for our noshuns, and both wuz ekally meritorious. It is the dooty uv a reunited country to cement fraternal feelin, and how kin it be done ez well ez by payin both sides penshuns."

The speech wuz resëived with more applause than any speech I hev heerd for years, and immejitly it wuz resolved that every man in the Corners wich hed served in the Confedrit armies shood to wunst file hiz clame so ez to git in early.

There wuz a rush like that uv a circus-wagon. Every citizen uv the Corners hed, immejitly a strong recolleckshun uv bevin been in the Confedrit servis, inclooding suthin like fifty wich hed sekoored pensions alreddy for servisses in the Fedrel army.

Deekin Pogram filed a petishun settin forth that while he wuz never regierly enlisted in the Confedrit servis, he hed contracted a severe roomatism bushwhackin Fedrel pikkits, doorin Garfield's invashun uv the sacred soil, and was entitled to a penshun on that skore. Issaker Gavitt set forth that while he hed not sholdered his muskit in the feeld, he spent six months in Injeany assistin the Knights uv the Golden Cirkle in resistin drafts and sich, and in votin the Dimecratik tikkit, wich wuz uv more servis to the Confedracy than ez tho he hed reglerly enlisted.

I put in my clame for three months' service with the Looisianer Pelikins, wich indulged in more foot races than any regiment in the Confederacy, and also for organizin draft riots in Ohio.

Bascom claimed a penshun on the score uv keepin his bar open late at nite for the refreshment of Deekin Pogram and others on their return from bushwhackin.

Mahlon Petats hed actily served with Forrest, and partissipated in the massacre at Fort Piller. To prove it he hed the thigh-bone of a nigger soljer, wich his sister (wich is a artist) hed carved with appropriate inscripshuns.

All the citizens uv the Corners, with the eggscepshun uv Pollock and Joe Bigler, rushed in, and they cum so fast that it was impossible to take their names.

To simplify the matter, Bascom sejested that a committee be appointed to file the claims, and that this committy shood copy the tax list and forrerd all the names onto it ez entitled to penshuns.

There wuz a immejit dissent from this, for there wuz only ten or a dozen names on the tax list, and they wuz mostly radikels.

Here my genius shone out.

"We will not yoose the tax-list," sed I, "but rather the poll-sheet uv the last eleckshun. All that we permitted to vote in this precinct may justly clame to be confederits, and we shel git all wich is really entitled to considerashun."

This sejestion wuz adoptid, and I am bizzy at work makin out their applicashens.

Two onpleasantnisis okkurred. Sam Pettibone cum up to be enrolled for his penshun, and showed that he had served in the 10th Alabama. I wuz a puttin him down when Issaker Gavitt interfered.

"Sam, you can't play that onto me," said Issaker. "You did enlist in the 10th Alabama, but you desertid. Ez much ez I want to bring capitle to the Corners the Yoonitid States ain't agoin to pay penshuns to a man which desertid the Confederacy in her hour uv need."

Sam's name wuz immejitly stricken off the role. There is a great deel uv Sprrtan virchoo in the Corners.

Another trouble okkurred with Smith Peyton. He come and claimed to be put down ez being entitled to a pehshun.

"But you served in the Fedrel army," objectid Issaker.

"Troo," sed Smith, "but I desertid and hev votid the Dimekratik tikket without a scratch, ever sence."

His case wus taken into consideration, and it wuz finelly decided that his name shood be entered. With these triflin excepshuns everything wus harmonious.

I find that every citizen uv the Corners, exceptin Pollock and Bigler wuz in the Confedrit servis, either as a actooal soljer, or in sum way engaged in promotin its interests. We shel insist, to put us on a complete equality with the Fedrels, that these penshuns shel date back to the beginnin uv the war, and intrest shel be compounded from that date to this. Also that each one shel hev the same land-grants, and all the addishnel pay that the Fedrels hev reseeved. Likewise, inasmuch ez the Confedrit money wuzn't good for nothin, that each Confedrit soljer shel receeve pay for the entire time he wuz in the Confedrit servis, the same ez Fedrel soljers, with an addishnel allowance to make up for the insuffishent rashens he reseeved while in the feeld.

The effeck upon the Corners is miracolous. Bascom is so certin uv the eleckshun uv Hancock and the payment uv these claims that he hez opend a system uv credit, and the Corners is gittin now all the likker it wants.

Will the Dimocrisy uv the North disappint us? Is this golden era to be made a reality, or will they permit the eleckshun uv Garfeeld, and set us back wher we wuz? I cannot bleeve it. Kentucky will do its bull dooty for Hancock. Petroleum V. Nasby.
(Jubilant.)

Some Figures.

One of the best sentences in General Hancock's letter of acceptance, which left upon the mind the same impression of neatness and vacancy as a school-boy's copy-book, was that in which the candidate of the Democracy demanded "a full vote, free ballot and fair count." It was an excellent sentiment, to which every Republican would heartily subscribe. But General Hancock's letter professed to be a statement of Democratic principles. With the platform to which it was a response it was an appeal to the country to trust the eighty thousand offices of the Government in the hands of the Democratic party. The question for voters, therefore, is, not whether the declaration is a sound one, but whether, being put forth by the Democratic party, it is an honest one, or is a fraud and a cheat. The answer is easy.

It is in the South that the Democratic party does its perfect work. There are no steadily Democratic States North of Delaware. In the South the party has gained complete control. In the South, therefore, it has had a noble opportunity to put into practice General Hancock's motto of "a full vote, free ballot and fair count." Has it done so? What are the facts? Let us look for a moment at this dark page in American history.

Even Democrats will admit that by the year 1872 the Democratic party was well organized in every Southern State. In Alabama, for example, in that year the Democratic vote was only 10,000 less than it was in the election of 1878, two years ago. Yet, this is the way in which the Republican party has prospered under the rule of the party of "a free ballot and fair count," the figures being the votes cast in the years named:

	Dem.	Rep.
1872	79,444	90,272
1874	107,118	93,928
1876	102,002	68,230
1878	88,571	0,000

What became of the Republican party in Alabama in 1878? It is said that they ran no ticket because defeat was inevitable? Are parties in the habit of doing this? Do Democrats give up voting in Vermont, or Republicans in Missouri? It was because the Republicans of Alabama had been taught by midnight murders and whippings, by social ostracism, and by the tyranny of employers, that the less they had to do with politics the better. This is the kind of "free ballot and fair count" the Alabama Republicans have enjoyed. It remains to be seen how much better they have fared in the election just held, under the new system which prefers cheating to bulldozing as being easier.

Take the case of Mississippi, where bulldozing was invented, and was made known to the world as "the Mississippi plan." These are the votes of the State from 1873 to the last election of a State ticket:

	Dem.	Rep.
1873	52,857	78,124
1875	112,173	55,695
1877	97,727	1,161

This is what the Republican party of Mississippi has come to through fear of Ku-Klux assassins, through the operation of the tissue-ballot, through the frauds of Democratic canvassers. And General Hancock has the assurance to prate to us about "a full vote, free ballot and fair count!"

Take the case of South Carolina, where the parties were so evenly divided four years ago that it took four months to decide the Electoral vote of the State. This is what the rifle-clubs and tissue-ballots, the assassins and swindlers of the party, led by Wade Hampton and Hamburg Butler, have done for the Republican party in South Carolina in two years:

	Dem.	Rep.
1876	90,896	91,786
1878	119,550	213

It should be noticed that in spite of the notorious and universal use of the tissue-ballot in 1878, the Democratic vote shows an increase of only 28,000 votes. The Republican vote shows a decrease of 91,000 votes. Supposing for the sake of argument that the Democratic votes were honest, it would still be true that 63,000 votes were withheld from the ballot-boxes. Why this change in two years? Was it a sudden indifference on the part of the blacks, whose greatest pride is that they are citizens and voters, or was it a chilling fear? Let the murderers and ballot-box stuffers who are the brightest ornaments of the South Carolina chivalry make answer, and then let General Hancock ponder awhile upon the beauties of their style of "a free ballot and fair count."

Almost every Southern State makes the same showing. Here is the record of Arkansas:

	Dem.	Rep.
1872	38,415	41,881
1876	58,071	38,909
1878	88,728	00,000

The same is true in a lesser degree in Louisiana. There was no general election between 1876 and last year, and for the former year we take the official figures:

	Dem.	Rep.
1876	70,636	75,135
1879	53,944	26,811

Every one of these States—and at least one other, North Carolina—would be Republican upon a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count. General Hancock knows it. Every Democrat knows it. But simply to serve the purposes of the illustration, let us say that these five States are fairly Republican. They give, all told, 39 Electoral votes, which will honestly belong to James A. Garfield. The South could then give General Hancock only 99 Electoral votes at best, and he could never by any possibility be President of the United States. By all means, let us have "a full vote, free ballot and fair count."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ We would do justice to the Union General. A friend has asked us to recite his civil claims for the Presidency. Here they are:

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This covers his entire life-work. It is a record of which no man fit for the office of President can be proud.—*—Rochester Democrat.*

☞ The following shows Democratic theory contrasted with Democratic practice:

National Democratic Platform.	*Barnwell (S. C.) People (Dem.)*
The right to a free ballot is a right preservative of all rights, and must and shall be maintained in every part of the United States.	The Democrats have obtained control of the State of South Carolina, and they intend to retain it at every hazard and in spite of the utmost efforts of local enemies and their Northern allies.

☞ "The bayonet," observes the oracular Hancock, "is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen." What is? A bulldozer's club?

Less Pig-Pen and More Pig-Pasture.

Mere blubber is not desirable food in our climate. As pigs are now bred and fattened they are little more than animated lard. Everybody has been trying for years to see how fat they could make their pigs, and how much they could make them weigh in the shortest possible time. This universal system of stuffing has resulted in breeding out muscle (lean meat), and thickening up the fatty portions, which are merely the deposits of the oil contained in the food. To facilitate this fattening (oil depositing) process, absolute rest is required. Therefore to subserve their purpose pigs are confined in close quarters, with no exercise except stomach exercise. This organ is brought by the nature of the case into a morbid condition, when it is expected to consume and digest without limit. Pigs are stuffed to the very verge of breaking down of their digestive functions, and often beyond it. In the latter case they are speedily slaughtered before they run down. Usually pigs are confined in foul pens, where they are compelled to lie in their filth, and breathe air poisonous with the fumes of decay. The whole system is wrong, resulting in distasteful, if not unwholesome food. The effect of this system of care and breeding pigs with the feeding of rich and concentrated food to promote rapid growth, has been to change the nature, or rather the physical construction, of the animal from a muscular to a blubberous condition.

Exercise and slow growth conduce to muscular development, as muscles are formed where and when required. This is a universal law in the animal kingdom, illustrated by the blacksmith's arm, the race horse, and it could be shown in perfect demonstration by confining one pig in the way pigs are usually fed, and taking another of the same litter and training it to extended exercise, or by simply allowing it to roam at will in a field during its growth. The pig thus allowed to roam would when fattened possess double the amount of muscle (lean meat) over one kept in a close pen. The recognition of this principle put in practical use can in time change the character of pigs so as to make them more palatable. Everybody complains nowadays of pork being too fat, and yet everybody almost persists in growing pigs in the very way to make them too fat. Pig meat is naturally healthy food, and calculated for the wants of laboring people, as it furnishes long digestion and plenty of nutrition, which are what they require. The modern improvements in breeding have resulted in making heavy weights in a short time, and in rounding and thickening the bodies, but the so-called improvement has reduced the demand and the value of pigs for food. I do not mean to be understood that fewer hogs are grown, or a less number exported; but I do mean and know that in proportion to the inhabitants in this country a much less quantity of pork is eaten than formerly, and it is simply because of its over-fatness.

There are two ways to remedy this evil; one is to enlarge the pig-pen to a pig-pasture; the others is to grow pigs of the more muscular breeds, or to select breeding stock from those of any breed which give evidence of more development in this direction than of fat. Chunky hogs should be avoided, as chunkiness means fat. It is singular what follies farmers, who should be the most sensible of people, will pursue. They have been daft so long on pug-nosed and fat-cheeked pigs that they have nearly expelled the pork barrel from every man's cellar, and one of the most profitable animals from the farm. Northern farmers under the delusion of pug-noses and fat-cheeks have ridiculed the "rail-splitters" of the South, whereas the truth is the Southern planter had more sagacity and practical sense than the admirer of improved stock, for the former has well nigh bred himself out of a staple article of food, and a staple source of profitable income, while the latter has kept up the reputation of his bacon, and maintained his supply of wholesome living. As I have suggested, we want more pig-pastures and fewer pig-pens. Growing pigs should have more range, so that there may be a perfect development of body, bone, and muscle. They want less concentrated food and more of a light nature, such as grass, corn-stalks, and roots, to keep them growing but not fat. Under this treatment there would be more length of body and larger frames, which may be rounded up in the autumn by richer food. A continuous system of rearing and feeding in this manner would produce breeds of hogs not so heavy perhaps in weight, but more desirable as pigs are generally managed.—*Col. F. D. Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune.*

The Rose Jar.

Gather your rose leaves in dry weather, remove the petals, and when a half peck is obtained take a large bowl and strew table salt on the bottom; then three handsful of leaves, and repeat until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt. Let this remain five days, stirring and turning twice a day, when they should appear moist. Add three ounces of bruised or coarsely powdered allspice; one ounce cinnamon stick bruised, which forms the stock. Allow to remain a week, turning daily from top to bottom. Put into the permanent jar one ounce allspice and adding the stock, layer by layer, sprinkle between the layers the following mixture: One ounce each cloves and cinnamon, two nutmegs, all coarsely powdered; some ginger root, sliced thin; half an ounce of aniseed, bruised; ten grains finest musk; half pound of freshly dried lavender flowers; two ounces of powdered or finely sliced orris root, and essential oils ad libitum. Also any fine colognes, rose or orange flower water, orange and lemon peel. Freshly-dried violets, tuberoses, clove pinks or other highly scented flowers should be added each year in season. Fine extracts of any kind will enhance the fragrant odor, while fresh rose leaves, salt and allspice, made as at first, must be added when convenient in the rose season. Shake and stir the jar once or twice a week and open only during use. The delightful effect produced throughout the dwelling by the daily use of these jars is not as universally known as it should be for apartments rendered unpleasant by the odors arising from kitchens. Noxious gases may be dissipated by the frequent use of the "rose jar."

As a rule, when a horse breaks his leg he is knocked in the head as useless, but it seems this is not by any means necessary, and, if the beast is worth saving, it can be saved. Two months ago a valuable horse belonging to Charles E. Smith, of Stony Brook, had his leg broken at Port Jefferson. The broken bone was set, and the leg was imbedded in plaster of Paris. In two weeks the horse could walk around the stable; in three weeks the owner drove him home, a distance of five miles, and three weeks after, the horse was driven to a road-wagon a mile in four minutes.

Religious.

LEAD THEM HOME.

Lord, we can trust Thee for our holy dead.
They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,
Have entered into peace; with bended head
We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer to-night;
For these we cry to Thee through the long day;
We see them not. O keep them in Thy sight!
From them and us be Thou not very far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where Thou standest at the Heavenly gate;
That so, from Thee they shall not farther roam;
And grant us patient hearts Thy gathering time to wait.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

- Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram ......Gen. 15: 1-18
- Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession ......Gen. 18: 16-33
- Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom ......Gen. 19: 12-29
- Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith ......Gen. 22: 1-14
- Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
- Sept. 26—Lesson selected by the School.

Religious Laziness.

Nothing succeeds without hard work. Religion and church enterprise are no exceptions. To be sure the truth and the Spirit have power, but both work through means, and their power is greatest where the means are best used. The churches are suffering for enterprising preachers—men who, instead of being mere sermonizers, wake up to an earnest and forcible presentation of truth each week. The churches are also suffering for working pastors, men who not only go through the form of a social call once a year, but who plan and organize and reach out after people—putting the same push into ministerial effort that the merchant does into successful trade. There is no other profession with such grand opportunities for hard work, or which has given brighter examples of good work accomplished; but there is also no profession offering greater temptations to laziness; In the common parish the minister can go through the forms of his office, and if he is cautious and sympathetic, the dear, good people will feel he is doing all he can, while the truth is, as little hard work put into trade or mechanics would ruin a man. A multitude of churches suffer because of lazy pastors, who are simply literary gentlemen, pious loafers, with no downright earnest purpose. If some of them were compelled to succeed or starve, it would be a means of grace to them and their churches; but the good people continue to support them, though Zion does languish, and thus they make a sermon a mere bridge to span the Sabbath—wasting their time in goodish talk and theological dreaming. Where one minister suffers from overwork, a dozen churches are dying for the want of a working pastor.

This is more true of church-members. There are a few in every parish who are willing to work, and do work. You hear of them among the poor and sick; you find them in the prayer-meeting and see them in all church activities. They are always willing to do more than their part. You can rely upon them every time. But the majority of professors seem surprised that you should expect any work from them. They come into church to enjoy religion, not to help others—to be saved, not to work. As for visiting the sick, feeding the poor, gathering in destitute children or speaking to the unsaved, they never try it—"have no gift for it"—and so pay their money, hear the sermon, enjoy the singing, try to be respectable, and call that religious living, without making a single personal endeavor to do good from one year's end to another. It is surprising what easy Christians smart bsiness men make. A set of merchants who can run a bank or a mill, and make trade pay, and know how to manage corporations, will let a church run down for the want of little religious enterprise, and very likely call upon the women and children to help them out.

A community of Christian farmers who know how to improve stock and make a farm pay, who on hard soil will get a good living and keep their own houses neat and trim, will let the house of God become shabby and the church die out, because as farmers they work, but as Christians they do not work. What our churches and our communities most need is not more talent, or more truth, or more money, or more opportunities, but downright and upright earnest work. It takes but few people, a little money and small culture to build up a church when the people have a mind to work. The curse of the church to-day is a lazy membership, seeking to be saved without work, forgetting that faith without works is dead. —*Golden Rule.*

Need of Practical Preaching.

Ministers often think they must acquire reputation for wisdom, learning and great polemical ability, in order to be successful. They overrate the point that unless they can make a scientific defense of Christianity against the attacks of skepticism, they will be considered behind the times. They must argue with Materialist and Pantheist, must be able to talk learnedly of protoplasm, natural selection and evolution, and defeat the enemies of the truth on their own grounds and with their own weapons.

The trouble with such preaching is that it is addressed to the wrong audience, to congregations that exist only in the imagination of the preacher. Dr. Joseph Parker says: "There is neither irony nor sarcasm in the statement that in listening to some preachers, deservedly conspicuous and influential it may be, one receives the impression that there is an eager but invisible auditory before them, whose one object is to give them the lie at the end of every sentence, and to convict them of lunacy in the construction of every argument." Such preachers have constantly before them in imagination a host of skeptics who must be convinced. They strike heroic blows at their phantom audience. The apostle calls it "fighting as one beating the air." They preach loud and eloquent sermons, which go sounding into space, and die there, because not aimed at the people in the pews, but at others who never hear.

The actual audiences who sit quietly in the pews, wondering, perhaps, what it all means, are generally a very plain sort of people—mothers of families, hard working mechanics, business men, people absorbed in the practical cares of life. Nine-tenths probably know little of Pantheism, or Rationalism, or whatever other ism the pulpit battery is booming against so furiously. Their thoughts and words are of the family, the farm, the shop and the counting-room. They are utterly unaccustomed to deal in abstractions. The realm of ideas in which the preacher lives is to them an unfamiliar world, which has but distant relation to their wants and struggles and temptations. They go to church to get something to help them over the hard places in life, to get encouragement, sympathy and inspiration to bear their burdens and be faithful to their duties. From such preaching, they come away disappointed. In a legitimate sense they ask for bread and receive a stone—for the marrow and fatness of the gospel, and receive dry husks of philosophy or polemical controversy. "And thus the preacher, who should have come down upon human life as an angel charged with messages from the secret places of the Most High, becomes a mere chatterer of unprofitable words, talking in an unknown tongue to men who long for truth and love."

The pulpit is not the place for constant theological, scientific or philosophical disputation. The Gospel does not need such defense. It is its own best defense. If a preacher's congregation were made up entirely of skeptics and doubters, he could best convince them by eschewing all argument and all reference to their theoretical errors, and confining himself to their practical errors and duties. Very few men, comparatively, have been won to Christ by argument. More have been entirely argued out of religion than have ever been argued into it. Those who would be confirmed in their doubts by the ablest attempt to refute them with human arguments, may be won to Christ by preaching the Gospel in its simplicity and purity and power. God does not ask us to defend His truth, but simply to preach it. He has promised to defend it Himself by the demonstration and power of the Spirit.

The truth is, we find very few skeptics in any of our congregations. They do not, as a rule, go to church. We do find there, however, people who want or need to know how to order their conduct in the practical affairs of life. We find in church men who are beset with the cares and perplexities of business life, who are in danger of being drawn into the trickeries of trade and need to be strengthened against the insidious temptations to dishonesty. We find there mothers whose lives "oscillate between pain and care," who meet with daily difficulties and attritions in ordering their households, in training their children, in getting on with their neighbors. They need a preaching that will help carry the Christian disposition into these relations. In all congregations are young men and women who need to be saved from frivolity, and stimulated to fidelity and nobleness of soul. Here, too, are laborers who need to be taught that slighting their work is sin, and that an essent'al part of religion is rendering honest service to their employers. And here are employers who have no conception that they owe their employees anything more than market rate of wages, and need to be taught the gospel of Christian sympathy and care for their servants. That is practical preaching which aims to meet these practical needs of the people. Anything else is of little value to them.

The business of the Christian minister is not merely to teach men what to believe, but how to live. To do this, he must get close to men—live among them as Christ did, know them as they are, and meet their actual, living necessities. He must feed the flock of God over which he is placed as an under-shepherd, "with food that is convenient" and within their reach. It is "to give them their meat in due season," that the "faithful and wise servant" is set over the household. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

A Laughable Mistake.

Mr. Gladstone being one day in the London offices of Mr. Lindsay, the ship owner, making a note of some shipping returns for his budget, a brusque and wealthy Sunderland ship-owner, who was watching him and was struck by the industrious and intelligent way in which he went to work, without dreaming of who he was, said, "Thou writes a bonny hand, thou dost." "I am glad you think so," was the reply. "Thou dost; thou makst thy figures well; thou'st just the chap I want." "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed," said the Sunderland man. "I'm a man of a few words, noo; if thou'lt come over to Sunderland I'll give thee one hundred and twenty pounds sterling a year. Noo, then." "I'm much obliged for the offer," was the answer, "and when Mr. Lindsay comes in I'll consult him." Mr. Lindsay, when he came in, kept up the joke, saying he would not stand in the young man's way, and the sooner they knew each other the better. "Allow me, therefore, to introduce to you the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone of the Exchequer." There was much laughing.

English Lawns.

We envy England her lawns, and lament our inability to have a like perfection of greensward, when we know nothing at all of what we might do with our lawns if we really exerted ourselves. Said an American lady to an old workman digging up dandelions while she stood admiring one of those wonderful bits of turf at Oxford, "How do you get such lovely grass? Oh! if we could only have such turf in our country." "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the old man, "we weeds and we cuts, and we weeds and we cuts, eight hundred years; that's how we does it." And he might have said manures, too. Literally, we don't know what we can do in this country in the way of lawn-planting until we settle down to study intelligently and persistently the conditions peculiar to our soil and climate. As it is now, ignorant workmen have it pretty much their own way in our dooryards and lawns.—*Floral Cabinet.*

Cape May letter to Chicago *Times*: Some of the prettiest faces and most graceful figures belong to Baltimoreans, who are considered—in Baltimore—the most beautiful women on the globe. They are comely, having delicate olive complexion, as a rule, with gray or hazel eyes, dark hair, slender figures, and an air of serene self-consciousness. They are readily distinguishable from the Philadelphian by their voices, which are low, cultivated and agreeable. Hers is very apt to be thin, high, tending to nasality, while her accent is unpleasant and her pronunciation meager and flat. She pronounces laugh, calm, half, last, with the slender a, and opportunity, dew, avenue, news, like opportoonity, doo, avenoo, noos. She does not shine when she speaks, owing to vocal and accentual peculiarities; and if I were desirous to fall in love with her, I feel that I should be materially assisted by her silence. Nothing more quickly disenchants a woman than an unmelodious voice.