

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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Editorial Notes

PROGNOSTICATORS are predicting a long, cold winter.

RAILWAYS are blocked with freight and shippers are delayed.

THE threatened coal famine in Quincy is at an end.

JUDGE GORHAM has withdrawn from the contest for United States Senator in Indiana.

THE state board of Immigration seem to be doing a good work so far as their limited means will permit.

SARA Bernhardt is of such a sensitive nature that she feels very much hurt by the wicked insinuations thrown out by the American press. The American press, in Miss Bernhardt's opinion, has lost its gallantry.

The wheat prospect in Kansas was never better at this season of the year, and in many parts of the state the farmers are said to be pasturing it down.

BRECHER'S "ragged edge," was a cushioned rocker, compared with the ragged edge upon which some of our astute, local politicians have set since the first of May last. From the symptoms the agonies must have been most terrible.

It is said that Secretary Sherman has been offered the secretaryship of the next cabinet and that he has refused it. We shall take the liberty of believing the report. We do not believe Mr. Garfield has offered to bestow his official patronage upon any one yet.

SOME of those old English celebrities are lively old chaps. The Earl of Malmesbury was married a few days ago to a younger sister of his betrothed wife, who had been persuaded to break the engagement on account of the disparity of their ages. Then the Dean of Carlisle marries a Miss Howard, burying up the wedding that he might be married while he was yet only 84, believing that a man should not marry after he reaches the age of 85. Considerate as well as lively.

THE Macon Greenback has suspended. Mr. London announces that it will be revived again when the greenbackers guarantee its expenses. This leaves the Shelby County Herald as the sole surviving greenback paper in this congressional district.

THERE is an interesting fight going on between the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Pennsylvania railroads. The more these great railroad corporations fight the cheaper the people can ride. Ordinarily we are opposed to fights, but instances like this, as the corporations are able to stand it, we believe the people are justifiable in looking on with a smile of quiet satisfaction.

RUSSIA has interdicted the exportation of grain from that empire. The cause being ostensibly a threatened famine in Greece. This will give the United States a market for all her surplus grain.

JUST now the United States as a nation is in better condition, and has more of the internal and external evidences of peace and prosperity than any other nation on the face of the globe. So much for free institutions and the wise management of our affairs.

In portions of Germany the Jews are being persecuted to an extent that is disgraceful to the government. They are not only deprived of their social but of their commercial rights and liberties, being compelled to submit to insult upon the public streets, without the privilege of any means of redress.

W. H. Kernan of Okolona, States, notoriety has started a new paper in Memphis, Tenn., which he calls the GOLD SOUTH. It is as hot and sensational as he used to make the States the wild roaring of a monomaniac upon the subjects of the supposed awful wickedness of all yankees and northern people of every age, sex and condition and of the mental, physical and moral superiority of every person in the south—that is every one who believes in the right of southern secession. And the St. Louis Post Dispatch is idiotic enough to intimate that this lunatic has been set up in business by capital furnished by Northern republicans. In this instance Mr. Pulitzer is as wild as Kernan. We had better thoughts of him.

For the GRAPHIC. Gratis.

Don't be cruel at home and say ill-natured things of your neighbors and be dishonest in your business transactions, and then don your fine suits and take the sanctified corners of the church to make long prayers and nice little speeches. God is not such a simpleton as your words imply him to be. He has been observant of your mean ways and does not believe a word you say, and though your brothers and sisters may groan at your sighs and say "amen," and "Lord grant it," to your good resolves and lofty aspirations, they feel the whole thing to be a contemptible play and despise you in their hearts for it; your Christ-like countenance is too thin—they know you to be a buzzard despite your perfumed breath and chalked wings.

Don't give your fifties and hundreds and thousands to build and furnish fine churches, and deprive your families of the comforts that make home desirable, or defraud some one of their just rights to fill the hole your vanity dug out. Perhaps you think it gives you a push upward to be called magnanimous, and have the papers write lengthy editorials about your Christian zeal and unsurpassed generosity. But such things do not amount to a row of pins with God. Your judge above knows that you have not labored for his glory but for your own aggrandizement. God does not request you to deprive yourself of necessities, nor command you to dog the life out of others to obtain means to erect gorgeous places for him to come down to on Sundays and prayer nights to witness a farce. True, handsome walls, fine paintings, grand organs, cushioned pews look well, and make convenient depots for fashionables to display their costly garments and view the latest modes, but God desires you to bring simplicity, truth and love to his altar, and not an array of gaudy trappings. You know the Saviour once said: "It is written my house shall be a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." Of course church members are not thieves, but there are worse people in this world than thieves. You may wear the humility of a John and cover your head with the penitence of a Peter. God opens the mystic door of your soul and touches the springs that reveal your secret thoughts and hidden sins.

Don't get jealous and make spiteful remarks and condescend to tell untruths to throw some church off the track because your church is fishing and the other has chosen to do the same. It gives christianity a bad light and sets the intelligent to spinning thoughts and weaving conclusions. For were you a christian, and truly desired the progression of God's works you would rejoice at the well filled seats of another church equally with your own. It is of but small importance which path we prefer, so that we drink of the one fountain, and God will not ask you whether you came under the stream of a pitcher, or through the depths of a river. The question to be decided is—are you sound?

Don't draw your broadcloth and silken skirts aside, and haul out your disinfectants when you come in contact with homespun and calico, and bow and scrape to plug hats and kid gloves. Remember that angels fanned the fevered brow of the beggar at the rich man's gate, their gentle hands soothed his pains and their swift feet bore him to the beautiful beyond. The golden door will swing backward to admit many a one who wears patched and threadbare clothes, and there is yet room in Hades for the purple and fine linen.

Don't take the bread out of your children's mouths to purchase elaborate wrappings for the minister's family. We do not read of Christ having but the one robe, and there is no reliable evidence that any brother or sister solicited aid to buy a better one for him. But Christ was only the son of God and has been greatly improved upon. Pay your minister your just part of a good salary; take your gifts to the old and helpless.

Don't give fat turkeys and rich cakes to every festival that swings around, and live on potato parings for months to make things come out even. If you can afford turkey and cake have them eaten at home. They will look just as nice on your table as on any other table and your home folks will appreciate your goodness quite as much as the complimentary and dead-heads. Don't consider it bon-ton to lug a

brazen vessel to every wedding to which you are invited. Don't; it is nothing but snobism. It may be that you are silly enough to think that it gives you a distingue shade to figure in the columns of the morning news as the donor of a superb silver pitcher or some other plated humbuggery, for every one knows that your silver was white-washed brass. Your acquaintances have a pretty good idea of what your finances are, and could you hear the comments of those who know your surroundings, you would be more ashamed than flattered by having your name in print. Probably you are in arrears with your washerwoman, or your physician's last visits are unpaid; such things do occur you know.

Don't say yes when you mean no; tell the truth though the heavens fall. Be just what you are—not a jot more nor a jot less, and you will have the good opinion of the right minded and a true respect for yourself.

A MOUSE IN THE CORNER.

The William Goat.
Mary had a William goat.
He and she was black as jet;
He followed Mary 'round all day,
And liked her! just you bet!

He went with her to school one day
The teacher kicked him out;
It made the children grin, you know,
To have the goat about.

But though Old Whackem kicked him out,
Yet still he lingered near;
He waited just outside the door
Till Whackem did appear.

Then William ran to meet the man—
He ran his level best;
And met him just behind, you know,
Down just below the vest.

Old Whackem turned a somersault,
The goat stood on his head,
And Mary laughed herself so sick
She had to go to bed.

Philadelphia Times.

He was a seedy looking customer and the worst bore in Galveston, but he was as bold as a lion. He walked right up to a newly elected candidate and said:

I want you to lend me \$5 for political services rendered you during the election.
Why, you never came near me during the election.

That's just what I mean.
He got a nickel and said that was doing better than he expected now the business season is over. (Galveston News.)

From the Talmud.

"Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot. He who sacrifices a whole offering shall be awarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt offering shall have the reward of a burnt offering; but he who offers humility to God and men shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world." There are four characters in soldiers; quick to hear and quick to forget, his gain is cancelled by his loss; slow to hear and slow to forget, his loss is cancelled by his gain; quick to hear and slow to forget, this is an evil lot. There are four characters in those who sit under the wise: a sponge, a funnel, a strainer and a bottle. A sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a bottle, which lets out the pollard and keeps back the flour. "He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face, which whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of Heaven cannot uproot." "If thy wife is small, bend down and whisper in her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's anger weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him, has as if his wife were present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark." "He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him."

Forger Niece Caught.

A smart chapsa stranger here thought to be Sam. Coughman, of Haynesville, Mo., but giving the name of Ed Armstrong, attempted a piece of sharp practice on Saturday evening last, but came to grief very suddenly. He went in to Dillon's store and asked for a bank check, and one was given him on De-Graw's bank, which he stood at their desk and filled up for \$1350, and signed the name of "Dillon & O'Boyle" to it. This he soon presented at the counter of Joe. Brown's saloon requesting the money on it, as it was after banking hours. They sent in to Dillon also it and a moment later Dillon came in and confronting the man demanded the check, but he quickly tore it up, when Dillon knocked him down and then collared him and called in help and delivered him into custody of an officer. On a hearing before Judge Hicks he was held to bail in \$500, which he could not give and on Monday was taken by Marshal Laddie to the Linneus. (Gazette.)

There is a great demand in St. Louis for female help. Seamstresses receive \$1 to \$2 per day and board, and female clerks in the big dry goods establishments are paid from \$5 to \$12 per week.

SUNDAY READING

The Last Days of Joseph.

B. C. 1689-1635—Lesson Gen. 50: 14-26.

Joseph is one of the few persons of whom the bible mentions no blemish of character, while the excellencies of his conduct are typical of Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." In no recorded act does he appear to better advantage than in his reception and forgiveness of his brethren. Surely "the memory of the just is blessed." The brothers had returned from the burial of Jacob to the quiet of their homes. In their meditations the fear was excited that Joseph had been restrained from requiring their evil conduct toward him by his love for Jacob. In their conscience the "judgment was set" and the book of memory opened. They were self-condemned. For once they pursued the manly course. They sent a messenger to Joseph (likely it was Benjamin) in the name of their father, and implore his forgiveness.

Joseph did not excuse their sin; "as for you, ye meant it for evil," but in the greatness of his love he pardoned them. Not even the fact that "God meant it unto good, to save much people alive" could be pleaded in palliation of the wickedness of their conduct. It is the intention of each actor that gives character to his act.

We learn also that God arraigns each one who sins, at the bar of his own conscience, while there is opportunity for forgiveness, not once only, but many times. Gen. 42:21. "If our heart condemns us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things." And "he that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy." In a ripe age and full of honor Joseph died, having promise of burial with his fathers in Canaan. Such was his fidelity and love to him that his embalmed remains were carried those forty years in the wilderness and buried in the parcel of ground that Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor. What a constant admonition of the care and justice of God toward those who trust in him that embalmed body was to the hosts of Israel, as they carried it back over the way Joseph had journeyed in sadness as a slave sold into Egypt.

Talking Religion.

[From the Congregationalist.]
"To every thing there is a season; and a time to every purpose under the heaven." We wish that this text might be heeded by those fussy individuals who feel it their duty to make personal religious appeals to every one whom they meet, no matter what the circumstances may be. We believe in conscientious fidelity in the use of opportunities to lead our acquaintances to Christ, but the proper fulfillment of this neither necessitates nor permits our making ourselves an annoyance to others. Christians must be good mannered or they do not recommend their religion as they wish. Hardly any thing else repels an unconvinced person so strongly as to be addressed suddenly, and before others, on the subject which he instinctively feels should be treated with inviolable reverence. There is a religious flippancy which often manifests itself in personal appeals to the end of defeating itself.

Your Heart.

BY EDWARD IRVING.

God wants not money alone. The silver and gold are his; but he wants your hearts, your feelings, your time, your anxiety. He curseth these mere money charities, making them engender poverty in far greater abundance than they annihilate it, and scourging them with the means of those who grudgingly bestow. The mere mammon worketh mammon's work; divine charity worketh God's work. A Christian man may as well give over his faith into the hands of a public body, and believe that they appoint to be believed, as cast his charity over to a public body—yea, or to a private individual—and think that he thereby satisfieth God. Our right hand is not to know what our left hand doeth. It is with the heart and soul and mind and strength that he is to be worshipped and served.

Only Half The Widow's Mite.

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity.
"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.
"Do you mean the 'widow's mite'?" said the man.
"Certainly" was the answer.
"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend.
"How much are you worth?"
"Seventy thousand dollars."
"Give me, then, your check for thirty-five thousand. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

People try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, but her example, rightly interpreted, would fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.

SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Fun and fact with scissors caught.

Have many a pleasant moral taught.

A good place for bankrupts—the Suspension Bridge.

They are making Chili weather in South America.

Fisherman don't deal gently with the (b)erring.

The black hat got on an election but has a silver lining.

Scratching has cured the itch for office in many a man.

The Thanksgiving proclamation has again unsettled Turkey.

Polly Ticks is not the interesting damsel she was a week ago.

We got 'em again.—[New York Tribune. Well, quit drinking, then.

A prohibition candidate has one advantage. He is never asked to treat.

The returns from Adersogokokertolingerdregen, Maine, are just in.

Sealskin squaws are worn short. A man is also short after he buys one.

If the coming winter is as hard as prophets foretell, we will have a solid North.

Theater business is looking brighter. People are turning from the ballot to the ballet.

Anna Dickinson's "American Girl" brought in \$24,456 during the six weeks' performance in New York.

A little fellow came across the well-known pictures of some chickens just out of their shell. He examined the picture carefully and slowly remarked: "They came out because they were afraid of being boiled."

There is a disgraced chief in the Ute country. He says: "When I was in Washington the tongues of the white men were as long as my arm, but now they are no longer than the first joint of my little finger."

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher. "To worship God in their own way and make other people do the same," was the reply.

Every man has a perfect right to his opinion, provided it agrees with ours.—Shaw.

"The book to be read," says Dr. McCosh, "is not the one which thinks for you, but the one that makes you think." A teacher on the verge of bankruptcy is thus advised to look over the one labelled "bills payable."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife on observing red-striped stockings on his feet: "Why have you made barber jobs of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver" was the reply.

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he arose to his place and said: "Your honor is right and I am wrong, as your honor generally is. The judge hourly knew whether to feel happy or to fine the lawyer for contempt of court."

One of our regular advertising patrons exhibited to us his book a few days since, which show that by a judicious system of advertising he has nearly doubled his sales on one article alone in the last three (three) months, over the three previous. It can be done every time if the right means are adopted. Our columns are open to do the same thing, and our own efforts are yours to assist in the undertaking.—Edna Sentinel.

She Wouldn't Match His Furniture.

In aristocratic circles an effort is made to have all the furniture and room belongings harmonize. A story is told of a well-to-do bachelor who contemplated getting married to a certain young lady and then discontinued his attentions to her, because as the fastidious gentleman said: "She would not match my furniture, and a fellow didn't want to go and refurbish up all new you know when he had been making a study of art, furnishing all his bachelor days, you know, until it suited his particular style and complexion, you know."

After the first of January next, the work of the I. O. O. F. will be changed and consist of three degrees, which will supply the work, as there are at present five in addition to the initiatory degree to the subordinate lodges. One of the objects of the change in work is to gradually conform it to the work of the Manchester Unity of England, that a conjunction may be formed with that grand body. If such conjunction can be formed there will be one million old Fellows in good standing, and all the Old Fellows of the world will have the same work.

The "Raquet."

[From the New York World.]
The latest thing in dances is called the "raquet," and is neither a waltz nor a polka, though the best parts of both are preserved. The music strikes up with a crash, as though a new volcano had broken out, and the girl will cling tightly, as though frightened, if she understands the dance, and the young man will reassure her by a gentle pressure, if he understands the dance or knows anything at all. At the second crash they dodge as though someone had thrown a black smith shop at them, and start in. They begin by imitating the struggle in life, representing a person who is drowning, but at each crash of the cymbals and bass drum they dart and scoot to one side, then dart back again, jam each other sideways, and then as the crashes of music become more terrific and deafening, they try to drive each other through the floor by main strength, get desperate, and claw and tear and pull, and all at once they go raving mad with hydrophobia and delirium tremens, and gnash their teeth and rave and suffer the most terrible agony—and all is over. It is a short dance, as the design is amusement and not murder. But short as it is, it is said to be very sweet.

Clara Morris has an attack of malarial fever.

SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE.

Whenever you can find a soldier, who under fire, aims low and shoots to make every bullet wound or kill, you will find fifty who are nervously throwing away ammunition, seeming to reason that their muskets will check or drive away the enemy. And yet this nervousness need not be wondered at, for they are playing a game of life and death.

At Malvern hill seventeen soldiers, belonging to an Ohio regiment, took cover in a dry ditch, which answered admirably for a rifle pit. A Georgia regiment charged, his little band these times and were three times driven back. The fire was low and rapid, and the loss in front of their guns was more than a hundred killed in ten minutes. Regiments have been engaged for an hour without losing one half that number.—The fire of these seventeen was so continuous that McClellan forwarded a brigade to their support, believing that an entire regiment had been cut off.

At mine run the writer was just in rear of a New York regiment, which was suddenly attacked. A single company of Confederates, cut off from the regiment and dodging about to rejoin it, suddenly debouched into a field and found itself face to face with the union regiment. Fighting commenced at once. A regiment fought a company, both by r down for cover. They so near a third sergeant that I could touch his feet, and I watched his fire. Every time he pulled the trigger he elevated the muzzle of his gun at an angle of forty-five degrees instead of depressing it for the enemy lying down. I saw him repeat this operation fourteen different times. The man next to him fired as many bullets plump into a stump in his front, and the man on the other side shot into the ground about ten feet away. Others must have been wasting bullets the same way; but that little company was shooting to kill. In ten minutes of fighting the New Yorkers suffered a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, and then a bayonet charge doubled them back and opened a gap for the little band's escape. I walked over the ground and found one dead and one wounded confederate.—Not a gun, blanket, knapsack or canteen had been left behind.

Any soldier will no doubt fight better under cover than he will in the open field, but cover does not always insure good fighting. At Pittsburgh Landing 5,000 union soldiers skulked under the river banks safe from the enemy's fire and many of them threw their guns into the river rather than fire a shot. Again at Yellow Tavern five of Custer's men dismounted and lying behind a fence held five companies of cavalry at bay for twelve minutes and killed twenty-five men, and this without getting a scratch in return.

At Mine Run a union regiment went into the fight with sixty rounds of ammunition per man, making a total of perhaps 4000 bullets. This regiment was placed to act as a check to any advance of the enemy in a certain direction. The did not see thirty confederates during the whole day, and yet it was twice more engaged with ammunition, and fired away at least 12,000 bullets and yet only killed two rebel skirmishers.

One cool man will do more execution with his musket than thirty firing at random. One must have a will strong enough to crowd down all emotions, and oblige his hands to cease trembling at the word. Out of every regiment not more than one hundred men were fighters. Those shot to kill. The others shot at random and killed only by accident. Thirty cartridges would last a good fighter for an all day's fight. The ordinary soldier would fire out his sixty in an hour and a half, and like enough have his eyes shut half the time, when he pulled the trigger. A member of the second Michigan infantry hit the case pretty well at Blackburn Ford. When the skirmishing began he counted his cartridges and said:

"Just sixty of 'em, and I'll fire three a minute, and have these fellows licked in just twenty minutes to a tick!" [Free Press.]

Misfortune in Education.

It is extremely unfortunate for Republics that those who gang in shirks and come out asses from our walks of education acquire the ideas of the powers of education fatal to good government. It really seems as though college bred men lose their individual bravery and character in the educational course they pursue, and think by the rules set for them by their masters rather than for themselves.

In matters of prudence, last thoughts are best; in morality, first thoughts.

Leisure is a beautiful garment, but it will not do for constant wear.

A lady who professed religion, but whose daily practice was not in harmony with it, once said to the Rev. Rowland Hill: "I am afraid lest, after all, I shall not be saved." Mr. Hill: "I am glad to hear you say so, for I have been long afraid for you, I assure you."

The A. O. U. W. and the Masonic Mutual Aid Societies have each a membership in Missouri numbering up in the thousands. The affairs of these societies are conducted on upright, honorable principles, and the benefits derived from them are incalculable. It is the desire of the insurance companies, backed by one of the characteristic decisions of the Missouri Supreme Court to crowd out these and all similar organizations from doing business in this state, though warhally think that the coming session of our legislature will sanction the perpetration of such a palpable outrage. The poor and the middle classes demand the maintenance of these mutual aid societies, and infamous decisions gotten up in the interest of wild-cat swindling insurance companies should not be permitted to defame them.

Our Exchanges.

Peril of the Hour.

(Brookfield Gazette.)
The peril of the hour is now the prospect of the return of Ben Butler to the republican party. The pickets should be strengthened on that part of the line, and the sentinels instructed to admit no one from the democratic camp who cannot look you in the face with both eyes and pronounce the word "spoons."

Comfort.

(Criterion.)
The official vote of Missouri as promulgated by the secretary of state is, Crittenden, 207,670; Dyer, 153,636; Brown, 36,338. This gives Crittenden a plurality of 54,034, and a majority of 17,696.

If our democratic friends can glean any comfort from the startling reduction of their 60,000 to a pitiful 17,696, they must be veritable Mark Tapleys.

On the other hand if the republicans do not see the glimmer of daylight in the near future—the reputation of our magnificent state from Bourbon misrule—they must be blind indeed. A long pull, and a pull altogether will put us through the next time.

A Hot Time.

(Sedalia Eagle.)
The Kansas City Journal is not alone in observing that the democrats are having a hot time over their defeat in New York. It is more interesting for the republicans to maintain the attitude which they maintain and watch the proceedings of this gigantic democratic muddle, than it is to attend a circus to look at the pranks of the clown.

Democratic Victory.

(Post-Dispatch.)
A democratic senator from Texas whipped a sleeping car conductor while en route to Washington the other day. This is the first substantial democratic victory that we have been called upon to mention this year.

Painful Effect of a Rumor.

(Kansas City Times.)
There is a wild rumor to the effect that Stilson Hutchins is coming back to St. Louis to take possession of the Times and run it as a rival to the Republican. We place no credence in the rumor, but we can imagine what a world of terror it brought to the alleged souls of the Knapps and Bill Hyde.

Good for Missouri.

(Springfield Republic.)
Missouri, a slave state, it is worth noting, ranks fifth among the states in the list of sums disbursed during the past year under the arrears of pensions act.

An Accepted Fact.

(N. Y. Sun.)
The democratic party has votes enough. What it needs is leaders who are not knaves and not fools.

WHAT NEXT?

The close of Garfield's administration will make twenty-four years of republican domination in this country. A quarter of a century in the history of a nation scarcely a century old, constitutes a big slice of her history. But when into that quarter are crowded such stupendous events as have marked the progress of this nation from slavery to freedom—a civil war of a magnitude unparalleled by any of the former wars of the world—the elevation of four millions of human beings from the condition of chattels to that of freemen—truly it may be said that the republican control of this government stretches over centuries of actual history.

While the republican party freely and magnanimously removed all disabilities from the people engaged in the rebellion and permitted the full rehabilitation of their states, they did not intend to surrender so soon into their hands the reins of the general government. Hence the solid south was a great mistake. It forced upon the north the condition of things the country has just witnessed, a president elected wholly by northern votes.

Now, what is to be the next step in the program? Will the south continue in its attitude of hostility to the party whose generosity and magnanimity it fails to appreciate, or will it not rather wisely conclude to accept the proffered hand of fellowship in the spirit in which it is tendered? Will the democratic party of the north continue to encourage the south in its perverseness, thereby hopelessly deferring the day of its success in the only section of the country where a free vote and fair count is permitted; or will it not rather bury its dead and odorous past, and, catching the spirit of progress, and of new ideas, seek to divide the south, and in so doing, work a possible division of the north? We cannot tell. In fact it would take a wise prophet to predict with any degree of accuracy what will be the next move of that party of shifting ideas. Whatever may seem the wisest and best thing for the democracy to do, judging by its past, will be precisely the thing that it will not do. And thus will it go stumbling down the ages in the wake of the great party of principles, ever seeking to profit by its mistakes, and ever failing to improve upon its preceding opportunities.—(Canton News.)

The bridge over McMahon's Creek on the Baltimore and Ohio was washed away by a heavy rain.