

Religious.

The City on the Hill.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I know the strangest city—
A silent, peaceful city,
A beautiful white city
Upon a sunny hill;

The streets are long and narrow,
And the brown thrush and the sparrow

Their little nests have builded
Among the flower-flecked grass.
You will hear the song of linnet,
And the robins carol in it,

Where daisies fair are growing,
While summer winds are blowing
Upon the earth's green bosom,
Among the streets so still.

There are no sounds of sorrow,
No longings for to-morrow,
No pain to bear and borrow
Within its silent streets.

Oh, peace, so sweet and tender,
So wrapped about with splendor
Of rest, which you can render
About each low-laid head;

Oh, peace, so sweet and tender,
So wrapped about with splendor
Of rest, which you can render
About each low-laid head;

Her Silence Saved Me.

"I remember," said a young man,
"being in company with several
thoughtless girls. Among them,
however, there was one exception;

"Still I continued my impious
harangue, thinking that she must
refute something, that she would
not surely hear her own holy faith held
up to ridicule by a beardless boy.

"That night, after I went home, in
reflecting over my foolhardy adven-
ture, I could have scoured myself.

"I was subdued, melted down, and
it was not long after that I became, I
trust, an humble Christian, and
looked back to my miserable unbelief
with horror.

"Her silence saved me. Had she
answered with warmth, with sarcasm,
with sneer, or with rebuke, I should
have grown stronger in my banter-
ing, or more determined in my oppo-
sition. But she was silent, and I felt
as if my voice was striving to make
itself heard against the mighty words
of an Omnipotent God.

The first Presbyterian church in
Cleveland, Ohio, in its half century
of life, has never dismissed a pastor.
They all die a natural death.

Do unto others as you would have
them do unto you.

Maryville Republican.

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Farm and Household

Harvest-Home.

Into the harvest fields to-day
Singing I went—
The fields where once I met the May,
All flowers and scent;

Both hands were full of grass and grain,
Both feet kept time
To some low murmuring refrain,
Some breathing chime,

"This is the happy harvest time:
Then cut the corn and press the wine,
Gather the sheaves, and load the wain:
And bring the 'harvest-home' again."

"O, Queen," I said, "give unto me
My harvest fruit—
Whose witching eyes of tender blue
My heart ensnare.

A richer Harvest-Home is mine,
Sweetest quest.
Give me my lover! In his kiss
I have rounded a world of bliss;

Cottage Cheese.

This is a farmer's dish, but should
and would be eaten and appreciated
by all classes if they knew how
wholesome and digestible it is. Those
who have plenty of milk and make
butter have an abundance of sour or
clabbered milk daily, clean and fresh.

Many say that knowledge is not
necessary for farmers—that anybody
can run a farm. And is this really
so? Is no knowledge required to
understand the laws which govern
the planting and growing of crops,

Grate the stalks of the rhubarb on
a coarse horseradish grater. Then
strain through a cloth, and to one
quart of juice add three quarts of
water, and three pounds of coarse
brown sugar.

It is a common thing when a screw
or staple becomes loose to draw it
out, plug up with wood and re-in-
sert. But screws and staples so secur-
ed come out again. It has been
found that a much better way is
to fill up the holes tightly with cork.

POETRY.

The Two Armies.

As life's unending column pours,
Two marshaled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That death flows black between.

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam,
That walks the clouded skies.

For these no death-bed's lingering shade:
At honor's trumpet call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade,
In glory's arms they fall.

For these no flashing falchions bright
No stirring battle-cry:
The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers, "Here am I!"

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life drop's flow.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—

While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate.

To sit beside the throne!
O. W. Holmes.

With All Your Might.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day—
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart, lest it grow cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or dear,
There's a message, sweet or clear,
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it.

Poverty persuades a man to do and
suffer everything, that he may escape
from it.

The scenes of childhood are the
memories of future years.

A court is an assemblage of noble
dismished beggars.—Talleyrand.

Country life is healthful to the
no less so to the mind.—
Colton.

It is never so conspicuous as
when he appears, or so
never as self.

Select Miscellany.

A Scrap of History.

SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland—the model republic
of the world, is an inland country of
Europe—shut in also by mountains—
of less than twice the area of New
Hampshire—with some 22 cantons,

But then, it may be said that
Switzerland is a small country and
ours is a large one, and that makes
all the difference. Then by that, you
would be understood as asserting,

Speaking of the government of
Switzerland, they have a federal as-
sembly composed of two branches,
like our congress. A general election
for representatives takes place every
three years.

The German language is spoken by
a majority of the inhabitants in six-
teen cantons, the French in four, and
the Italian in two. Parents in that
country are compelled to send their
children to school from the age of
5 to 8.

During the past ten years, the
labor of this country has been con-
centrated in our cities and villages,
building up these and extending our
public works. Now there has been a
panic in this rush of building; the
real grounds for extending our
capacities for doing business can
be seen; and also, under recent devel-
opments, the manner in which it has
been accomplished.

Men, with and without capital,
have extended their business, and
built themselves palatial residences,
apparently forgetful of the word
failure; manufacturers have re-
modelled, enlarged their works, and
multiplied their machinery, until the
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One Cause of the "Hard Times."
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unbroken forests, and across the
unsettled and almost uninhabitable
plains of the West.

Capital has been expended as freely
as water. Public and private works
have been carried on, on, and on, till
the wants of the present population
have been exceeded. Building is
everywhere. Some towns and cities
have more houses and stores than are
wanted for years. Individuals, towns,
cities, states, and the United States
have incurred debts which the pres-
ent generation will not cancel. Now,
of necessity, comes retrenchment and
suspension of expenses and work,
and this is the dull times about which
so much is said.

This rush of building and extension
was a harvest time to labor. From
1863 to 1873 was a golden harvest,
and fortunate are they who so con-
sidered it and made good use of it.
The natural result of this reaction
upon the laboring classes is, they are
not wanted at any price in certain
directions, and in such numbers.

The decline would have come
sooner, had not some extraordinary
events interposed to postpone the
day. In the spring of 1870, there
were unmistakable evidences of a
stagnation in business, when the
German-Franco war suddenly burst
forth and inspired new hopes and
fresh life into our capitalists and
leaders of enterprise. The influence
of this had hardly gone when the
Chicago fire destroyed all kinds of
manufacturing, and next year came
the Boston fire to quicken the wheels
of industry which were again
clogging; but the effect of this was
less and more than the former,
for it had not past before
the great panic of a crash, and the
reaction began.—Semi-Tropical.

Origin of the Months of the Week
and the Months

Sunday was so called because it
was dedicated to the sun, or to its
worship.

Monday was moon day, or made
sacred to the moon.

Tuesday, from the Mars of our an-
cestors, the god of war.

Wednesday, from Woden, the god
of the Scandinavians.

Thursday was originally dedicated
to Thor, the god of thunder, an-
swering to the Jove of the Romans.

Friday, from Fria, the goddess of
marriage, equivalent to the Tartar
Juno, the wife of Odin, or Woden.

Saturday, from Saturn's day.

Coming now to names of the
months in common use, we find that
January comes from Janus, an old
Italian deity, the god of the sun and
the year, to whom the month of
January was sacred. He was repre-
sented with two faces, looking in op-
posite directions. His temple at
Rome was never closed except in time
of universal peace.

February comes from the Latin
Februarius, the month of expiation
and purification, and was held by
the Romans as a festival to purify.

March, from Mars, the god of war.

April, from the Latin aperire, to
open, as the month in which the earth
opens to receive the seed.

May, from the Latin Mains; so
named in honor of the goddess Maia
daughter of Atlas and mother of
Mercury.

June, from Juno, because it was
sacred to that goddess.

July was so called from Julius, the
surname of Caisar, who was born
in that month.

August, from Augustus Caesar, on ac-
count of his victories, and his having
entered on his first consulate in that
month.

The other four, September, Octo-
ber, November, and December, come
from the Latin numerals, but are
misnomers as now used, because sep-
tem means seven; octem, eight;
novem, nine; decem, ten.

Duty The Aim and End of Life.

There is much in life that, while in
this state, we can never comprehend.
There is, indeed, a great deal of mys-
tery in life—life much that we see
as in glass darkly. But thought we
may not apprehend the full meaning
of the discipline of trial through
which the best have to pass we must
have faith in the completeness of the
design of which our little individual
lives form a part.

We have each to do our duty in
that sphere of life in which we have
been placed. Duty alone is true;
the rest is but in its ac-

consciousness of its fulfillment. Of
all others, it is the one that is most
thoroughly satisfying, and the least
accompanied by regret and disap-
pointment. In the words of George
Herbert, the consciousness of duty
performed 'gives us music at mid-
night.'

And when we have done our work
on earth—of necessity, of labor, of
love, or of duty—like the silk
worm that spins its little cocoon and
dies, we too depart. But, though
our stay in life may be, it is the ap-
pointed sphere in which each has to
work out the great aim and end of
his being to the best of his power; and
when that is done the accidents of
the flesh will affect but little the im-
mortality we shall at last put on:

Therefore we can go, die as sleep and trust
Half that we have,
Into an honest, faithful grave;
Making up pillows either down or dust.

Do You Take the Sunny
South?

If not, send for it immediately. It is
the universal favorite, and all Southerners
are proud of it. Let a large club be
raised without delay in this community. It
is the only illustrated literary weekly in the
South, and the press and people everywhere
prize its pronouncements. It is equal in every
respect to any similar publication in Amer-
ica. The best literary talent of the whole
country, North and South, is writing for it
and it has something each week for all
classes of readers. Its stories are superior
in literary merit, and equal in thrilling in-
terest, to those of any other paper, and its
essays upon all subjects are from the best
minds of the age.

New and exciting stories are beginning
every week or two.

State and local agents are being appoint-
ed everywhere, but let each community
form a club at once and send on for the
paper. Having passed successfully through
two of the hardest years we shall ever see,
it now challenges the admiration and unlim-
ited support of the people. The price is \$3
a year, but clubs of four and upwards get it
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lanta, Ga.

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which everybody in this community
should sustain.

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Block, up stairs.

Notice—Dissolution.

The law partnership heretofore existing
between us under the firm name and style
of Cates & McConnell, has by mutual con-
sent been this day dissolved. All the firm
business now entrusted to the management
of said firm will be attended to by us jointly.
All persons indebted to said firm are
herby notified to come forward and make
settlement with C. T. Cates, at his office,
who is authorized and empowered to make
collections and settlements of all the busi-
ness of the late firm.
This Oct. 18, 1876.

C. T. CATES,
M. L. McCONNELL.

McConnell has opened an office up stairs
over Greer's Hardware Store, where his
friends generally, and the litigating public,
in particular, are cordially invited to call
and see him.

To the Working Class.—We are
now prepared to furnish all classes with a
constant employment at home, the whole
of the time, or for their spare moments.
Business new light and profitable. Persons
of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to
\$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by
devoting their whole time to the business.
Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men.
That all who see this notice may send the
address, and test the business we make this
unparalleled offer: To such as are not
well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay
for the trouble of writing. Full particu-
lars, samples worth several dollars to com-
mence work on, and a copy of Home and
Fresno, one of the largest and best illus-
trated Publications, all sent free by me. I
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work, address, GEORGE SYLVESTER & Co., Pro-
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