

Christian Advocate

GALVESTON, TEXAS, JULY 15, '76.

Family Circle

Is Father on Deck?

A number of years ago, Captain D. commanded a vessel sailing from Liverpool to New York, and on one voyage he had all his family with him on board the ship. One night, when all were quietly asleep, there arose a sudden squall of wind, which came sweeping over the waters, until it struck the vessel, and instantly threw her on her side, tumbling and crushing every thing that was movable, and awakening the passengers to a consciousness that they were in imminent peril.

Every one on board was alarmed and uneasy, and some sprang from their berths and began to dress, that they might be ready for the worst.

Captain D. had a little girl on board just eight years old, who, of course, awoke with the rest. "What's the matter?" said the frightened child.

"Is father on deck?" said she. "Yes; father's on deck."

The little thing dropped herself on her pillow again without a fear, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly, in spite of winds or waves.

Blessed child! How her confidence shames our doubts and fears, and restless, vague surmising. She had faith in father, and had no room for fear.

And how is it with us? We have our storms and troubles and temptations. We fear and tremble. What is the matter? Is it not time for us to ask, "Is father on deck?" Father understands all about the vessel, the winds, the waves, the rocks, the storms, the squalls, the tempests. "Is father on deck?"

"Yes, blessed be God, Father's on deck" all the time. "He that keepeth Israel shall never slumber nor sleep." He is "on deck," for He says, "Lo, I am with you always." He is "on deck," for He said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Tempted, troubled, distressed and frightened soul, look up. Give to the winds thy fears. Rest in God's faithfulness and love. Cast every care upon his arm.

"Fear not the windy tempests wild, Thy bark they shall not wreck; Lie down and sleep, O helpless child; Thy Father's on the deck."

PARENTS, SEE TO IT.—L. was a bright-eyed little boy, about four years old. His parents were devotedly attached to him. They were both members of the church, and his father was an officer in it, but because of his timidity, had never erected a family altar in his home. In consequence of this, little L. had never heard his father's voice in prayer. His mother had taught her little boy to pray every evening before retiring, and was earnestly trying to raise him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. One evening, after the little fellow arose from his knees, as he was climbing into bed, he said:

"Ma, when I get to be a man, I won't have to pray, will I?" "Yes, dear," said his mother, "you will always have to pray to God, for He loves you."

"Well, father doesn't pray, and he is a man."

The above is a true incident. I give it just as it was related to me by the child's mother. I need not add that father has a family altar in that home now. I hope that the eye of some other Christian parent, who never prays with his family, may fall on it. Fathers, see to it. Little eyes are watching you.

The Wrong Signal.

"What has happened?" said Mr. Hamilton to his son, who entered the room in haste and with the air of one who has some interesting news to communicate.

"A freight train has run off the track and killed a man," said Joseph.

"How did that happen?" said Mr. Hamilton.

"The watchman gave the wrong signal; the engineer said that if he had given the right signal the accident would not have occurred."

Making the wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life—of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation as it is laid down in God's word—who teaches that all men may secure salvation by their own works—gives the wrong signal; in consequence men take the wrong track and go on to perdition.

The private Christian whose reputable standing in the church

and in society gives influence to his example pursues a course of conduct utterly inconsistent with the injunction, "Be not conformed to this world;" the young Christian is led to practice a similar course by degrees, or loses spirituality, and becomes one of those who have a name to live, but are dead. The holding out of the wrong signal led to the disaster.

A professing Christian exposes himself to temptation. He has power to resist the temptation and escape unharmed. One of less power is led to follow his example and falls into sin. To him his predecessor gave the signals that there was no danger there. He gave the wrong signal.

We are constantly giving signals to our fellow-men, signals which will direct their journey to eternity. How careful we should be at all times to avoid giving the wrong signal.

Daisy's Good Words.

Little Daisy and her mamma waited on the platform for the cars to get ready to take them to grandpa's. The engine, a few yards off, was puffing and sissing pleasantly, as though it was glad to get a rest; for this was a "half-way station," and here those who traveled expected "ten minutes for refreshments."

The eatings-house had swallowed all the passengers but one. This one was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds cover it. He walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy. He muttered to himself, but did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart, (she was only a year and a half old,) longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and when he again came near she took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweetest tones, "How do?"

The gentleman stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked in pleased surprise, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'ell!" she returned, putting her tiny hand in his. The darkest clouds had all gone from his face now.

"On sofly, (sorry!) I sofly, too!" were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes, and something like a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'love 'on," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can ever tell, madam," the gentleman said, as he put Daisy in her mother's arms and hurried into another car.

What battle was going on in his soul that the little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we will never know this side of heaven; but we cannot doubt that God sometimes makes children "ministering spirits to them who shall be heirs of salvation." How true that "heavenness in the heart of man maketh it glad."—Jessie Macgregor.

THE BEST TIME.—A very dear, only daughter lay dying. She had been a very thoughtful, praying child, having professed religion when twelve years of age, and lived a devoted and useful life. Now she was only waiting a few hours to go home. Severe pain at times almost took away the power of thought. Between these attacks of suffering she looked back on her childhood's experiences and forward into the blessed future, with equal clearness and joy as she said, "There's a delightful clearness now." As I sat by her bed, we talked as her strength would permit.

Among the many things never to be forgotten, she said: "Father, you know I professed religion when I was young, very young—some thought too young—but oh, how I wish I could tell everybody what a comfort it is to me now to think of it." Reaching out her hand—the fingers already cold—and grasping mine, she said with great earnestness: "Father, you are at work for the young. Do all you can for them while they are young. It is the best time—the best time. Oh, I see it now as I never did before. It is the best time—while they are young—the younger the better. Do all you can for them—while they are very young."—Presbyterian.

An employe who doesn't have his hands washed and his coat on ready to strike for home as soon as the clock begins to strike twelve or six, is not enterprising enough to work by the day.

How Indians Fish for Salmon.

While on the head-waters of the Sacramento river last year I had several opportunities of seeing the Indians catch the salmon, which serves them for food during the winter, and, in fact, during the whole year. The Indians, not being subject to the prohibition of the game laws, are allowed to take game at any season of the year, and they take the salmon when they are in the river to spawn, at which time they come in immense numbers. The Indians take them by means of spears, one of which I measured, and found it only a few inches short of twenty-five feet in length; and the *modus operandi* is as follows:

The Sacramento near its head is very swift, and its passage across different ledges of various degrees of softness it excavates large pools or holes in its bed, each having a small fall at its head and a rapid beyond. The water in these holes, which are often very large, is comparatively still, and they make welcome resting-places for tired salmon, before they attempt the passage of the rapid above; they collect in them in great numbers; the water is beautifully clear and cold, and the fish can be seen crowded together on the bottom. The Indians repair to one of these holes, to the number of twenty or more, and a fine picture they make, as they stand in position to strike when the word is given—nearly naked, with their brown skin shining, and eyes glittering in anticipation of the sport.

Some station themselves at the rapids above and below the hole; others wade out to an isolated rock, or a log projecting out into the stream. All hold their spears in readiness, and at a grunt from the leader they commence business. At the first onslaught all generally manage to secure a fish, which is detached from the spear and thrown on the bank, the spears, by the way, having barbs or steel, which become detached from the stock when they enter the fish, and, being attached to the shaft by cords, turn flat against the fish's side, and make escape impossible when the salmon is pierced through. The Indians proceed silently with their work, and secure a great many fish before they escape from the hole. Sometimes three or four hundred are thus speared out of one pool. They are very cautious about making their preparations, so as not to frighten the fish till all are ready, and then to confuse them by a sudden onslaught. The fish are split open and dried in the sun on the bushes, which present a curious appearance, all hung with the bright red flesh; they are then slightly smoked, and reduced to small flakes, and laid away for future use.—Forest and Stream.

AN ISRAELITE'S AMBITION.—The residence of Baron Rothschild and his estate at Mentmore is described as being one of the finest and most extensive in England. It contains over 20,000 acres of the finest land in Cuckinghamshire. It has gardens greenhouses and graperies arranged so as to furnish fruit every month in the year. Oranges, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits, are grown in abundance. When the Baroness is absent, yachting in the channel, or at her city residence in London, supplies are daily sent to her from Mentmore in response to orders by telegraph.

The vases in the fountain and the Italian gardens cost £1000 each. The statuary in all is of the most costly kind, and executed by the first masters. The great hall, which is 200x30 feet, is filled with the most elegant vases and statuary. It is estimated that the contents must represent a value of not less than £100,000.

It takes not less than three hours for a person to pass through the different apartments. The finish is exquisite, and the furnishing of each sumptuous. Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of the whole from the fact that the furniture of a single bed room, being one of the many guest Chambers, cost £25,000 or £30,000.

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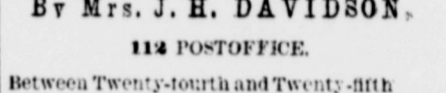
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Christian Advocate

GALVESTON, TEXAS, JULY 15, '76.

HAVE WE BEEN BRIBED?

INDEPENDENCE, TEXAS, July 7, 1876.

Dear Bro. John:

The enemies of God and of morality can devise many plans to defeat the purposes of Christianity. Would it seem strange to you that efforts are being made to weaken the force of your attacks upon the gambling saloons of Galveston? Yet, strange as it may appear, this really seems to be the case. I have been informed, by what I regard as good authority, that the report is in circulation in certain circles in Galveston that you have agreed to abandon your attacks upon gambling saloons, and upon the city officers for failing to enforce the law. In other words, that you have sold out to the opposite party. The impression seems to be the result of certain circumstances; not of any positive evidence upon the subject. It is said that you read to some one a scathing article upon gambling, which you said you intended to publish, and that on the following Sabbath you dined with Mayor Fulton at a hotel, and that the article in question never made its appearance in the paper. The inference is that Mayor Fulton fixed you up in some way to prevent the publication of that article. I told you informally that I intended to let you know that such a report was in circulation, and he agreed that I should do so, for he seemed to be a good friend of yours. Now, it is unnecessary for me to state that I believe this report to be an entire fabrication. I have known you too long, and have too high a regard for you as a Christian gentleman to believe that you are capable of such a thing. Nevertheless, such a report might do mischief in certain quarters. But I simply state the facts, and I know you will pursue a course dictated by sound wisdom. Your efforts to break up the gambling saloons of Galveston and stimulate the city officers to do their duty have met with a hearty response throughout the church, and it is to be hoped that you will not relax your effort in that direction. You are at liberty to make whatever use of this letter you please. It is my earnest prayer that God may bless both you and the ADVOCATE as instruments in His hands in the accomplishment of much good in Texas.

F. A. M'SHAN.

The editor, Dr. John, is absent from the city, in attendance at the commencement exercises of the Texas University. The editor, *pro tempore*, inserts the above, therefore, without any extended comment. First, we thank Bro. McShan for his communication, as it serves to bring to the surface this foul undergrowth of slime. We can now skim it off and leave the current clean and transparent. It was not to be expected that the ADVOCATE and its editor could open this foul moral abscess without the city and county officials—its head—attempting to daub them with some of its corruption. The ADVOCATE has expected it, and has been all the time prepared to meet it. A review of our course in this contest will, we are persuaded, set at rest all doubts as to the purity of motive that has prompted this paper. We leave that review for the editor—with this remark: It will be found that not an issue of the paper has appeared without some arraignment of those who practice or permit these monster vices in our midst. We have in substance asserted that we can account for this "masterly inactivity" of Mayor, Chief of Police, District Attorney (the latter especially—paralyzing as it were the grand jury) and other officers, whose duty is plain in the premises, except upon one hypothesis, to-wit: that they are in the pay of the gamblers. We do not say, of course, that Mr. Ace of Spades says to Mr. Official Profligate: "Here are so many hundreds or thousands of dollars which we give you as hush money." All parties to this outrageous business are too smart for that. It is a reciprocity treaty. By a tacit understanding, the officials do not enforce the law, and the gamblers give them their political influence—and whatever else they can throw in the way. We here repeat, then, that we believe the gamblers of Galveston actually buy its city and county officials. Let our readers proclaim it. This is the proposition for which the ADVOCATE is responsible: In Galveston, the New York of Texas—where, it is claimed, all things

work together for political, commercial and social good—we have officials who perjure themselves for gold! who are the base hirelings of gamblers! These are the men who, to draw attention from the putrefaction that covers their own moral and political bodies, attempt to slime with slander the name of that man who has had the moral courage to draw the mask from their hideous moral deformity. This much by way of prelude. The editor will finish the commentary.

"REFORM"

"Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core."

"These are spots in your feasts of charity when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear; clouds they are without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth; without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

"Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, of whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."—[Jude, 1:11-12-13.]

The sentiment expressed by Mr. Everts in his Centennial Oration in regard to "the power and purity of the religious elements which pervade and elevate our society" as a nation and a people, is no new or original thought with him. The same has been entertained and expressed by every leading and eminently successful American statesman from Washington down. All have recognized the influence of the Christian religion in the unprecedented growth and advancement of our country in all of its material interests, and especially in the rapid and permanent elevation of society in the scale of civilization.

There can be no question to-day of the influence of Christianity when we but take a casual glance at the face of the globe, and make the comparison of nations with, and those without it. Just in proportion as it is held in esteem, and its principles observed, will the people advance and be elevated above the savage or brute. It is because, as the eminent orator observed, our people recognize the Bible as the talisman of the church, the school and the household, that we as a people have, as it were, curdled the measure of a thousand years within the space and compass of a century; and a land that less than four hundred years ago was an undiscovered wilderness now "blossoms as the rose," and is the seat of an empire and civilization. It is because bell answers bell, and the echo of the matin hymn of the Christian Sabbath is answered by the songs of praise of the millions of Christ's church militant from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the soft whisper of the evening family prayer is borne on gentle winds along the entire line of his "soldiers of the cross" as the mellow twilight keeps pace with the western sun. If at the end of this our first hundred years as a nation we are demoralized, and have become corrupt, and are wanting in public and personal purity of action and of thought in comparison with the fathers of the Republic, and stand in necessity of reform in the matters of government, it is for no other cause than that the people have "forgotten God" and have wandered from His ways and His law. Yet, however deplorable be the fact, it is nevertheless true that evidences of public and private pollution are everywhere to be seen and felt all over the land, from the highest seat of the national government down to the most humble station in official life. It almost appears impossible to elevate conscientious, God-loving and God-serving people to public position, and even many of those who are promoted upon the evidences of their moral worth, as exhibited in apparently good lives, become contaminated with the official rottenness with which they come in contact, and thus fill up the measure of the bitterness of disappointment to those who have hoped and trusted them. All of this proceeds from the one great cause—the absence of the influence of Christ in both public and private life. The Savior of the world made no compromise with Satan while He was on earth; nor will His will and testament admit of any such construction for our

guidance. When he said: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." He was very far from intending to convey the idea of ease and affluence in this life under the most favorable circumstance; much less did He design that earthly comforts should be derived from questionable sources. Happiness in this life and—what is of far greater importance—that in the "world to come," can only be attained by strict adherence to His teachings. The rule applies as well to nations as to individuals. The present cause of our political and personal distress is the inevitable penalty that must necessarily follow in the application of the law of compensation as prescribed by our Lord Jesus Christ. We are continually proceeding in the way of "worshiping God with our lips when our hearts are far from Him." We enact laws with due solemnity, all based upon the Creator's code for human guidance, and then we join with the legislator as he returns from the capitol with the words of faith and obedience still hot upon his lips, and enter at once upon the violation, or at least the total disregard, of the solemn enactments.

Emphatic words and severe terms are skillfully moulded into statutes for the suppression of gambling and other immoralities expressly forbidden in God's Word. They are adopted and spread upon the journals with due legislative ceremony, and in season are promulgated for observance. Immediately thereupon, a more splendid and imposing temple arises in the chief commercial city, dedicated to the works of the devil, as if in celebration of a great event in the advancement and promotion of vice. Appeal after appeal is made to those in authority for the suppression of the monster; and from the least to the greatest of officials the stereotyped answer comes, that they are not officially aware of any such breach of law or order. A poor widow, who may possess among her limited worldly possessions a goat which furnishes a scanty supply of milk for her sick and famishing child, dare not for one moment lose sight of it, and permit the poor animal to crop a few blades of grass from the sidewalk, or she will feel the full force and effect of the vigilance of the stern guardians of the peace. Such terrible scourges as goats—who are liable, it is very true, to bark a single ornamental shrub along the esplanades, and thereby cause it to wither and perish—are seized with the greatest alacrity, and it requires the "utmost farthing" to rescue it from the public pound. It matters not that the suffering child must famish; the ornamental shade trees must be preserved at whatever cost of human life and happiness! But the gilded halls of vice, whose false beacons invite the unsuspecting youth, and charm and lull him with their false radiance until encompassed within their coils; which sacrifice both soul and body, and send him forth again into the world transformed into a demon; which break the repose of families; destroy domestic happiness, and crucify the hearts of mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, and send them down to premature graves; which poison the very atmosphere in which we live until all is pollution and rottenness; and society, which should be the seal and tabernacle of life, is converted into a living sepulchre—these, with their gaudy trappings and magnificent display, cannot be seen by official eyes. And the officials deliberately belch out this base falsehood, seemingly without the least compunction of conscience—thereby adding insult to injury in the implication that the community are all fools and may be deceived by any device whatever!

Judge Stewart, in his charge to the Grand Jury at this term of the Galveston Criminal District Court, compassed the truth in a few words when he told them in substance that great crimes were always the offspring of small vices, and that many a good and useful citizen might be saved from degradation and destruction were he checked in the midst of the beginning of his course in the way of small sins. But it

seems that there are no influences that are effective for good as against this great evil of our city. Neither the appeals of good men, the supplications of wives and sisters, or the anguish of heart-broken mothers, avail in this terrible extremity. The officers of the law turn a deaf ear to the voice of a suffering people; and vice, arrayed in pomp and purple, stalks along the highways; lifts its head high above the modest, crouching form of virtue; flaunts its shame in the very face of innocence and purity; and thrusts the humble disciples of Christ from the sidewalk! Pure and pious mothers gather their little ones closer to them and flee as from a pestilence; and within the sacred, silent precincts of their quiet homes, upon their bended knees, bedew their innocent offspring with the tears of hopeless despondency, and offer up their prayers to Him who blessed little children for that protection which is cruelly denied them at the hands of those who are bound to them by every consideration that life is capable of, and who have sanctified their covenant in this behalf upon the altar of their religion, calling God to witness their integrity and honesty of purpose. Is it possible that there is no hope for refuge from this terrible curse and scourge upon an enlightened and Christian community? Can we hope in this the beginning of a new century of our national existence, when the political watchword throughout the land is "Reform," for the "day of better things?" We turn with abiding confidence to Him whose pity and power is equaled by his love, and whose blood and tears which were shed over old Jerusalem are all sufficient to redeem the world, and save us from the perils of this life and the agonies of the "second death."

IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?

The tendency of the human heart is to sin; and mankind are generally seeking that which they can never attain—religion made easy. It is true the yoke is easy and the burden is light; but not so when the demands of God are made subservient to the gratification of the carnal mind. Though many, if we judge from actions, either entirely ignore the claims of the Almighty, or presume too much on his goodness and mercy—for they live in open defiance to the laws of morality and virtue. Hence, we assert there is a cause for a bold, determined and unrelenting warfare upon the strongholds of sin and its abettors. And this is our justification for the attacks which from time to time we have made and, by the help of God, will continue to make upon the evils which infest society in our midst. The influence, which is as blighting as the sweep of the scimitar; is filling premature graves; swelling the list of convicts, desolating homes; and breaking hearts. The evils which are bringing such a curse upon society do not always begin in the public bar-room, or the known gambling hell. These are the basins into which the smaller currents run until they expand into a vast ocean of destruction. To cure the patient remove the cause, is the practice of the wise physician; hence to effect a reformation that will prove more effectual than all the penal codes ever enacted, begin at home to lay the corner-stone to the building up of a character and purpose in life that will ever abhor evil and cleave to that which is good. And if, as sometimes they do, the most strenuous and faithful efforts fail, you will at least have the consciousness of duty well performed. Many cling to the fallacy that there is a season in youth in which "wild oats" must be sown. Try it, and when the harvest is garnered the result is tares. The surest and the only true way to overcome evil is by doing good. Many parents are solicitous that their children shall excel in all the arts. They must attend the dancing schools for grace and elegance of manners; the mind may be barren, but the heel and toe must perform well their parts. The theatre they deem a school of morality, and the opera elevating

in its character. They must read the latest novels and attend all the soirees, hops, and balls, in winter's cold and summer's heat. Now, we insist that there are parents, and many of them professing christians, who urge their children to do these things, but who do not on Sabbath mornings insist that they shall attend either the Sabbath school or church; claiming the belief that such things should be left to the judgment and inclinations of the child. Was ever argument more absurd? Can you, who have taken upon yourselves the vows of the church and brought or caused to be brought your children to be baptized in the faith which you profess to believe, say that religious training is not a part—yea, the most important part—of the parents' duty? If so, your religion is false, and your name a dishonor to the church of God. Your children see that you lead a false life, and because of your mere form of godliness they soon ignore christianity and all of its claims. If you would have them grow up as olive plants around your table; if you desire them to rise up and call you blessed; if you desire them to shun evil companions, and bring to you comfort and happiness instead of burdens of sorrow and care, let your life be true.

There are Goliaths of sin that are ever bidding defiance to the people of God. The temptations of ball-rooms, dance houses, gambling and billiard saloons and tipping shops, are not only proving ruinous to homes, wives and children, but invading the house of God and taking worshippers from His temple.

Then we ask is there not a cause for us to denounce these dens of iniquity; oppose them when we can; and warn our fellow-mortals of the dangers which beset them? Is there not a cause for us to tell wives, mothers and sisters that their husbands, sons and brothers are wasting time, money, and even life itself, in haunts of sin and vice which will soon lead them beyond the reach of the outstretched arms of mercy?

DR. DUNCAN'S RESIGNATION.

The Virginia papers bring us the unwelcome information that the Rev. J. A. Duncan, D. D., has resigned the presidency of Randolph-Macon College. The causes of his resignation—his impaired health—intensifies our regret. Twice within the past three years the Doctor has been quite ill from over-work. Although his health is now apparently restored, his medical advisers fully concur with his own judgment that he should not subject his constitution to the risk of a total breakdown by continuing to attempt the work of three or four men.

Dr. Duncan's administration has been exceptionally successful. Considering the success he has achieved and the disabilities under which he has labored, his administration has been really a brilliant one. Perhaps no man in the history of Southern Methodist colleges has worked harder or better than Dr. Duncan during his eight years' presidency of this oldest of our church colleges. He began with about forty-five students; he closes with over two hundred. He has furnished more than the "tale of the bricks," and has made his straw as he worked. His success has been altogether remarkable. Few among us have ever done so well; perhaps none have done better.

His success has not surprised those who knew him best. His qualifications for his difficult task were of the highest character. His physical endurance is far above the average. He could tire out two or three ordinary men. He could sleep well after a hard day's work. His recuperation after fatigue was prompt. He has been a great traveler—taking long and rapid journeys, speaking, preaching, and rushing back to his lecture rooms. And yet he seemed to be always rested and fresh. He has just the temper and temperament for such work as he has done. Our church has developed few men with such versatility of talent. Teacher, lecturer, preacher, writer, agent, manager-general—he is at home everywhere, and a

master everywhere. He has large and varied resources, and fully commands them. He has had large capital, and he has worked it all.

If one man can make a college, Dr. Duncan is the man. If he fails, others need not try. He has not failed; he has succeeded remarkably.

But how stands the case now? This strong, active, gifted, tireless enthusiastic worker retires from the field of his toils and his triumphs. Why? Because he must. There is a limit even to his strength and endurance, and he has reached it. He drew patronage, he organized a faculty, he has sustained a noble college. No doubt he has had, in some departments, efficient helpers, but Dr. Duncan, under the blessing of heaven, has made Randolph-Macon what it is. He was its inspiration and its life.

But one thing his friends and the friends of the College have not done; they have not endowed the College. We have no disposition to meddle in the affairs of our brethren in Virginia, but Southern Methodism has a common interest in Randolph-Macon. The success of one of our colleges is to the advantage of us all; the failure of one is the misfortune of all. We have therefore heard of Dr. Duncan's retirement with great concern.

One thing our Virginia brethren will pardon us for saying: The richer men have lost a rare opportunity. When Dr. Duncan, eight years ago, at the call of the church gave himself to the college, they should have given it their money. And their self-denial would have been less than his has been. Suppose they had given, as a perpetual endowment, only one hundred thousand dollars to the college when they made him its President? Far greater would have been his success. The doctor would be President of Randolph-Macon to-day. This one hundred thousand dollars would have furnished the sinews of war. It would have inspired such confidence that twice as much more might have been procured. The foundations of the college would have been broad, deep and strong. Now, suppose our Virginia brethren can find a man who can work as Dr. Duncan has worked? If they do not endow their college, six or eight years will finish the new President. Let them find Dr. Duncan's equal, if they can; but they must endow the college. So must our brethren in Georgia endow Emory College; so must our brethren in Missouri endow Central College; so must our brethren in Texas endow their University; and South Carolina must endow Ufford College, and North Carolina Trinity College—and so as to the rest of them. We can't make colleges without men—first-class men—as presidents and professors; and they must work hard; work at the top of their speed. But men without money can not make a college and keep it made. If Southern Methodism proposes to do its proper work in the matter of education, let the church colleges be endowed. It is indispensable, and the more so that each one of these colleges has a large and growing list of beneficiary students. This sort of beneficiary work should be done—must be done. But we have no men fit to be presidents of colleges to spare; therefore let us remember that being president, general agent, canvasser and professor in three or four chairs, exhausted even as strong a man as James A. Duncan. Wasting money is a foolish blunder; wasting men is an unpardonable stupidity. We must endow our colleges. We can if we will.

It will be seen in this paper that some slight difference of opinion exists as to fraternity.

The London *Builder* recommends people who transplant trees to mark the north side of each tree with red chalk before it is taken up, and replace it in its natural position. A large proportion will then live, as in ignoring this law of Nature transplanted trees generally perish.

Do not beat your horses, nor speak to them in a loud tone of voice; do not be angry with them, but kindly reprove their faults; they will do better hereafter, for they understand the language of man and its meaning.

Christian Advocate

GALVESTON, TEXAS JULY 15, '76

H. SCHERFFHUS, HOUSTON, TEXAS. Agent for Gillett's Celebrated Cotton Gins...

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Descriptive catalogues and circulars of the above Machines forwarded on application to Blessing & Bros. of this city...

JOINT BOARD PUBLICATION. The ADVOCATE having been returned to the direct control of the Five Annual Conferences...

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE. JOHN W. DAVIS, W. C. FISHER, J. G. WALKER. NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE. J. H. BROWN, W. C. HAINSLIP, W. E. EASTERLING.

STARVILLE CIRCUIT. There will be protracted meetings at the following places on the Starville Circuit in July...

CAMP-MEETING—ROCKDALE CIRCUIT. There will be a camp-meeting at Liberty Church, fifteen miles east of Rockdale, Milam county, Texas...

CHAPPELL HILL DISTRICT CONFERENCE. The Chappell Hill District Conference will convene at Houndstong, Aug. 19, at 9 o'clock A. M.

Quarterly Meeting Appointments

DALLAS DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Dallas, July 23, 24. The District Conference will meet on Wednesday, July 23, W. E. EASTERLING, P. E.

AUSTIN DIST.—THIRD ROUND. District Conference and camp-meeting at Colorado Church, July 13 to 17. Bishop, at Hill's Prairie, July 21, 22.

WAXAHACHE DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Milford, July 14, 17. Ennis and Chambers Creek, July 23, 24. Fort Worth, Aug. 6, 9.

CHAPPELL HILL DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Barton, Aug. 17, 18. Fort Worth, Aug. 19, 20. Fort Worth, Aug. 21, 22.

HUNTSVILLE DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Zion, Aug. 17, 18. Huntsville, Aug. 23, 24. Huntsville, Aug. 25, 26.

WEATHERFORD DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Alvarado, Aug. 17, 18. Weatherford, Aug. 23, 24. Weatherford, Aug. 25, 26.

SULPHUR SPRINGS DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Sulphur Springs, Aug. 17, 18. Sulphur Springs, Aug. 23, 24. Sulphur Springs, Aug. 25, 26.

GEORGETOWN DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Liberty Hill, Aug. 17, 18. Georgetown, Aug. 23, 24. Georgetown, Aug. 25, 26.

BEAT MONT DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Woodville, Aug. 17, 18. Beatmont, Aug. 23, 24. Beatmont, Aug. 25, 26.

WETMORE DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Victoria, Aug. 17, 18. Wetmore, Aug. 23, 24. Wetmore, Aug. 25, 26.

COUSHEANA DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Thornton, Aug. 17, 18. Cousheana, Aug. 23, 24. Cousheana, Aug. 25, 26.

WACO DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Waco, Aug. 17, 18. Waco, Aug. 23, 24. Waco, Aug. 25, 26.

MARSHALL DIST.—THIRD ROUND. Marshall, Aug. 17, 18. Marshall, Aug. 23, 24. Marshall, Aug. 25, 26.

PARIS DIST.—THIRD ROUND.

Clarksville, Aug. 17, 18. Paris, Aug. 23, 24. Paris, Aug. 25, 26.

CAMP-MEETING. There will be a camp-meeting at the Cholo River, commencing Aug. 17, 18, six miles below Fort Worth...

CAMP-MEETING. The San Marcos Station camp-meeting will be held (P. M.) four miles below the San Antonio on the San Marcos River...

NOTICE. Change of Time. The time for the meeting of the Waxahatchie District Conference...

NOTICE. The Mt. Vernon Camp-meeting will be held this year at the residence of the pastor...

NOTICE. The Waxahatchie District Conference will convene at Ennis on the 23rd day of July...

PROGRAMME. 1. Religious instruction of the children of the church. 2. The relation of parents to the Sunday-school...

NOTICE. The District Conference for Columbus District Texas Conference will convene at the Methodist Church...

CAMP-MEETING—FAIRFIELD CIRCUIT. There will be a Camp-meeting at Mt. Zion Church, six miles east of Fairfield, Freestone county, Texas...

CAMP-MEETING. The committee on camp-meeting arrangements, after carefully considering the differences between Sulphur Springs and Alto...

CAMP-MEETING. There will be a camp-meeting held by myself and Bro. A. C. Allen, at Bro. Sorey's school-house, three miles north of Forney...

CAMP-MEETING. We expect to hold a protracted meeting, to hold a camp-meeting at Rock Island, six miles below the old town of Washington...

ROSGROVE CAMP-MEETING. We desire to commence a self-supporting camp-meeting at Rosgrove, on Friday night before the fourth Sunday in July...

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

This is a divine dictum, and is equally applicable to infractions of nature's laws as it is to those of the Deity. Law designates the proper course, and punishes deviations from it.

SCIENCE OF MONEY BRIEFLY TESTED. Under the above broad title, the publications of the New York Mercantile Journal Company...

ARKANSAS FEMALE COLLEGE. This is an old institution, we should deem the ADVOCATE'S endorsement superfluous...

EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE. The next term opens September 4th. Rev. E. E. Wiley, the president, imparts to this institution a deserved reputation for thoroughness...

TO THE LADIES. Butterick's celebrated patterns are rapidly advancing to a pre-eminent position in this and foreign countries.

THE SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—REV. F. M. GRACE, A. M., for years Professor in the East Tennessee University...

BISHOP PIERCE'S APPOINTMENTS. San Marcos District camp-meeting, Aug. 6. Chappell Hill District Conference, Aug. 15.

30,000 SACKS. Coarse and Fine Liverpool Salt. 3,500 BARRELS. Rosendale Hydraulic Cement.

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It will be seen from the above that Massey's Gin beat the "Eclipse" two and a half minutes in ginning 1500 pounds of seed cotton...

WE will take orders for Dr. A. G. Haygood's book: "OUR CHILDREN." Address CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Drawer No. 4, Price, \$1.50.

WESLEYAN Female Institute. Staunton, Virginia. Will begin its twenty-seventh Annual Session, Sept. 21, 1876.

Arkansas Female College. This is an old institution, we should deem the ADVOCATE'S endorsement superfluous...

Emory and Henry College. The next term opens September 4th. Rev. E. E. Wiley, the president, imparts to this institution a deserved reputation for thoroughness...

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H. HIRSCH & CO., GALVESTON, TEXAS. Agents for Baxter and Hoadley Steam Engine, Payne & Son's, and the Godwin Engines and Safety Boilers.

Christian Advocate

GALVESTON, TEXAS JULY 15, 76.

THE SEED.

The farmer planted a seed. A little, dry, black seed; And off he went to other work. For the farmer was never known to slirk And cared for what he had need.

Correspondence.

A Demurrer.

Nothing exterminate, Nor ought set down in malice. The Chinese are a curious people—the most conservative, probably, that ever existed. Satisfied with themselves, and convinced that their ancestors ages ago exhausted the field of scientific inquiry and bequeathed the results of that research to their descendants as a peculiar heritage, they affect to consider the rest of mankind as barbarians, or, in Chinese parlance, "foreign devils."

Yes, sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain, Sowing the seed of a tormented soul, On what shall the harvest be?

I heard of an editor in a certain city who was earnestly solicited to answer an article in a recent number of the ADVOCATE on this subject; but he did not. "He remembered the battle," perhaps, with the News and Statesman, gamblers, dancers, etc. Not wanting to fight against God, he refused.

PILOT POINT, July 7.—I am well pleased with the ADVOCATE; cannot afford to do without it. I hail its weekly visits with delight. May it long continue to advocate boldly the cause of our blessed and heaven-bought Christianity.

Dancing.

I remember some months ago the brethren proposed to ventilate this subject through the columns of the ADVOCATE. They did not run well. What has hindered them? It surely needs ventilating, for I must think the idea germinated in a warm place, and that Satan, the prince of the world, was the father of it, and it has been kept closely housed, and I wish I could say stifled, by the hot breath of passion ever since; but no, the heated breath of base desire has only fanned the flame to a greater intensity. Yes, I can sit here at my window, at my desk making sermons and hear almost any time the music borne out of a dance-house called "Tidal Wave."

Stewards must be men of deep and solid piety. "Let your light so shine before men." "Ye are the salt of the earth." "But if your light be darkness, how great is that darkness."

BROWNWOOD, June 22.—Crop prospects were never better! Small grain injured some by rust, but is much better than was thought; corn is generally the best I ever saw. We have had very heavy rains the past month. Health is very good. Emigrants constantly coming in from all parts of the United States. The spiritual state of my work is better, I think, than when I last wrote.

Two hundred trains per day pass over the Pennsylvania railroad between New York and Philadelphia, a train leaving Jersey City every seven minutes.

On Monday at 10 A. M. a select reading by member of the Sophomore class in the chapel of the college was held. The pieces had been selected by the pupils, and they would have done credit to any institution in the land. Monday at 8 P. M. the juniors read original compositions, after which Prof. R. O. Rounsaral delivered an address on the advantages of a collegiate education. It would do well for this to be put in print, and in every Methodist family in the State.

Can Our Church and Station be Saved?

Texas destroys herself by applying to other countries and to other people for everything she needs. Even questions of church law are referred to the great and big Summers, of Nashville, as if we had forgotten that we have a great and big John at Galveston. Now, sir, I move we stop all such proceedings, and I open up the way by propounding a question of vital interest to the church in our town where a few years ago we had more character for good morals and deep piety than for anything else, but now it is a moral waste.

Question No. 1.—What is to be done with a steward that attempts to control the entire church in his town and even the Conference? One who makes long prayers and always sits in prominent places? If he is known to purchase goods on Sabbath day, make and sign contracts for goods on the Sabbath day?

Question No. 2.—What is to be done with a steward who will claim kin with a man who is no kin to him, simply because he bears the same name and lives twenty-five miles on the road towards the town he frequently makes purchases in to replenish his stock of goods, just because he can take half of the Sabbath day and go to his house, stay all night, go to the city next day make his purchase and get back by next night to same kin-folk's house and save all bills and steal half of the Lord's day?

Question No. 3.—What is to be done with a steward who talks loosely about sacred character?

Question No. 4.—Can a church expect to prosper if its leader is guilty of conduct of the above mentioned character? And is it any wonder that a station of long standing should have to be thrown back into a circuit?

LANCASTER, July 5.—I desire to offer the following explanation: During the winter of last year, I published "A Final Appeal" to the friends of Methodism calling for aid to redeem Marvin College. In response I received between four and five hundred dollars, all in subscription, except thirty dollars in cash made up of small amounts sent by letter. The college is not redeemed, and there is no hopes now; so I have turned over the above \$300.00 to our University and Waco Female College. This I have no doubt will be satisfactory to those who gave the money.—GEO. W. GRAVES.

Revival at Harrisburg.

You are aware that I have been bestowing upon Harrisburg ministerial labors occasionally for three years past. It has been considered a very barren and fruitless field for many years—very few could be induced to attend church at any time. Of late, I have seen marked signs of improvement, and determined to make an extra effort for the salvation of the people there.

Finding that our presiding elder, Bro. Cravens, had a leisure Sunday on the 18th of June, I procured his services to go down and begin the meeting (as I had an appointment elsewhere on that day), to be continued at least a week. On Monday, the 19th, I took Bro. Nabors down, and kept up the meeting every morning and night until Thursday, the 22d, when Bros. Cravens and Nabors left me alone with a very fine prospect for a revival. On that night we had some ten penitents forward for prayers, with several conversions, and seven additions to the church.

From that time up to last night (Monday, July 3d), the work has gone on with increasing interest, resulting in thirty-two additions to the church, some twelve of whom were heads of families, and holding high positions in the community; but a decided majority were the young men and young ladies of the place, who are happily converted, and are now rejoicing in the love of God.

As I had no ministerial aid, I returned to Houston and procured the services of some four or five working members of the Young Men's Christian Association, who came down at night for most of a week, and did good service, assisted by many active gentlemen and ladies of Harrisburg.

On Sunday last, at 4 o'clock P. M., I held a social talking or experience meeting, when the interest ran so high that I could not close it for nearly an hour after the appointed time. I have suspended the services until Thursday next (to let the Fourth of July pass), when they will be resumed and continued until Sunday night following. There has been a great change for the better in Harrisburg. Rejoice with us! B. T. KAVANAUGH. Houston, July 4, 1876.

CIERO, TEXAS, July 5.—I have just read an article in your paper of the 1st inst., entitled "The Church vs. The World," which contains some excellent strictures on the subject of "dancing Christians."

Some years ago a moral friend of mine asked me my opinion on the subject of dancing, in a theological point of view. My answer was to this effect: The best proof in my opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of any action in life is to submit the act contemplated in all its detail to the test of prayer, and any act or parts of an action that you can conscientiously ask God's blessing on is undoubtedly correct and proper. For instance: A farmer before he draws the first furrow in his field may fall on his knees and ask God's blessing on the work he is about to engage in; that He will favor him with the needful rain and sunshine to mature his crop; that He will protect himself, his family and hands from all dangers and accidents; that He will keep his horses and cattle in health and strength, and grant him a fair return for his labor and expenses. Again: A carpenter, ere he commences the erection of a lofty building, may ask God's care and protection over himself and his assistants; that He would grant him understanding and health and strength to complete his work to the entire satisfaction of his employer; that He would protect him from accidents and personal injuries; and he might enter into every minutia of his business, and ask a blessing upon each and all of them. The same may be said of every legitimate trade or calling upon earth. Nay; it is not only man's privilege to ask these blessings, but it is his bounden duty to do so. But is there a "Christian dancer" who would dare to get up in the ball-room and invoke God's blessing on the fiddler and his fiddle; to take the strings of the latter under His special care and keeping, lest they should break and stop the music and dancing? that he would bless the wine and whisky and preserve the shoes of the dancers from wearing out and their feet from tiring.

"Till daylight in the morning" and last, though by no means least, that he would grant the wishes and fulfill all the desires of the parties then and there assembled! Shame! shame! common decency precludes a single comment on this last part of the petition. And now, my Christian reader, if you dare to approach high heaven with any such petition on any such occasion, I hope you will have sense enough not to call on any brother of your church to lead the assembly in prayer, as I am confident you would not find an individual in Texas who would be shameless enough to respond to your invitation.—S. M.

Nurse the Young.

What a great duty is this, but how often neglected both by the ministry and laity of the church. Yea, how many young people espouse the cause of Christ and run well for awhile, but soon break ranks. And why this? Me thinks it is for want of encouragement from their seniors in age, who are fighting under the same banner and who represent the same great cause that they have espoused. How many young people absolutely shun the presence of their pastor and court not an acquaintance with ministers of the gospel. I interrogate the church by asking why this? I conceive it to be the duty of the church to nurse its young members. Why do we find so many young people shipwrecked along the stream of time who were once members of the church? I think some of this at least can be attributed to the neglect of the church to rally to their rescue when they ran against the sandbars out in the great ocean of life. If we had drawn near them when they were engulfed in difficulty and overshadowed by the clouds of disappointment, and whispered some kind word of encouragement in the name of Christ, me thinks it would have dispersed some of those dark clouds. Yea, how beautiful the words: "If you love me, feed my lambs." Yea, brethren of the ministry, let us feed the lambs of our flocks; let us preach sermons directly to the young; make them feel that we are interested in their welfare. How many Sunday-schools prove a failure because we fail to conduct them so as to interest the young. They must be persuaded, not compelled. As pastors, Sunday school superintendents, parents and church members let us strive to observe this great duty. J. D. WHITEHEAD.

CALVERT, July 7.—Though I have not written to you lately, I hope you will not think that I am lacking in interest or appreciation of the great work in which you are engaged as editor of the ADVOCATE. While many others have been writing and expressing their approval and appreciation of your course, I have not written anything, yet I have not been an indifferent spectator. I have been highly pleased and I fully endorse your course, in reference to the clear, strong and decided utterances of the ADVOCATE, touching the popular vices of the day. Such as the gambling in your city or anywhere else; also, Mrs. Woodhull and all her sort; also, dancing and other forbidden or questionable amusements. You are simply in these latter (amusements) drawing the line fairly and clearly between the church and the world. On all of these subjects you cannot be too strong and decided; provided it is done with prudence, and at all times well guarded, so that the enemy cannot get any advantage of you. And in this regard I think you have guarded well all your points. I must mention an article in your last issue of the 1st inst., under the caption of "The church vs. the world," which I highly appreciate. We need such articles frequently. It becomes necessary that we should have line upon line and precept upon precept, etc. I am glad in your issue of the 1st you have fully and completely defined your grounds upon the subject of "Editorial Responsibility." I think you now occupy precisely the same ground that Dr. Summers occupies, which I think is the proper view of the subject. Probably you have not always occupied precisely the same ground, or if so, your friends and readers have not so understood it. I do think that the ADVOCATE is all the time improving. And if you will pardon me, I will say, I think the editor, old as he is, is still improving all the time. I think the ADVOCATE is now giving more general satisfaction than at any former period. So far as I know, everybody is in sympathy with the ADVOCATE, and pleased. May its circulation increase an hundredfold. We shall be glad to see you at Calvert on the 18th of October at the session of our Annual Conference. May the Great Head of the church bless you abundantly in your important but delicate work.—R. CRAWFORD.

MISSIONARY COLLECTIONS.—The second and third quarter drafts drawn by the Bishops on the Treasurer of the Board of Missions, are now falling due. In order to enable us to meet them, the preachers are hereby requested to forward to me, immediately, the amounts collected by them in their several charges for Foreign Missions. Brethren who have not taken up their collections will please do so at once, and forward the same to me. A. H. REDFORD, Treas. Board of Missions.

While Northern mill owners are complaining, it is interesting to know that the Graniteville Manufacturing Company, of South Carolina, distributed \$54,776 60 among its stockholders during the year ending Feb. 20th.

FORESTBURG, TEXAS, June 29.

As I have not long been a patron of your paper, and seeing the able, noble, and good religious course you are pursuing to suppress wickedness in high places, or wicked administration of politics by wicked skeptics or infidels, I scribble you a few rambling thoughts. You have the congratulation of the moral people of North Texas, and the prayers of all Christians who love the cause of God and morality. I am astonished at men who profess to know God as a forgiving God, and will patronize a political paper that will tolerate any kind of immorality. I notice in one of your rejoinders to the News that you say "the people had some rights in the premises, one of which they will exercise in not patronizing your paper." That is a vow I have long since made, that I never would take a paper that is wickedly edited. We have men who now are members of Congress, who go there and take a Bible oath, that are the worst gamblers, skeptics, infidels, and atheists, and they go there and permeate this whole nation with their unhallowed loves—a nation that God has blessed when we had godly men to fill the official stations. Now men are selected who are sensuous and of the most corrupt character to "hold the silver reins of a golden nation." "When the wicked reign the people mourn." May every moral and religious paper; every religious father, mother, and child in this nation unite in prayer to God to help this to become a holy nation that will wield the sceptre of righteousness in suppressing wickedness in low and high places. Brethren, let us get atop the walls of Zion and show God's people their transgressions, that they may no longer take corrupt political papers, nor vote for wicked men.—HENRY HARDY.

A boy six years old, having been much lectured by his father on the boyishness of crying when any calamity happened, cheered the parent's heart the other morning by saying: "Harry Bolton cried nearly all day 'cause his father died; but if you should die, pa, I wouldn't cry a bit."

A Danbury man, wishing to engage several bushels of potatoes from a party in the suburbs, asked a neighbor what sort of a man he was. "Well," said the conscientious neighbor, "I don't know very much about him, but I should think he would have made a tip-top stranger."

A California hunter, who went ten miles into the wilderness of the Nevada mountains where game was plenty, found that he had brought six boxes of quinine pills instead of percussion caps.—Result: He left camp, gun, and utensils and is now herding cattle on a quiet rancho.

At Arkdale, Wisconsin, a boy ten years old pointed a gun at his sister (aged eighteen), not knowing that it was loaded, and shot her through the neck, killing her instantly. Every day we read such paragraphs as this in the newspapers. Will not boys—yes, and girls, too—learn never to point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at another person? What a life-long sorrow it will be for that boy who shot his sister! A well trained soldier would never point his musket at another, unless under orders and in battle.

EDUCATIONAL. Ninth Annual Session OF THE TEXAS Military Institute! COMMENCES Wednesday, September 6, 1876. ACADEMIC STAFF: COL. JOHN G. JAMES, Superintendent and Professor Mathematics. MAJ. H. E. DISWIDDER, Professor Physics, Drawing, etc. COL. F. W. JAMES, Commandant Cadets and Professor Military Engineering and Tactics. MAJ. W. L. BRINGHURST, Ph. D., Professor Language, History and Literature. CAPT. W. H. TALLEY, Assistant Professor of Mathematics and English. J. B. SHEPHERD, M. D., Surgeon. LIEUT. J. A. BAKER, Adjutant. LIEUT. A. WELLS, Quartermaster. A full Scientific, Classical and Mathematical course of instruction, with Military Drills and Discipline added. Military duties in no way conflict with studies. TERMS PER SESSION—FORTY WEEKS: Board and Tuition.....\$375. For Catalogue, address COL. JOHN G. JAMES, Sup't. Austin, Texas. \$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Ountin and terms free. TRUE & CO. Augusta, Ga.

Christian Advocate GALVESTON, TEXAS JULY 15, 76.

Secular Matters.

THE CAUSE.

The papers are trying to ascertain why so much lawlessness prevails in portions of our State, and to point out the remedy. One thinks the law is deficient, penalties not sufficiently severe and certain. Another thinks the judiciary is at fault. Another wants a strong police force; and another justifies the people when they take the law into their own hands and shoot or hang criminals whenever found. There is another cause. Nineteen-twentieths of the outrages are committed under the influence of liquor. The bad whiskey men pour down their throats makes them fools or madmen, and in hours of drunken frenzy these devilish deeds are committed. We need good laws, incorruptible judges, faithful sheriffs, strong jails, and, in those cases which the law points out, strong hempen ropes with which to hang the bloody-handed murderer. We also want some agent that will stop the liquor traffic, close the gambling halls, and keep men in their sober senses. Let the secular press turn its artillery in this direction, and it will soon sweep these strong-holds of vice from our land. The saloon-keeper is filling the land with murderers. What we want is some plan by which we can reach the authors of this iniquity, and make them responsible for their work.

PENCILLINGS.

Plymouth recently voted Mr. Beecher a salary of \$20,000. Illinois is proud of a young lady who sheared thirteen sheep in two hours. New England has 15,000 acres of land devoted to cranberries. Tennessee has forty cotton mills, employing 56,368 spindles. France has concluded to adopt a system of compulsory education. Canada is trying to influence immigration into that province.

On the 25th ult., President McMahon pardoned the seven communists. During the year 1875 the three kingdoms of Great Britain consumed 20,106,107 gallons of proof British spirits. Mrs. A. T. Stewart lately gave \$74,000 to a number of charitable institutions in New York.

The books of A. T. Stewart show that, in twelve years, he paid \$5,380,400 for advertising. Rhode Island has 1,415,734 cotton spindles. The wonder is where they find room to revolve.

One hundred and twenty Black Hillers have been killed since May 1. Start another report about gold, and as many more will be ready to risk their scalps.

The States which have abolished capital punishment are Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Iowa and Maine. The trouble with Texas is that hanging is too popular.

Brugsch Bey, the Egyptian Centennial Commissioner, has been recalled by a cable dispatch from the Khedive. His recall is in consequence of the prospect of war.

There is nothing more painful than suspense. The action of the convention at Cincinnati was consoling to certain parties, as it relieved them of the solicitude they had experienced respecting the anxiety of their friends to secure their nomination.

Some of the Black Hills miners have netted fifteen cents a day digging gold. In New Jersey they have paid from one dollar to one dollar and a half to good hands for picking off potato bugs. We would rather be a potato bugger than a Black Hiller.

A few weeks ago when Gen. Moltke was in Rome, a dispatch to London stated he had "dined" at the royal palace. The operator left out the "n," and all Germany went to grieving and writing and reading obituaries respecting the famous general. No one was more amused over the joke than Moltke, who read the eulogies with no little relish.

The prospect of an European war is arousing the philanthropy of Cincinnati pork packers. An extensive killing of men in the East will necessitate an extensive killing of hogs in the West, and hence their benevolent hearts are prompting them to invest largely in swine just now, that they may feed the poor people in Europe and realize a handsome profit.

Six murderers in New Orleans are under sentence and awaiting action of the Governor. One has been "condemned to death for two years." That is a lingering sentence. We do not believe the poor fellow can live through it. Our gamblers in New York are in the same fix. The sentence that hangs over them is about as definite; that is while they are in the hand of the present city officials.

The Mayor of the city of New York has enforced the ordinance requiring liquor saloons to close on Sunday. It was the law, and it was his duty to enforce it. It was not his province to determine its merits. Unlike some of our officials in this region, they attempted its performance, and in spite of bitter resistance the law had away. The moral support given the Mayor of New York was prompt and earnest. If the officials of Galveston would enforce the ordinances respecting gambling, they would meet like support.

A lamp explosion in Newport, covered a poor girl with the blazing oil. She was dead when found; her footsteps burnt into the oil-cloth as she rushed in her agony from room to room, which left the awful trace of her death struggle. If every footprint were visible of human souls now writhing in their death struggles with vice that bursts out on them from every attractive den of sin, how many saloons and gambling-halls would bear the awful witness of an eternal death agony? We would there find the footprints of some we never dreamed entered such places.

BRO. T. W. HINES was not able to attend his district conference at Fairfield. He was detained at Waxahachie by the extreme illness of his two youngest children. A letter from Bro. Hines says: "Little Hattie has been at death's dark door for thirteen days and nights. Her death has been hourly expected," but he adds, with the faith of a true Christian: "All things work together for good." "The will of the Lord be done." Since the foregoing was in type, Bro. Hines writes to inform us that dear little Hattie "has crossed the river." Bro. H. and family have the sympathy and prayers of the church.

We notice in a letter written by a citizen of Athens to the Christian Advocate, an account of the assassination of our ex-sheriff, Col. John C. Goodgame, which bears a false impression. The article concludes as follows: "Col. Goodgame and some of his friends were in the law office of Judge Longworth, taking a game of cards; the doors were open at the time the shot was fired, which could have missed the Judge only by a few inches. So you see, my dear brother, others are suffering in the way of cards besides Galveston. I hope this may be a warning to some others. Please insert this for our good."

It will be seen here that the reader, unacquainted with the true facts, must infer that the assassination was the result of card-playing, and that, too, gambling with cards, which is proven by the assertion: "Please insert this for our good." We have it from a reliable source that similar information has been sent to Alabama in answer to an inquiry concerning the assassination. It is with regret that we speak of this sad affair now and in this way, but unpleasant as it is, it is our duty to correct these injurious reports.

1st. Gambling is forbidden by Judge Longworth in his law office. 2d. The "card" playing was social and friendly. 3rd. It had nothing to do with influencing Packwood to assassinate Col. Goodgame. The motive was foreign to any such thing. What we have said we consider nothing more than simple justice to the dead, and we trust the Christian Advocate will be kind enough to correct the mistake made through its columns. The cause of the assassination was this: A niece of Col. Goodgame saw proper to refuse to marry Packwood, who assassinated Col. Goodgame, whom Packwood claimed was the cause of his refusal, but which is denied by the young lady.—Athens Courier.

OUR CHILDREN. By Athens G. Haygood, D. D., President of Emory College, New York; Nelson & Phillips, John Burke & Co., Macon, Georgia. For sale by A. H. Redford, Agent Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., pp. 354. Price \$1.50.

From an intimacy of several years with the gifted author of this work, and from numerous conversations with him on the subjects discussed, we anticipated no little satisfaction in its perusal; and we have not been disappointed. We heartily endorse all that it contains. We commend it as the best treatise of the kind of which we have any knowledge. It is written in a racy, vigorous, popular style. It is divided into two parts—I. The Family—in which every phase of family religion is presented; and II. The Sunday-school, in which that institution is discussed in regard to its great salient features, as an organic department of the church—an auxiliary to family religion and the ministry of the Word, and not a substitute for either. The charm of the book consists not only in the lively style of the author, but in the affluence of illustrations, anecdotes and extracts, with which it is enriched. We have noted a number of passages for quotation, but have not room for them in this issue. It would be a good send to the country if a copy of this book were put into every house in our land, and blessed would be the result if every body would read it. It is gracefully dedicated, "To my Mother and the memory of my Father." And well it might be, for without such a parentage the author never would have been the Rev. Dr. Haygood that he is! We know his father a quarter of a century ago—he was a noble sire of a worthy son, who shared also in the pious care and nurture of a wise and godly mother. The work is introduced to the reader by an introduction from the pen of the author's venerable mentor, the patriarchal Lovick Pierce—it is in the Doctor's characteristic vein. We bespeak and predict for this book a very wide circulation North and South.—Nashville Advocate.

WESLEYAN FEMALE INSTITUTE, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.—We direct attention to the advertisement of this popular seminary for the education of young ladies. It is located in the city of Staunton, in the center of the famous Shenandoah Valley, in one of the healthiest climates of the world, where every breeze contributes to the physical vigor of its pupils. In this health-giving climate our Southern daughters go with feeble constitutions, soon acquire the vigorous form and blooming cheek of health. It presents attractions unsurpassed in the South. It is conducted by over twenty able and accomplished Teachers and Officers. Its buildings are home-like and elegant, grounds attractive, scenery grand. The last session of this school was attended by pupils from seventeen different States. One of the laudable aims will be to require its pupils to practice economy, especially in dress. To this end a simple uniform is worn. In this Institution no unnecessary bills are allowed. With these advantages we are not surprised that this popular Institution draws its patronage from Maryland and Pennsylvania to Texas. It is endorsed by Professors Smith, Peters, Holmes, Davis, of University of Virginia; Bishop Doggett, Marvin, McTyer, and a host of distinguished men and worthy patrons throughout the South.

A fact worth remembering—Five cents worth of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, given to a horse twice a week, will save double that amount in grain, and the horse will be fatter, sleeker, and every way worth more money than though he did not have them. Married ladies under all circumstances, will find Parson's Purgative Pills safe; and, in small doses, a mild cathartic. They cause no gripping pains or cramps.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

One Hundred Years Old—The First Notes—Religious Observance—Hymns Sung to Strange Tunes—Noise.

[From our Special Correspondent.] PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1876.

I have seen that, to-day, of which no revolutionary poet dared to dream: I have seen that which no prophet presumed to foretell; I have seen the centennial anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence celebrated upon the spot where it was first proclaimed; I have seen an emperor, princes and titled peers bare their heads with reverence before that faded parchment. And more than all, it fills me with wonder to see that great populace shouting glad greeting to Sir Edward Thornton—Her Majesty's proxy. No prophet could have foreseen or have foretold that the British Lion and the American Eagle would come together in fraternal harmony and celebrate the century of American liberty.

The celebration began so long ago as Saturday, July 1, when the patriotic went up to Independence Square and commemorated the adopting of the revolutionary resolution. This was but the prelude, the opening notes of the grand overture of American patriotism. This resolution was passed upon July 2, 1776, which falls this year upon Sunday, hence the Saturday celebration. That commemoration comprised historic addresses and music, revolutionary reminiscences and centennial hymns. Grand as it was, it was small and trifling compared to the grand celebration which followed.

It was fitting that Sunday should be devoted to religious and commemorative observance. In every church glad hymns of patriotic praise were sung together in fraternal harmony and celebrate the century of American liberty. The celebration began so long ago as Saturday, July 1, when the patriotic went up to Independence Square and commemorated the adopting of the revolutionary resolution. This was but the prelude, the opening notes of the grand overture of American patriotism. This resolution was passed upon July 2, 1776, which falls this year upon Sunday, hence the Saturday celebration. That commemoration comprised historic addresses and music, revolutionary reminiscences and centennial hymns. Grand as it was, it was small and trifling compared to the grand celebration which followed.

ON MONDAY, the first event was the parade of the "Grand Army of the Republic."

AS NIGHTFALL APPROACHED, the clans began to gather. Triumphant arches were lighted and matters put in proper fix for the display. The streets were already resonant with the reverberations of centennial pistols and patriotic crackers. Small boys, ambitious of military fame, were displaying great zeal in the endeavor to blow off their fingers and destroy their eyes by means of the many infernal machines that enthusiasts have devised for that laudable purpose. The occasion was a great one, and all felt its importance. One of their own poets expressed it thus: "Breathes there a Yank so mean, so small, Who never says: 'Wad know, by gun, There's never grown on this one ball A nation so all-fired tall, As 'em contented Yankees.'"

This was the universal sentiment, but the flags of all nations were in the breeze. These flags were made like slop-shop clothes—according to the fancy of the maker. They were bought without the smallest conception of the nation they represented, or whether they represented any nationality at all. It is strange to tell that the cross of St. George held the second place of honor. I saw two horses which looked sad and lonely as a lonely maid at a country dance. Still it was pleasant to see even these Lone Stars so far away from home. And although a little out of place and time, your correspondent may remark that he saw in the reporters' section of the grand stand on Independence Day a lady whose tri-colored shoulder knot was fastened with one of the Lone Stars that Galveston's letter menists in 1876. As your correspondent has been acting as an amateur commissioner, he considered himself bound in duty to look after her safety and comfort. She was the daughter of Gen. Canby, Judge Advocate, and retains a great affection for the State and especially for Galveston whose pin she wears in her daily visits to the Exposition.

THE TORCH-LIGHT procession was great in numbers and great in enthusiasm. Hundreds of thousands of torch-bearers, and they blocked the carriage-ways, so that the way was great difficulty that the procession moved at all. As a demonstration, an ovation to the Genius of Liberty, nothing could have been better; but as a torchlight pageant, it fell infinitely below the most meagre of our Mardi-Gras displays. It is evident that no matter what the attainments of Philadelphia may have been, she cannot as yet achieve a torchlight procession that will compare with those of Galveston. The line was long and badly formed. In many places there were no lights and in no place enough. There was but very little music, but there was an abundance of popular enthusiasm that atoned for every imperfection and deficiency. At midnight the procession passed the State House, and as the bell struck the first tap of the new year, there was raised such a tumult of noise as never before split mortal ears. Each man, woman and child yelled as "loud as they could bawl." Every small boy had his pistol, and every large one his assortment of fire-crackers. All the bells were ringing, and all the doors in town slamming. Rockets were flying, and all manner of fire-arms discharging; and amidst all this noise of the multitude made with voice, with powder and sonorous brass, a great chorus endeavored to sing the Centennial anthem. Old soldiers declare that the noise of several battles united in one would be to this pandemonium no more than a Quaker meeting or a grand assembly of quiet sages. Your correspondent has never been present at an

earthquake, but he has heard and experienced all other commotions of nature, without meeting any such confusion of sound as greeted the incoming of the Centennial year. The commotion of fire-crackers was so great that the revenue officers of the Celestial Empire must overflow with gold; and in the morning the weary and wounded warriors of Bacchus were found by the score reposing on the debris of ten thousand packs.

If Philadelphia is a pigmy in light, she is a giant in noise.

ALL NIGHT LONG strangers poured into the city. The hotels had overflowed the night before. Hundreds slept on door-steps, or dozed on chairs. Daylight exposed them, soiled and weary, to the gaze of passers-by. They were sorry sights, and some Galvestonians were among them. In fact, Texans have suffered more than others; for our commissioners who should have looked to their comfort and established a rendezvous, are not comm-atibos. The first peep of dawn was the signal for renewed noise. Fresh recruits were placed at the chimneys, new gunners at the cannon, while the tireless small boys kept on shooting their pistols and crackers, never weary of noisy doings. The Philadelphia small boy is a problem that surpasses any solution. He can make more noise, and manifest more endurance in making it, than any creature not made of iron. His voice is like a fog horn, and his expressive power inconceivable. An early breakfast was necessary, since the

MILITARY PARADE WILL BEGIN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The English War Office reports 22 officers still living who took part in the battle of Waterloo—sixty-one years ago.

The use of the editorial "we" prevails as will be seen by the following remark from a Tennessee paper: "If we escape the hog cholera this season, there will be a large surplus of pork next winter."—N. O. Picayune.

Norway has sent out a deep-sea exploring expedition to examine the region of the sea surface and bottom between Norway, the Shetlands, Faroes, Iceland, the west of East Greenland, Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen.

The Cincinnati Convention developed the fact that Mr. Blaine had more strength in the West than in the East; and that Mr. Morton was weaker in the West than in the East. The explanation may be that both of them are too well known at home.—N. O. Picayune.

The entire sum of Com. Vanderbilt's donations to the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., amounts to \$1,000,000. The interest on \$600,000 of this amount—\$42,000—is to be devoted to the annual expenses of the institution.

A New York paper says that the number of railroad accidents in the United States for the year ending May 31st, was 1063, by which 253 persons were killed, and 997 injured. The largest number of accidents in one month occurred in September.

The prison statistics for Spain, published recently, fix the number of convicts at 10,855, of whom 1540 are condemned to penal servitude for life. This statement includes Spanish Africa, but does not include those awaiting trial, or those sentenced for short terms from a month to a year.

It is asserted that King George of Hanover, is not, as generally supposed, a German by birth, but an Englishman, having been born in England in 1819, exactly three days after Queen Victoria, while his father still resides there as the Duke of Cumberland.

The vineyards and cereal crops in Andalusia are marvellously productive. A yield of barley is promised unknown for one hundred years. In Ciudad Real and Badajoz the cereal crops have been destroyed by the locusts. In Badajoz sixty thousand arrobas (an arroba 25 pounds) of locusts have been burnt with petroleum in trenches. This shows the fearful extent of the plague. More than 15,000 troops are occupied in their destruction.

Steam Engines.

Many of our planters require some motive power to drive their cotton gins, corn mills, saw mills, etc., and the steam engine will supersede the horse power as rapidly as the means of the planter will permit the outlay; and it is of great importance to the planter to know where he can get the machine best adapted to his use. It is not to be supposed that every planter is capable of judging as to the merits of the different engines and other machinery in the market, and a safe rule is to buy of old and well known firms who have earned a reputation for first-class work and honest dealing. We refer such of our friends wanting plantation machinery to the card of Lane & Bodley, Cincinnati, a firm well known and reliable in every respect. Send for their illustrated catalogue and the report of the test of steam engines at the Cincinnati Exposition, September and October, 1875. This test, running through several days, shows the Lane & Bodley engine exceeded its competitors from thirty to sixty per cent. in power with the same size engine and same quantity of fuel. Lane & Bodley were awarded \$200 gold premium on stationary engine, and gold medal and \$100 gold premium on portable engine. Send for a report of the famous trial and the price-list, and catalogue. Address Lane & Bodley, John and Water streets, Cincinnati, O.

"TOTAL ECLIPSE" COTTON GIN.—This is the title of a gin patented by P. C. Sawyer, of Macon, Georgia. Mr. Sawyer certainly presents statistics that lead to the most favorable opinion of this candidate for Texas patronage. Superiority is claimed for it in the following grounds: rapidity of work, cleanliness of picking seed, quality of sample, lightness of running, safety from fire, simplicity of construction, means of avoiding chocking, ease of keeping in order, arrangements of journals and points to be oiled, durability of workmanship, and capacity to resist wear and tear. Mr. Sawyer desires to secure an agent to represent his gin in Texas. Those who desire it should address him at an early date, before the field is supplied.

The justly celebrated compound known as Texas Cotton Worm Destroyer can be procured cheap for cash of Messrs. Preston & Robira, Galveston, Texas.

THE INDIANS.

An Account of Custer's Defeat and Death—What we pay the Indians to Kill us.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA, July 7.—Custer left Rosebud on the 21st of June with twelve companies of the Seventh Cavalry. On the 24th fresh trail was reported. On the morning of the 25th an Indian village, three miles long and half a mile wide, was reported fifteen miles off. Custer pushed for it. They had made seventy-eight miles in twenty-four hours preceding the battle. When near the village the Indians appeared moving in hot haste, as if retreating. Colonel Reno, with seven companies, was ordered to attack the right, and Custer, with five companies, vigorously attacked the left of the camp. Reno felt them with three companies, was immediately surrounded, and after an hour's fighting, losing Lieutenants Hodgson and McIntosh and twelve men and several Indian scouts killed and many wounded, cut his way out, and gained a bluff three hundred feet high, where he entrenched, and where he was joined by Col. Benton with four companies. Here the Indians made repeated assaults, but were repulsed with great slaughter. The Indians finally gained higher ground than Reno and, with longer range guns than his cavalry had, kept up a galling fire till night. The Indians renewed the attack at daylight. Reno had forty odd killed before reaching the bluff. There were many hands to hand conflicts, the Indians outnumbering them ten to one. The men were without water thirty-six hours. They determined to reach water at all hazards, and Col. Benton made a bold and routed the main body guarding the approach to the water. The water was gained, with one killed and seven wounded. Fighting then ceased for the night, during which Reno prepared to resist further attacks. There had now been forty-eight hours' fighting, with no word from Custer. Twenty-four hours more of suspense, and the fighting ended, when the Indians abandoned their village in great haste. Gen. Terry, with Gibbon's command and his own infantry, had arrived. Inquiry was made for Custer, but none could tell where he was. Soon an officer came rushing into camp and related that he had found Custer dead, stripped naked, but not mutilated.

Near him his two brothers, Cols. Tom and Boston Custer, his brother-in-law, Col. Callum, and his nephew, Col. Yates, Col. Keough, Capt. Smith, Lt. Crittenden, Lt. Sturgis, Col. Cooke, Lt. Porter, Lt. Harrington, Dr. Lord and McKellogg, the Bismark Tribune correspondent, and 190 men and scouts. Custer went into battle with companies C, L, I, F and E, of the Seventh Cavalry, and the staff and non-commissioned staff of his regiment, and a number of scouts. Only one Crow scout remained to tell the tale. All are dead. Sherman telegraphs Cameron that 261 were buried on the field, and 51 wounded brought to the steambath. Gen. Custer was surrounded on every side by the Indians, and his horse fell as they fought on skirmish line, or in line of battle. Custer was among the last who fell, but when his cheering voice was no longer heard, the Indians made easy work of the remainder.

The bodies of all save the newspaper correspondent were stripped, and most of them were horribly mutilated. Gen. Custer was shot through the body and through the head. The troops cared for the wounded and buried the dead, and returned to their base for supplies and instructions from the General of the Army. Col. Smith arrived at Bismarck last night with 30 of the wounded. The Indians lost heavily in the battle. The Crow scout survived the battle by hiding in a ravine. He believes the Indians lost more than the whites. The village numbered 1800 lodges; and it is thought there were 4000 warriors.

Gen. Custer was directed by Gen. Terry to find and feel of the Indians, but not to fight unless Terry arrived with the infantry and with Gibbon's column. The Herald correspondent, Keellogg, was killed. General Gibbons and cavalry followed the Indians for about ten miles, and ascertained that they had moved to the south and west by several trails. A good deal of property had been thrown away by them, to lighten their march, and was found scattered for many miles over the prairie. Many of their dead were also discovered scattered in ravines, a long distance from the battle field. Among them were Arrapahoes and Cheyennes, as well as Sioux.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—A party was sent on Custer's track to look for traces of his command. They found awaiting them a sight to appal the stoutest heart. At a point three miles down the right bank of the stream Custer had evidently attempted to ford and attack the village from the food. The trail was found to lead back up to the bluffs and to the northward as if the troops had been repulsed and compelled to retreat, and, at the same time, had been cut off from regaining the forces under Reno. The bluffs along the right bank come sharply down to the water, and are interspersed by numerous ravines. All along slopes and ridges, and in the ravines, lying as they had fought, line behind line, showing where defensive positions had been successively taken up and held till none were left to fight, and then huddled in a narrow compass, horses and men, were piled promiscuously.

At the highest point on the ridge lay Custer, surrounded by a chosen band. Here were his two brothers and nephew, Mr. Reed, Cols. Yates and Cook, and Capt. Smith, all lying in a circle of a few yards, their horses beside them. Here behind Yates' company, the last stand had been made; and here, one by one, these last survivors of Custer's five companies had met their death. The companies had successively thrown themselves across the path of the advancing enemy, and had been annihilated. Not a man lives to tell the tale, but it was inscribed on the surface of the barren hills in language more eloquent than words.

GEN. SHERMAN INTERVIEWED.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—Gen. Sherman, in an interview yesterday, in answer to a question by a reporter as to the reasons for the Indian campaign, said: "We are doing this at the special request of the Indian Department. It does not originate with the War Department at all. You will see on the map where the Indian Reservation is. Our purpose is to drive these Indians, who are the very worst sort, down on the Reservation.

"Montana is the most promising of

our territories. It is settled by an intelligent people, among whom are many old soldiers; and it is the richest and most promising of settlements. The Indians have been annoying them and we are to drive them to their Reservation. You can say we will do it now or exterminate them."

Gen. Sherman says: "I have sent every man I could spare in that region; even taken troops from Laramie and Salt Lake. The government in its wisdom directs the doing of certain things in these regions. An expedition is necessary for the development of that country. We do the best we can with our material, but are in no condition to do the work required."

The following is a list of the killed: Field staff and non-commissioned staff—G. A. Custer, Brevet Major-General; M. W. Cooke, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel; Dr. Lord, Assistant Surgeon; J. M. DeWolf, Acting Assistant Surgeon; W. H. Sparrow, Sergeant-Major; Henry Ross, Chief Trumpeter.

Company A—Corporals Dollen and King.

Company B—Lieutenant Hodgson, privates Down and Moss.

Company C—Col. E. W. Custer, Lieutenant H. M. Harrington, First Sergeant Bullies, Sergeant Foley and Corporals French, Foley and Ryan.

Company D—Charles Vincent, private.

Company E—Captain O. E. Smith, Lieutenant Sturgis, Sergeants Hookmeyer, Egden and James, and Corporal Hogan.

Company K—First Sergeant Winny, Sergeant Hughes, Corporal Callahan, Trumpeter Hoimer.

Company L—Col. M. Keough, Lieut. J. E. Porter, First Sergeant Varden, Sergeant Binstand and Corporals Wilder, Morris and Staples, and Interpreter McGrates.

Company J—Bledsoe, H. Barby, Bulley, First Sergeant Kibbey, Sergeant Mersey, Vickary and Wilkens, Corporals Calanan and Freeman, Farmers Brody and Brandon, Blacksmith Fanning.

Company G—Capt. Donald McIntosh, Sergeants Batgiet and Conesidine; Corporals Martin, Hoggman and Wells; Henry Lodge, trumpeter, and Crossford, saddler.

Company H—Corporal Leo.

Company M—Sergeant O'Hanigan, Corporals Scatter and Sturgis.

Twenty-fifth Infantry—Lieut. John B. Crittenden.

Civilians—Boston Courier, Arthur Reed, Marke Kellogg, Chas. Reynolds, Frank C. Mann.

Indian Scouts—Bloody Knife and Bottailed Bill.

Recapitulation—Commissioned Officers, 14; acting and assisting surgeons, 1; enlisted men, 237; Civilians, 5; Indian scouts, 2.

Dispatches from the frontier and plains show desperate feeling and indignation against the Indians. Gen. Sheridan telegraphed Sherman: "Your dispatch is received. I think it premature to think of asking for volunteer cavalry with the attendant expenses of the six companies of the Twenty-second Infantry given to Terry. He will have about 3000. Crook in a few days will have 1500 men, and I sent him Merritt's eight companies of the Fifth Cavalry, 400 strong, which will make him over 2000 strong. We are all right. Give us a little time." Sheridan does not think the Indians can number more than 2500 or 3000, and that they must be greatly embarrassed by their wounds.

The following table, extracted from a speech of Senator Maxey, made the 29th of June, shows the annual expenditures of the Indian Bureau since its organization to the present time, and also the number of Indians provided for at the expense of the Government each year since the organization of said Indian Bureau. From this can be determined the amount it requires to put the Indians in perfect trim to do successful killing:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Population, and Expenditures. Rows range from 1832 to 1875.

For the half year, from January 1, 1843, to June 30, 1843, the statement of expenditures is by calendar years to 1843, and by fiscal years from that time.

From the population as given in this table the number of Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws, and Six Nations of New York has been uniformly excluded.

These figures show that the expense of the Indian Bureau has increased from \$1,374,161.55, the expenditure in 1849 when the transfer was made from the War Department to the Interior Department, to the enormous sum in 1875, under the peace policy, of \$8,384,656.82.

A tin-smith in South Boston has a sign that reads: "Quart measures all shapes and sizes sold here." He was ready to suit his customers regardless of conscientious scruples, as a police officer is to adjust the law against the gambler to the claims of the offenders.