THE CECIL WHIG.

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The Cecil Whig

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BY E. E. EWING.

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July 27, 1872—1lm

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Readers of The Cecil Whig.

You are invited to call at 506 Market Street, Wilmington, Del., and examine our large assortment of Household Goods, which we are selling at Very Low Prices. Each of our Departments is complete, and every housekeeper can get just what they want, at the one Store. So, when you visit Wilmington, be sure to go to

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506 MARKET ST. 506

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CROCKERY, GLASS AND TIN-WARE,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT.

BOOTS & SHOES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

And a Thousand and One Articles too numerous to mention. Yours truly,

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506 Market Street, 506,

Jan 25, 1873—tf WILMINGTON, DEL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLOTHING.

FRESH STOCK

Spring & Summer Clothing

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

ALSO, A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

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HATS, CAPS, &c.

JUST RECEIVED FROM THE CITY, AT THE

TEMPLE OF FASHION,

opposite the Bee Hive, and adjoining Stanton & Moore's Tobacco Store, in the Hollow,

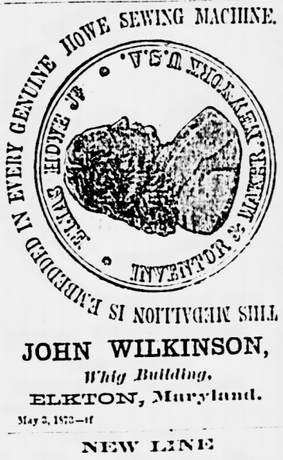
MAIN STREET, ELKTON,

where you can buy 20 per cent. cheaper than anywhere else. ☞Call and see me.

The highest price in cash paid for all kinds of FURS.

M. LIEBERMAN.

may 3, 1873—y



JOHN WILKINSON,

Whig Building,

ELKTON, Maryland.

May 2, 1873—tf

NEW LINE

For Elkton and Sassafras River.

On and after Monday, April 21st, 1873, the

Steamer "C. P. SMITH,"

Captain J. H. EDWIN,

Will leave Pier No. 7, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, at 10 o'clock A. M., for Buck Neck, Earnest's, Betterton, Reynolds and other Landings on Elk River; returning the opposite days—leaving at 8 o'clock A. M.

☞ The Steamer will stop to receive Passengers and Freight from boats at any place on the river, when signaled.

PASSAGE, - - $1.25.

FREIGHT carried at reasonable rates.

ED. BROWN, Proprietor.

april 12, 1873—tf

Meetings of County Commissioners.

THE regular meetings of the County Commissioners will be held on the second TUESDAY of every month.

Persons having claims against the County, will please file the same in the Commissioners' Office, with a legal voucher; as no account will be allowed not properly chargeable to the same.

Collectors and others having accounts to be stated or settled will apply to the Clerk during the session of the Board. By Order

WM. T. MILLER, Clerk Commissioners of Cecil County.

De 14, 1867—y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Woodlawn Camp Meeting!

The Stockholders, Managers and Trustees of the WOODLAWN CAMP MEETING ASSOCIATION are hereby notified to meet on the Camp Ground, on *Wednesday*, June 11th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

It is very important that all Committees connected with Association should be present.

H. C. NESBITT, Pres. Board Trustees.

T. E. MARTINDALE, Sec pro tem. (may 31—2w

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Cecil county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, letters of Administration on the personal estate of JOHN T. BOWDEN, late of Cecil county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, duly authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 24th day of April, 1874; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand, this 23d day of May, 1873.

ANNIE M. BOWDEN, Administratrix of John T. Bowden, decd.

Test—RICHARD D. JAVAN, Register.

May 3, 1873—6w

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of a decree and order of the Circuit Court for Cecil county, the undersigned will sell at Public Sale, on

TUESDAY, the 10th day of JUNE, 1873,

at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Court House door, in Elkton, the following

Lots in the Village of Warwick,

formerly belonging to the Estate of James Bolton, deceased:

Lot No. 2. Of said Estate, sold to Elizabeth Bolton, fronting 100 feet on the North side of Church street and 90 feet on the alley leading from said street to the road leading to Elkton, containing ¼ of an acre.

Lot No. 4. Sold to Elizabeth Bolton; fronts 100 feet on Church street, and adjoins the M. P. Church lot.

Lot No. 6. Sold also to Elizabeth Bolton; lays on the South side of the Elkton road, fronting 54 feet thereon, extending back 231 feet; adjoins Mrs. Bolton's house and lot, and contains half an acre of land.

Lot No. 9. Of said Estate, sold to Jas. Maslin, on the North side of the Elkton road, adjoining lands of Elizabeth Craik, and contains 2 Acres and 20 Perches.

THE TERMS OF SALE—One third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, and the residue in Six and Twelve months, with interest from the day of sale; the payments to be secured with Notes, with surety to be approved by Trustee. Expense of deed to be paid by purchaser. J. T. McCLLOUGH, Trustee.

May 17, 1873—ts

ATTORNEY'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power in the mortgage from Benjamin F. Hanson and wife to Benjamin P. Hanson, and by Benjamin P. Hanson assigned to Jacob Tome, dated October 5th, 1872, and recorded in Liber D. S. No. 9, folio 83, &c., one of the Mortgage Ac., Record Books of Cecil county, aforesaid, the undersigned, as Attorney for the Mortgagee, will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House door, in Elkton, Cecil county, Md., on

Tuesday, June 10th, 1873,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M., ALL THAT

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE,

situate, lying and being in the village of WARWICK, Cecil county, Md., and described in said mortgage, as Lots No. 2, 7 and 10, and part of Lot No. 8—marked B. C. and D.—and also described on a plat of said property, filed among the chancery proceedings in the case of John F. Stephens vs. Elizabeth Bolton, in the Circuit Court of Cecil county, in chancery.

Lot No. 3. Fronts 100 feet upon the northerly side of Church street; contains 12,144 Square feet, and is improved by a Two-Story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE.

Lot No. 7. Lies on the southerly side of Main street; fronts 82 feet thereon, and extends back 231 feet. It contains a little over Five-Eighths of an acre. Is improved by a very fine FRAME DWELLING, in complete order. It is one of the most desirable places in the village for a residence.

Lot No. 10. Lies on the South side of Main street—a road leaving from Middletown to Head of Sassafras—nearly opposite to Mr. Gillespie's Hotel. It fronts 125 feet on said street, and is improved by a good Two-Story FRAME HOUSE. This lot would make two very fine lots.

Lots B. C. D.—part of Lot No. 8.—lies on the southerly side of the Main street. Each Lot contains 1 ACRE—each fronting on Main street.

☞The above Lots will be sold as a whole, or separately, as the Attorney may think most advantageous.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

REUBEN HAINES, Attorney for Mortgagee.

SAMUEL BURNS, Auctioneer.

May 17, 1873—ts

Trustees of Public Schools for the Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Districts.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

No. 1. Cherry Hill—Dr. R. C. Carter, John Ramsey and S. S. Kennard Miller.
No. 2. Hays—Wm. Campbell, James McKane and Wm. Kershaw.
No. 3. Jackson—Wm. Tuft, R. F. Zebley and George O. Maxwell.
No. 4. Union—Amos Alexander, George S. Smith and John M. Sentman.
No. 5. Ewingville—Israel Reynolds, Samuel Hallock and Morris R. Wilkinson.
No. 6. Rock—Jonathan Yerkes, Alfred Mackie and John McCleary.
No. 7. Centre—Reese Mahan, Jordan Wright and J. Strayhorn.
No. 8. Big Elk—James K. Willis, Joseph Steele and John E. Gallaher.
No. 9. Fair View—Hiram Clement, Robert Mackey and Michael Young.
No. 10. Carter's—John McCrery, Wm. Otley and Torbert W. Scarbrough.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

No. 1. Wilson's—Wm. J. Wilson, Wm. K. Stackhouse and Edward Style.
No. 2. Hart's—Robert Hart, John A. Wilson and Anthony George.
No. 3. Stone—John Davis, Wm. Manley and David Rosine.
No. 4. Chapel—J. K. Bliss, William Pryor and Robert Jackson.
No. 5. North East—Johnson Simpers, Isaac N. Benjamin and John S. Ferguson.
No. 6. Union—Columbus W. Ford, Christopher Wingate and Alexander Rutter.
No. 7. Union Grove—Robert Cameron, Thomas Phillips and James Jones.
No. 8. Iron—Samuel Burns, Wm. Reed and John Ridlle.
No. 9. Marion—James A. Lackland, Thomas Williams and Wm. Thompson.
No. 10. Washington—J. W. Gifford, Ellis P. Passmore and John W. Abrams.
No. 11. Oak Grove—Joseph Miller, Edgar Moon and Joseph Lott.
No. 12. Carpenter's Point—Wm. Hevertin, Wm. F. Owens and George W. Barnes.
No. 13. Charlestown—John R. Graham, Benedi Codding and John N. Black.

NINTH DISTRICT.

No. 1. Bay View—George W. Benjamin, Jonathan P. Burns and Joseph Reed.
No. 2. Oak Grove—James F. Mearns, Granville Reynolds and Samuel J. Mearns.
No. 3. Rose Bank—John M. Ireland, Wilson D. Pierson and Job Griffith.
No. 4. Butler—Alfred Kirk, Wm. C. Handleton and Abraham Lincoln.
No. 5. White Oak—H. H. Duyckinck, Robert H. Englandand Wm. Kirk.
No. 6. Cherry Grove—James Gilliard, Samuel J. Brown and Samuel Sidwell.
No. 7. Wood Valley—Stephen Gilbert, Edwin J. Brown and Lewis Hickman.

These Trustees are hereby notified of their appointment. No further notice will be required.

S. J. ENGLAND, Commissioner.

Trustees of Public Schools for the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Districts.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

No. 1. Stone—James A. Headly, Joseph L. Stephens and Augustus Broomfield.
No. 2. Farmington—Elijah Kester, Wm. T. Brickley and James Keen.
No. 3. Jefferson—John Lockland, James Cameron and Joseph R. Thomas.
No. 4. Chapel—Francis A. Linton, James Tolson and George Marshall.
No. 5. Montrose—Isaac R. Taylor, Joseph Friar and James A. Collins.
No. 6. Rising Sun—Hartley Reynolds, Jesse A. Kirk and Job Haines.
No. 7. Oak Grove—R. C. Reynolds, E. A. Reynolds and W. W. Wiley.
No. 8. Octorara—James M. Evans, Jas. S. Addison and Wm. Richards.
No. 9. Hickory Grove—R. H. Nesbitt, Jeremiah Swisher and Frank Balderson.
No. 10. Liberty Grove—Robert F. Rowlands, R. A. Simmons and Hugh Wright.
No. 11. Lewis Run—William W. Moore, Stephen Richards and Wm. J. Evans.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

No. 1. Principio—Eli S. Sentman, John A. Jackson and Joseph Watson.
No. 2. Perryville—John Stump, Joel Reynolds and Geo. W. Owens.
No. 3. Independence—Joel Jones, George W. Jackson and Wm. Taylor.
No. 7. Port Deposit—J. W. Abrahams, W. W. Reynolds and James A. Davis.
No. 6. Elkwood—John W. Browne, Wm. T. Patton and Jesse R. Coulson.
No. 7. Chestnut Grove—Edmund Brown, Saml Jones and Wm. McMullen.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

No. 1. Rowlandsville—Theodore J. Heath, Jos. Tosh and Hugh McCullough.
No. 2. New Valley—Dr. A. M. Jordan, David Brown and Frederick M. Nance.
No. 3. Pilot Town—Joseph A. Roman, C. B. Cutler and John L. McGregor.
No. 4. Mount Pleasant—Wm. McCullough, John Bennett and Alpheus Crothers.

These Trustees are hereby notified of their appointment. No further notice will be required.

S. EVERIST, Commissioner.

May 27—3w

BUTTERWORTH'S

STEEL HORSE POWER

is warranted to produce one third more **Power**, and exceed all others in **Strength, Durability** and economy of motion. For Circulars, address NEW JERSEY AGRICULTURAL WORKS, TRENTON, N. J., S. L. Manufacturers. [may 24, 1873—1m

TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

For over FORTY YEARS this

PURELY VEGETABLE

LIVER MEDICINE has proved to be the

GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC

for LIVER COMPLAINT and its painful offspring, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart burn, CHILLS AND FEVER, &c., &c.

After years of careful experiments, to meet a great and urgent demand, we now produce from our original *Genuine Powders*

THE PREPARED,

a Liquid form of SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR containing all its wonderful and valuable properties and offer it in

ONE DOLLAR Bottles.

The Powders, (price as before).....$1.00 per package. Sent by mail..... 1.04

☞CAUTION!☜

Buy no Powders or PREPARED SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, unless in our engraved wrapper, with Trade-mark, Stamp and Signature unbroken. None other is genuine.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.

Sold by all Druggists.

Feb 1, 1873—23w

ONE OF DRAXY'S SERMONS.

BY SAXE HOLM.

One of her most impressive sermons was called "The Gospel of Mystery."

The text was Psalm xix, 2:

"Day unto day utereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

First she dwelt on the sweet meaning of the word Gospel. "Dear friends," she said, "it is a much simpler word than we realize; it is only 'good news,' 'good tidings.' We get gospels every day. Our children send us good news of their lives. What gospels of joy are such letters! And nations to nations send good news: a race of slaves is set free; a war has ended; ship loads of grain have been sent to the starving; a good man has been made ruler; these are good tidings—gospels."

After dwelling on this first, simplest idea of the word, until every one of her hearers had begun to think vividly of all the good tidings journeying in words back and forth between heart and heart, continent and continent, she spoke of the good news which nature tells without words. Here she was eloquent. Subtle as the ideas were, they were yet clothed in the plain speech which the plain people understood; the tidings of the spring, of the winter, of the river, of the mountain, of electric fire; of blossom and fruit; of seed-time and harvest; of suns and stars and waters;—these were the "speech" which "day uttered unto day."

But 'knowledge was greater' than speech—night in her silence "showed" what day could not tell. Here the faces of the people grew fixed and earnest. In any other hands than Draxy's the thought would have been too deep for them, and they would have turned from it wearily. But her simplicity controlled them always. "Stand on your door-steps on a dark night," she said,—"a night so that you can see nothing: looking out into this silent darkness, you will presently feel a far greater sense of how vast the world is, than you do in broad noon-day, when you can see up to the very sun himself."

More than one young face in the congregation showed that this sentence struck home and threw light on hitherto unexplained emotions. "This is like what I mean," continued Draxy, "by the Gospel of Mystery, the good tidings of the things we cannot understand. This gospel is everywhere. Not the wisest man that has ever lived can fully understand the smallest created thing; a drop of water, a grain of dust, a beam of light, can baffle his utmost research. So with our own lives, with our own hearts; every day brings a mystery—sin and grief and death: all these are mysteries; gospels of mystery, good tidings of mystery; yes, *good* tidings!—These are what prove that God means to takes us into another world after this one; into a world where all things which perplexed us here will be explained. * * O my dear friends!" she exclaimed at last, clasping her hands tightly, "thank God for the things we cannot understand: except for them, how should we ever be sure of immortality?"

Then she read them a hymn, called "The Gospel of Mystery." Coming after the sermon, it was sweet and clear to all the people's hearts. Before the sermon it would have seemed obscure.

THE GOSPEL OF MYSTERY.

Good tidings every day,
God's messengers ride fast.
We do not hear one-half they say,
There is such noise on the highway,
Where we must wait while they ride past.

Their banners blaze and shine
With Jesus Christ's dear name,
And story how by God's design
He saves us, in his love divine,
And lifts us from our sin and shame.

Their music fills the air,
Their songs sing all of Heaven;
Their ringing trumpet peals declare
What crowns to souls who fight and dare,
And win, shall presently be given.

Their hands throw treasures round
Among the multitude.
No pause, no choice, no count, no bound,
If they be evil or be good.

But all the banners bear
Some words we cannot read;
And mystic echoes in the air,
Which borrow from the songs no share,
In sweetness, all the songs exceed.

And of the multitude,
No man but in his hand
Holds some great gift misunderstood,
Some treasure, for whose use or good
His ignorance sees no demand.

These are the tokens lent,
By Immortality:
Birth-marks of our divine descent:
Sureties of ultimate intent,
God's Gospel of Eternity.

Goods tidings every day.
The messengers ride fast:
Thanks be to God for all they say:
There is such noise on the highway,
Let us keep still while they ride past.

From "The Elder's Wife," Scribner's for May.

THE FARMERS MUTUAL OF YORK, PA., is acknowledged to be one of the safest Mutual Fire Insurance Companies in operation. Its Agents do a large business in this county. Risks on farm property taken at low rates. E. E. EWING, Agent at Elkton.

—The Augusta, Ky., *Chronicle* gives the following warning: "Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a bustle. There being so much due on it there is danger of their taking cold."

WOMAN AND TEMPERANCE.

BY JOHN A. CALHOUN.

Ancient Greek mythology has a legend that runs something like this:—Away back in that misty beginning, that in all early states precedes the historical era, it is said that Athens made war upon the island of Crete. A long and bloody contest followed, but in the end the Athenian aggressors were beaten and compelled to sue for peace. This was granted on condition that six each of the young men and women of Athens should be annually given up to the Cretan king to be disposed of as he might see fit. Upon that island existed a terrible labyrinth from the intricacies of which no stranger had ever been able to extricate himself, and in that labyrinth lived a terrible monster that devoured all who came within his reach. Into this horrid maze it was the habit of Minos, the cruel Cretan king, to conduct the hapless Athenian victims and leave them to become food for the Minotaur, but with the mocking assurance that he, who unarmed would slay the monster and lead his companions back to the open air, should save his and his companions' lives and free Athens from the fearful tribute. Year after year weeping Athens saw the fated twelve depart on their hopeless voyage, but still no way was found to save the exaction of the victims for the Minotaur's feast.

At last on the day the victims were to be drawn a stranger appeared in Athens, who volunteered to go to Crete and try to free the city from its penalty. He had already distinguished himself by slaying the giants who had made the Corinthian Isthmus a terror, and now the best wishes of Athens were with him in his seemingly hopeless undertaking. Crete was reached and the doomed twelve were consigned to a dungeon to await their doom on the morrow. During the night the daughter of the king descended into the prison, counselled the brave Theseus to be of good cheer and ended by placing in his hand a trusty dagger and a ball of silken thread. The fatal morning came, the victims were led blinded into the depth of the labyrinth, but Theseus kept his blade clasped to his heart, while the silken thread slowly unwound as the guide back to life and light. The Minotaur was met and slain, and guided by Ariadne's thread the redeemed Athenians presented themselves to the astonished king and demanded the release of the penalty. This was granted and Theseus and his companions returned to Athens accompanied by his saviour; Ariadne.

The legendary curtain falls upon Theseus, upon the throne of United Attica and Ariadne, deserted, pining on a lonely island. So much for the legend—it would be of interest to ask how much connection there may have been between the stories of Theseus and the Minotaur, Samson and his lion or St. George and his dragon; but this is a question most interesting to the student of comparative mythology, we wish to use it as an introduction to our subject, and an illustration of it.

Like Athens of old we too are tributary to a monster who is yearly demanding his victims, not by the dozen but by the thousand. Should some Minos demand such a tribute from *us* we would resist it to the utmost, but we are offering our young men and women by thousands as a sacrifice to *our* Minotaur and giving up hopes of life, wealth and friends to supplement his repast. The Cretan Minotaur claimed a victim from but a few families—ours scarce leaves a house where there is not at least one dead or worse than dead. Where can we look for Ariadne's thread and dagger and the hero who is to use them for our relief? The first we find in woman's ever-increasing influence, the second in the temperance reform. We believe that woman's influence in the Church, State and social life, is to be to the temperance movement what Ariadne's silken thread was to the Athenians' hero.

Woman, rightly or wrongly, has to bear the charge of having brought evil into the world, but judged in the light of history she cannot fairly be charged with having kept it there. While history presents us a Brinvilliers and a Mary de Medici; the world's representative women have been a Mary Magdalene and a Phœbe, a Joan d'Arc and a maid Sarragossa. The world has rung with the triumphs of arms—of warriors who have written their names in blood, until, were it not for woman's influence, history from Adam to Bismarck would be but a record of blood and crime. She, almost always the victim, has seldom been the aggressor. If she has sometimes been found at the head of armies, she has ever fought in the interest of truth and right.

On few subject has the world shown less reason than in regard to the place and work of women. Jealous heathenism has been out done by Mohammedanism in its seclusion of woman from all social life. In the jealous seclusion of the seraglio is to be read, one secret of the dead conservatism of the eastern world. Woman shut up in harems, kept in ignorance and idleness, has made her children like her. As a result the crimes of one generation have become worse in succeeding ones. The idea of women as anything more than the slaves or playthings of men never gained a foothold in the eastern world, and as a consequence, Asia has had a Rip Van Winkle sleep of centuries. Make a mother ignorant, idle, worthless, by law, social and civil and you make her children like her. Turkey, India, China prove the proposition. Christian lands have not been so far from following in the steps of more corrupt faiths. It has been much easier to remember that Paul forbade women to speak in Church, than that he commended the women who were his fellow laborers to the best regards of the Church to which he wrote. To-day no one with any claim to intelligence will contest the fact that nations have risen in the scale of social life and national power in exact proportion to the position of their women. England is a good instance in proofs of this. Compare the England of to-day with that of Stephen or John. Then petty feuds, the villeinage or slavery of the lower classes, the constant bloodshed, with robbers upon every highroad made both life and property insecure. Then her women were as much the property of her men as her horses were. No matter what wealth she might inherit at marriage both she and it became the property of the husband. The age of chivalry came wearing off slowly but surely the brutality of the higher classes, until from the castle woman was at last allowed to come out to the world; from a worse than eastern seclusion to take a place which laws have denied and still deny her, but which ability and intelligence assigned her as the controlling element in social life. Few things are more unfair than the position which English law, as well English Church assigns to women, in making her the serf of a too often ignorant or brutal husband. Old laws are like many other old things, age is about all that is honorable about them, and while we have the laws of the age of Richard II. we have an entirely different set of ideas.

To-day woman through the press is doing more to change the ideas and laws of the English speaking world than its legislators are doing. Woman's influence today is not a theoretical abstraction but a fact too plain to dispute. Such being the fact, that as her position has improved nations have improved we have no need to fear her influence in the future. We know that England is not to-day what she was when the savage idea of female submission secured a permanent place in her laws, nor what she is destined to become in future years.

Woman's power for good or ill being so plain, the social reformer must be short sighted, who is not willing, not only to use, but as far as possible to increase that influence. Ours is an age of activity when age makes nothing sacred, but the thought of the times is busy demanding a reason for the faiths that have controlled the world in the past; an age when reverence is about extinct. The faiths and ideas of the past are being called to account and a reason demanded why they so long controlled the world. While the contest goes on between the conservatism of the past and radicalism of the present, while iconoclastic science is busy breaking old idols it is of more than passing interest to inquire what sort of ideas the coming years are to hold.

Our century has written a record the strangest of any since history first took up his pen, what is that of the next to be? But we deal with the present and future; not with the past, although from the past we may gain ideas for the future. Any one conversant with the literature of the times, cannot fail to note the wild unrest, the fermentation of parties, social and political, the growing discontent, the steady grasping after something beyond them that thinkers of all ages, classes and sexes exhibited. Utility is the test of merit, nothing that is not beneficial can secure any steady appreciation, nothing that can be turned to account is allowed to go to waste, no one that can toil is long allowed to remain idle; in the process of improvement all have a mission, all can help. One great triumph is scarcely won until preparation is made to attack some other system of wrong. We have grown up with the anti-slavery contest going on around us, but before that is finally settled other questions equally radical are coming up for settlement. Woman's position and the temperance reform are now the active questions before the thinking world.

The public now care little who first ate the forbidden fruit; what Paul said of the Greek women (made ignorant and debased by law) whether Christ turned water into *champagne* to be *real pain* to the guests at Cana next morning, whether the "strong drink" that Moses directed Israel to buy and drink that their hearts might be merry, was benzine or strychnine whisky, warranted to kill any one who was not iron clad and fire proof, or whether the little wine that Timothy was directed to take "for his stomach's sake" was of the choicest Italian vintage—made out of cider, logwood, vitriol and burned sugar.—A more important problem is to find some way to check the spread of drunkenness.—We are losing faith in the old fashioned idea and cast iron creeds of the past and substituting materialism instead—the god of the nineteenth century is utilitarianism.

One of the inevitable results of our active life is the demand for artificial stimulants. We do not mean to say intemperance is becoming worse than formerly, alcohol has had a reign of a thousand years, and during the whole of that time has alike paved his path with skulls. It is no doubt true that there is less honesty in the alcoholic traffic than ever before, but this only makes the poisons sold all the more dangerous. Drunkenness is bad enough still, but drinking is less common than it once was. A few years ago public opinion expected nothing but that all should drink; now it to some extent reprobates drinking habits. Some appreciable progress has been made, but it is only with sadness that we note the countless young men whose days and nights are spent in drinking; in spending their patrimony or earnings in a fiery liquid to steal away the little brains that they may possess; wherever we may turn drinking dens abound and all have their customers. The husband and father is there spending in drink the price of his children's bread, and trying to crush the hopes and peace of the wife who once loved him, and who now watches through the weary night for the step that once gave gladness, but now can only bring sorrow and dread of brutality insoparable from the wife of the drunkard.

Nothing seems to a thinking mind stranger than some of the facts of every day life: how in this restless, nervous life of ours, men may be found to drown every hope in drink, but how they can take from their children, for whom before a God of justice they are bound to care, the price of bread is stranger still. At times some fact occurs that seems to intimate that Darwin is not a fool, but facing some of the facts of daily life we must write him down as a traitor, not alone to humanity but a vile libeller of the animal world. No gorilla ever yet stole the cocoa nut from its young and sold it for the means to make itself crazy enough to beat its mother, no chimpanzee ever yet drank up reputation, honor, hope and faith in order to fill a dishonored grave. Darwinism must be false, we should be ashamed to believe it and ever face a monkey again. The stories of Genesis have their confirmation in the history of the race ever since. Adam yielded to his appetite in Eden, and Noah went on a spree as soon as he got out of the Ark; while the only good man in Sodom has the curtain fall upon him *drunk* and guilty of crimes that would disgrace at present the worst dens of Paris or New York; the race is proving its faith in such fathers by acting like them.

In our social life the position of the husband decides that of the wife, we speak now of facts, not of laws, gladly as we would see the sphere of women widened, we must deal with facts as they exist.—Our drunkards are men, it is true that we meet with exceptions but they merely prove the rule. There is a class of theorists who believe that the only place for a woman is that of a wife or mother. We believe that marriage is the natural condition of humanity, but not that the wife alone has home duties to perform; the place of a father is also at home. There is something almost pathetic in the picture of the pale, weary wife, toiling on day after day, year after year, without hope except in duties, fulfilled, while the husband spends his time at the lodge, the club or bar, discussing the last murder or the last sensation in the political world; forgetting the sacred obligations of fathers.—No observant one can fail to note the want of home education that everywhere prevails; a want that the *father only can* supply. The great want of America to-day is more *home* life—not that political discussion should cease, not that less interest should be taken in the questions of the times, but that such discussions should be transferred to the home circle. Just here we would earnestly protest against any or all associations from which women are debarred as hopelessly evil in their tendencies. Whatever may be thought of novel reading in general, there is one book that ought to be in the hands of every husband, father, son or brother in the country;—Mrs. Mulock Craik's "Brave Lady."

Could we call up the toiling, drunkard wives of America, sinking in spite of all efforts deeper and deeper in misery, and want, compelled to pray hopelessly for sympathy or realization of their efforts, disgraced because those to whom they have given the destiny of their lives have disgraced themselves, in one grand procession it is hardly possible that a *stupid Church* could slumber on without making some effort to check the effect of alcohol. May God forbid that our Christians who see no reasons for the temperance agitation, who "can temper themselves" may not awake from their worse than "Rip Van Winkle" sleep in a world where a single drop of water will be a blessing. *The true christian toils not for the Church but for humanity, and for that cause as much can be done outside of the Church as in it.* Could the women of this country be heard in regard to their wants and wishes; could the needs of many a home, even of wealth be brought to light some of our social philosophers would no doubt be compelled to change many of their ideas.

As an advocate of the most advanced phase of female equality, we do not wish to be understood as striking at the home life, but as aiming to make home what it should be, the centre of culture and of purity. We would if possible give the wife more intelligence, more interest in the world of action; make her the equal of the husband both mentally and legally.—Make him able to find in her society all *reasonable* tastes gratified. There are those who seem to think it a mark of manliness to speak slightingly of women—there is no surer mark of superficiality if nothing worse. The Elizabeth Frey's and Florence Nightingales can be found in almost every social circle; all that is needed is the same demand to secure the same sacrifice. There is the same capacity for heroic effort now as in the past; all that is needed is the opportunity. While we do no see any reason to tack internationalism, communism, and spiritualism on the suffrage movement, we do not see or think we see that temperance and greater privileges for women are connected almost inseparably. Men are the drunkards, women are the victims, their influence is usually for good, let us then extend it. She has the education of the children to a great extent in her own hands, let her see that their education is of the right sort. Many of the world's best and greatest men have owed their success to a mother's teaching; cannot that of the father in the future be added to the mother's? *I feel sometimes when I see the host of boys growing up in ignorance, idleness and viciousness as though I would like to read a lesson to about a million of fathers all over our country.*

In America all questions come at last to the ballot-box. We have seen the fact demonstrated that at present it is nearly impossible to secure the enforcement of prohibition. We would add then to the voting population an element we can trust. American women can be trusted to give their influence to any reform to the importance of which they can be aroused, and they certainly are aware of the importance of the temperance movement. No one with a particle of republican ideas can contest the abstract right of every citizen to a share of political power. Whatever may be our ideas of *expendiency* we have no question as to *right*. Ours is a government by consent of the governed. Do the *real* majority want a system of license laws; really aggravating the disease they are designed to cure? To us the "Local Option" project looks like a hopeless one: our hope is to add to the voting population an element which is only interested in the prohibition of the alcoholic traffic.

The temperance banner bears side by side with prohibition the motto of equal rights. However hopeless our cause may now look, great victories are net won in a day. The advocates of temperance must be content to labor and to wait, as the advocates of many another reform have toiled on through long weary years of ridicule, abuse and failure before them. Few and without influence were the first who followed the lead of Luther yet those few "standing," to use his own words, "like a poor mushroon of yesterday without influence or position, at last turned the world upside down." Wesley was at first sustained by but a handful—to-day millions are proud to be considered his followers.—Wilberforce began the fight against human bondage almost alone, but his ideas have struck the chains from millions of slaves, until to-day but two nominally Christian States tolerate the system; and the good sense of both is heartily opposed to it.—Davy Crockett's idea is a good one for the temperance reform: "be sure you are right and then go ahead." Be sure that your cause is the cause of right and all the devil that were hurled from heaven cannot prevent its certain success at last.

One set of toilers may die, but others will arise to take their places; no Faithful over yet fell at the stake without a Hopeful starting from his ashes; and even the Faithfuls are more powerful in death than in life. The good that men and women do lives after them, the evil is usually buried in their graves in spite of Shakespeare's dictum. All God's workmen are immortal until *their* work is done, and though the workmen fall the work goes on. The hope of the temperance cause is in constant constant agitation, a constant hammering at the public conscience. *Laws are useless unless sustained by public opinion, we must try then to educate public opinion for our purpose.* To this end we appeal to American women, give us your influence! See that your sons and daughters are taught to labor for the right, and more than all see that a drunkard does not get control of your life and your children's as well.—Drunkard's may be reformed, but not by marrying them; if any one thinks otherwise, let her try it, but not complain if she fails. The boys and girls who now fill our Sunday schools will soon control the destinies of the land. See then that their education is of the right sort, and if men forget you God will not. Let temperance men and women labor on and success is sure. Soon from where the lumberman's axe resounds along the St. John's to where the Gila rolls its golden sands to California's gulf; from the everglades of Florida to St. Helen's snows:—from the abode of wealth and the cottage of plodding industry—from the city mart and the hut of the pioneer will come the assurance that the contest is over—that alcoholic's reign is ended and that peace reigns supreme over a happy land.

OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.

LOCK HAVEN, PA., May 25th, 1872.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Having already, 11 A.M., absolutely abluted, I no longer mourn the necessity of grand Father Adam's beverage; indeed none here, so far as heard from, take water on ice, always something more exhilarating instead thereof, (myself excepted.) No option here; whisky free.

Well as my pores are open and my head clear, (on top no hair,) I will proceed to divest myself of superfluous clothing, as also of information from obervations made from valleys more beauteous than pen describes, mountain tops alarming in their height, overlooking all creatures here below and from high life in hotels (4th floor), in this, the Switzerland of America, the State of Pennsylvania.

Seated in a room 18x18, beautifully and bountifully lighted and ventilated (3 windows), overhanging which is seen and enjoyed the grateful shadow of a majestic maple, whose beauty is excelled only in its protection to an L. L. D., an M. D., or any other of Adam's sons that attempt to brave old Sol's attacks when the thermometer marks 92, (and still rising in this shade,) with some below me it is perhaps 110, rapidly approaching fever heat, (they abstain from use of water.

Do you wonder that with my capacity tankage, that I feel good and like throwing off superfluities, after having formed one of a coroners inquest of 13, who sat from 12:30 P.M. to 1:30 P.M., over the remains of 5 descendants of Cochin China, the dissecting of which was truly heart-rending in the extreme. Verdict rendered, "death resulted from indiscretion on the part of the C. C.'s in being present on the arrival of 13 L. L.