

FALLEN PLIMOUTH.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

I have fallen, Plymouth, fallen;
My great name in the dust,
And the work of all a lifetime
Scattered to human dust.

A BLOW FOR THE RIGHT.

The Church Begins to Open its Eyes
to the Impending Danger of
Democratic Ascendancy.

Return to the Republican Fold of a
Backsliding Clergyman.

Extract from a Sermon by the Rev.
Villars, at the R. Church, De-
livered at Monticello, Ill., from
the Text, "Righteousness Ex-
alteth a Nation."

There is one question that should be
the essence of every man's creed,
of every man's political platform,
and that is: Is it right? Is my creed
right? Is my platform right?

THE CONDITION OF OUR COUNTRY

at this time is that of great peril.
And for our future admonition and safety
it is well for us to inquire: How came
it in this peril? It is clearly and fully
answerable in the fable of him who
took compassion on the dying viper
by taking it in his bosom and warm-
ing it to life again, and when thus re-
stored, shows its ingratitude by sting-
ing its benefactor. This is the embodi-
ment of the whole history of our
present trouble. With a mistaken
charity for a bad cause, a viper that
thrust its sting at the life blood of our
nation, we, when the viper was dy-
ing, warmed it into life again and
found it a viper still.

God requires repentance before par-
don; we required none. God re-
quires abandonment of sin; we re-
quired none. God requires conform-
ity to his government; we adminis-
tered the oath as if the oath was in
open violation of that oath. God re-
quires a recantation of sin, an open
avowal of its abandonment; we re-
ceived the traitor with no disavowal
of his treason and with the positive
assertion that he still was an enemy
to his government and a friend to all
the inhumanities that were practiced
in the days of slavery. Not a single
not from that party of men is there
upon record of any disavowal of treas-
on. The men whose shot and shell
were fighting around us when we
were fighting them as the common
enemy of the country, are now in
Congress, and their voices are heard
hotly contesting for that treason
in the interest which they rebel-
led; and we are to blame for it, in ex-
ercising a reach of charity unparal-
leled in God himself in his dealings
toward man, and unparalleled in the
history of good government. We
shall profit by the error.

A STRIKING FEATURE

In the character of those who are cry-
ing loudly against the government
and administration, is the hypocrisy
with which they cover up their deed-
of error. We mean that all they do
is done in strict accordance with the
principle of "Satan reproving sin."
We challenge a single charge by them
against the men who saved this na-
tion, of which they are not guilty
themselves. They are more guilty,
in a ten-fold degree, than those
against whom they make the charge.
The fact is, the men who are now
clamoring for the throat of the nation
to throttle it to death, are guilty of
all, and those brave men who bared
their bosoms to death, yet still live to
speak as well as fight for their coun-
try's life, are guilty of but one crime,
and that a faithful attempt to subdue
treason and save the Union.

THEY PLEAD "NOT GUILTY."

and our verdict and the verdict of
the civilized world is, "not guilty." Take
the charge of military usurpation.
Who first usurped this power? Did
not traitors, in the interest of treas-
on? Men were drilled, armed, and
equipped in defense of treason before
there was a call for the nation to take
up arms in self defense. Was not
such treason a usurpation? Yet men
wrote from the South that there was
no armed resistance to the govern-
ment, just as men are writing now;
but a four years' strife, that brought
into requisition the utmost strength
of the nation, gave the falsehood to
such reports. Was not that army of
traitors a usurpation? When that
good and great man, Abraham Lin-
coln, called for 75,000 troops to put
down a Southern insurrection, it was
met by a laugh from an armed horde
that bid defiance to that insignificant
number. Do you not call that horde
a usurpation? In the recent fray in
New Orleans, who was the first to
usurp the military? Was it not the
mob? And when law would call to
its assistance the same power—and
justly, too—did not that mob con-
demn in others what it claimed for
a virtue in itself? Verily, this is "Satan
reproving sin."

WE HAVE THE EXAMPLE

of a body of men calling on the United
States troops to suppress a legally
elected body of men, and greet the
troops with cheers, but when the

same power is used to suppress revo-
lution and uphold law, a great cry is
heard of usurpation. My opinion is
that the world has never witnessed as
great a specimen of downright hy-
pocrisy as was enacted then, and is
being enacted now, by traitors to over-
throw the best government the sun
ever shone upon.

We spoke of the moral bearings of
the principles involved. Let me say
that the party, if it may be called
such, that is now clamoring for pow-
er has no regard for moral law. Ev-
erything done is morally wrong and
in the interest of wrong. Take the
present disgraceful action of those
men in the Legislature of our own
State. What were their first attempts?
To introduce a bill for the repeal of
the act creating normal schools. To
repeal an act giving colored children
the privileges of free schools. To ap-
point a committee that would take
into consideration the repeal of our
wholesome temperance law. And
this is the policy of the men who are
to hold, or want to hold, in their
hands the reins of this government!
And what a trinity on which they
base their creed,

IGNORANCE, "NIGGER," WHISKY.

Actions speak louder than words.
From such a policy, and from such a
party, "Good Lord, deliver us." I
tell you we have cause of alarm; and
if, in my position, I can perform the
two-fold duty of serving God and my
country, I would lift my voice with
my utmost strength, in sounding the
alarm all over the land.

I was disposed to favor the Reform-
ers, Independents or "Farmers'
Movement," or

WHATSOEVER IT MAY BE CALLED.
I thought them to be honest, though
clumsy in their movements. And I
thought, as thousands of others did
that there was the place to enter our
political griefs and find a balm for ev-
ery political wound, a cordial for ev-
ery political fear.

I say I know the farmer, and I
think I can say I know his convic-
tions of right. To-day, the farmers
of this country are, as a rule, the best
informed men of the country on the
great moral questions at issue. His-
tory of the day ended, he takes his
book and paper, and he is skilled in
the knowledge of the political and
religious principles at stake. No pol-
icy warps his judgment; he looks at
every question and asks, "Is it right?"
The farmer's boys and girls, all over
this country, are growing up with the
moral conviction that slavery is
wrong, that intemperance is wrong,
that ignorance is wrong, and with
that conviction is the next important
one as a result. That the party
that legislates in the interest of op-
pression, intemperance, and ignor-
ance is guilty of the greatest wrong.
This is honest conviction, where the
people have the light of inspired truth
as a basis of faith and practice.

BELIEVING THAT THIS CONVICTION
would underlie and mold the moral
character of all their actions in this
movement, I deemed it a safe invest-
ment to take stock in it. I did so.
I was sincere and honest. In it, I
expected to vote for their Congressional
candidate, though I had never seen
him. When I moved to your town it
was my privilege to attend a meeting
where he was the speaker, and I sin-
cerely looked for such utterances as
would confirm my faith and assure
my confidence that it was well found-
ed and confirm me in my convictions
that the honest, time-honored farm-
ers of this country would have one
strong advocate of those moral con-
victions that I believe still dwell in
the minds of nine-tenths of the farm-
ers of the country. I was mistaken.
It had been asserted, and it was not
there denied that a combination had
been formed with that party that had
most openly avowed itself in the in-
terest of wrong. Honest farmer can-
didates had shaken hands with the
party of intemperance. Then, in
"rising to explain his" position on
"civil rights," I saw that the candi-
date had shaken hands with the old
slavery party, and the recent attempt
at Springfield shows that he shook
hands with the party of ignorance. I
was at first grieved, at last disgusted.
The men who could get office in no
other way, who imposed themselves
upon the farmers, and through their
votes now sit in our Legislature, en-
abled by shaking hands with a treas-
onable element in our Legislature, to
pass resolutions of censure that will
be a stinging disgrace to the State as
long as it has a history, and enabled
this body of men to strike the first
blow at our educational system, the
first blow at our excellent temperance
law, and the first blow in favor of re-
establishment of the race that by the
blessing of heaven have been liberat-
ed as God designed, and the first blow
that presumed to blot out the execu-
tive head of the nation and institute
instead a government based upon and
patterned after pagan Rome! This
is progress with a vengeance, when
we are told that all this nation wants
is free whisky and beer, a ruin of
schools, a reign of ignorance, re-estab-
lishment of the colored man and a
government based on heathenism.

After I had heard the speech of the
man I had hoped to be the strong ad-
vocate of all that is right, I was
thankful that I heard it just before
election day. I was soundly convert-
ed back again to my old political
faith, and I say now, what I believe
to be the honest conviction of nine-
tenths of the people of this country—
farmers, merchants, mechanics, doc-
tors, lawyers, and all—that, with all
its imperfections and shortcomings,
which are not to be compared with
the downright criminality of the other
party, the party and the element of
power that saved this Union from dis-
memberment at the hand of treason
is the one, and only one, to which we
can possibly look to save it still, and
the only one that will be the only
friend of moral reform. I will trust
this statement to the

HONEST CONVICTION OF THE PEOPLE.

From this on I will expect less im-
perfection in it, and greater endeav-
ors to preserve unswayed the rights,
life, peace, prosperity and morality of
the nation. We can trust it. We
have trusted it. It has fulfilled its
pledges and the wishes of the people,
and will do it again.

To those who fell in the error that I
did, I must appeal. Think as I have
thought. Look at this as I have. Let
it strike you as it struck me, that the
element into whose hands you have
fallen, and to whose interests you did
not at first design to work, that ele-
ment never known to rectify a wrong,
gives no assurance that it will rectify
yours. That body of men who never
repented of a sin, of slavery, of intem-
perance, of ignorance, and of treas-
on, but threatens to repeat them, is
not the element to lead you in the
paths of righteousness or peace.

Perhaps the most perfect form of se-
vere contentment known upon the
planet is that developed by the Todas,
a people who inhabit the plateau of
the Nilgiri Hills. They live in
small communities of from twenty to
thirty persons. Their life is purely
pastoral, and their sole dependence is
upon the buffalo. They do not prac-
tice agriculture at all, simply cultivate
their dairies, which are held to be sac-
red, and keep the buffalo and eat as
tame animals. They neither fight
with their neighbors nor among
themselves. Two men in every vil-
lage do the dairy work; the rest noth-
ing. Having no politics to discuss,
the elder "bods" sit on a rail fence
under a tree all day and brood; the
young branches probably stand on
their heads, or follow after the other
toddies. They are a fine-looking race
and having more man than women,
the creed of Brigham Young is re-
versed, and one woman has many hus-
bands.

A Farmer writing from Southern Illi-
nois to the St. Louis Globe, says:

The farmers have it very strongly
impressed upon them just now that
straw is good for something more
than to make unsightly piles, to rot
in the course of years, in the fields
where it grows. Cattle and horses
have eaten it (if they could get it)
this winter, and have done remark-
ably well on it. A farmer of more than
ordinary intelligence and enterprise,
told me he salted his straw as he
stacked it, and his stock had eaten it
greedily. It has enabled him to save
his hay (very short crop) for use in
the spring, and he thinks the teach-
ings of necessity in this one item, in
years to come, will bring back to him
all he has lost in the last year.

The Kansas Farmer gives the ex-
perience of a good farmer who had
tried feeding hogs on wheat as well as
corn. He said when wheat was cheap
he found it profitable to feed his hogs
on it. He took 100 hogs and put fifty
in pens and fed corn, and fifty and
fed wheat, with the following result.
The fifty with corn made eleven
pounds per bushel, the fifty with
wheat made seventeen pounds of good
solid pork per bushel of wheat. The
whole was ground like meal, boiling
water poured over it, and then let
stand forty-two hours.

A grove of ten acres of white ash,
thinned to six feet apart each way,
containing about 12,000 trees, will
average at twelve years of age, on good
prairie soil, about eight inches in di-
ameter. The previous thinning will
pay for cultivating to this time. Ten
feet of the butt of each tree will be
worth for mechanical purposes forty
cents, and the remaining tops ten
cents each, making for the tops of the
same, \$1,200. Total, \$6,000 for the
profit of ten acres in twelve years.

A gentleman in Burlington, Vt.,
of an investigating turn of mind, a
week or two ago determined to "try
it" again with the rats which infest-
ed his house. He purchased a supply
of "coal-tar" at the gas-works, and
placed small quantities of it in the
rat holes in his cellar and elsewhere
in their runways. The rats bedded
themselves, became disgusted with
the manner of their entertainment,
and speedily left the premises, and
have not been seen or heard from
since.

Up in Jefferson county, a man
sixty-six years old, still holds the
office of postmaster. Most men at his
advanced age would think it was
about time to reform.

Some one speaks up and advises
Ohio to consolidate her twenty col-
leges, and make one at which a young
man can at least receive a high school
education.

At Indianapolis a member of the
Legislature is about to cast a gloom
over the entire community. His bill
for the suppression of cock-fighting is
nearly ready.

An exchange says: "The season for
sleighting girls and slaying hogs is at
hand." That's so. But there is a
difference: the girls like it, and the
hogs don't.

The Texas Medical College won't
pay but three dollars a piece for sub-
jects, and it isn't so much of an ob-
ject to kill a man now.

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet"
are unknown in Utah, but you oc-
casional find four rude mothers in a
family.

The Philadelphia Chess Club is dis-
tributing bread to the poor. The
most sensible "move" they ever
made.

An Iowa town has made its streets
one hundred feet wide, so that there
need be no crowding at the lynch-
ings.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY TOM. H. EDWRIGHT,
To whom all communications designed for publication in this column
should be addressed.

Boys, Wake Up.
Boys, wake up! Don't sit dreaming as though the
world was just made to sleep in. Don't imagine that
somebody is going to clothe and feed you, while you
do nothing but read love stories. Have more ambition
than to part your hair in the middle, carry a cane, wear
fine boots, and flourish a cigar. Don't, one boy of
you, belittle yourselves by using tobacco in any form.
It will make you filthy, create an appetite for liquor,
and make you old and nervous.

Wake up! Step out boldly into new paths that
other boys are too indolent to try. In doing this you
may not be like Ned, who uses oaths; or Fred, who
plays cards; or Tom, who says his parents don't know
anything.

Do something! Shovel coal, run of errands, or,
indeed, anything that's right, rather than lounge on
hotel steps, or hang around saloons. If you would
rather tell a little falsehood, or smoke, or drink, than
be seen in plain clothes and coarse boots, and at work,
you are just nobody. Truth, temperance and good
deeds, make men—clothes have nothing to do with it.

If the lads with whom you associate talk sneeringly
of their mothers and sisters, avoid them as you would a
deadly poison.

CHAPTER I.
Pig-Pen Peter.

"Pig pen Peter," as the boys called him, was the
son of a worthless man, who kept him at home from
school to help in earning the living of himself and
wife. But the boy had a noble spirit, which neither
poverty and hard work at home, nor scorn abroad could
quench. His ambition was to be a carpenter when he
grew to be a man, and he was always making bread-
boards for the neighbors, and bird-houses for the boys.

A man for whom Peter sometimes worked, once
promised him a pig if he could make a pen to hold it.
Peter was only twelve years old then, but with the
rubbish lying about his poor home, he made a cottage
with a mock window and a real door, with board chim-
neys, and a weather-cock on it, for the new little pig.
It was as pretty as a toy!

This pen made such a stir in the village that Peter
was asked by several of the boys to help in making
the like for them, and little pigs in clean white cot-
tages became the golden dreams of the little fellows of
that town, and the inventor was dignified with the
name of "Pig-pen Peter."

One night, when Peter was about fourteen years
old, the stove pipe in black Peggy's little hut became
red hot, and set the hut on fire. The poor old crea-
ture had barely kept out of the poor house by hard
work for three years; and now there was no other
place for her to go to, poor soul!

After the house was burned the boys found her sit-
ting on a great stone near by the ruins, weeping bit-
terly.

"I wish I could go down into the grave and be long
of my own folks when I was a mind ter! My house
is all gone, and my feather bed, and my patch-work
quilt, and my new cap, and my cups and saucers, and
my looking-glass, and my cheers and table, and—and
all my elegant things, and I'm lef' poor in my old age.
What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The boys tried to comfort her, and more than one
of them did what his father had forgotten to do—asked
her to go home and sleep at his house that night.

But sleep was the last thing Peggy thought of then;
and there she sat rocking herself to and fro, and talk-
ing, and weeping, for dread of the poor-house had long
been her greatest trial.

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be purchased this season at a low price from
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mous Garden City
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tors, and do not hesi-
tate in stating that
they are the best in the market. We war-
rant them to scour in any soil, and give all
the benefit of the CASH DISCOUNT.

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the cheapest in the end. For sale by Rich-
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chine in putting in
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