

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE. ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS. THREE MONTHS FOR FIFTY CENTS.

The National Republican

DEVOTED TO POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. I.

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NO. 25.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Table with advertising rates: One square, one time; One square, two times; One square, three times.

A square is the width of a column and one inch deep.

Liberal inducements offered for contract advertisements.

The Blacksmith's Story.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. SCATTERGOOD.

Well, no! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same; She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.

When you hear the circumstances—it was rather rough on me.



She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill; And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still;

I thought I'd be here to Kansas. I never want to see A better wife than Mary was, for five bright years to me!

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.

I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir, And as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came, our humble home to bless; And then I reckon I was high to perfect happiness;

Twice hers—twice mine—but I've no language to explain to you How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath Our grateful tears together fell; For heaven to spare our darling went up in voiceless prayer.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the avails going; Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing;

Love stirred my arm to labor, and tuned my tongue to song, And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was almighty strong.

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe, And while I was at work we passed a complimentary or two.

I asked how he had lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away 'At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?'

That was me! He said, 'You, you!' I grasped, checking with a terrified frown; 'If you're a man, just follow me; we'll try this mystery soon.'

With dizzy steps I led him to Mary. God! 'twas true! Then the bitterest pangs of misery unspeakable I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone, And from her quivering lips broke one wild, despairing moan.

'Twas he! The husband of her youth, now risen from the dead. But all too late—and with that bitter cry her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn.

'Twas said that he was innocent! Else I'd have killed him too, So had he never would have rizzled Gabriel's trumpet blew!

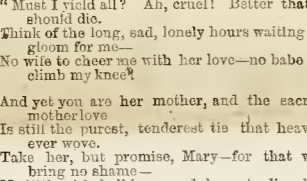
It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide. And each by her decision would secretly abide.

Tropical Insects.

Batteries swarm around us here in Trinidad of every hue; Besides a few that do not run in swarms about these arid paths as they do at home.

But the wasps and bees, black and brown, are innumerable. That huge blue bee in steel-blue armor, booming straight at you—which some one compared to the lord mayor's man in armor turned into the spider and broken loose from his way.

For he is absorbed in business which is probably a wood-borer, of whose work you may read in Mr. Wood's "Homes Without Hands."



That long, black wasp, commonly called a Jack Spaniard, builds pencil paper nests under every roof and shade.

Watch, now, this more delicate, brown wasp, probably one of the Polipoli of which we have read in Mr. Gosse's "Naturalist in Jamaica," and Mr. Bates' "Travels on the Amazon."

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life!

One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of life was done. One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone!

How Becherer Talks. The following extract is from a Sunday sermon of Henry Ward Beecher.—People who were never sick could never believe that anybody else was sick; but et any man get an annual cathartic, and before he gets through he will find that nature every other man he meets has not an annual cathartic.

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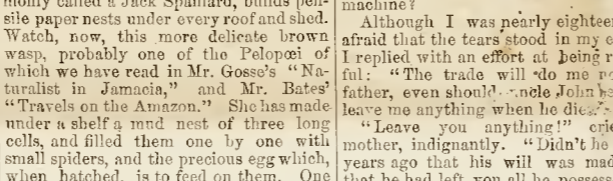
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MY UNCLE'S WILL.

"No need of your learning a trade," said my father. "Stick to your books like a brick."

But my father was a poor fellow at all; not that he was not a good man, but that he was not a good tradesman. He had a little money, but he did not know how to use it.

My father's words were not to be despised. He had a little money, but he did not know how to use it.



Although I was nearly eighteen, I am afraid that the tears stood in my eyes, and my heart was broken.

"Leave you anything?" cried my mother, indignantly. "Didn't he tell me years ago that his will was made, and that had left you all he possessed?"

"I did not learn a trade. I learned to be a lawyer. I learned to be a lawyer." I burst into a foundry seemed to me like a glance into fairy land, and the notes of a young musician's first composition struck me in the ear.

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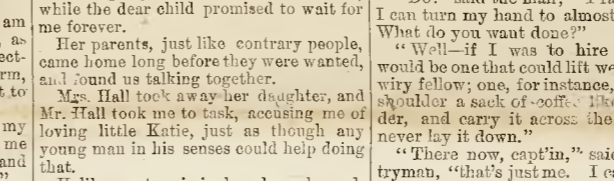
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Hiring a Clerk.

The following is not a new story, but it is a true one, and will bear repeating.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire.

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"



"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?" "Do?" said the man; "I rather guess I can turn your hair to almost anything.

"Well—if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee.

"There now, cap'tin," said the countryman, "that's justice. I can lift anything I like to; you can't suit me better.

"I'll tell you," said the merchant, "if you'll shoulder any sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger; and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around, and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease.

"There now, it may have been all right, but I shan't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and a \$100 per month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant discomfited yet satisfied, kept to his agreement, and took up the green countrymen in the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars.

Some Signs of the Times. The present age is fraught with ideas, both political and social, that are intended to startle the careful observer.

"Men are not as polite now as they were in my day," remarked an old gentleman, as he glanced at several ladies who were standing in a street car, while a number of men occupied seats.

"Why, sir?" we took the liberty to ask. "Because," he replied, "they would never have been so ungentle as to allow their umbrellas to remain seated—never!"

It is a positive fact that men do not treat women with the same politeness and respect that they did in days gone by.

The manner in which some young ladies use adjectives is astounding. For instance, everything is "Perfectly grand!" "Perfectly gorgeous!"

THE EIGHT-HOUR STRIKE.—The surrender of employers to the eight hour strike, says the New York Journal of Commerce, is but a hollow and short-lived truce.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.—Appropos of the discussion of the proposed "religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States," there is an interesting confirmation of the forethought and religious feeling of the framers of the Government in the inscription and devices upon the reverse of the great seal of the United States.

THE DEATH OF AN ARBOREAL.—Prof. Atkins, who was attached to a circus, which exhibited at Decatur, Ala., ascended with a hot-air balloon during the afternoon, when the balloon became detached from the windlass fixing its altitude, and ascended to the height of half a mile, and then rapidly descended into the Tennessee River.

WYOMING POLITICS.—Households were frequently divided in political sentiment, says a writer speaking of Wyoming Territory, upon the women vote, and voted in accordance with conviction or prejudice, regardless of marital ties.

FACTS AND FANCIES. There are 51,000 Chinese in Cuba. An Illinois child died of death from biting his tongue.

A pleasant grove in Minnesota contains 8,000 square miles. Swabjoggers is the name of a clique of Kansas politicians.

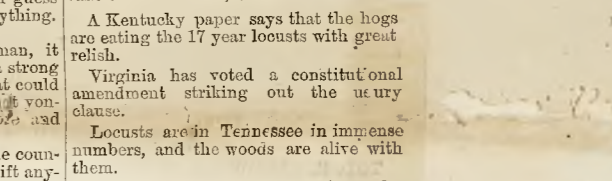
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A Kentucky paper says that the hogs are eating the 17 year locusts with great relish.

Virginia has voted a constitutional amendment striking out the ury clause.

Locusts are in Tennessee in immense numbers, and the woods are alive with them.

Dr. Bartol says the real thief of the world is he who consumes more than he produces.

The convicts at the Michigan State Prison are building a new wall around themselves.

An insane asylum at Troy has a small theatre attended where amateurs give some performances.

Some of the largest steamships burn eight hundred tons of coal crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

The duty on tobacco was placed at 24 cents per pound. A Western judicial district was established in North Carolina.

An old lady in Winoski, Vermont, has just reached her ninety-ninth year, and has had twenty-three children by the same husband.

A man out of church at Indianapolis the other day, by trying to gather honey from his bald head.

The Indianapolis Journal says that the potato bugs will poll a heavy vote in Indiana this fall, and sweep the state by irresistible majorities.

A Memphis dentist and the gentle partner of his joys and sorrows have been held to trial in \$3,000 for flogging a little girl nearly to death.

The harvest of the gambling, swindling and peddling followers of arcades this season is said to be remarkably plentiful, and the laborers far from few.

A servant at a party, to whom his master was calling impatiently to fetch this, fetch that, answered—"Sir, everything you have in the wurdral is on the table."

A young man in Augusta, Wis., recently killed a companion while intoxicated, and the father of the murdered youth has sued the saloon keeper for \$10,000.

There is a minister in Minnesota who is loud in the announcement that the world will not outlast the present summer. And yet he has planted 100 acres of wheat.

A French philosopher laid down three rules for the attainment of happiness. The first was occupation; the second occupation; and the third and last was still occupation.

No tickets for the Boston Jubilee are to be sent to editors. But every well-accredited press representative will have a ticket given him on presenting himself to the press headquarters.