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FREDERICK BROWN'S GINGER

THANKSGIVING.
The Holiday for this month is the National Thanksgiving. The tacit concurrence of the State Governments in the observance of the same day, as appointed by the President, has disturbed a favorite arrangement of the olden time. The arrangement referred to was the special joy of such young people as best could appreciate that part of the ceremonies which consisted in the feeding and frolicking and dancing. The day must be Thursday—but it might be any Thursday from the last in October to the first in December, and each governor took his choice. Happy were the young folk who had hospitable kindred and friends in two or more States. Happiest were those who could by the nomadic habits of the American people, find ready hosts to welcome them in four or five of the commonwealths. Happy were the Governors who wisely deferred their "Proclamations" till they had read the first efforts of their fellow Chief Magistrates. Those who wisely delayed could make a capital mosaic of their work, deftly appropriating the best thoughts of the others. Happy too were the parsons who could shake the folds out of the official document (with seal attached) and read the paper to congregations, who had never read it or heard it before. There was some pomp and circumstance, something that indicated that the parson was second only to the governor, the reader second only to the author, when the newspapers did not print the proclamation before the reverend clergy had given it tongue. But now, so sadly have the times changed that the official paper becomes like any other announcement in last month's newspapers.

But the day is still remembered, and its observance is more general, or perhaps it should be said, that its conventional celebration is more general. There were always those who paid little actual heed to it in its more serious aspects. The proportion of such persons to the whole population is probably no greater now than ever; though there are about forty millions more people appealed to by the President than when the Governors of only a few States had the whole matter in their own hands. And there are not a few persons too, who are ready to say that they can see nothing to call for a public expression of thankfulness. They dwell on the sorrows, local and general, rather than on the mercies of Providence in the year now closing. It may be feared that such people lack the first requisites of a truly thankful heart. His capacity for gratitude is not large who can only be grateful when no sorrow has crossed his path. The child is not thankful to his parents, who is pleased only when he has everything his own way. For, even when all he asks is given him, he is still dissatisfied.

It is certainly true that the year 1881 has been for the people of this country a sad year. Yet our gratitude is due to Him who has so wonderfully made us, that the traces of sorrow wear away as time passes. The gloom which overshadowed us at the time of the last issue of the Riverton Journal is lifting. The anticipations of evil have not been realized. It was said by an old poet "the more perfumes are pressed; the more they render." We may at least be thankful that the pressure of sorrow has brought out a savor of patriotism, a sweet odor of charity and a spirit of union which, were there nothing else, are causes for Thanksgiving.

CORRESPONDENCE.
TO THE EDITORS
OF THE RIVERTON JOURNAL.
Before leaving for a short trip abroad this summer, I was asked to write from the other side of the "pond" some account of my wanderings for the columns of your paper. Having failed to comply with this request, I trust it is not too late, now that I have returned, to record some of my impressions, for strange places strike different observers in various ways, and scarcely two will bring back precisely the same impressions, unless, indeed, they have looked at everything through guide-book spectacles. To me, guide-books have never been an attractive kind of literature, and, as a rule, I have avoided them. If, then, your readers should find in anything that follows a resemblance to a guide-book description, I beg that they will regard it as a coincidence, not a quotation.

Our party sailed from Philadelphia on the 25th of June on the S. S. "British Crown," and our voyage across was a time of uninterrupted enjoyment, for we were blessed throughout with fine weather and a smooth sea. The great comet of this year was then at its highest brilliancy, and on one night in particular this blazing visitor above and the phosphorescent sea beneath formed a magnificent sight. Two novelties for me were a flying fish and a whale. The former, attracted by the ship's lights, landed upon deck, killing itself instantly by striking its head; the latter was seen spouting in the distance. On the Fourth of July our ship was decked in all the bunting she could command, and at night a sailor, perched upon the end of the topmast yard of the foremast, sent off blue and red lights, and Roman candles, while rockets were sent up from the deck.

Of course, at this time we knew nothing of the attempt upon the President's life. This we first heard of on the following evening, when the pilot came aboard, and it filled our hearts with sadness, checking the ardor of the enthusiasm we had felt at approaching the old world, or the "old country," as the Green Isle is called by her children who have left her shores. We might think, at first, that by this term is meant the whole of Europe, but to an Irishman the "old country" is Ireland alone—the country which in his eyes is above all others. It is but an illustrating instance of that love of home and of country, which is one of the finest traits of the Irish character, and which the centuries of misrule, to which that unhappy land has been subjected, have not been able to obliterate.

It is impossible for me to analyze the feelings I experienced at the first sight of land, when I saw the bold headlands of the Irish coast peeping up through the clouds; and when we passed the grand old rock, known as the Fastnet Light, I did not know whether I wanted to cheer or to cry, though I am one whose sensibilities are not easily excited, and I have even been reproached in the past for my lack of enthusiasm.

PALMYRA NOTES.
—On Sunday evening, the 16th ult., the children's quarterly meeting was held in the M. E. Church, and was a complete success.
After singing and prayer came the regular lesson for the day, illustrated by a picture of the Israelites and the "Brazen Serpent;" then, after an address by Mr. Harris, the children were dismissed.
—As an instance of rather remarkable mortality in one family, the following is cited: A few weeks ago a woman living here buried her baby; in a few days her brother died; then she herself died, and a few days later another brother died.
—After several changes, Mr. Wm. F. Morgan has permanently arranged the plan of his improvement, and is making great efforts to effect sales of lots. Eight have been sold, but only one house has been erected.
One of the new streets has been called Garfield Avenue as a tribute to the memory of our late President.
—A Town Hall is felt to be a serious need here. The money required could be raised by forming a stock company, and the Hall, when completed, would be sure to be liberally patronized and put to a great variety of uses.
—We regret that Mr. Charles M. Hood has been compelled by increasing business to move his Job Printing establishment from Palmyra to more commodious quarters in Camden.
Though we are sorry to lose so energetic a young man, yet we are glad he is succeeding so well. He should be encouraged, and any one desirous of doing so will find him at No. 26 N. Fifth St., Camden, always ready to do the best work at the lowest prices.
—There is some talk of building a new Palmyra Station, and it certainly is much needed, as the building now here is merely a small, dirty shanty, not fit for a lady or gentleman to enter. It would also be to the interest of the P. R. R. to rebuild the station, as people are apt to judge a place by the looks of the depot, and a handsome building would probably induce many people to settle here.

